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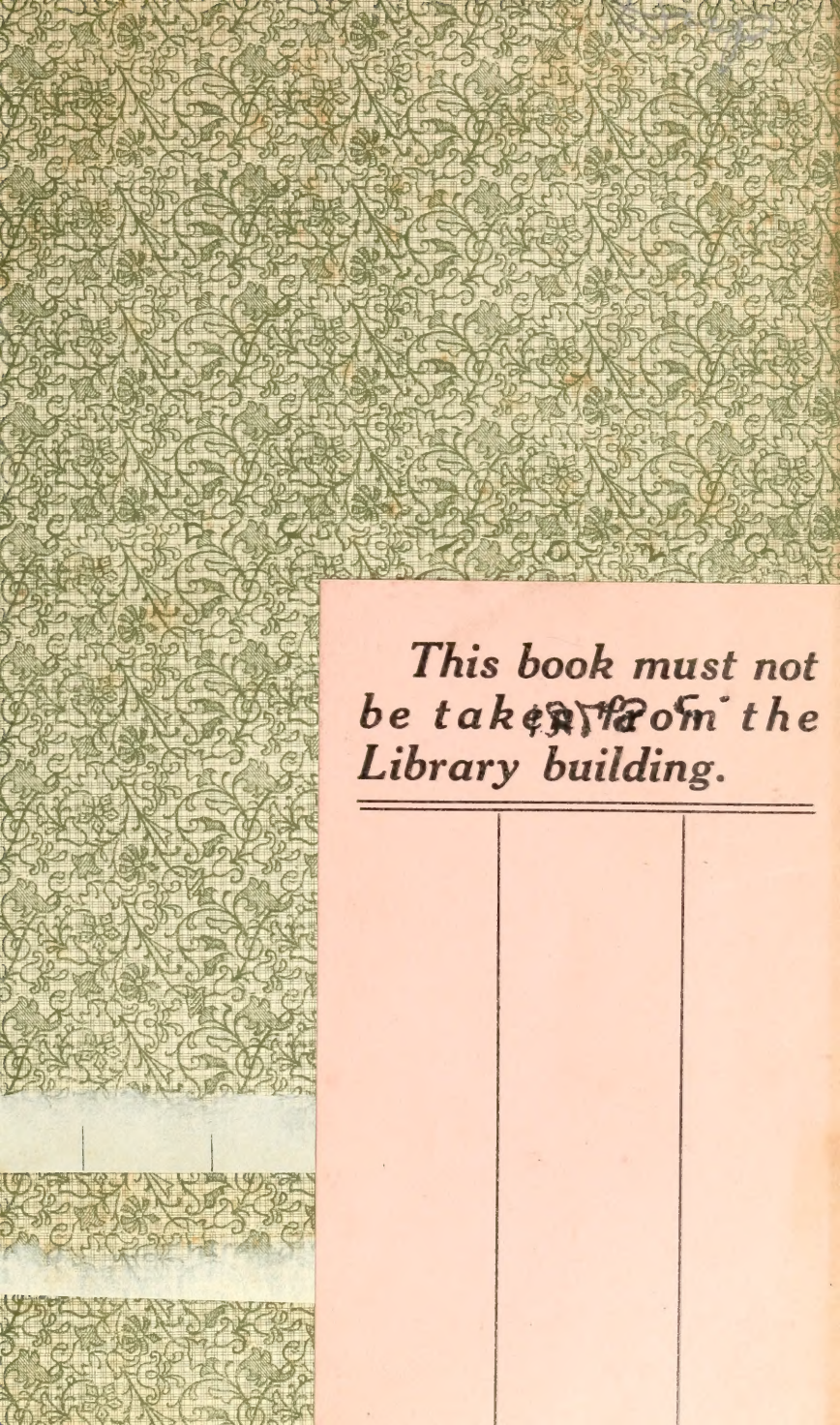
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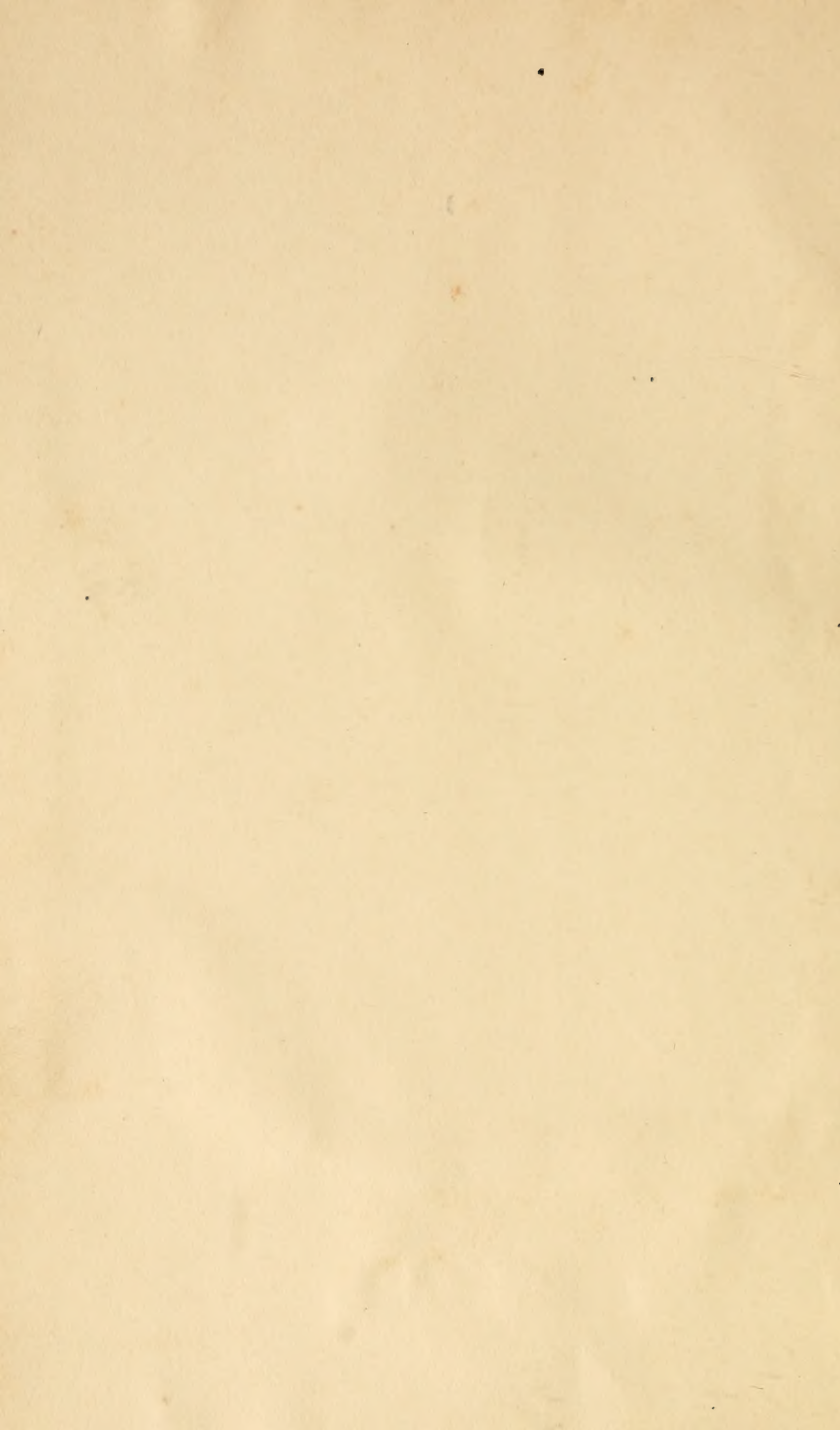
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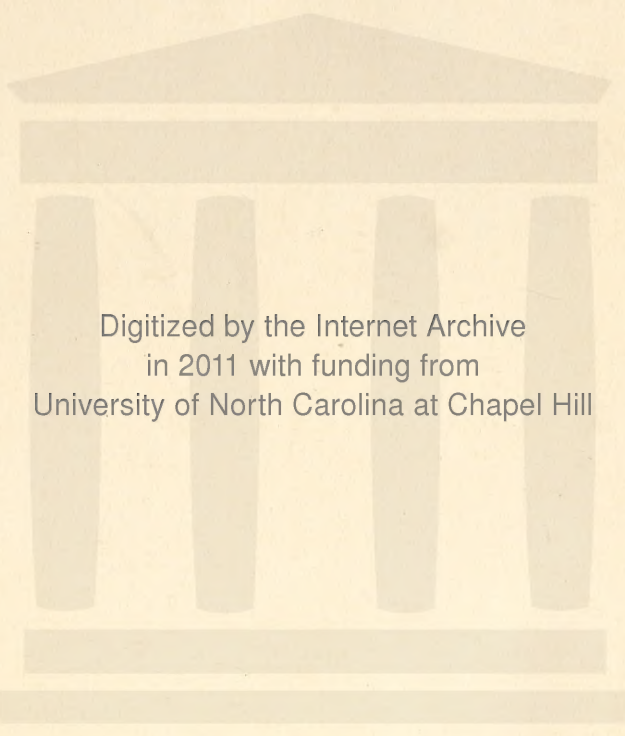
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THE  
SOUTHERN  
MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

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JULY, 1871.

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SOME OF OUR (LOCAL) GREAT MEN.\*

FIFTH PAPER.

**D**ID you ever watch yourself think, my dear reader?—Do not be alarmed! I am not about to become scientifically metaphysical, æsthetically transcendental, or feebly technical. We have heretofore got along admirably together with plain thoughts put into simple English. I have concealed my book-learning so well (isn't that a fine joke!) that you have not remembered it as you read; and I know you have not regretted my being unlearned. All that I desire is to call your attention to what goes on in your own head, when you wish to analyse or to give form to some subject or to connect it with other subjects. What odd ideas come trooping together in companionship! How they skurry and flit and turn summersets over each other and displace each other! If you are on the "mourner's bench," how the forty thousand little devils switch their tails and dance and grimace before you, while ideas of love and faith, too fleeting to be discerned, shoot like bolts from a cross-bow or flit like minie-balls across an imaginary space, and you remain dull and dizzy! I doubt if there be one of us ordinary folk who can take two ideas and knock their heads together for the space of two seconds without a hue and cry from a dozen little meddlesome rascals to withdraw our attention.

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Just try to think of some abstract idea, say *greenness*, and tell me if paint and shades of paint, and some painter of your acquaintance, and leaves and forms of leaves, and fools and classes of fools, and twenty other ideas do not rush at once and claim connection with it ! Or take a concrete idea, say for instance, *woman* ; and according to your habit of feeling so come your ideas. One man sees before him an angel in purity, beauty, and grace ; another sees a fury in all her deformity and power : one has his brain in a turmoil with the hoops, chignons, laces, silks, flounces, and fal-lals of full dress ; while another becomes fired with other ideas. And so we go, we ordinary folk. As for great minds and mathematical minds, I know nothing about them ; but I doubt if they differ from us except in their power or skill of catching their ideas for brief instants by the tails as they go past, recognising their exact relationship, and instantaneously using them or letting them go accordingly.

This has nothing to do with our old Postmaster, but it has much to do with me, his biographer. The poor old man died a few months ago. His spirit has been absorbed in the ocean of spirit, as a drop of water in the sea whence its particles exhaled, say some whose own ideas seem to be of very loose habits ; exists there (where ?) as an integral individuality, say others whose ideas are more logically crazy ; has gone to God who gave it and is now at rest and peace, say others. Remark, I beg of you, how skilfully I steer clear of giving an opinion about materialism, spiritualism, annihilationism, and fifty other differing learned contentions. I neither affirm nor deny anything. I merely suggest to the learnedly-ignorant curious (which means every one) that if after death we rest from the labor and vain and anxious confusion of thinking, what a blessed thing death is ; or, if after death we have peace and order, relieved from doubts, desires, and fears in our thinking, what a blessed thing death is : so that it matters not what may be your philosophy of the unknown, you are bound to agree with me — what a blessed thing death is to him who in dying goes to rest or peace. The old man has found out all about it, and so is wiser than we ; or he has found out nothing about it and is unconscious of the difficulty, and so is better off than we. What difference does it make to us ? Here we go to sleep, and fancy takes the throne of reason to cut queer antics there ; we wake, and reason resumes her throne, beset by calls from restless desires, groans from silly doubts, and cries from crazy fears, by the wailings and hootings of memory, the suggestions of a thousand cross-purposes, the successive vibrations of ten thousand succeeding feelings ; and this is our mental and moral condition of being — and it is very, very wearisome ! If we only knew ! If we only knew the present exactly, we should have little suspense for the future ; if we only knew the future, we should have but little care for the present. It is best as it is.

Perhaps, however, I had better say a few words about our Postmaster, as he is the subject I intended for this paper. I cannot recollect when he, Mr. Johnstone, came to Yatton ; but I have been told that he came from Virginia, with a wife whose health was delicate, and their daughter about ten years old, and that he began business as a dry-goods merchant. In a few years the wife died, and the business

failed so that he gradually lost his capital and then his credit; numerous judgments were obtained against him in the court, and his remaining stock was sold by the sheriff; whereupon he became the book-keeper of Jones & Griffin, who used to keep store in the corner building where Clark, Smith & Co. now keep, next door to Simon Isaacs on one side, and to Isaiah Cohen on the other, with Strauss, Meyer & Knopf, and a whole row of the children of Israel right opposite. Moses, Levy & Co. have been recently trying to get the stand, and I rather think they will succeed before long.

If by any chance, my dear reader, some critical Englishman should hear me talk in this style, he would term "dry goods," "store," "keeping store," and "stand," all country slang. But, begging his pardon, we Southerners speak English, and adapt our words to express what we mean. "Dry goods" is purer English than "haberdashery," and a dry-goods merchant with us is a draper, and a haberdasher, and a dealer in every kind and quality of goods, wares, and merchandise for ordinary use which are not wet; and very often he sells molasses, sugar, tea, coffee, wines, and all sorts of wet goods, as well as cloths, needles, and pins. His principal wares, however, we call by the broad and significant term "dry goods." "Store," also, is more simple than warehouse, and more sensible and precise than shop, counting-rooms, or establishment, or any other word he can select; while "stand" is certainly more expressive and more elegant than "site," "location," or "situation."

We are getting tired of supercilious criticism, and I, John Capelsay of Georgia, do not intend for one to put up with it. If you object that this is not a very amiable tone, understand that little boys cannot be always amiable in a school where there are so many bullies among the big boys. I am only a poor wretch of a Rebel now; but in a couple of hundred years we will perhaps be the big boys; and where will you be then?

In the meanwhile I will keep my temper; and giving my head a warning shake, will now return to my subject, promising not to leave it again to engage in any little scrimmage if I can help it.

So far as I can assert of my own knowledge, Mr. Johnstone was always a courtly old gentleman. I can hardly imagine how he looked or conducted himself as a young man. His old age, as I first remember him distinctly, was so firm and so complete that one might be imagined to be thus developed without the interposition of a time of youth. I do not know that I make myself thoroughly understood; but what I mean is, that his spare, upright form, always sprucely clad, his long lean face, with its prominent nose and other strongly-cut features, crowned with a high, narrow forehead, the scanty iron-gray hair combed carefully over his bald head, the gold spectacles which he invariably lifted to see at a distance, and the very ivory head upon his great walking-stick, were all in perfect keeping, and seemed so natural that one could easily imagine him to have always been an old man. There was no weakness of the back nor of the limbs nor voice, no feebleness nor uncertainty of will which could suggest natural growth and subsequent decay. And, besides all this, I never saw in his conduct or heard in his conversation any of those flashes which



betray the fire once bright, and still warm, though covered with its ashes. Grave, precise, polite, and deliberate in his talk and in every action, unless his temper were irritated, he always seemed to be actuated by a strong sense of what was becoming to himself, and to follow the rules of a very strict self-criticism. When he became angry, however, and his voice became strident and his enunciation rapid and broken, all rules were thrown to the winds, and there was news to tell and laughter to be indulged in at home by those who witnessed the outbreak.

He was appointed to office during General Jackson's first administration, I think; and in all the subsequent years up to the time that his appointment was renewed by the Postmaster-General of the Confederacy, there was never a word said about his removal. The position suited him, he suited his customers, and we had too few idle folk to make so profitless an office much sought for. The pleasant game now playing had not commenced, and an office produced only the salary attached to it. Now-a-days, all that is required is to belong to the great army of officers to be entitled to that share of the spoil which may be appropriated. It seems to be "a statute and an ordinance" that all shall have at least that part alike of the stuff; and though some positions give greater opportunities than others, the productiveness of an office depends chiefly upon the talent of the holder.

The post-office was behind the counter, in the northwest corner of Jones & Griffin's store. Part of the shelving against the wall was divided into pigeon-holes for the newspapers, and upon the counter was a case also divided into smaller pigeon-holes for the letters. The letter-box was at the window, just beneath which, on the outside, was the slit in which all mail matter had to be dropped in order to be posted. It was at this window that Mr. Johnstone presided; and here alone would he respond to any inquiries for his commodities. If one, being in the store and seeing him, should ask for letters, the invariable stiff answer was: "Go around to the window and I'll see."

Seated at this window, leaning back in his chair, and with a newspaper in his hand, the old man would contemplate his little autocracy, and indulge in the most pleasing reflections upon its completeness. "Why, Sir," I once heard him say, "did you ever go to the New York post-office? I went there once after 5 P. M. and found it closed. The next morning it was open; but I never saw greater confusion! I went to a clerk at one of the windows and asked for letters, giving my name. 'Next window!' he exclaimed. I went to the next window up the room and gave my name again. 'Is it advertised?' the clerk asked. I told him it was. 'Across the way!' he said, very shortly. So I went across the room to a window and asked the clerk there, who, when he heard my name, pointed upward, and went on with his work. I looked up and saw a sign 'A to D.' Of course I couldn't know the meaning of that; but I went to another window, asked, and that clerk did the same thing without saying a word, and I saw 'E to H' in large letters. So I went on up the room until I saw a good-natured looking young fellow sitting at a window doing nothing, and I asked him, and he responded in an interrogative tone: 'Foreign?'

'No,' said I, 'not foreign unless you call Georgia foreign.' 'Passed it!' he rejoined. So I walked back at a venture, looking in to see the signs till at last I got to one with 'I to L' on it, where I got my letter. I never saw such delays in my life. It took me nearly a half-hour to get my letter; and a half-hour of a business man's time is a great deal. Now here, you see, I have things arranged as they should be. You give me your name. 'Here you are,' say I. 'Advertised,' say you. 'Here you are,' say I. Papers, here; change, here: all under my hand, and I know where everything is. I tell you, Sir, order is the soul of business; and I am certain that there is not as little trouble to get things at the General Post-Office itself, with the Postmaster-General and all his assistants to help, as I I have here, all by myself."

This was pardonable vanity in an orderly old gentleman, subject at the same time to the conceit of office and to village myopia. He had a place for everything, and everything in its place, when not too bulky to occupy it; and any order differing from his own was to him disorder. To his official mind, official disorder touched both the honor and the life of the State, and was monstrous.

His home and household, over which Miss Hannah presided, were always a mystery to me. When I was a boy it was awful that any one should have a house and yard so prim and clean and still; and when I became a man I always wondered how the father and daughter passed their lonely leisure-time, what they had to live for, that is to hope for, and what skeleton, if any, they had in their closet: to me the whole house was a closet. Miss Hannah was about forty-five years old when I reached man's age, and already delicate crows'-feet began to show at the outer corners of her eyes. She was a tall and stately woman, with strongly-marked, well-cut features, light-gray eyes and very dark hair. Her face bore the hue of hardy health, her muscles seemed firm, and her movements were calm and decided. That she would have made a notable wife I do not doubt. The stiff precision of her garments and of her manners was, no doubt, the result of the time she had for reflection upon such things undisturbed by the turmoil and emergencies of married life. She never had to do anything in a hurry. No husband vexed her soul with his unreasonableness; no noisy children pestered her sense of order and neatness, and had at every moment and in every action to be set right.

I declare it makes me laugh with a sort of hysterical sympathy when I call to mind the annoyances which a really neat, sensible, and conscientious mother has to undergo. Scold, slap, and fret as she may, the little animals will not do as she does. She never rolls over the floor, nor plays in the gutter, nor wishes to go barefooted or leave off her bonnet out of doors, nor tears her dress romping, nor takes too large mouthfuls, nor eats with her knife, nor says "I didn't never do it!" nor clatters up the steps; and she never gets holes in the knees of her breeches. Yet these little wretches do all these things, and a thousand others as bad. Why *will* they not do as she does? They must have inherited their vices from their father, who is always in the wrong about everything. Like begets like; and the law of natural selection has never yet developed a breed of "good" children: they



always die before they grow up, or cross on a turbulent breed and their progeny return to the original fallen type. It's a great pity that spots or a dark hue should invariably have to be developed for protection in this wicked world, where guileless men stand about as much chance as would black ptarmigans on a snow-field!

As Miss Hannah was never married, it is to be supposed that she had a perfect temper. Though it is sometimes the case that old maids have flawy tempers, it is to be remarked that those are cases in which the unmarried state is the result of blighting violence, and not of deliberate, fixed resolution. When a woman does not marry simply and entirely because she regards marriage as not likely to be conducive to her happiness, or as too uncertain in its good results, and not because the man who would please her has not come along, or has died, or has wedded some one else, or prefers to remain single, you may set it down as certain that her temper is of that philosophic cast which is perfected in its atomic arrangement by age: and that is the woman you should try to get for a wife. If she consent, it is a proof that she was not firm in her philosophy, and therefore of course the result may be bad. But if she will not have you, happy are you, for you have the luck to love one of the perfect of her sex, and should be fully contented with your worship at a distance. Be not rash, O mortal!

Miss Hannah had as many admirers as there were men who were acquainted with her. In fact, in her younger days more than one good married woman detested her because of her neatness and quietness being held up as examples to be imitated; and any man who will do so foolish and unreasonable a thing as that, deserves that his model shall be despised. But I never heard that, in my time, any man carried his admiration beyond the friendly degree. There was a story that when she first grew up, one William Travers (he is alive yet, the old sinner!) was very marked in his attentions, and evidently desirous of getting her to preside over his disorderly self, and not much more orderly plantation some ten miles from Yatton, on Brown's Creek. And, the story goes, when Mr. Johnstone suspected it he became at first cool towards Bill, then very cold and dignified, then freezing, until at last, upon the occasion of a trifling difference of opinion about some irrelevant matter, he let loose an Arctic tornado, with plenty of lightning in it, upon the young man's head, which froze and destroyed all budding hopes, and left the young lady to go to church and to dance at parties with other less ardent and less presumptuous admirers.

The result of Mr. Travers' life shows the wisdom of our old Postmaster. When a gray-headed citizen goes by no other name than that of "Old Bill," as Mr. Travers does, you may know what his youth must have been. It must have been loose and stormy for the respectful affix "Mister" to have been shaken from his name, for his patronymic to be lost, and for his symmetrical prenominal William to be jammed and twisted into Bill. How would you like to be called only Old Bill, or Old Zeke, or Old Lije, when you get old? Would it not argue badly for the present condition of your wife and her government of the children?

I must tell you something more about Mr. Travers in order that you may understand many other things which you should know to avoid. His failure in life is, as that of old Mr. Johnstone was, the result of the credit system; which used to prevail, all over our Southern country at least. But for that system he would now be Mr. Travers.

In the good old times all of our merchants, and every one else who had anything to sell, sold upon credit, not as a matter of favor but as a matter of course, to every buyer who had property in possession or in expectation, or who had the appearance of being able to work, or otherwise to get the money to pay. It was the universal custom; and not to give credit was justly regarded as an insult, for it was a direct imputation upon honesty; as much as to say: You wish to get what you will not pay for, or what you know you cannot pay for. As consequences of this system, sellers could not, by the laws of trade, ask honest prices, and buyers were, by the very constitution of their nature, led into extravagance. If an honest merchant, like Mr. Johnstone, asked only honest prices, and resorted to no tricks of trade or tricks of law, he was very soon broken, by reason of the dishonesty of some of his customers and the failure of the calculations of others. A fall in the price or a decrease in the crop of cotton would place the planter in arrears from which he would seldom recover by subsequent economy; for to be in debt was the normal condition of all the community. And however dishonest and tricky the merchant might be, he was bound to break after a while, for the nature of the system is to draw on in speculation; and disasters were, in those days, the inevitable fate of planters and speculators. The credit system now adopted by most of our bankers shows the advance of science, and may indeed be called reasonably safe. They combine generous accommodation with safety, and are willing to lend any amount of greenbacks to any man, and even on three years' time, upon his depositing with them double the amount in gold. At the end of the three years, if there have been no repayment on account, the books balance, and there is a smooth, even end to the transaction. But this was not the mode in that jolly, reckless, unscientific old time. Then young Bill Travers, owning a good plantation and fifteen or twenty hands, could indulge himself in all that his heart or his appetites desired. Did he wish to gamble? he could do so on a credit, and afterwards get credit for the cash to pay his debts of honor. Did he wish to buy choice wines, or fine horses, or any other costly thing? it was all on a credit. Did he wish to drink, and to treat, and to play the prince? he could do so on a credit, and he had his score running up, up, up, in every bar-room and grocery in town. He, and Jimmy Quine, and a few other such choice spirits, broke and made the fortune of Perkins' bar-room a half-dozen times, as some would fail, or one would pay up; that is to say, their bills were so large that, to one who did not know, it would seem that no bar-keeper could lose them and keep up his business — though the fact was that their bills represented about ninety per cent. of clear profit, and that Perkins got his liquors on a credit, and was "prepared for any fate."

The credit system, then, ruined Old Bill; and even had there been

no war his estate would have been utterly insolvent at his death. The ruin of the war only exposed his affairs in his life-time, and lessened his assets when his place was sold to the fiftieth part of the actual value of the land and improvements. The credit system also ruined Mr. Johnstone, as I have said ; and, happy chance ! caused him to be made our Postmaster.

He never closed his office at 5 P. M., mail opened and distributed, or unopened, just because that was the hour designated in orders up to which the office had to be kept open. If the mail were late he would open it and distribute it to his customers at any hour before bed-time, if it were possible to do so. And if one brought a letter after the hour for closing the mail, he would still contrive to send it if it were represented as at all important to business or to the affections. As age, which in my childhood I thought so natural to him, increased, it brought with it a partial loss of hearing. He never became so deaf as not to be able to hear himself talk, and, consequently, as to speak in a very low tone, as stone-deaf persons usually do ; but on the contrary, his hardness of hearing made him elevate his voice in order to hear it himself. Many an amusing scene have I witnessed, which, while it amused, also showed the kindness of the old man. Once, for instance, I saw a little negro girl with a letter in her hand approach the counter behind which he was standing. The tall old gentleman raised his spectacles to look at her, while with the other hand he reached for the letter she held towards him : it was after office hours, and he had some curiosity.

"What's this?" shouted he.

LITTLE NEGRO (*looking startled by the tone*).—"Miss Saiy say as how please send —"

MR. JOHNSTONE (*sharply*).—"Hey ! Speak louder !"

LITTLE NEGRO (*in a loud voice*).—"Miss Saiy say as how —"

MR. JOHNSTONE (*more sharply and still louder*).—"What ? I can't hear a word you say !"

LITTLE NEGRO (*yelling*).—"Miss Saiy say as how please send dis letter fur her !"

MR. JOHNSTONE (*putting his hand to his ear*).—"Which ? Don't whisper !"

LITTLE NEGRO (*on tiptoe, and shrieking*).—"Miss Saiy say please —"

MR. JOHNSTONE (*in a loud, admonitory tone*).—"I can't help it. You tell Mrs. Clay —"

LITTLE NEGRO (*her breath recovered, and again shrieking*).—" 'Taint Miss Clay ! Miss Saiy, Miss Sairy Jones !"

MR. JOHNSTONE.—"Oh ! Mrs. Jones !" Then to himself, and looking at the direction of the letter : "And it's to her husband too." Again shouting to the girl : "Certainly ! Tell your mistress it shall go, and Mr. Jones shall have it as soon as possible. Certainly. Go and tell your mistress yes."

And off turned the little girl to saunter, with open eyes and covetous glances around, through the store to the street, where she stood for a moment, then skipped down the steps and ran to accost some white children she saw a few steps away engaged in play, thence to some other sight or sound, and to still some other further on, until



she reached her mistress, ready if need were to swear that she had made all haste but it had taken an hour or so to make Mr. Johnstone hear and understand.

And when the war came on, and trouble and the anguish of suspense were upon every one, the patience of the good old man was sorely tried but never yielded to mere inconvenience. It was only unreasonable fault-finding which could shake it then. He was as solicitous as though he himself had sons in the army; and at whatever hour of day or night the irregular and infrequent mail arrived, he would open and distribute it; and he was even known to carry letters which had arrived from the army at some unseasonable hour, and wake up the parties to whom they were directed, and who he knew were anxiously hoping for them. And when hearty thanks began to be poured forth by the just aroused recipients of the favor, the old man would "Pooh, pooh!" apologise for it as a mere neighborly piece of officiousness, and no trouble at all, and hurry off through the dark to his home as fast as his now uncertain steps could carry him, rejecting all proffers of safe escort.

He was now, at the close of the war, over eighty years of age, and was still as well preserved as most men who arrive at sixty-five. And Miss Hannah was a comely old maiden lady, who had reached fifty-eight years without one single grand occurrence from which she could date an epoch in her existence, or one single grand passion to give her cause or excuse to look sad or sentimental. Their house had no closet with a skeleton in it. She had grown up her father's companion and housekeeper, and desired no other mode of life. She had friends in plenty. Every one liked the neat, precise, kind-hearted old maid; and when she would be seen walking up the street dressed in rigid conformity to the last fashion but one, and with collar and cuffs or whatever of linen which was worn always of immaculate whiteness and wonderfully smooth and stiff, many a good wife ejaculated to herself "Poor soul!" as though she, Miss Hannah, were to be pitied for something.

Have you never remarked how very prompt married women are, in their calmer, forgetful moods, to pity those of their sex who have reached full maturity without being married? Their own husbands may in reality be perfect brutes, and if good fellows are unfailingly a great worry and always wrong; their own children may be all that is troublesome, and even all that is vicious; still these good souls pity her who has neither husband nor child. It is not their reason which prompts the pity but their instinct. When a woman once has loved her husband, however vile he may become and however cruel, if for a moment his evil deeds are out of sight she loves him still. And let her for an instant forget the misdeeds of her child, and, even though he were hanged for them, her heart warms again with the celestial fire. Woman's love is indestructible. It is that attribute of God which she was created especially to illustrate; and every woman bears it in her heart like the light upon some lone rock in the midst of the sea, which, though the raging waves dash over it, and the earth quake with the tempest, and the darkness be as death, yet burns on, and in every lull beams out, glorifying her, and even lighting up the tumultu-

ous waste. Neither earth nor hell shall extinguish it until it have done its work and is absorbed in that brighter light which follows the night here.

It is this constitutional quality then which breathes out the ejaculation "Poor soul!" when they see one of their sex whose love they think is disengaged or lonely. Miss Hannah, in whose joys no stranger could intermeddle, also, no doubt, often said "Poor soul!" when she saw some woman bereft or with no one to love. The divine fire burned in her bosom, although its rays softly enveloped and steadily marked the way for only one poor old man; and I do not see why she was to be pitied. It is not necessary that every woman shall marry; and when one can without greater suffering escape the curse of bringing forth children in sorrow and being subject to a husband, she should devoutly thank God for this especial mercy to her. The only excuse any woman has for marrying is that she would suffer more if she did not marry, that she chooses the less of two evils — the pains of body and trials of spirit rather than the agonies of tortured affections. It was the peculiar blessing of Miss Hannah, as it has been of a few other old maids of my acquaintance, that though she was a healthy woman, and a good, true, loving woman, she just as naturally did not marry as the most of her sex naturally do marry. There was neither constraint nor disappointment in the case. Her dear old father, whom she saw grow older and older and more and more dependent upon her, and a few kind and admiring friends, and the poor and suffering around her, and her piety towards God, fully occupied her affections; and the cares of her dress, and of her house and garden, and of her household arrangements, completely engaged her willing energies: and what more could she ask for, or what more could be desired for her?

I, for one, did not pity Miss Hannah, although I know perfectly well that to be an old maid would be abhorrent to me if I were a woman. But it is one of my favorite themes of gratitude that I am not a woman.

You see, my dear reader, how even the wisest of us may be led away into talking folly. And yet if you will be so indulgent as to analyse this thankfulness of mine, you will find that it flows through the very purest stream of my heart, though its own fountain may be selfishness. So, upon reflection, I take back my partly begun exclamation of the folly of expressing it. My thankfulness is because I am of coarser, rougher, less exquisite organization of body and soul; and am freed from the anxieties and sufferings which constitute the existence of the mothers who bore us, and of the wives who are anxious and suffer for our sakes.

Pshaw! But I will not again ask your forgiveness, my dear Sir, or Madam, for wandering so far away from our old Postmaster. I am obliged to speak of his successor in office; and if you had so distasteful a task before you at any time, you too would wander off anywhere so you could delay it.

Of course old Mr. Johnstone could not hold his office after the whole hungry Yankee nation found in the South a field for free prowling. A man wandering over the field in search of spoil to put

into the empty carpet-bag he carried, was the first successor ; but his term was short, for the plunder was not half so valuable as he thought it when he first picked it up. It was his first essay, and it only proved that he was on the right field and sharpened his desires. According to the proverb, the brethren at Washington City were too sharp to misreckon any shrinkage in balances ; and, to a really enterprising man, obtaining from the people either by legerdemain or by miscalculations or mistakes, cash by the cent's or two or three cents' worth at a time, was a slow and petty business ; one good dip into the State, county, or town treasury, was worth a hundred years of such United States driblets. In fine, the case was clear to this successor that the post-office as an institution to acquire *from* was too risky, and as a means to acquire *by* was too paltry. And besides all this, there was one coming who was greedier than he, less particular, and with narrower ideas of value ; who was ready to cry out and swear by all that was holy that the article was his, and that his brother dropped it. I need hardly tell the intelligent reader that I refer to what is popularly known as the Scalawag.

There are two rules which I laid down for myself at the outset, and I refer to you as a witness that I have never violated them. The first was, not to talk politics ; and the second, never to say evil of any man. It is on account of this latter rule that I was reluctant to use the word Scalawag, and that I will hereafter refer to Mr. Folling without using any epithets. I do not wish to add to the wretchedness of any creature. I pride myself upon the amount and the creaminess of my human-kindness, and certainly the most detestable and contemptible traits of fallen nature shall not be permitted to sour it.

Mr. Folling, then, came to Yatton a good many years ago, a dashing young adventurer in the field of fortune, armed with the pullikins and gouges of a dentist. He was a curly-haired, bright-eyed, florid young man ; and though short of stature, his muscular development promised well for eminence in his trade. He had his dentistry, or whatever his shop should be called, fitted up in as good style as his means and credit would allow, and had not long to wait for customers ; for ever since Adam bit the apple, men's teeth have ached. His business began to flourish, as must any business which is self-creating when it once gets started ; and Mr. Folling found in himself alone any obstacles to fortune. To overcome his laziness and his natural fondness for drink were the moral labors which his stout constitution of body only helped to aggravate. To make himself get up in the morning he contrived a shelf on the wall by his bed upon which he placed a bucket of water, which, by means of triggers connected with a clock in the room, should at any given hour tilt over and empty its contents upon him. It was very ingenious, and the first morning acted admirably ; he was up in time for breakfast. The next morning also he was up in time, but he grumbled a little at the inexorable action of machinery. The third morning he was roused by the cold bath, and moved to the dry part of the bed to continue his sleep. The fourth morning he jumped up in a rage and tore down the whole apparatus, and after that abandoned himself to his enemy. The other enemy, drink, he found means to avoid in a good measure by



associating for the most part with only the graver portion of his customers ; and for several years he succeeded in passing for a steady, sober man, whose looks were against him, but who was just not averse to pleasure when it thrust itself upon him.

While he busily occupied himself in extracting, filing, plugging, and scraping, and in preparing teeth to be extracted or plugged, as all thoughtful dentists should do (otherwise the more excellent the dentist the less he will have to do), there was mighty progress going on in the horde from which he came, and morals, science, and the rougher arts of life were making novel combinations and prodigious strides there, all unknown to him ; and when Dr. Hotchkiss came with his hymn-book in one hand, and his patent back-action self-motor pullikins in the other, and took a class in Sunday-school and led the choir in church, Mr. Folling found that he had prepared much harvest for another to reap.

There is a religious, or, allow me to be more precise, an ethical side to everything we can do ; but some occupations are more closely connected with ethics than are others ; and since sin came into the world partly by means of the teeth, and since many are saved only by the skin of the teeth, therefore he who has to do with the teeth has to deal with a very moral subject, and also therefore to be a really scientific dentist, with power to enter into the arcana and extirpate the very mischief itself, one has to be a religious man ; and finally, therefore, the more religious the man the better the dentist.

Of course all such ideas are now exploded, with touching for the King's Evil, putting fresh salt on birds' tails, and other such delusions of past ages. But it certainly used to be a common case that the most religious dentists and other such artisans and tradesmen were the most successful in getting business ; and Mr. Folling, with his late rising, his red face, and his lightsome talk, stood no chance against tall, yellow, grave, and decorous Dr. Hotchkiss with his hymn-book, his choir meetings, and his class in Sunday-school, even if his (Folling's) arm-chair had been able to compete with the Doctor's spring-cushioned, elevating-rest, and self-adjusting compound of seat and couch covered with red velvet, or his (Folling's) double-handful of gouges and pincers could be compared with or seen beside the more solemn gentleman's displayed array of pearl-handled, gold-mounted instruments of every conceivable variation of pattern, and numerous enough to answer all the purposes of a master of all the arts. Bah ! Dr. Hotchkiss's tuning-fork was instrument enough to force twenty Follings to change to some other trade. And Folling changed accordingly ; but he made a manful fight first. "Aha !" said he to himself, and he had his fun about him — "that's your game, is it ? I thought I should have to give up business because it interfered so infernally with my drinking ; but you've come along to make me give it up, have you ? We'll see about that ! I'll be d—hanged if I don't join the church myself !" And at the next protracted meeting he did join the church, and then entered with all his energy into church routine and church eccentricities. He told his experience — for one thing that was eccentric — and was at all the love feasts with revised and improved editions of it. He even aspired a

little to be a class-leader after a while, for he was conceited enough to think that though he could not sing he had one special gift, and could "pray the shirt off of Brother H.," as he expressed it.

For some months the odds against Mr. Folling were not so great ; but while he was exerting every muscle, the Doctor was moving along at a steady gait, apparently holding himself in with the bridle of humility. The more practised gentleman knew the track perfectly, had often been all over it, and was certain that his rival would be exhausted before he himself had wet a hair. And so it was. The pace used up Brother Folling ; and in his exhaustion and despair he bolted the track and took to his native wilds of the world. In plain English, Mr. Folling got drunk.

And then he changed his trade, and took up that of Daguerrean Artist, which happened just then to be the favorite path of those on the lookout for easy roads to fortune. He had a surprising knack in mechanics, and I suspect had served at more than one mechanical trade before he came to Yatton as a dentist. So he soon became adept at the then manifestations of his art ; and without stopping to glean after the Yatton harvest, he started out to reap in the more rustic neighborhoods, and had his "Gallery" first in one and then in another, until it was time to return to his headquarters to bring up arrears and to make a fresh departure. And so it went on for three or four years, until after one of his tours he returned to find his central field occupied by one who had much later and better lights than he—a Photographer, in short. This was a stumper ! and to make it all the worse the photographer was succeeding by the merit of his art alone ; for he was, if anything, a twice more drunken dog than Folling himself. (I need not say that I use the word dog here in its jovial, friendly sense, as when one says "You lucky dog," "You jolly dog," etc.) To Folling's Gallery no lady would go with only a female companion ; her father, brother, husband, or sweetheart had to be along. And it was no better with the new-comer ; but still they all got their fathers, brothers, uncles, cousins—anybody—and all went there to where their attractive features could be represented by means of all the graphs and types ever invented so far. In vain did Folling himself acquire all the new processes ; the other man had the influence of prior possession of his art, without the drawback of being himself so thoroughly known as his rival.

So Folling began to mingle a little of the science of surveying with his art, and was often absent from his gallery upon surveying expeditions, until at length he abandoned the art entirely and devoted himself to the science. But, unfortunately, old Captain Curtal, a graduate of West Point, and the County Surveyor, having a dispute with him, proved to the general conviction that he only knew a little of the art of surveying and nothing at all of its science. So leaving that trade, Mr. Folling set up as a watchmaker and general tinker.

This, I am convinced, was his true vocation, and it fortunately at last became his avocation. It is not always the case that one is actually called to his true calling. Some men hear all kinds of voices calling in differing directions, and go all their lives uncertain what to do. Others think they hear a strong voice when it is

only the illusion of their vanity. I myself have answered several calls, and found myself mistaken; and now at last that I have found my true vocation in this important and genial task of pleasing you and warming myself in the sunshine of your smiles, I find it the most difficult thing in the world to make it my avocation. You see, Mrs. Capelsay, and the half-dozen young Capelsays, require solid, substantial food — but I must not indulge my egotism.

So, to continue my history, Mr. Folling turned watchmaker and tinker in general, and found the true nectar of life in flying from watch to clock, from clock to fiddle-bow, from fiddle-bow to spectacles, from spectacles to watch again, and so on and so on; and (which confirms my idea that it was his true vocation) however drunk he might be, he never tried to get the fiddle-bow into the watch nor to set the spectacles in the clock, though he may sometimes have got some of the smaller screws out of place. After he had for some time settled down to his regular work he suddenly left us for a visit to his friends in the North, and when he returned brought with him a wife.

I have no disposition to say one word against any man's wife. If she suit him I am contented; and I certainly have no reason to say that Mrs. Folling is not perfectly suited to her husband. Whatever compensation of Nature's balance this watchmaker's wife may produce, as it is too natural to be patented and too revengeful to be held up for imitation, it is not a public matter to be written about. Avoiding their private affairs therefore, I will go on with my story.

When the war broke out Mr. Folling was one of the most enthusiastic and rash of fire-eaters. He wore two Palmetto cockades, and was always one of the first to sport any such evidences of patriotic valor. One would have thought that, past the middle age of man as he was, he would go into active service anyhow. Nothing but his family and poverty kept him at home, he declared; but if the State were ever polluted by the impious tread of the foe, he would abandon all and rush to the rescue! — and all that sort of talk and promises induced by an inflamed imagination. It was noticed, however, that when the enemy did get into the State Mr. Folling seemed determined that they should never discover Yatton by any imprudent noise or actions on his part. And when they came to Yatton itself he was blessed to find among them several of his acquaintance or who knew his acquaintance; and it was what he could do to serve his friends. Indeed, the good man appeared among them, inclined to take to himself the whole credit of their coming there at all, and became a sort of hereditary Achitophel to the often-changed commandant of the post, and his good offices as the friend of the Court were often secured for a consideration to get out of jail, or out of other trouble, some of our best ladies and best old citizens, to speak to whom had formerly been to him a matter of pride. He still purrs to himself a little over his benevolence towards Mr. So-and-so, and Mrs. Such-a-one and her daughters, and the arguments he used to Brintoff — then commandant — in their favor; and I fear that his esteem of the gratitude of his race is rather low. He looks at his feelings, and his beneficiaries look at what they paid; and the consequence is mutual contempt.



The war ended and the Provisional Government established, Mr. Folling was appointed by the Provisional Governor, who happened to be one of his military cronies, to the office of County Clerk; and before he had fairly taken possession of that office he received the further appointment of County Judge.

Here was a pretty fish for that water! Peleg S. Folling a Judge! a Law and Equity Judge! the successor of our Judge whose portrait I showed you last month! He had never even looked over all the papers of a lawsuit in his life. He did not know by name more than three law-books, Blackstone, Coke upon Littleton, and the State Statutes, and I am sure that with all his versatility he had never read a page in either of them; yet he would have the decision of vast and complicated claims upon estates, the guardianship of minors, the superintendence of the administration of the property of all deceased persons. He accepted the office (what sublime boldness!), and he held it for more than a year (what admirable, resolute pertinacity against what a sentimental world calls decency!). He could take all the oaths with a conscience as clean as it was before he took them; and it was a most fortunate thing for us and a great honor that the office could be given to one of our own citizens instead of being conferred upon a stranger of whose previous history we knew nothing, and who in his declining days would be almost certain to go North to spend the earnings he could not carry South with him when he died. And not only could Mr. Folling take all the oaths, but he was a bright light in the Loyal League, was hail-fellow-well-met with every negro in the county, and was often in consultation with the most influential of that race. Many threats of violence to whites could be traced to his suggestions, and several overt acts against certain individuals were certainly instigated by him. He went with negro men to the bars of the negro groceries and hob-a-nobbed with them; standing treat in his turn, and getting roaring drunk with the crowd on more than one occasion.

It is perhaps to be regretted that his fellow-citizens cannot sympathise with him in his broad philanthropy and freedom from conventionalities; but the earnest politician of the present day cannot be shackled by prejudices or aversions, and Mr. Folling would have been and would now be foolish if after determining his object to be gained he should reject or slight any of the means of attaining it. An earnest and skilful man, he proved himself useful as a partisan; but as after a while he was in the way of the carpet-baggers, whose plan it was to run the State machine entirely in carpet-bag unity and interest, he was assigned to the position of Postmaster, the first confirmed appointment, *vice* Johnstone removed.

Now you see, my good reader, what a very excellent reason I had to be desultory. I had to speak of a man whom, in spite of my charity and of his virtues, I do not admire, and I feared that I should be led to speak evil of him; and I'll assure you that I have had to lay great restraint upon myself. You just try for yourself to tell the simple truth about a Mr. Folling without for an instant losing your calm benevolence. It is difficult, you must acknowledge; but you see it can be done. Benevolence! Why, my benevolence has not for an

instant been disturbed. I can pity the most miserable scoundrel and wish him all the good he deserves. What can any reasonable man do more? That benevolence which wishes a bad man good which he does not merit is as wicked (or bewitched) as that malice which wishes a good man evil he does not deserve. *My* benevolence can wish that Folling may repent and deserve good; but (you cannot, to save your life, deceive me, my dear Sir) *you* wish that the devil may not be interfered with and may get him at last. I know you do. It is not ordinary human nature to wish otherwise; and there is just where you and I differ. I am a philosopher, and reflect that I myself have done much evil (though never a meanness) in my life, and that when it comes to actual desert I do not deserve the mercy of repentance. It is true that I never fell so low as this gentleman (what a useful word "gentleman" is!); but then I fell from so much higher that any fall was doubly dangerous and shameful.

This kind of topics always becomes personal, and it is the vice of good-natured, whole-souled writers like myself to bring their readers and themselves to compare the feelings of their hearts. Sometimes they have readers who have transcendent hearts in accord with only the very highest tones; and in that case their good-nature seems weak folly, and their whole-souledness only affected twaddle. It is the fate of some writers to be subjected to such grievous disappointment and disgrace, just as it has been my delight and good fortune to have only readers whose hearts are simply human.

Our good old Postmaster lived to see Mr. Folling installed as his successor; and his indifference, on account of his age and failing strength, to the time and manner of sending and receiving mails and of opening and closing the office, was a happy compensation for the grief he might have otherwise felt in common with the rest of us. The post-office is no longer a place of neighborly resort, where one can expect neighborly accommodation. No one goes there except to receive or to deposit his mail matter; and Mr. Folling, conscious of the dislike with which he is universally regarded, constantly calls to mind his independent position and takes his full time. Neither he nor his surly and naturally deliberate clerk ever hurries to distribute the mails, ever opens the office a moment earlier or keeps it open an instant later than is commanded by law; and our good misguided people, I am sorry to say, have so profound a contempt for the whole corps (including the political friends who have the entry behind the counter and boxes at all hours) that they never ask a favor, and bear all disfavours without remonstrance. They suffer their Eastern letters to go to the West, and their Northern letters to go Southward in search of the right passage, feeling pretty certain that they will fall in with some one who will give them a correct departure, and contenting themselves with all delays. Why, to such a pass have our poor possessed people come that the most hasty among them would feel himself humiliated to even heartily d—n such a one as Mr. Folling. His prudent and thorough course has secured for him an impunity which no amount of correctness as an officer, goodness as a man, or righteousness as a Christian, could procure for any other man. Triple brass could not defend him so well. Nature with all her cunning

has made no animal more repellent of offensive contact, more certain of respectful treatment.

But I can go no further. I *must* stop. It shocks me that I, John Capelsay of Georgia, should have come even so near to have the appearance of speaking "evil of dignities"—for Mr. Folling thinks he is a "dignity"; and some very sensitive persons might feel a little hurt if what I have already said were said about them. I congratulate myself that I have stopped in time and that no one is hurt. I never use bludgeons, and Mr. Folling is not delicate. He very properly attended as chief mourner the funeral of one of his black constituents on Tuesday; and the next day, when Mr. Johnstone was buried, gracefully remained close in his den attending to his duties with cheerful abasement.

Every one else who could get there was in the funeral procession. The Odd-Fellows, under Mr. Fritz, and the firemen under Mr. Fritz's first assistant foreman, and the Masons, and a long train of citizens on foot and on horseback, and of carriages bearing ladies and children, attended the hearse to the graveyard. And the Hon. John Smith came out from his retreat to act as one pall-bearer, and our Planter was another; and our Doctor, who had had no connection whatever with the old man's last sickness, was a third, and our Judge was a fourth, and our Editor the fifth, and our General was the sixth. Six Great Men bearing a seventh to the tomb! Instructive pageant! And the Rev. Mr. Smith performed the services at the grave.

It was perhaps seeing all these excellent gentlemen together on this occasion which put it into my mind to tell you about them; and now that I have done so, and the grave has closed over our good old Postmaster, who was not least amongst them though the symmetry of my plan demanded that he should be last, let us return to our respective places of abode, and resume our personal labors, joys, and cares. Miss Hannah, who as chief mourner rode in the first carriage, had to return to a lonesome spot to lead a lonely life. She bore up bravely; and I do believe that, knowing how much she had loved the one companion of all her life, the young fellow who acts as my amanuensis, and puts his name to my papers, actually shed tears of sympathy with her bereavement and its woe. I do hope and trust that none of you may soon have to return to a desolated home; but if you should, try to bear it bravely, as did this old maid whose heart was as torn and whose faculties were as numbed as yours possibly can be. And if you must weep, my good soul, in the name of a compassionate Saviour weep on until Nature's kindly paroxysm is passed, and restores you by its gentle lull to sprightly interest in fresh duties. Tears must obey the grand pervading laws of Nature, and fall and be exhaled. They were not meant for eternity. Blessed art thou when thy tears can flow to cleanse and soften the fibres of thy heart; more blessed when they exhale and carry off all bitterness from freshly budding hopes; most blessed when they cease forever.

There! My little portrait gallery is closed until further notice. You do not care to look at the other canvasses which stand in the corners with their faces to the wall; and I do not wish to weary one



who has been so very complaisant. We have had enough of sight-seeing, and it is getting late ; but just step aside here a moment and quietly give me your opinion. Not your opinion of me : no, no, my dear good fellow, my sweet little lady ; we understand each other. I know what your opinion of me is. Why, you are the light of my eyes, the joy of my heart : your appreciation has kept me in glorious spirits for these months past. While you thought that it was I who made you smile and feel gratified, I knew all the time that it was your own sweet and sunny thoughts which, as I laughed along, made the coarse fabric of my awkward speeches sparkle to your view. That is what I call real appreciation. No man's honest thought can pass through the treasury of your soul, you generous prince or princess, without becoming all the richer for it. Now if you had been of the common matter-of-hard-fact, gloomy, stingy herd, my thoughts would have been depreciated ; and I, feeling your barrenness, should have been wretched. But it is not so ; and I am as gleeful as a bridegroom who discovers that he has married a Fortune as well as a Beauty and a Treasure.

So that it is not your opinion of me that I wish, but your opinion of the good folk whose pictures you have looked at while I told you their stories and made my trite comments.

Excuse me a moment ; I hear my young man speaking to me. Hey ! you wish I'd quit my gassing and come off to bed ? That's a respectful caper, young man. Do you know — What do you say ? You can't be sitting up here all night at work ?

Forgive the poor fellow, my dear friend, and excuse me for the present ; I'll have to humor him. You'll give me your opinion at some other time. Come, Sir, we'll go to bed ; but as sure as my name is John Capelsay of Georgia, I'll keep you awake for this. There ! Sign your name and come along.

JOHN S. HOLT.

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## SHOOTING-STARS AND AEROLITES.

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WHAT is their nature, and where their home ? Do they belong to the earth, or are they visitors from interplanetary space ? These are questions not without interest ; but before proceeding to their discussion, let us see what facts are known, and then we can properly estimate the value of a theory ; for it can only assume probability in proportion as it can explain the phenomena observed.

Any clear star-light night, in the absence of the moon, it is possible,

by directing one's attention closely to a portion of the heavens for a while, to catch a glimpse of a meteor's flash or a shooting-star. This being true for every night of the year and for every part of the earth, it is not difficult to calculate the probable number that may enter our atmosphere every twenty-four hours. It is said by astronomers that from five to eight shooting-stars can be seen every hour with the naked eye by one observer, the moon and clouds being absent; though more are generally seen just before day-dawn than at any other hour. Now if a number of observers were placed at different points of the earth's surface, sufficiently numerous to scan the whole celestial vault, and if the superior light of the sun did not obscure and render invisible the shooting-stars by day, there could be seen over three hundred thousand every hour, or more than seven millions in twenty-four hours. This would be largely over two thousand millions in a year—a number appalling in its magnitude, should we conceive the earth thus daily and hourly bombarded with bodies possessing an appreciable weight. But besides the sporadic shooting-stars to be seen any clear night, there are many well-authenticated remarkable meteoric showers witnessed simultaneously over large portions of the earth. One of the earliest notices of this phenomenon found in history is by a Byzantine historian, who states that at Constantinople in the month of November, 472 A. D., the sky appeared to be on fire with flying meteors. Condé in his *History of the Dominion of the Arabs in Spain*, as quoted by Chambers, states that in October, 902 A. D., on the night of the death of the king, an immense number of falling stars were seen to spread themselves over the face of the sky like rain, and that thenceforth that year was called the "Year of Stars." In some Eastern annals it is stated that in the year corresponding to October 19, 1202 A. D., "the stars appeared like waves upon the sky towards the east and west; they flew about like grasshoppers."

In modern times a shower of stars occurred November 13, 1799, visible throughout the whole of North and South America. It was witnessed by Humboldt in South America, and is thus described by him:—"Toward the morning of the 13th November, 1799, we witnessed a most extraordinary scene of shooting meteors. Thousands of falling stars succeeded each other during four hours. From the beginning of the phenomenon there was not a space in the firmament equal in extent to three diameters of the moon which was not filled every instant with falling stars. All the meteors left luminous traces or phosphorescent bands which lasted seven or eight seconds."

Mr. Ellicott, while at sea in the Gulf of Mexico, witnessed the same shower. He says:—"I was called up about three o'clock in the morning to see the shooting-stars, as they are called. The phenomenon was grand and awful. The whole heavens appeared as if illuminated with sky-rockets, which disappeared only by the light of the sun after daybreak. The meteors appeared as numerous as the stars, and flew in all possible directions. . . . Some of them descended perpendicularly over the vessel we were in, so that I was in constant expectation of their falling on us."

In 1831 and 1832 five meteoric displays were observed, both on

November 13th. Captain Hammond, then on the Red Sea, says:—"From one o'clock till after daylight there was a very unusual phenomenon in the heavens. It appeared like meteors bursting in every direction. On landing in the morning I inquired of the Arabs if they had noticed it. They said they had been observing it the most of the night, and the like had never appeared before."

But by far the most splendid display on record was that of November 13th, 1833. It was observed from the Canadian Lakes nearly to the equator, and furnished a spectacle of the most imposing grandeur. It commenced about midnight, but was most brilliant at 5 A. M. The wonderful magnificence of the scene inspired terror and awe. A South Carolina planter thus narrates the effect of the wonderful scene upon those around him:—"I was suddenly awakened by the most distressing cries that ever fell on my ears. Shrieks of horror and cries for mercy I could hear from most of the negroes on three plantations, amounting in all to about 600 or 800. While earnestly listening for the cause, I heard a faint voice near the door calling my name. I arose, and taking my sword, stood at the door. At this moment I heard the same voice still beseeching me to rise, and saying, 'O my God, the world is on fire!' I then opened the door, and it is difficult to say which excited me the most—the awfulness of the scene or the distressed cries of the negroes. Upwards of a hundred lay prostrate on the ground—some speechless, and some with the bitterest cries, but with their hands raised, imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful; for never did rain fall much thicker than the meteors fell towards the earth. East, west, north, south, it was the same."

There was immediately noticed the remarkable fact that these phenomena all occurred on or about November 14th, and a close examination of all the records of remarkable meteoric showers showed that these periods were separated probably by an interval of about 33 years; and hence astronomers predicted that on the night of November 13, 1866, we would again enjoy the wonderful spectacle granted to each generation of the earth's inhabitants. Astronomers and amateur observers were on the lookout for this display, and arrangements were made in some places to arouse the inhabitants by the ringing of bells. The spectacle in this country was not brilliant, but in England at the Greenwich Observatory more than 8000 meteors were counted, some of which were reported to be brighter than Venus ever is. In 1867 the display was more brilliant in this country than in Europe. At the Observatory at Washington on the night of November 14th as many as 3000 were counted in one hour, and at New Haven Prof. Loomis states that at half-past four in the morning about 220 were counted in a minute. In 1868, the next year, the display began after midnight on the 14th November, and was, according to Prof. Eastman, the grandest ever witnessed at the Observatory; just before daylight about twenty-five hundred falling per hour. There are two well-established periods when these displays occur annually, about August 10th to 12th, and November 13th and 14th. The annual displays in August do not seem to have varied greatly in brilliancy; but the November showers, while occurring annually, seem to have exhibited extraordinary magnificence every 33 years.



In addition to the sporadic shooting-stars and the periodical displays of August and November, there are many well-authenticated instances of the fall of meteoric stones or aerolites. Many of these have been subjected to chemical analysis, and they are invariably found to be composed of elements which occur in terrestrial minerals. Of all the chemical elements known, nineteen have been found in these aerolites ; and their peculiar character is now so well known that an aerolite may be recognised by chemical analysis, as they are found generally to contain a large proportion of iron combined with nickel, cobalt, manganese, and magnesia. There are several authentic instances of injury resulting from the fall of aerolites. In a Chinese catalogue it is stated that one fell January 14th, 616 B. C., which broke several chariots and killed ten men. In an old chronicle it is recorded that in 944 A. D., globes of fire traversed the air and burnt several houses ; and on November 13, 1835, a brilliant meteor traversed a portion of France and burst near a castle, setting fire to a barn and the stables, burning the grain and the cattle. On March 22, 1846, at 3 P. M., a luminous body fell on a barn in a village in France, which instantly took fire and was destroyed.

An aerolite which fell November 7, 1492, at Ensisheim, Upper Rhine, attained great historical celebrity in Europe. The following narrative was deposited with the stone in the church at Ensisheim :—“In the year of the Lord 1492, on Wednesday, which was Martinmas Eve, November 7th, a singular miracle occurred ; for between 11 o'clock and noon there was a loud clap of thunder and a prolonged confused noise, which was heard at a great distance ; and a stone fell from the the air in the jurisdiction of Ensisheim which weighed 260 pounds ; and the confused noise was moreover much louder than here. Then a child saw it strike in a field in the upper jurisdiction towards the Rhine and the Jura which was sown with wheat, and it did no harm, except that it made a hole there. They therefore caused it to be placed in the church, with the intention of suspending it as a miracle ; and there came here many people to see this stone. So there were remarkable conversations about this stone ; but the learned said they knew not what it was, for it was beyond the ordinary course of nature that such a large stone should smite the earth from the height of the air, but that it was really a miracle of God ; for before this time never anything was heard like it, nor seen, nor described.” This aerolite remained in the church for three centuries, when it was temporarily removed but was afterwards restored. A fragment of it is now in the British Museum.

On December 13, 1795, a large meteoric stone fell in Yorkshire, England. The following account of the phenomenon was published :—“Several persons heard the report of an explosion in the air followed by a hissing sound ; and afterward felt a shock, as if a heavy body had fallen to the ground at a little distance from them. One of these, a ploughman, saw a huge stone falling to the earth eight or nine yards from the place where he stood. It threw up the mould on every side, and after penetrating through the soil, lodged some nine inches deep in solid chalk rock. Upon being raised, the stone was found to weigh fifty-six pounds. It fell in the afternoon of

a mild but hazy day, during which there was no thunder or lightning ; and the noise of the explosion was heard through a considerable district."

On December 14, 1807, a large meteor exploded over Weston, Connecticut. In the *People's Magazine* there was published the following account:—"The meteor was observed about quarter-past six in the morning; the day had just dawned. It seemed to be half the diameter of the full moon, and passed like a globe of fire across the northern margin of the sky. It had a train of light, and appeared like a burning firebrand carried against the wind. It continued in sight about half a minute; and in about an equal space after it faded, three loud and distinct reports, like those of a four-pounder near at hand, were heard. Then followed a quick succession of smaller reports, seeming like what soldiers call a running fire. At each explosion a rushing of stones was heard through the air, some of which struck the ground with a heavy fall. The first fall was in the town of Huntington, near the house of Mr. Burr. He was standing in the road in front of his house when the stone fell, and struck a rock of granite about fifty feet from him with a loud noise. The stone was shivered into small fragments. The largest piece was about the size of a goose egg, and was still warm." The stones from this meteor were found over an area of several miles, and it was computed that their aggregate weight exceeded several hundred pounds.

On the 1st May, 1860, meteoric explosions occurred in Ohio. About thirty fragments were found, the combined weight of which was nearly 700 pounds. One of 103 pounds' weight is now in the cabinet of Marietta College.

Some have been found of considerable magnitude. A mass of iron and nickel weighing 1680 pounds was found in Siberia, and is now in the Imperial Museum at St. Petersburg. It is believed from its position and chemical composition to be of meteoric origin. On the plains of Buenos Ayres is a meteoric mass seven and one-half feet in length estimated to weigh 36,000 pounds, and in Mexico one of 35,000 pounds' weight was found. In 1859 one was found in Oregon of 22,000 pounds' weight.

The entire number of aerolites known is about 420. Of these one hundred have been observed in the last fifty years; and if we suppose they have fallen all over the earth as they have in the most populous portions of Europe and America, the computation has been made that the earth receives annually from this source about eighteen tons of meteoric matter. With these facts before us of the numerous instances of aerolitic falls to the earth, we can trace the origin of the belief among the ancients that the Palladium of Troy and the image of Diana at Ephesus were gifts direct from Heaven.

Fire-balls or detonating meteors seem to hold an intermediate place between shooting-stars and aerolites. Arago in his *Astronomie Populaire* mentions that 854 have been observed, of which the larger part appeared the last half of the year; and that only thirty-five of these were known to give rise to aerolites, or stones that actually reached the earth.

So far we have briefly enumerated a few facts in regard to meteoric bodies ; for whether they are shooting-stars, fire-balls, or aerolites, they may be classed under the general name of meteors. But our questions still remain unanswered :—Where is their home ? do they belong to the earth or to interplanetary space ? To answer these queries several hypotheses have been proposed. It was first supposed that the matter of which they are composed was drawn up from the earth in extremely minute invisible particles as vapor, and then by the attraction of particle for particle they aggregated into particles more or less dense, and finally by gravity were brought back to the earth. Again, it was supposed that the meteoric stones were ejected from volcanoes on the earth with sufficient force to carry them to great elevations in the atmosphere, and in falling by gravity they acquired the velocity and direction with which they are observed to strike the earth. Neither of these theories is admissible, inasmuch as they fail to explain the observed phenomena. The meteoric bodies have been observed to have frequently a motion nearly horizontal, and in many instances a velocity exceeding twenty miles per second ; and there is no known force which would give a body starting in our own atmosphere this direction and velocity. If ejected from volcanoes they would fall vertically ; or if inclined, with a less velocity than that observed. These objections are therefore unanswerable.

It has also been conjectured that these bodies have been ejected from lunar volcanoes, with a velocity sufficient to project them beyond the attractive influence of the moon into the sphere of attraction of the earth. The velocity requisite to do this has been computed to be about a mile and a half per second. This lunar hypothesis has been regarded as more or less probable by many distinguished astronomers. Professor Nichol, of Glasgow, as late as 1851 expressed the opinion that the large crater in the moon called Tycho was the result of a single volcanic eruption. He asks :—“Where is that matter now ? It is a mass indeed which cannot wholly have disappeared. It filled a cavern fifty-five miles in breadth and seventeen hundred feet deep, a cavern into which even now we might cast Chimborazo and Mont Blanc, and room be left for Teneriffe behind ! Like rocks flung aloft by our volcanoes, did this immense mass fall back in fragments to the surface of the moon, or was the expulsive force strong enough to give it an outward velocity sufficient to resist the attractive power of its parent globe ? It is possible then that the disrupted and expelled masses were driven conclusively into space ; but if so, where are they now ? . . . It is next to certain that in the course of its orbital revolution our globe would ever and anon come in contact with these lunar fragments ; in other words, stones would fall occasionally to its surface, and apparently from its atmosphere.”

Now we have seen that eminent mathematicians have calculated the *initial* velocity with which bodies should be projected from the moon in order that the fragments might pass beyond the point of equal attraction between the earth and moon, and have found it to be about a mile and a half per second. They have also calculated the final velocity with which such bodies would reach the earth to be



about six and a half miles per second. The true test of every theory is that it will accord with what we observe; and in later years the velocity of aerolites has been observed, and found to be far greater than that obtained by computation in accordance with the above theory. This fact is wholly inexplicable by the lunar theory, and of itself sufficient to cause it to be abandoned. In the opinion of eminent astronomers of the present day, this opinion is regarded as refuted.

Still the question remains unanswered:—Where is their home? We have seen they have neither a terrestrial nor lunar origin. Has a solar theory been proposed that will explain the facts as known to us? It is true there has been such a conception, but hardly deserving mention more than as a wild theory, a *guess* not sustained by physical laws and therefore not entertained by scientists. Whence then their origin? They are not so commonplace as to be of the earth; they cannot claim to be scions of royalty in having their abode with the queen of night, nor can they claim to be lineal descendants of the majestic king of day. Whence then came they? If they do not belong to the earth, moon, nor sun, their origin and home must be interplanetary or interstellar space. And such is the theory in regard to these erratic bodies now held by the most eminent astronomers.

According to the nebular hypothesis, the solar system with the stellar systems was originally composed of gaseous matter filling space; and by the action of gravitation, when nuclei of systems were formed by condensation, patches of nebulous matter were left nearly in equilibrium between the attractive influence of the solar and stellar systems, and that these “patches of nebulous matter” have undergone condensation, and been brought within the range of attraction of the sun by the motion of the solar system, thus constituting the home and origin of meteors and comets. Meteoric bodies may then be regarded as “shreds torn from the mighty lathe” of the Creator when worlds were formed, as “sparks from the anvil” when planets and systems were forged by the great Architect of the universe. This hypothesis of the origin of comets is due to the celebrated French mathematician Laplace; but it is only in later years that astronomers have come to regard meteoric bodies and comets as having a common origin; to adopt the theory that the drops of this primitive nebulous matter, falling towards our system and entering our atmosphere, constitute shooting-stars, or aerolites, depending on the degree of condensation; while larger aggregations that have assumed a definite orbit constitute the brilliant comets and their attendant trains.

There are two periods of especial note when meteoric bodies appear in great numbers, about November 14th and August 10th. The grand display of November 13th and 14th appears to occur every thirty-three years, and of August 10th every year; this latter being of less magnificence. In reference to this periodicity, Sir John Herschel says:—“It is impossible to attribute such a recurrence of identical dates of very remarkable phenomena to accident. Annual periodicity, irrespective of geographical position, refers us at once to the place occupied by the earth in its annual orbit, and leads directly to the conclusion that at that place it incurs a liability to *frequent* encounters or concurrences with a stream of meteors in their progress of circula-

tion around the sun. . . . No other plausible explanation of these highly characteristic features (the annual periodicity and divergence from a common apex, always alike for each respective epoch) has been ever attempted." Astronomers, therefore, have very generally concluded that these November meteors are due to a cosmical cloud or "nebulous patch" that has been drawn within the attractive influence of the sun, and made to revolve in an immense orbit in a direction opposite to that of the earth, extending even beyond Uranus, in a period of thirty-three and one-quarter years; that through the densest part of this the earth in her course plunges, and thus these gaseous patches of matter are brought into contact with our atmosphere, and consumed by the intense heat generated by the stoppage of the motion and the friction of the air against this cosmical matter. The August stream of meteors is computed to have an orbit extending even beyond Neptune, with a periodic time of 105 years, and to be spread continuously over the entire circumference of its orbit; and through this stream the earth passes every year between 10th and 14th of August. Inasmuch as extraordinary displays occur in November through a period of several years, it is computed that this vast mass of cosmical matter is extended along its orbit in a stream of a thousand million miles in length, or nearly one-fourth of its entire orbit, and a breadth of about 50,000 miles, through which the earth passes in about three hours. Conceive an aeronaut to plunge into a cloud precipitating rain; if he knows his velocity, by noting the duration of the shower it is a very easy matter to calculate the thickness of the cloud through which he passes: but in the case of the earth, its velocity is more certainly known than that of the supposed aeronaut, and hence the thickness of the cosmical meteoric cloud can be calculated with more accuracy. The earth moves at the rate of about 68,000 miles per hour; and as evidences of the annual August display have been known to continue for seven successive nights, this stream has been computed to be as much as eleven million miles in thickness, though extremely attenuated.

The November meteors are supposed to be of more modern origin than the August stream. In accordance with the theory that these "nebulous patches," out-liers between our system and the stellar systems, have been brought into the range of the attractive influence of our sun in the progressive motion of the solar system, this cosmical cloud would be altered in shape and drawn out in an arc more elongated at each revolution in its orbit, until finally the matter would be continuous. We would thus have a periodic stream, as in the November meteors in one case; and when ages had elapsed sufficient to produce the requisite elongation, the matter would become continuous as in the August stream.

In accordance with the calculations of Le Verrier, the November stream passed very near Uranus in A. D. 126, and he therefore assigns that as the date of its introduction into our own system. Thus we see astronomers, not content with chasing the meteors from the earth, the moon, and the sun, and finding their home in interplanetary space, have even prosecuted their inquiries so as to fix the exact year when this vast mass of meteoric matter became a member of our system;

though it must be said that the exact date needs confirmation. The breadth of that part of the ring through which the earth passed in November, 1868, was estimated to be 115,000 miles. The matter must be greatly attenuated. Professor Harkness of the Washington Observatory concludes that the matter contained in an ordinary shooting-star cannot be far from *one grain* in weight; and the solid parts must be extremely rare, as no sensible resistance is offered to the earth. But may not some of the more solid parts meet the earth at such an angle as to become permanently attached to it and revolve as satellites? In reference to this Sir John Herschel says:—"It is by no means inconceivable that the earth, approaching to such as differ but little from it in direction and velocity, may have attached them to it as permanent satellites; and of these there *may* be some so large as to shine by reflected light, and to become visible for a brief moment, suffering after that extinction by plunging into the earth's shadow." It cannot be said though that this hypothesis has been confirmed by reliable observations.

Is there any connection between comets and meteors? The comet of 1862 had an orbit nearly coincident with the orbit of the stream of August meteors, and the comet of 1866 corresponded almost precisely in its orbit with the path of the November meteors. Biela's comet passed very near if not through the November stream of meteors in 1845, at which time it divided into two parts. It was supposed its partition was caused by the disturbance of the meteors, and that probably it has now been wholly absorbed in that stream, inasmuch as it has failed to reappear at the regular period when due and has not been seen since 1852. And again, the spectroscopic examinations of the comet of 1866 by Mr. Huggins showed that the "material of the comet was similar to the matter of which the gaseous nebulæ consist." These and other facts have made very probable the theory that comets and meteors have the same origin and are similar in their nature; that they are cosmical clouds thrown off from our own planet in the nebulous ages, or drawn into our system *ab extra* by the attractive force of the sun. Kepler's statement that "there are more comets than there are fish in the sea," bears with it increased probability; and if we conceive planetary space to be crowded with an immense number of bodies too minute for telescopic observation, wandering in erratic orbits; and further conceive that those attenuated bodies which are dissipated in the upper air constitute the shooting-stars, while those which are firm and solid and pass through the air and reach the earth form aerolites, and that a collection of such bodies sufficiently crowded together to be seen constitutes a comet, we have a conception of the modern theory of meteors and comets.

This theory of the existence of the meteoric and cometic matter in interplanetary space will serve to explain other phenomena. If more than 7,000,000 shooting-stars enter our atmosphere daily, may there not also be falling on the earth numerous small solid particles of meteoric matter, too small to be visible, constituting meteoric dust? Baron von Reichenbach of Vienna conceived the idea of attempting its discovery. He collected some soil from the top of a high mountain where he presumed it had not been disturbed by man, and upon



analysing it he found that it contained such elements as are found in aerolites and are rarely found in the rest of the earth. He therefore concluded he had detected evidences of meteoric dust. In March, 1813, a shower of *red dust* fell in Tuscany, discoloring the snow, when about two miles distant at the same time aerolites fell. Black and red rain, and red snow, of which there are many instances on record, are attributed to the same cause.

Numerous instances are recorded of remarkable dark days. It is extremely probable that the partial obscuration of the sun-light was caused by the interposition of some meteoric mass revolving in its orbit between us and the sun. The zodiacal light may be a great shower of meteors revolving around the sun, increasing in density towards the sun; and the resistance of these bodies may account for the diminished periodic time of Encke's comet. And further, as some hold, the continual bombardment of these meteors upon the surface of the sun may, by the transfer of motion into heat, be the ultimate cause of the genial rays of life-giving light and heat which he so lavishly showers upon us in our terrestrial abode, and upon all the planets which constitute his glorious retinue.

What thoughts arise within us in examining an aerolite! We know it was not of the earth, nor of the moon, nor yet of the sun. Was it a part of the original nebulous matter constituting our system? or was it a part of some outlying cosmical cloud left midway between our system and some far-off stellar system in those primeval days when matter first began to aggregate into masses? In all the lapse of infinite ages what has been its course, what its orbit? Has it remained millions of miles distant from our system till caught up by the sun and drawn out with its neighbors into a vast stream of meteoric matter? or has it for ages revolved with and formed part of some brilliant comet that was "ominous of the wrath of Heaven, and a harbinger of wars and famines"? Or was it a part of Milton's comet —

"That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
In the Arctic sky, and from its horrid hair  
Shakes pestilence and war"—?

Through what paths has it moved, through what blackness of darkness, through what extremes of cold, ever moving, never resting, through infinite ages of time, till finally it has found a resting-place on the bosom of mother-earth? These are left to the imagination to answer. But one thing we do know: chemical analysis has shown that no element has been discovered in these bodies that did not exist on earth and form part of our planet. Hence, though we may not be able to trace back its flight through space in ages past, it comes to us as a messenger from space, and demonstrates the unity of the plan of the Creator, in revealing to us a common origin, a common brotherhood with the universe.

W. LEROY BROWN.

## VASHTI.

### A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

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#### I.

#### QUEEN VASHTI.

**M**Y lords, I grant no credence to such errand:  
Your royal master ever reverently  
Hath held our old traditions, and in his sight  
Custom and law are sacred as the stars  
To whom we kiss our hands in nightly worship.

#### MEMUCAN, *a Chamberlain.*

Now live forever, O Queen! Behold, we pray,  
The signet on the writing. If 'tis sealed  
With the King's ring, we stand acquitted so,  
Thy servants, of aught device to breathe upon  
The heavenly chrysolite of thy majesty.  
Beseech thee, note it.

#### QUEEN.

'Tis his signet ring,  
O holy Ormuzd!—the King's royal ring!  
Or doth my vision beguile me now? Approach,  
My maidens, and declare what ye behold.

#### FIRST MAIDEN.

Even so, my Princess: Persia's royal seal.

#### SECOND MAIDEN.

Yea, as I marked it flash two evens ago,  
When in his mirth, undoing of all our toil,  
Our lord did loosen thy braids about his hands,  
Naming them netted sunbeams—

#### QUEEN.

Babbler, peace!  
But ye—Go to! he meant it as a jest  
To wing the hours withal. Gods! I do know,  
For what they name my comeliness he chose me  
From out the virgins of an hundred realms;  
And he hath sworn it me a thousand times,

How thousand-fold 'twas heightened, for that none  
Durst stir the veil that he at will flung back,  
Or pluck with arrogant hand the outmost leaf  
From the hedged garden of his spiceries.  
And now ye come with sealed authority  
To rase the walls, unlock the fountain, reave  
The woven pavilions, and let loose therein  
The riot herd,— wild asses from the hills,  
And wearish Syrian wolves! And ye, wise men,  
Sages most incorrupt, tried counsellors,  
Husbands and fathers in this goodly realm,  
Notable lords, who would not grudge to thrust  
A javelin through his throat whoso might stir  
So much as with a harmless question's breath  
The screen-fringe of your jealous lattices—  
Ye dare put forth base hands to wrest aside  
My woman's vestiture!

MEMUCAN.

Let not the Queen

Be wroth. Thy servants as obedient slaves  
Come hither, shorn of choice. Within the gardens  
The feasting prospereth, and the King's so great  
Munificence hath stolen the people's hearts,  
And made them merrier than with Helbon's wine.  
Beneath pavilions paved with blazing stones,  
Pillared with porphyry, doth our master sup,  
With mighty Satraps girt. Such banquet-shows,  
Such wealth of golden vessels, and couches carven  
Of ivory-work, and tapestries from looms  
Of farthest Ind, have never dazed our sight;  
And all the odorous air with instruments  
Of music tinkles, as with ten thousand birds.  
Yet know, the King would light his pageant up  
With royalest splendor; therefore hath he bidden  
That forth his Queen shall come, unveiled of mists,  
To sun his people's eyes.

QUEEN.

Would Heaven my scorn  
Could scathe like thunderbolts!

*[To the other Chamberlains.]*

Confess, my lords,

What time the King was hot and moved with wine,  
In wanton guise, not weighing the purport thereof,  
He from his hand the royal signet let,  
And shameless revellers have set it here  
Unbidden. Affirm me it was thus.



ZETHAR.

O Queen,  
 We pray thy grace. Thy servants do but know  
 That at the ceasing of the song and dance,  
 While down the tables still the flagons tingled,  
 The Seven were summoned to the golden dais,  
 And from the King's own hand this scroll to theirs  
 Was brief committed.

QUEEN.

Ye swear it? Then haste back  
 With due obedience; bid your master call  
 Some soft-eyed leman fragrant from the baths,  
 Who for a handful of Arabian gold,  
 Or wreathen zone, or sandals India-wrought,  
 Will yield him such unveiling as may grace  
 His banquet fitlier. As for me, his Queen,  
 I'll hold his honor in its stainless white,  
 Above the reach of any drunken clutch;  
 So high, that not its utmost trailing hem  
 Shall dapple in spilt wine. Ye have my message.

II.

QUEEN.

The Proclamation? Have the heralds then  
 Noised it abroad thus soon?

ATTENDANT.

As thou hast said:  
 All Shushan hears it. O my crownless Queen!

QUEEN.

Now, an ye love me, quench these jewels out  
 To the last spark; uncoil these circled wrists,  
 Rend off this sapphire girdle. Quick! your fingers  
 Lack of their skill; hasten to tear away  
 This mocking purple. So! Once more I breathe!  
 Now wrap about my flesh, of royalty stript,  
 Sackcloth and ashes. "Marred"? What care have I  
*How* marred? To what end should I care! For him,  
 Only for him I held myself so fair;  
 Only for him, my husband, lord and king,  
 For whom I could have suffered downfall, death —  
 All, save dishonor.

When he hath trailed these locks  
Across his lips, or shut with kisses down  
These lids, or likened this ear unto a shell  
Beached on the ripples of hair; or thrud the blue  
Of temple-veins, called of him his five rivers,  
On which, back to their Eden-source, my heart,  
Love voyaged—I blest the gods who made me fair;  
And with my beauty bound him as with chains,  
That fast I locked with thousand kisses. Then,  
By love's astrology, he loved me!

Who  
Avoucheth me, that in their sharp despite  
These jealous counsellors have not flung dark hints  
Of warping influence? What an 'twere a trick  
To snare me?

Oh if only I might lie  
And rain my tears about his feet, I know  
His heart would clamor for me, and his pride  
Bow with bent knee, seeing I dared to crown  
Wife, woman—albeit discrowning so the Queen.  
Yet nay! With none to hinder, he hath stretched  
No sceptre forth. In vain, in vain I wait;  
He showeth no mercy. O most cruel love!  
O changeful love! . . .

Friends, if no peradventure  
Gloze the base truth thus flung in the world's face,  
I could grow hard as any Scythian Queen.  
If he, the King, into the fining-flames  
Can woman's purity drop, and watch it flash  
Whiter through cleansing fires, then toss it forth  
For menial heels to grind,—come, strengthening scorn,  
Uphold, sustain, the while, self-reverent, I  
Spare to outweigh such love with one poor tear!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

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## DUKESBOROUGH TALES.

By PHILEMON PERCH.

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NO. VIII.—INVESTIGATIONS CONCERNING MR. JONAS LIVELY.

### CHAPTER VII.

THE cordial relations in the household of Mrs. Malviny Hodge became much more decided after a little incident that occurred one morning before breakfast. Mrs. Hodge had not yet risen from her couch ; she had always contended that too early rising was not good for the complexion. Susan, who had other things to think about besides complexion, always rose betimes and went to her work. On this morning, at about sunrise, she was sweeping the store and readjusting things there generally. Susan was an inveterate sweeper ; she had made a little broom of turkey-quills, and was brushing out the desk with it. One of the quills being a little sharpened at the end by constant use, had intruded itself into a crack and forced out the corner of a paper which had been lodged there. She drew the whole out, and seeing that it was one of Mr. Lively's letters, as it was addressed to him, at once handed it to that gentleman, who happened to be standing by the window outside and had just remarked what a fine morning it was. Mr. Lively took the letter, wondering how he could have been so careless as to leave it there. He opened it, looked at the beginning for a moment, and then at the end ; then remarking that it was all right, and that he was much obliged to Susan, he went to his office. At breakfast Mr. Lively said that he believed he would ride to the court-house that day, as he had not been there in some time, but that he would surely return at night. Mrs. Hodge merely remarked that she *had* given orders for a chicken-pie for dinner ; but to-morrow would do as well, she supposed. Oh yes, certainly ; or Mrs. Hodge and Susan might have it all to themselves. Oh no, no ; they could have it to-morrow.

That night when Mr. Lively returned and came into supper, there was a sight for the eyes of a man who had ridden twenty miles and gone without his dinner, except a couple of biscuits which Mrs. Hodge had put with her own hands into his coat-pocket in the morning. On that supper-table were not only fried eggs, but two sorts of fish, perch and horny-heads. Mr. Lively had an appetite, and these dishes looked and smelt exactly right. Uncle Moses, Aunt Dilcy's husband, had been made to quit his work for the afternoon for the express purpose of having those fish for supper. Mrs. Hodge looked at them and at Mr. Lively. She said nothing, but there was expression in her countenance.

"Ah, indeed?" inquired Mr. Lively, as he took his seat.

"Yes, indeed," answered Mrs. Hodge.



Even Susan looked gratified ; she had fried them every one. In spite of his intense satisfaction, Mr. Lively was a little pained that the ladies should compel him to eat more than as an honest man he considered his proper share. He insisted and insisted, not only that Mrs. Hodge, but that Susan should take some ; and at last he declared that if they didn't, he would stop eating himself. He maintained that people oughtn't to try to kill a person that liked them as well as he did the present company, by trying to make him eat himself to death, and that, as for his part, that he wasn't going to do it, because he felt more like living on in this little world now than he had ever done. Being thus pressed, she compromised. She agreed that she would take an egg and a horny-head, or maybe two horny-heads ; but she declared that she wouldn't tech a perch : they was for Mr. Lively, and him alone. Susan had to come in that far also ; Mr. Lively insisted upon it. She tried to get off with one very small little bit of a horny-head ; but it was no go. Mr. Lively maintained that there was enough perch for all, and he made them both come squarely up.

Oh it was all so nice ! Mr. Lively was quite chatty for him. His visit to the county-town, the ride and the supper, had all enlivened him up smartly ; but after all, he didn't see that the county-town had any very great advantage over Dukesborough. Dukesborough was coming along ; there was no doubt about that. As for himself, he would rather live where he was living now than at the county-town, or indeed any other place he knew of ; he hoped to end his days right where he was. It would have been too indelicate for Mr. Lively to look at Mrs. Hodge after these words, and so he looked at Susan. Both the ladies looked down ; but it was all *so* pleasant.

By the time supper was over, as it had been delayed for Mr. Lively's return, it was getting to be his bed-time ; but it didn't look right to be hurrying off after such a supper as that. Besides, Mr. Lively of late had been in the habit of lingering in the house a little longer of evenings than formerly—no great deal, but a little. On this occasion it might have been foreseen that he was not going to rush right away from that society.

"Well," said Mr. Lively, when he and Mrs. Hodge had taken their seats before the fireplace, and Susan was clearing away the things, "Well, they *ware* fine ! I pity them that don't live on any sort of water-course. Fish air blessings, certain, even when they air small. Indeed, the little ones air about the best, I believe ; because they air as a general thing always fried brown, and then a person don't have to be always stopping to pull out the bones. Those we had for supper ware fried' *ex-actly* right."

Mrs. Hodge was a woman who liked appreciation even in small things. "I'm glad you think so, Mr. Lively. I told Susan to be very particler about 'em, because I thought you loved to have 'em brown."

"Yes," said Mr. Lively, with some emphasis ; "always when they air small and you don't have to stop to pull out the bones."

"Yes, and you may well say *bones*," replied Mrs. Hodge—"fish-bones in particler. Fish-bones is troublesome, and even dangous sometimes. My grandfather had a aunt that got one in her throat.

outen one o' them big fish they used to have in them times, and it come nigh killing her at the first offstart ; and it never did git out that anybody ever heerd of. And she used to have a heap of pains for forty years arfter, and she said she knowed it was that fish-bone, and that it run up and down all over her ; and even when she was on her dyin bed with the rheumatism, and I don't know how old she war then, she declared that it was nothin but that fish-bone that was a killin her."

"My! my! your grandfather's aunt!" exclaimed Mr. Lively, and he could not have looked more concerned if it had been his own grandfather's aunt instead of Mrs. Hodge's who had come to such a tragical end. But he reflected perhaps that for some time past that relative had been relieved of her sufferings, and then he looked towards the table where Susan was rapidly clearing away the things.

"Be in a hurry there, Susan," said Mrs. Hodge, in a mild but admonitory tone.

"Yes ; fish and such-like's blessins ; but yit —" Mrs. Hodge couldn't quite make it out.

Susan hurried matters, I tell you.

"Oh yes, indeed," suggested Mr. Lively.

"Yes," Mrs. Hodge admitted ; "but still fishes and — livin on water-courses, and — everything o' that kind's not the onliest things in this world."

"Oh no, indeed," hastily replied Mr. Lively. "But still — I suppose, indeed I think — of course thair must be — and —" But Mr. Lively at that moment couldn't think of what else there was in the world.

"Yes, indeed." Mrs. Hodge, having thus recovered, could proceed a little further. "Fishes and such-like's blessins, I know ; I don't deny it. Of cose it is to them that loves 'em, and to them I spose it's very well to live on water-courses. Yit them and everything else is not all to every person."

"Oh no, no ; by no means." Mr. Lively would not wish to be so understood.

"Not all," continued Mrs. Hodge ; "particler that a person might wish in a vain world. No, fair be it to them that has loved and lost, and loved and lost again, and might love again once more, and that forever and eternally!"

Pen cannot describe the touching solemnity with which these words were uttered. Mr. Lively was extremely embarrassed. He had not intended to go very far that night ; matters were so recent. He looked very much puzzled, and seemed to be trying to make out how an innocent remark about water-courses could have led them away so far into dry land.

"Susan," he called out confusedly, and looked around. But Susan had cleared off everything and gone to bed.

Mrs. Hodge waited a moment to see if Mr. Lively intended to avail himself of this good opportunity of saying anything specially confidential ; but he was too confused to get it out. So she thought she would venture a remark about the weather that might reassure him.

"It's right cool these nights, Mr. Lively."

This made Mr. Lively almost jump out of his chair. He had been remarking only a day before how warm it was for the season, and according to his feelings there had been no change since that time. He answered as well as he could :

"No, I don't — yes — it's right cool — that is, it's *tolerable* cool. I suppose — that is, I expect it *will* be *quite* cool after a while. A — yes — I think a good rain — and a pretty strong wind from the north-west now — would — ah, help — and ah —"

"Yes, indeed," assisted Mrs. Hodge ; "and it's about time that people war getting ready for winter. Thar isn't anything like people's bein ready to keep theirselves warm and comfortable in the cold, cold winter."

Mrs. Hodge shrugged her shoulders as if winter was just at the door, and then she hugged herself up nice and tight.

"Yes, oh yes," answered Mr. Lively, somewhat circularly ; "we all don't know. But still comforts — yes — of course — and especially in the winter-time."

Mrs. Hodge looked down, her hands played with a corner of her pocket-handkerchief, and she thought that she blushed. Mr. Lively, concluding possibly that he had carried matters far enough for one evening, rose up and broke away. That night he was more desirous than ever to make that place his home as long as he lived, if he could ; and he rather believed he could.

Although matters did not advance with the rapidity that might have been expected, yet it was very plain to Mrs. Hodge, and even to Susan, that Mr. Lively saw and appreciated the whole situation. Mrs. Hodge knew that he was a steady and rather a slow man, but persistent in his purposes, and somewhat peculiar in his ways of compassing them. He could neither be driven nor too violently pulled. His growing cheerfulness and the new interest he took in everything about the premises showed that his expectation was to make that his permanent home. He even went so far one day as to say that the house needed repairs, and that it must have them before very long. Mrs. Hodge and Susan looked at each other and both smiled. Susan seemed to be gratified about as much as anybody, poor thing ; for of late, Susan seemed to be on some little better ground with her aunt. Thus it is that a new and very strong feeling towards one dear object disposes us sometimes to feel kindly towards all.

It was delightful to see how pleasant and affable Mr. Lively could be ; slow as he might be, he was perfectly affable and pleasant. Mrs. Hodge would have been pleased to see Mr. Lively more ardent ; but she knew that was not his way, and upon the whole she was very well satisfied.

Matters grew more and more interesting every day. All parties were perfectly sociable. Improvements were constantly going on in Mr. Lively's dress. A great box came for him one day from Augusta, and the next Sunday Mr. Lively came out in a new cloth suit. Both Mrs. Hodge and Susan declared at breakfast that he looked ten years younger ; that pleased him highly. It seemed that thoughts upon marriage had suggested to him the notion of going back to his youth and living his life over again. But how would you suppose Mrs.



Hodge looked when, after breakfast, Mr. Lively brought in a long paper bundle, laid it on the table, and then took out and handed to her one of the finest black silk dress-patterns that had ever appeared in that neighborhood?—and not only so, but buttons, hooks-and-eyes, thread, lining, and binding! Nor had that kind-hearted man forgotten Susan, for he handed her at the same time a very nice white muslin pattern. “Oh my goodness gracious *me*, Mr. Lively!” exclaimed Mrs. Hodge; “I knew it; but—but—still I—I didn’t—expect it.” Susan was overpowered too, but she couldn’t express herself like her Aunt Malviny. But she took the pattern, and blushed all the way round to the back of her neck. It was Susan’s first present.

And now those dresses had to be made up right away. Mr. Lively required that in the tone of a master, and he intimated that there were other things in that same box. Mr. Bill Williams was not so very far wrong when he said that man was a book.

People now began to talk. Already Mr. Bill had hinted to several persons how his Cousin Malviny appeared to look up to Mr. Lively. This started inquiry, and the new clothes and youthful looks convinced everybody that it was so. Mrs. Hodge began to be joked; and without saying yea or nay, laughed and went on. Susan was approached; but Susan was a girl, she said, that didn’t meddle with other people’s business, and that if people wouldn’t ask her any questions they wouldn’t get any lies—a form of denial which in old times was considered almost as an affirmative. So here they had it.

Matters had come to this stand when Mr. Lively determined to make a decisive move.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

It so happened that my parents had made a visit, taking me with them, to my father’s sister, who resided about a hundred miles distant. We were gone about a couple of weeks, and returned on a Saturday night. I wished that the next day might have been the one for the monthly meeting in Dukesborough, as I was anxious among other reasons to see Mr. Bill and inquire about the parties on Rocky Creek. The next afternoon I was walking alone in the grove, and was surprised and pleased to see him coming up the road towards me. I walked on to meet him.

“Why, Philip, my dear friend, you’ve got back, have you? I’m so glad to see you. Mammy said you was all to git back last night, and I thought I’d jest walk over this evenin like, and see if you had come shore enough. And here you are! In cose, you’ve heerd the news?”

No; we had got back last night, and had seen no person but the negroes. What news?

“About the old man Jonis. You haint heerd the news? Goodness gracious! I’m *so* glad. Come along, Squire. I’m *so* glad.”

Mr. Bill did look even thankful. We went together to our tree.

“And you haint heerd it? Goodness gracious! I thought it would a been all over Georgy before this. Let’s set down here. Philip

Pearch, I think I told you that Jonis Lively war a book. I won't be certing; but I think I did."

He certainly did.

"Is it all over?" I asked.

Mr. Bill smiled at the very idea that I should have expected to get it out of him in that style.

"Don't you forgit what I told you, Philip. Let every part have a far chance to be interestin. Law me, law me! I'm *so* glad you haint heerd it."

Mr. Bill *fixed* himself as comfortably as possible among the roots of the old tree, and thus began:—

"Well, you know, Squire, I told you that I seed that Cousin Malviny war lookin up mighty to-wards the old man. Which I sposen I oughn't to say the old man now; but let that go. I seed that she war lookin up to him, and I knowed that she war thinkin about changin her conditions. I knowed that she had change 'em twice already befo'; and I knowed that wimming, when they git in sich a habit, you needn't try to alter 'em. When Cousin Malviny have made up her mind, she take right arfter Mr. Lively. Mr. Lively, it seem, war at first surprise, and he rather hold back. It appear like he war hard to understand Cousin Malviny. But the more he hold back, the more Cousin Malviny keep movin up. He see Cousin Malviny keep sprusen up; but he think he know sich things is common with widders, and he have no sich idee that she war sprusenin up so for him. But byn-bye Mr. Lively begin to sprusen up hisself, and to git new clothes, you know; and he war monstous free and friendly like with Cousin Malviny, and begin to talk about what ought to be done about fixin up the house and things in ginilly; and it seem like he and Cousin Malviny war movin up tolerble close: and I haint seed Cousin Malviny so spry and active sense she war a widder befo', and that war when I warn't nothin but a leetle bit of a boy.

"Well, things kept a goin on, and everybody see that they war obleeged to come to a head, and that soon, becace people knowed they was both old enough to know thar own mind; and both of 'em a livin in the same place, everything was so covenant like. Mr. Lively begin to spend his money free. He have bought new clothes for hisself, and he have bought a fine silk dress for Cousin Malviny, and he even went so far as to give a right nice muslin to Susan. Oh he's a book! The very day you all went away a man come thar from Augusty and fotch a bran-new gig, and two fine bed-stids, and a bureau, and cheers. And he never say a word to Cousin Malviny till they got thar, and he have all the furnitoor put in the office; and Cousin Malviny war delighted, and didn't ax him anything about it, becace she know he war a man of mighty few words, and didn't do things like t'other people nohow, and didn't keer about people axin him too many questions—and which I could a told her the same. When all this got thar people know what was a comin: leastways they think they do. As for me, I war lookin out every day for a invite.

"And now, lo and behold! The next mornin I war woke up by daylight by wheels a rattlin; and our nigger-boy, who war makin me and

Mr. Jones's fire, he went to the door, and he come back and he say that it war Mr. Lively in a new gig, and he have a female in thar along with him, and which she have on a white dress and a veil, but which he know it war Cousin Malviny Hodge, and they went a scootin on. Thinks I to myself, and I says to Mr. Jones, what's the reason they can't git married at home like t'other people? And Mr. Jones he say that considerin they war both tolerble old people they was in a monstous hurry from the way the wheels was a rattlin; and which they minded him of what old Mr. Wiggins said in his sarmints about rushin along Gallio-like, a keenin for none o' these things. Shore enough they goes on to Squire Whaley's at the two-mile branch, and thar they git married.

"I have just git up from breakfast at Spouter's, when lo and behold! here come that gig a driving up nigh and in and about as fast as it come by the sto'. I know that they was in for a frolic that day, and was bent on havin of it, and I laughed when I see 'em a comin. When they got to the tavern door, Mr. Lively he hilt up his horse, and it war nice to see how spry the old man hop outen the gig and hand out his wife. And she, why she farly bounce out, and bounce up and down two or three times arter she lit! I says to myself, Cousin Malviny she think now she about sixteen year old. She have on her white veil till yit, and clean till she got in the house.

"'How do you do, Mr. Williams?' says he to me when I follered in. 'A very fine morning,' says Mr. Lively. Says I, 'How do you do, Mr. Lively; or mout I now say Cousin Jonis? A fine mornin indeed, I sposen, to you, Sir, and 'specially for sich pleasant bizness. I wishes you much joy, Mr. Lively, and also Cousin Malviny. But,' says I, 'I did spect a invite, and I wants to know what made you two run away in that kind o' style; for I calls it nothin but runnin away? Why didn't you have the frolic at home, Cousin Malviny?' says I. And then she ansered me. I tell you, Philinipinimon, she ansered me!"

Mr. Bill paused, and seemed waiting for me to question him further. "Why didn't they marry at home, then?" I inquired.

"Ah, yes; well mout you ax that question, my friend of the sunny hour. When you ax that question yur talkin sense. Well, I'll tell you. *One* reason why they didn't was becace they couldn't."

"They couldn't?"

"Couldn't. Onpossible. Jest as onpossible as if it had been a bresh-heap and it afire."

"But why not?"

"Becace Cousin Malviny wouldn't a been willin." This was answered almost in a whisper.

"Well, that is funny."

"Fun to some people and death to the t'others."

"Why, I should think she would rather marry at home."

"*She*, I think you said, Philip?"

"Yes. *She*."

"Well, Philmon Pearch, will you jest be kind and condescendin enough to tell me who it is you're speakin about at the present."

"Why, Mrs. Hodge, of course!"



"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Bill in apparently great surprise. "Oh yes; Cousin Malviny. Yes. Well I sposen Cousin Malviny, reasonable speakin, she mout ruther git married at home, providin in cose that people has got homes to git married at. I should ruther suppose that Cousin Malviny mout some ruther git married at home."

"Well, why didn't she do it then?"

"Do what?" Mr. Bill seemed to be growing very much abstracted.

"Get married," said I quite distinctly.

"Git married! Ah yes. Git married. To who, Philip?"

"To Mr. Lively. What's the matter with you, Mr. Bill?"

Mr. Bill slowly elevated his eyes until they looked into the zenith for a moment, and then he lowered them again.

"Oh! Mr. Lively! Well, when Mr. Lively *he* got married, you see, Philip; when Mr. Lively *he* got married, Cousin Malviny *she warn't thar*."

I could have put both my fists into Mr. Bill's mouth, and there still would have been room.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Didn't Mr. Lively marry Mrs. Hodge?"

Mr. Bill rose upon his feet, bent his head and knees forward, and roared:

"Na-ee-ii-o-oh-woh!"

"What! Then they didn't get married after all?"

"Yes they did."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Bill? Did Mr. Lively get married?"

"Certing he did. Ef any man ever got married, Mr. Jonis Lively got married that same mornin'."

"Who did he marry then?"

"Se-oo-woo-woosen!"

"Who?"

"See-oo-woo-woosen, Tem-em-pem-pemple. Susan! Temple!"

"Susan Temple!"

"Yes, *Sir*, it war Susan Temple; and I didn't have not the slightest concate of sich a thing tell she lift up her veil and I see her with my own blessed eyes spread out in all her mornin glories, so to speak. Didn't I tell you, Philerimon Pearch, that that blessed an ontimely old feller war a book? I'm not so very certing, but I ruther *think* I did."

"But what about Mrs. Hodge? What did she say?"

"Ah now," said Mr. Bill sadly, "now, Philip, yur axin sensible questions, but monstous long ones. You must let me git over that first awful and ontimely skene befo' I can anser sich long questions as them about poor Cousin Malviny. Them questions is civil questions, I know, and I shall anser 'em; but they're mighty long questions, Philip, and a body got to have time. Ain't he a book? Come now, Philippippimon, my honest friend, you ax me questions; and far play, I axes you one. Ain't he a book?"

I could but admit that if ever man was, it was Mr. Lively.

## CHAPTER IX.

I HAD to let Mr. Bill expatiate at length upon his surprise and that of the public at this unexpected match before I could bring him to the finale. Mr. Bill admitted that he was at first not only embarrassed, but speechless. He never had expected to live to see the day when he should be in that condition before Susan Temple. But such it was. We never know what is before us. The longer a man lives to see anything, the more he finds that it is a solemn fact that he can't tell what he may live to see. He had never been so minded of that as at the present; "leastways" on that blessed and "ontimely" morning. Mr. Bill was very sorry that Miss Angeline Spouter had not been at home to share in his astonishment; but she had gone the evening before to spend the night with Miss Georgiana Pea, friendly and intimate relations having been fully restored between these ladies.

"When I got so I could open my mouth," said Mr. Bill, "in cose I feel like I ought to say somethin, even ef it war but a few lines, and — ah — some perliminary remarks — so to speak. So I goes up to Mr. Lively, I does, and I says to him: 'Mr. Lively,' says I, 'you has took us all by surprise. And you more so, Susan,' says I; 'which I sposed I ought to say Miss Lively, but which it ar so onexpected that I begs you'll excuse me.' And then I ax 'em ef Cousin Malviny know of all sich carrins on. Then Susan she looked skeered. And I tell you, Philippimon, that gurl look right scrimptious with them fine things on and them shoes. But Mr. Lively war cool as a summer evenin like, and he said that he sposed not. Then he say that he had stop to git his breakfast, him and Susan, and that arfter breakfast they was goin out thar; but also that he war first goin to git Mr. Spouter to send Cousin Malviny word what had become of 'em, and that they war all safe. And then I tells Mr. Lively that ef it suited him I would go myself. I tell you, Philip, I wanted to car that news out thar myself. Mr. Lively he sorter smile, and say he would be much obleege ef I would. I hurries on to the sto', tells Mr. Jones what's up, and gits leave to go to Cousin Malviny; and I mighty nigh run all the way out thar.

"Cousin Malviny war standin at the gate. When I git about twenty yards from her I stop to catch a little breath. Cousin Malviny holler out to me: 'Has you seen 'em, Cousin William?' I tried to be calm and cool, and I ax Cousin Malviny to be calm and cool. And I says, 'What's the matter, Cousin Malviny? Ar anything wrong out here? Seed who?' 'Susan,' says Cousin Malviny, 'and Mr. Lively, and Uncle Moses.' 'Uncle Moses!!' says I; 'have Uncle Moses gone too?' 'Yes,' says Cousin Malviny; 'I sent Moses on John mule to look for 'em when I heerd they was gone.' At the very minnit here come old Uncle Moses a trottin on up on John mule; and I don't know which war the tiredest and solemest, John or old Uncle Moses. Cousin Malviny ax Uncle Moses what news. 'Bad, Missis,' said Uncle Moses, 'bad nuff. You see, Missis, when you tole me git on top o' John an take arfter 'em, Missis, I thought fust they was gwine todes Agusty, for he did start off that

way ; but, Missis, time I got to the creek and t'other side whar the roads forks, I gits off, I does, offen John, and looks close to the ground to find track of 'em an' which road they tuck. Day hit jest begin to crack a leetle bit ; and bless your soul, Missis, they hadn't been thar. I rode on back tell I got to our cowpen right yonder ; and shore nuff they has been done got down, let down the draw-bars, gone round the cowpen, let down the fence up yonder ontoo the road agin, back up yonder and gone on todes Dukesborough. I tracks 'em in that field thar same as Towser and Loud arter a possum.'

"Cousin Malviny tell Uncle Moses to let possums alone and go on. 'Yes, Missis. I war jest tellin how they let down our draw-bars and went through behind the cowpen yonder, an got ontoo the road agin an whipt on to town.' But, Philip, I couldn't stop for Uncle Moses to tell his tale ; it war always astonishin to me how long it do take a nigger to tell anything. So I tells Uncle Moses to go 'long and put up his mule, and feed him to boot, and hisself too, as I seed they was both of 'em hongry and tired, and that I knowed all about it and would tell Cousin Malviny myself. And so I did tell her the upshot of the whole business. And oh, my honest friend, ef you ever see a person rip and rar, it war Cousin Malviny ; she come nigh and in an about as nigh cussin as she well could, not to say the very words. But which you know Cousin Malviny ar a woming, and kin to me — leastways we claims kin ; and you musn't say anything about it. When I told her they was comin back arfter a little, she declared on her soul that they shouldn't nary one of 'em put their foot into her house ef she could keep 'em from it ; and it look like, she said, she ought to be mistiss of her own house. Well, I war nately sorry for Cousin Malviny, an I ax her ef Mr. Lively have promise to marry her. Cousin Malviny say that no, he didn't in ezactly them words ; but he have bought furnitoor, an' talk in sich a way about the place an' everything on it as ef he spected to own it hisself ; and she war spectin him to cote her, and then she war goin to think about it when he did ax : not that she keerd anything about him no way ; and now sense he had done gone and made a fool o' hisself, and took up with that pöor, good-for-nothin Susan Temple, he mout go ; and as for comin into her house, she would set old Towser and Loud arfter him first. Now I knowed that war all foolishness ; and specially about them dogs, which I knowed they was bitin dogs, and which I wouldn't a gone out o' that house that night I stayed thar ef I hadn't knew that Uncle Moses have went possum-huntin ; but which I told Cousin Malviny that them dogs warn't goin to pester Mr. Lively nor Susan, because they knowed 'em both as well as they knowed her. We was inside the gate, and we was jest a startin to go to the house when here drive up Mr. Lively and Susan. 'Here, Towser, here, Loud !' hollers out Cousin Malviny, 'here ! here !' Says I to Cousin Malviny, 'Cousin Malviny, ef them dogs bites anybody here to-day, it's agoin to be me ; and I hopes you will stop callin 'em.' But bless your soul, my friend Philipiminon, them dogs was round by the kitchen, and they heerd Cousin Malviny and they come a tarin and a yellin. As soon as they turned the corner o' the house, I seed they thought I was the person they was to git arfter. I jumps back, I does,



and runs through the gate and shets it. 'Sich 'em, Towser! Sich 'em, my boys,' says Cousin Malviny — the foolishhest that I think I ever see any sensible person ever do sense I war born; but Cousin Malviny, all the eyes she had war upon Mr. Lively, and he war a gittin out of the gig, cool and calm, and he give Susan the reins to hold. 'Sich 'em, my boys!' kept hollerin Cousin Malviny, outen all reason. Well, Sir, lo and behold! while old Towser war at the gate a rippin and a roarin to git out, Loud he run down about thirty steps whar thar war a rail off the yard fence, and he lit over and he come a chargin. I says to myself, ef here aint a responsibility nobody ever had one, and the only way I has to git outen it is to clime that gate-post. So I hops up, one foot on a rail of the fence, hands on the gate-post, and t'other foot on one of the palins o' the gate. I war climbin with all that bein in a hurry that you mout sposen a man in my present sitooation would know he have no time to lose. I has done got one foot on top o' the fence, and war about to jerk the t'other from between the gate palins, when old Towser he grab my shoe by the toe, inside the yard, and the next minute Loud he have me by my coat-tails outside.

"At this very minute Mr. Lively have farly got down from the gig; and when he seed Loud have me by my last coat-tail (for he have done tore off t'other), he rush up, gin him a lick with his hickory-stick, and speak to Towser, and they let me go. Bless your soul, Philip! I war too mad to see all what follered. Both o' my coat-tails was tore pretty well off; and hadn't been for my shoes bein so thick, and tacks in 'em to boot, I should a lost one of my toes, and maybe two. When I got sorter cool I see Mr. Lively tryin to show Cousin Malviny a paper, and call her *Aunty*. When she hear Mr. Lively call her Aunty, Cousin Malviny, who have been a ravin all this time, she say that war too much; and then she go in the house, and sink in a chair and call for her smellin vial, and tell 'em to put her anywhar they wants to, ef it even war her grave. She give up farly and squarly.

"Come to find out, Mr. Lively, while I war gittin back my temper and bein sorter cool — for I tell you, boy, I war never madder in my life — Mr. Lively have been a tellin Cousin Malviny what I'm now a telling you, that that place and everything on it belong to him now as the husband o' Susan; and which they have jest t'other day found Hodge's will, which he have hid away in that desk; and which Hodge he give everything thar to Susan and Cousin Malviny jintly, for Cousin Malviny's death, and arfterwards the whole to Susan; and which he have pinted Mr. Lively his Ezecketer; and which that ar a law word, Philipip — a meanin that somebody arfter a man dies have got to tend to the business in ginerly.

"And now, Philip, I tell you that Mr. Lively ar a right clever old man arfter all. He ar from old North Calliner, shore nuff; and away long time ago he have a plantation thar, and he war goin to marry a gurl over thar, long time ago, but she took sick and died. And then Mr. Lively, he got low sperited like, and sell out and move to Augusty and buy propty, and make more money and buy more propty, tel he got to be worth twenty thousand dollars at least calcalation. Did you ever see such a man?

“Well, he got tired livin in sich a big place, and he want to git back in the country. But somehow he don’t feel like goin back to old North Calliner ; and then he git acquainted with Hodge, and he heern about Dukesborough, and so he come here. Well, arfter Hodge he died, Cousin Malviny, you see, she think about changin her conditions again, and they aint no doubt but she take arfter Mr. Lively. She deny it now ; but wimming can’t fool me. Well, Mr. Lively he git somehow to like the place and don’t want to go away from it ; but he see somethin’s obleeged to be done ; and he have always like Susan, becuse he see Cousin Malviny sorter put on her so much. Hodge war sorry for Susan too, and he use to talk to Mr. Lively about her ; and he tell Mr. Lively that ef he died he war goin to ’member her in his will. But shore enough they couldn’t find no will, and Mr. Lively he sposen that Hodge done forgot Susan ; and so Mr. Lively he make up his mind to cote Susan, and ef she’d have him he mean to buy out the propty even ef he have to pay too much for it. So he go to cotin Susan the first chance he git ; and Susan, not spectin she war ever goin to be coted by anybody, think she better say *yes*, and she say *yes*. It war a quick cotin and a quick anser. But lo and behold ! Susan found in the sto’ one day a paper, and she give it to Mr. Lively ; and Mr. Lively see it war Hodge’s will, as I tell you. But this didn’t alter Susan ; for when the old man told her about it, and say he’d let her off ef she wanted to, Susan say she don’t want to be let off ; and you now behold the conshequenches.

“And now, Philip, what make I tell you he ar a right clever old feller ar this : when Cousin Malviny ar sorter come too, and understan herself and the sitooation she war in, Mr. Lively call Susan in ; for I tell you that gurl war not for gittin out o’ that gig till matters got cooler. And then Mr. Lively tell Cousin Malviny that she mout stay right whar she war, and that he war goin to fix up her house, and she mout keep her same room, only it should have new furnitoor, and he would fix another room for him and Susan ; and he war goin to find everything hisself, and she shouldn’t be at no expense ; and ef she got married he would give her more’n the will give her in money, and she mout will away her intrust into the bargain and he would pay it in money ; only Mr. Lively say that sto’ must be broke up, and he will pay her down in cash twice what the stock war worth. Arfter all this, Cousin Malviny gin up for good and call for Susan. Susan went to her, and they hugged ; and Cousin Malviny she laughed, and Susan she cried. I could but notice them two wimming. One of ’em was a laughin and one was a cryin ; and which I couldn’t see the use nor the sense of nary one. But wimming’s wimming, and you can’t alter ’em.

“But it war time I war leavin and goin back to my business. Thar business war not mine. I bids them wimming good-bye ; and I axes Mr. Lively, ef it war not too much trouble, to see me throo the gate and safe from them dogs ; becuse I told Mr. Lively I didn’t want to hurt them dogs, but I wanted ’em not to be pesterin o’ me no more. Mr. Lively he go with me about a hundred yards ; and as I war about to tell him good-bye, I says to Mr. Lively, says I, ‘Mr. Lively, it ’pear like you has plenty o’ money ; and I don’t sposen that you think

people ought to lose anything by 'tendin to *your* business, when it's none o' theirn. Well, Mr. Lively, it seem like somebody by good rights, reasonable speakin, somebody ought to pay for my coat-tails; for you can see for yourself, Mr. Lively, that ef this coat ar to be of any more use to me, it ar got to be as a round jacket; and all this bizness whar it got tore — and I come monstous nigh gittin dog-bit — war none o' mine, but t'other people's; and it seem like I ought to git paid by somebody.' Mr. Lively smile and say 'of cose,' and ax me about what I sposen them coat-tails was worth; and I tells him I don't think two dollars and a half was high. And then, Philip, ef he didn't pull out a five-dollar bill and give me, I wish I may be dinged!

"And then, Philip, what do you sposen that blessed and ontimely old man said to me? Says he, 'Mr. Williams, you did lose your coat-tails, and come very nigh bein badly dog-bit while lookin on at business which, as you say, was not yourn. You've got paid for it. When you war out here before, Mr. Williams, you took occasion to look at some other business — oh, Mr. Williams, I saw your tracks, and you told on yourself next mornin at breakfast. Towser and Loud war then gone with Uncle Moses possum-hunting. Suppose they had been at home, and had caught you in the dark at my window, Mr. Williams? Don't say anything, Mr. Williams; but let this be a lesson to you, my young friend. There's more ways than one of paying for things. I advise you, Mr. Williams, not to talk about what you saw that night to any more people than you can help. I am not anxious to fool people, Mr. Williams, and haven't done it; but I would ruther people wouldn't *dog* me about. You see how unpleasant it ar to be *dogged*, and what Loud got for meddlin with your coat-tails. But *he* didn't know any better. *You* do, or ought to. Let Loud's be a example to you, Mr. Williams. Good-day, Mr. Williams.' And he left me befo' I could say a single word.

"Now, Philip, I war never so much nonplushed in all my born days; and which when he talk about how Loud mout be an ezample, I knowed what he mean, becace which I don't have to be knock down stairs befo' I can take a hint. But you see, Philip, under all the circumstances I thinks it's maybe best not to say anything about the old man's har. Not as I keer for Mr. Lively's old hickory-stick, becace thar's plenty o' hickories in the woods; but, Philip, it mout git *you* into difficulties; and ef it was to do that, I should jest feel like I ought to take the responsibility, and I should do it. So let's keep still. I haint told nobody but you and Mr. Jones; and he ar a man of mighty few words anyhow, and he aint goin to talk. So less let the old man go, and not interrupt him, and wish him much joy of his young wife. Poor Cousin Malviny! But she look peert as ever. I see her yistiday, and she look peert as ever. But wimmin's wimmin, Philip, and you can't alter 'em."

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## GENERAL BEAUREGARD'S OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE OPERATIONS ON MORRIS ISLAND.

[CONCLUDED.]

ON the 8th, Brigadier-General Evans reported his arrival in Savannah. A large increase was visible in the enemy's fleet in the Stono. During the day firing at intervals was carried on from our batteries, but the enemy remained quiet till the evening, when he opened on Battery Wagner, and continued the firing throughout the night.

Instructions were given to the Chief Engineer to expedite the putting up in Fort Sumter of the sand-bag "chemise" to the gorge walls, the interior traverses, merlons, embrasures, and a covered way to be erected between batteries Wagner and Gregg.

The fire of the enemy during the morning of the 9th was heavy and rapid from his land batteries. The officer in command of the advanced pickets reported that the enemy worked industriously in his trenches until 2 A. M.

The fire of our sharpshooters evidently seemed to annoy the enemy, as he occasionally fired with great spirit to dislodge them, but ineffectually. One casualty in Battery Wagner during the day.

The effective force on Morris Island was 663 infantry, 248 artillery, and 11 cavalry; total, 922.

During the day I received the following telegram from Brigadier-General M. Jenkins, dated Petersburg, Va. :

"My scouts report shipment of troops, both infantry and cavalry, from Norfolk, supposed for Charleston. Large quantities of forage shipped. Cavalry left 6th inst."

The Chief Engineer was instructed to lay out and erect a line of works on James Island from Secessionville to Dill's House, in lieu of the present defensive lines, to consist of lunettes with closed gorges disposed at one-half to three-quarters of a mile apart, and connected with *cremaillière* lines.

Captain Tucker, C. S. N., was informed of the practice on the part of the enemy of putting out boat-pickets at night to observe the movements of our transportation to Morris Island, and it was suggested to Captain Tucker that steps should be taken by the navy to break up these pickets.

Upon the approach of one of our transportation steamers, signals would be exchanged between the enemy's boats and their land batteries; and these latter opening immediately a heavy fire upon Cumming's Point, rendered our communications extremely difficult and hazardous. At times, also, the enemy illuminated the landing with a powerful calcium light, so as to prevent the approach of our

steamers, forcing us to transport our supplies of men and munitions by means of small boats.

During the 10th the enemy remained comparatively quiet until about 8 P. M., when he opened briskly on Battery Wagner. On our side firing was kept up from Battery Simkins with Columbiads from 11 A. M. to 11 P. M., when mortar firing was resumed and continued until morning.

The enemy on Morris Island were busy during the past night, and his advanced works were then about 600 yards from Battery Wagner, though no guns were yet in that position.

My telegram to you of that date was:—"Nothing of importance has occurred since yesterday. Evans's Brigade is arriving in Savannah, and Colquitt's regiments arriving here."

About 7 o'clock on the morning of the 11th, the fleet and land batteries opened heavily on Battery Wagner, and were replied to by Fort Sumter and batteries Simkins and Gregg.

One casualty occurred during the day, the enemy as well as ourselves working persistently in spite of the excessive heat.

Our garrison on Morris Island consisted of 1245 of all arms.

At 5.45 A. M., on the morning of the 12th, the enemy opened on Fort Sumter with an 8-inch Parrott gun, firing from battery to north and west of Craig's Hill, Morris Island, distance estimated to be at least 4400 yards. Eleven shots in all were fired at the fort; four missed, three struck outside, and four within the fort. Again at 5.30 P. M. the enemy opened on Fort Sumter from the same battery, firing at intervals of ten minutes till dark. Eleven 8-inch rifled shots struck the fort.

Heavy firing was carried on throughout the day against Battery Wagner. Fort Sumter, batteries Gregg and Simkins, directed their fire against the enemy's working parties on the left of his approach, and dispersed them, stopping the work they were throwing up.

At dark Battery Wagner opened with eight guns on the enemy's advanced trenches, and in conjunction with Fort Sumter and Battery Simkins prevented any progress on the part of the enemy. His batteries in rear replied to the fire of Wagner, and interrupted our communications with Cumming's Point.

On the 13th the enemy endeavored several times to repair the damage done to his advanced works during the preceding night, but well-directed shots from Battery Wagner as often drove him back.

The batteries in rear and the fleet then opened fire on Wagner and Gregg, and were answered by Fort Sumter and Battery Simkins. At 5.30 A. M. the enemy opened with 8-inch Parrotts from the same battery as the day before, firing two or three times only. At 11 A. M. three or four wooden gunboats armed with heavy rifled guns approached within four and five thousand yards of Fort Sumter, and opened a slow fire. Some fifteen shots were fired with great range; three only struck the fort. One shot passed over the fort at great elevation, and dropped a mile to the westward.

At 5 P. M. the enemy opened again on the fort with the 8-inch Parrotts. No great damage was done; the farthest penetration into the brick work was about four feet.

On the 14th the land batteries opened on Fort Sumter, firing three shots; two struck. About 11 A. M. the wooden gunboats shelled the fort at long range, and at 5.15 P. M. the land batteries again opened on the fort.

Throughout the day the enemy remained quiet, firing occasionally, and replied to by our batteries. The sharpshooters on both sides kept up a constant fire. During the night the fire from Battery Wagner put a stop to the enemy's operations in its front. The strengthening of Fort Sumter advanced rapidly day and night.

Brigadier-General Ripley was instructed as to the armament of certain portions of the new lines on James Island, and of a new battery thrown up near Fort Johnson.

During the greater part of the 15th the enemy both on land and sea were unusually quiet, occasionally firing at Battery Wagner; later in the day they opened with some vigor on Battery Gregg.

The enemy's fleet consisted this morning of the *Ironsides*, six monitors, eight gunboats, three mortar hulks, and thirteen vessels inside the bar; outside seven. At Hilton Head fifty-two vessels, including gunboats and iron-clads.

My telegram of this date was:—"No change worth recording since yesterday. Sand-bag revetment of gorge-wall of Sumter, and traverses inside of fort, progressing as rapidly as means of transportation will permit."

On the 16th the enemy's batteries fired but little on batteries Wagner and Gregg; but during the afternoon the two 8-inch Parrotts opened on Fort Sumter, throwing forty-eight shells. Four passed over, four fell short, ten struck inside the parade, and thirty lit in various places exterior and interior.

At this date the armament of the fort consisted of thirty-eight guns and two mortars, at least twenty guns having been withdrawn since the landing of the enemy on Morris Island.

Orders were given to Brigadier-General Ripley to remove to Battery Gregg the two mortars in Fort Sumter as soon as it should become impossible to use them with advantage in the latter work, and to transport to other points every gun in Sumter not actually required for its defence, and by the new relations of that work to the defence of the harbor.

The Chief Engineer was instructed to strengthen Castle Pinckney with sand-bags; Fort Johnson to be arranged for two additional 10-inch guns, and positions to be prepared for three 10-inch guns to be placed on the James Island shore of the harbor.

Battery Wagner was bombarded heavily by the enemy about daylight on the 17th. About 9 o'clock A. M. the *Ironsides* and six monitors joined in the action. Their guns were turned also on Battery Gregg and Fort Sumter, a heavy cannonade being directed against those three works; but principally against Wagner, which, having only two 10-inch Columbiads and one 32-pounder rifled to reply to the enemy's fleet, maintained the unequal contest more than one hour, when Colonel Keitt, commanding on Morris Island, ordered the brave artillerists and their gallant officers to the cover of the bomb-proofs.

During this terrible fire the Engineer Department lost the valuable



services of a most promising officer, Captain J. M. Wampler of Virginia, who was killed by the explosion of a 15-inch shell.

During the engagement, Captain Rodgers, commanding the monitor *Wicharsken*,\* was killed in the pilot-house of his ship. In the twenty-four hours 948 shots were fired against Fort Sumter; 448 struck outside, 233 inside, and 270 passed over. The casualties in the fort amounted to fourteen.

On the 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, and 23d of August, the fierce bombardment of Fort Sumter was continued by the enemy, both from his land batteries and at intervals from his fleet. From the 17th to the 23d inclusive he fired against the fort a total of 5643 shots, of which number 2643 struck inside, 1699 outside, and 1301 missed. These projectiles varied in weight from 30 to 300 lbs., and were fired from Parrotts and 15-inch smooth-bore guns. An average of 150 lbs. per shot would give a weight of nearly 385 tons discharged against the walls of Fort Sumter during this period of seven days. At the end of this time nearly all the guns remaining in the fort were unserviceable, and the damage to the gorge-wall and the northwest face by the reverse fire was great; but the sand that had been placed on the outside of the gorge-wall, in conjunction with the filling up of the barracks and casemates with cotton-bales, and above all the crumbling of the masonry under the enemy's fire, converted this portion of Fort Sumter into a mass of débris and rubbish on which the enemy's powerful artillery could make but little impression. Throughout the siege the unremitting exertions of the Engineer Corps hourly increased the defensive power of the work.

The following extract from the journal of the engineer officer at Fort Sumter from August 23d, will show the condition of the work on that date:

"The northwest front has now five arches with ramparts fallen in. Northeast barbette battery unserviceable. East front scarp much scaled by slant fire, with large craters under traverse; principal injury at level of arches and terre-plein. Two-thirds of southern wall of east magazine damaged; stone revetment unhurt and protected by rubbish; gorge not damaged since yesterday. Another shot penetrated above sand-filling of second-story rooms, making three since the attack began. East barbette battery parapet much loosened and undermined, though not displaced. One 10-inch and one 11-inch gun untouched. Brooke gun-carriage shattered, but can easily be mounted on 10-inch Columbiad carriage."

During the seven days that the enemy so vigorously bombarded Fort Sumter, his approaches to Battery Wagner were slowly pushed forward under the fire of our guns and sharpshooters. On the 21st he made an unsuccessful attack on our rifle-pits directly in front of Battery Wagner. The same day at 12 M., under flag of truce, General Gillmore sent a demand for the surrender of Fort Sumter and Morris Island, with the threat that in case of non-compliance he would open fire on the city; four hours were allowed for a reply. This despatch was received at the headquarters of the Department at 10.45 P. M. The enemy carried his threat into execution by throwing several shells into the city about 1.30 A. M. on the morning of the 22d.

On the 24th the fire on Fort Sumter lessened considerably; not more than 150 shots were thrown against it in the course of the day.

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\* *Qy. Weehawken?*—Ed.

Every endeavor was made to retard the approach of the besiegers to Battery Wagner ; their working parties were fired on from the battery, but this had to be discontinued and the embrasures closed in order to prevent our pieces from being dismounted.

Until 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 25th the enemy's fire was principally directed against Fort Sumter ; after that time Battery Wagner was fiercely bombarded, as well as the space between our rifle-pits and the work. At dusk the enemy endeavored to carry the position held by our pickets, but were repulsed. Our loss was five killed and nineteen wounded.

A very large amount of ammunition and ordnance stores were removed from Fort Sumter during the night.

On the 26th 130 shots were fired at Sumter ; batteries Wagner and Gregg receiving the bulk of the fire. At five o'clock in the evening the enemy concentrated his fire on our rifle-pits in front of Battery Wagner. Between 7 and 8 P. M. the rifle-pits were carried by an overwhelming force, which also succeeded in capturing 76 out of 89 men of the 61st North Carolina Volunteers, who formed the picket.

The fire against Fort Sumter was limited on the 27th to 4 shots. In front of Battery Wagner the enemy had advanced his trenches to within 300 yards of the work, while the number of the enemy's guns and the accuracy of his fire prevented the opening of the embrasures in Battery Wagner except at night. The Hon. Secretary of War informed me by telegraph, in answer to a request that I had made for the services as boatmen of some of the sailors stationed in Savannah, that the Secretary of the Navy declined sending them, and urged detail of men. I replied by letter, setting forth the fact that the army in this Department was already depleted by details for the navy, and that no more men could be spared. The importance of keeping our water transportation to Morris Island in an efficient condition was represented, and that without an additional force of boatmen it could not be preserved ; further, that the iron-clads at Savannah are safely sheltered behind obstructions, and were a portion of their crews sent to Charleston they could be returned in the event of an emergency there.

On the 28th the enemy was extremely quiet, firing only six shots at Sumter ; but his approaches towards Battery Wagner advanced rapidly notwithstanding the fire directed upon him from Gregg, the James Island batteries, and the sharpshooters in Battery Wagner.

The enemy did not fire at Fort Sumter during the 29th, but worked industriously at his fortifications on Morris Island. His advanced works were shelled during the day by Battery Wagner, Fort Moultrie, and the James Island batteries.

During the night the enemy's guns were silent in front of Battery Wagner ; but they renewed the bombardment of Fort Sumter before daylight on the morning of the 30th, and during the day threw 634 shots against it. They were also busily engaged in completing their advanced works, though greatly disturbed by the fire from Wagner and our James Island batteries, which compelled them to desist from the work of advancing a sap on the left of Battery Wagner. In the evening the enemy opened a brisk fire on Wagner with both mortars

and Parrott guns; no serious damage was done to the work, but several casualties occurred. During the night Battery Wagner kept up a steady and effective fire on the enemy's advanced works. Early on the morning of the 31st, as the steamer *Sumter* was returning from Morris Island with troops on board, she was unfortunately fired into from the Sullivan's Island batteries and sunk. Four men were killed or drowned, and the greater portion of the arms were lost.

Between 11 and 12 M. one of the monitors approached Fort Moultrie, and when within range was opened on by the fort. The enemy replied with shrapnel, all of which fell short. After about an hour's engagement the monitor withdrew. About 2 P. M. the enemy approached with four monitors and engaged the fort for four hours; a steady fire was kept up on them from Fort Moultrie and other Sullivan's Island batteries. During the engagement the enemy fired about 60 shots, striking Fort Moultrie fifteen times but doing no damage. The fort fired 132 shots.

The enemy's fire on Fort Sumter was slack throughout the day. Captain Leroy Hammond, 25th South Carolina Volunteers, reported during the day that in obedience to instructions he had made a reconnoissance of Light-House Inlet and the south side of Black Island; on the island he saw pickets and bivouac fires, but discovered no earthworks. During the night the enemy succeeded in advancing their sap a short distance towards Battery Wagner, notwithstanding the heavy fire that was kept up on them from that work. At daylight on the 1st September the enemy opened on Wagner with mortars, and continued at intervals during the entire day; the two 8-inch howitzers on the salient and curtain of the work were disabled, and the two 8-inch shell-guns on the land face were also partially disabled. From early morning the Morris Island batteries kept up a heavy fire on Fort Sumter, firing throughout the day 382 shots; 166 striking outside, 95 inside, and 121 missing. The fire was very destructive, disabling the remaining guns in barbette and damaging the fort considerably. An extract from the report of the engineer in charge gives the following account of its condition:—

"Towards noon the effect of the fire was to carry away at one fall four rampart arches on northeast front, with terre-plein platforms and guns, thus leaving on this front only one arch and a half which are adjacent to the east spiral stair; some of the lower casemate piers of same front have been seriously damaged, rendering unsafe the service of two guns hitherto available in that quarter. On the exterior, the chief injury done is to be noticed at southeast *pan coupé*, and two next upper casemates on east front. From these localities the scarp has fallen away completely and left the arches exposed, as well as the sand-filling half down to the floor of second tier."

At 11.40 P. M. 6 monitors opened on Fort Sumter from distances of 800 to 1000 yards. They were joined at 1 A. M. of the 2d by the *Ironsides*, and together fired 185 shots, of which 116 struck outside, 35 inside, and 34 passed over. The projectiles used were 8-inch Parrott rifle-shell and 11 and 15-inch smooth-bore shot and shell.

Fort Sumter was unable to answer, not having a gun in working order; but a heavy fire was kept up on the fleet from Fort Moultrie with good effect, two of the monitors being apparently injured and requiring assistance when they retired. The effect of this fire on Fort



Sumter was thus described by the engineer officer:—"The chief external injury has been done upon the east scarp, which now has lost its integrity, and hangs upon the arches, apparently in blocks and detached masses."

The remainder of the day passed in comparative quiet. The fleet was occupied in placing sand-bags on the decks of the monitors; the enemy's land batteries firing but 148 shots. 38 of these were directed against Sumter. In the same period our batteries fired 66 times.

During the night the enemy in front of Wagner was engaged in strengthening his advanced position, which was then within 80 or 100 yards of the salient. Owing to the difficulty of transporting ammunition to Battery Wagner, the fire from that work was slack.

Early on the morning of the 3d the enemy opened on Battery Wagner with mortars, and continued it throughout the day. Fort Sumter was not fired at; in that work all hands were busily engaged in repairing damages. During the past night, as usual, large quantities of ordnance stores and several guns were removed by that gallant and zealous acting engineer officer, Mr. E. Frazer Mathews, of Charleston, who persistently worked at this dangerous and laborious undertaking until every disabled gun which could be recovered from the débris had been transferred to its new position. The condition of the fort at this date was as follows:—

The northeast and northwest terre-pleins had fallen in, and the western wall had a crack entirely through from parapet to beam. The greater portion of the southern wall was down; the upper east magazine penetrated, and lower east magazine wall cracked. The eastern wall itself nearly shot away and large portions down; ramparts gone, and nearly every casemate breached. The casemates in the eastern face were still filled with sand, and gave some protection to the garrison from shells. Not a single gun remained in barbette, and but a single smooth-bore 32-pounder in the west face that could be fired.

During the night of the 3d, Battery Wagner fired steadily, and the James Island batteries occasionally. Throughout the 4th the enemy did not fire on Sumter, but confined themselves to shelling Battery Wagner, and were answered by the James Island guns. During the night of the 4th the enemy's approach was pushed close to Battery Wagner. At 12 M. on the 5th the Federal flag, which had been 100 yards south of Wagner, was abreast of the south angle of the work. Throughout the day a very heavy fire was concentrated on Battery Wagner from the *Ironsides*, monitors, and land batteries, which severely injured the work. Our casualties were also greatly increased, some forty occurring during the day.

Large bodies of troops were transferred from Folly to Morris Island, and other indications pointed to an early assault. There is good reason to believe that the enemy's plan was to carry Battery Gregg by a boat attack on the night of the 5th or early on the morning of the 6th; that the fleet should prevent the landing of reinforcements at Cumming's Point; that Battery Wagner should be shelled fiercely by the iron-clads; and on the morning of the 6th, on a given signal, the assault on Battery Wagner was to take place.

This plan was frustrated, however, by the repulse of the attacking party on Battery Gregg. About 1.30 A. M. on the morning of the 6th they were seen approaching in from fifteen to twenty barges, by the passages leading from Vincent and Schooner creeks that lie between James and Morris Islands. The garrison at Cumming's Point was on the alert, and received them with a brisk fire of grape and musketry. The enemy was evidently greatly disconcerted ; and after discharging their boat-howitzers, retired.

On the 4th September, 1863, I had convened a meeting of general officers and the chief engineer of the Department to assist me in determining how much longer the Confederate forces should attempt to hold batteries Wagner and Gregg and the north end of Morris Island.

The rapid advance of the enemy's trenches to Battery Wagner having made it evident that before many days that work must become untenable, the following questions were propounded at the council :

1st. How long do you think Fort Wagner can be held without regard to safety of garrison?

2d. How long can the fort be held with a fair prospect of saving its garrison, with the means of transportation at our command and circumstances relative thereto, as heretofore indicated by actual experience?

3d. How long after the loss or evacuation of Wagner could Fort Gregg be held?

4th. Can the heavy guns (2 in Wagner and 3 in Gregg) in those two works be removed before their evacuation without endangering the safety of the works and their garrisons?

5th. Can we take the offensive suddenly with a fair prospect of success, by throwing during the night 3000 men on north end of Morris Island, making in all 4000 men available ; bearing in mind that no reinforcements could be sent there until night, and perhaps none for several nights, according to the movements of the enemy's iron-clads and the fire of the land batteries?

These questions were thoroughly discussed, as well as the probable plan of attack by the enemy, our means of defence, of transportation, and reasons for prolonging our possession of the north end of Morris Island.

It was agreed that the holding of Morris Island as long as possible was most important to the safety and free use of the harbor of Charleston and our ability to keep up easy communication with the works on Sullivan's and James Islands, in view of which I deemed it proper to renew application by telegraph to the Secretaries of War and Naval Departments for some 200 sailors for oarsmen.

It was further decided that the five heavy guns on Morris Island were necessary, morally and physically, for the defence of the positions to the last extremity ; and such being the difficulties, if not indeed the insurmountable obstacles, in the way of their removal at this time, that no effort should be made to save them, and consequently that they should be ultimately destroyed, with as much of the works as practicable, when further defence was abandoned.

The result was, my determination to hold Morris Island as long as

communication with it could be maintained at night by means of row-boats, but for which purpose sailors or men able to handle boats and oars with efficiency were essential.

On the 5th inst., Brigadier-General Ripley, commanding the 1st Military District, prepared by my order and as *per* my instructions, a confidential letter, which was forwarded to the officer commanding Battery Wagner, pointing out that it might be necessary to evacuate Morris Island. The Brigadier-General in the letter gave full instructions as directed by me for destroying the magazine and rendering the guns useless in the event of abandoning the island.

Early on the morning of the 6th September a despatch was received from Colonel L. M. Keitt, commanding Battery Wagner, to the following effect :

"... The parapet of salient is badly breached. The whole fort is much weakened ; a repetition to-morrow of to-day's fire [alluding to the 5th inst.] will make the work almost a ruin. The mortar-fire is still very heavy and fatal, and no important work can be done. Is it desirable to sacrifice the garrison ? To continue to hold it is to do so. Captain Lee, the engineer, has read this and agrees."

The casualties in Battery Wagner on the 5th September were about 100 out of 900.

Another despatch was received from Colonel Keitt, dated 8.45 A. M. :

"Incessant fire from Yankee mortars and Parrott battery. Can't work negroes ; better look after them promptly. Had thirty or forty soldiers wounded in an attempt to work. Will do all I can ; but fear the garrison will be destroyed without injuring the enemy. The fleet is opening, but I hope that we may stand till to-night."

Again at 10.30 A. M. Colonel Keitt signalled :

"Boats must be at Cumming's Point early to-night without fail."

During the day a letter was received from the same officer, as follows :

"The enemy will to-night advance their parallel to the moat of this battery (Wagner.) The garrison must be taken away immediately after dark or it will be destroyed or captured. It is idle to deny that the heavy Parrott shells have breached the walls and are knocking away the bomb-proofs. Pray have boats immediately after dark at Cumming's Point to take away the men. I say deliberately that this must be done or the garrison will be sacrificed. I am sending the wounded and sick now to Cumming's Point, and will continue to do so, if possible, until all are gone. I have not in the garrison 400 effective men, excluding artillery. The engineers agree in opinion with me, or rather shape my opinion. I shall say no more."

Colonel Keitt's last telegram was as follows :—

"The enemy's sap has reached the moat, and his bombardment has shattered large parts of the parapet. The retention of the post after to-night involves the sacrifice of the garrison. If the necessities of the service make this advisable, the men will cheerfully make it, and I will cheerfully lead them. I prefer to assault the enemy to awaiting an assault, and I will at 4 o'clock in the morning assail his works."

Things being in this condition, it became evident that an attempt still to retain possession of batteries Wagner and Gregg must of necessity involve the loss of their garrisons.

But before giving the final orders for the evacuation, I directed



Colonel D. B. Harris, my chief engineer, to proceed to Morris Island and examine into and report on the condition of affairs. His opinion was as follows:—

" . . . I visited our works on Morris Island to-day ; and in consideration of their condition, of our inability to repair damages at Battery Wagner as heretofore, of the dispirited state of the garrison, and of the progress of the enemy's sap, am reluctantly constrained to recommend an immediate evacuation of both batteries Wagner and Gregg. . . .

"In consequence of the accuracy of fire from his (enemy's) land batteries, which are now in close proximity to Battery Wagner, say from five to eight hundred yards, aided by reverse fire from his fleet, it is impossible in the opinion of the officer of the fort to keep a fire of either artillery or small arms ; and the enemy is thus left free to work in the trenches, which he is pushing rapidly forward—the head of the sap being within forty yards of the salient, which is so severely damaged by a battery of Parrott guns kept constantly playing upon it as to render it untenable. The covering to the bomb-proof and magazine also needs repair. We have been thus far able not only to repair damages at night, but to add from day to day to the strength of the battery ; but now that the enemy's sap is in such close proximity to the battery, and he has contrived to throw a calcium light upon the parapets at night, it is impossible to do so without a heavy loss of men ; in the efforts last night to repair damages the commanding officer of the fort reports a loss in killed and wounded of sixty to eighty men of the working party alone.

"Without our ability to repair damages at night the battery would become, under the incessant fire of the enemy's land batteries and fleet, untenable say in two days. It is in view of these facts that I have thought it my duty to make the recommendation at the commencement of this report.

"The gradual approaches of the enemy" (I quote now from Colonel Keitt's report) "had passed the front of the battery, and the termination of their sap was not over fifty yards from the parapet of the sea face, enabling them to throw a mass of troops upon this flank when our men were mostly in the bomb-proofs, where I was forced to keep them by the unceasing fire of mortars and rifle-guns on land with an enfilading fire from the fleet during most of the day.

"The salient on the left of the battery had been swept by such a terrible cross-fire as to breach the parapet and throw it into irregular shapes, rendering the ascent from the moat easy ; and moreover, men could not be kept there during this cross-fire without the certainty of most of them being wounded or stunned."

Under these circumstances I concluded that the period had arrived when it would be judicious to evacuate Morris Island, and in the following special order detailed the manner in which I desired the movement to be accomplished :

" . . . Battery Wagner, Morris Island, being no longer tenable without undue loss of life, and the risk of final capture of its garrison, the position and Battery Gregg will be evacuated as soon as practicable, to which end the following arrangements will be made by the District Commander:—

"1. Two of the C. S. iron-clads should take up positions near Fort Sumter, with their guns bearing on Cumming's Point and to the eastward of it. At the same time all our land batteries will be held prepared to sweep all the water faces of Battery Gregg. Transport steamers will take positions within the harbor, but as near as practicable to Cumming's Point, to receive the men from the row-boats by which the embarkation will be effected from Morris Island.

"As many row-boats as necessary, or which can be manned by efficient oarsmen, will be provided and kept in readiness at once to proceed to and reach Cumming's Point or that vicinity as soon after dark as may be prudent. Having reached the beach of Morris Island, couriers or relays of footmen will be despatched by the naval officer in charge with notice of the fact to the officer in command of Battery Wagner, and of the exact transport capacity of the boats. A naval officer with proper assistants will have exclusive charge of the boats and of their movements.

"2. The commanding officer of Battery Wagner having made during the day all arrangements for the evacuation and destruction of the work and armament, when informed of the arrival of the boats will direct, first, the removal and embarkation

of all wounded men, and thereafter, according to the capacity of the boats at hand, will withdraw his command by companies with soldierly silence and deliberation; two companies will remain in any event to preserve a show of occupation and repair and defend from assault during the embarkation, and it is strictly enjoined that no more men shall be permitted to quit the work and go to the landing than can be safely embarked. The embarkation will be superintended by the field officers or regimental and battalion commanders, who will halt and keep their respective commands about one hundred (100) yards from the boats, divide them into suitable squads for assignment to the boats in exact conformity with the direction of the naval officers in charge of embarkation, and then superintend the disposition of the men accordingly, impressing on all the vital necessity of silence, obedience to orders, and the utmost coolness.

"3. The companies left to occupy Battery Wagner to the last will be under the charge of a firm and intelligent field officer, who will not withdraw his command until assured there is sufficient transportation for the remaining garrison of the island, including that of Battery Gregg.

"4. The final evacuation will depend for success on the the utmost coolness and quiet on the part of every man. At least two officers previously selected will be left to light the fuzes, already arranged and timed to about fifteen minutes, to blow up the magazine and bomb-proof, and to destroy the armament in the manner already indicated in special instructions from District headquarters. But the fuzes must not be set on fire until it is certain that there is transportation for the removal of all the garrison, or except the enemy become aware of the evacuation and are evidently about to storm and enter the work. The men must be embarked with arms loaded, ready to repel an attack by the boat parties of the enemy.

"5. The garrison of Battery Gregg will stand staunch and at their post until the last company from Battery Wagner shall be embarked; it will then take to the boats with silence and deliberation, provision having been duly made as at Battery Wagner for the destruction of the work and its ordnance. Both explosions shall be as nearly simultaneous as possible, and the complete success of the evacuation will probably be in the hands of those whose high duty will be to apply the fire to the fuzes at Battery Wagner.

"The garrison of Battery Gregg will be embarked with the same precaution and regulation as prescribed for Battery Wagner.

"In case the enemy should carry Battery Wagner immediately after the garrison shall have evacuated, or in any way the explosion of the magazine should be prevented, a signal of three (3) rockets discharged in rapid succession should be made from Battery Gregg, when the naval vessels in position, and our land batteries bearing on Battery Wagner, will be opened with a steady fire on the site of that work; as will be done likewise immediately after an explosion shall take place, and this fire will be maintained slowly during the night.

"Brigadier-General Ripley will give such additional orders as will be calculated to secure the successful evacuation of Morris Island, or to meet emergencies. He will confer with Flag-officer Tucker, and procure all necessary assistance.

"The operation is one of the most delicate ever attempted in war. Coolness, resolute courage, and judgment and inflexibility on the part of the officers; obedience to orders and a constant sense of the necessity for silence on the part of the men, are essential for complete success and the credit which must attach to those who achieve it."

The evacuation began at 9 P. M. on the night of the 6th September. According to instructions, a guard of thirty-five men, under command of Captain T. A. Huguenin, had been left to bring up the extreme rear and to fire the only magazine which contained powder. The necessary arrangements being completed, and Colonel Keitt having been informed that the transportation was ready, the embarkation was commenced, and was continued with the utmost quietness and dispatch. The wounded were first embarked, and were followed by the remnants of the infantry garrison. Captain Kanapaux, commanding Light Artillery, was then ordered to spike his three howitzers and embark his command. Captain Lesesne, commanding at Battery Gregg,

spiked the guns of that battery and followed with his command ; and the rear-guard from Wagner coming up at this time, in pursuance of orders from Colonel Keitt, the safety fuzes communicating with the magazines were lighted, that at Wagner by Captain Huguenin, and that at Gregg by Major Holcombe, C. S., and the remainder of the command was safely and expeditiously embarked. Owing to defects in the fuzes themselves they failed of accomplishing the purpose designed, though their lighting was superintended by careful and reliable officers. The magazines, therefore, were not destroyed. The guns in the battery were spiked as far as their condition allowed, and the implements generally destroyed and equipments carried off.

The evacuation was concluded at about half-past one o'clock A. M. of the 7th inst. The boats containing the portion of the garrison last embarked were fired upon by the enemy's barges, but without effect ; only two of our boats containing crews of about 19 men and 27 soldiers, or some 46 in all, were captured by the enemy's armed barges between Cumming's Point and Fort Sumter.

Thus Morris Island was abandoned to the enemy on the morning of the 7th of September 1863, with but little loss on the part of the garrison either in men or material. The total loss in killed and wounded on Morris Island from July 10th to September 7th, 1863, was only 641 men ; and deducting the killed and wounded due to the landing on the 10th July, and to the assaults of the 11th and 18th July, the killed and wounded by the terrible bombardment, which lasted almost uninterruptedly night and day during 58 days, only amounted to 296 men, many of whom were only slightly wounded. It is still more remarkable that during the same period of time, when the enemy fired 6202 shots and shells at Fort Sumter, varying in weight from 30 lbs. to 300 lbs., only three men were killed and 49 wounded.

It is difficult to arrive at the loss of the enemy during these operations ; but judging from the slaughter made in his ranks on the 11th and 18th of July, it will be within the mark to say that his casualties were in a ratio of ten to one of ours.

It may be well to remark that the capture of Morris Island resulted but in a barren victory to the enemy, if his only object was to gain a position from which he might hurl his missiles and Greek fire into the city of Charleston. A reference to the map will show that the possession of Cumming's Point placed him no nearer the city than when he held part of James Island, prior to the battle of Secessionville, in June 1862, and again in July 1863, from whence he was driven on the morning of the 16th of the same month.

In conclusion, I cannot express in too strong terms my admiration of the bravery, endurance, and patriotism displayed by the officers and men engaged in these operations, who during so many days and nights withstood unflinchingly the extraordinary fire from the enemy's land and naval batteries, and repulsed with heroic gallantry every attempt to surprise or carry the works by storm.

I have particularly to commend the gallantry, coolness, and zeal of Brigadier-General U. B. Taliaferro, Brigadier-General Johnson Hagood, Brigadier-General A. H. Colquitt, Colonel L. M. Keitt, and Colonel



G. P. Harrison, who at different periods had immediate command of the defence of Morris Island. To particularise would be invidious ; they one and all, on every occasion, did their duty nobly.

I have to express my acknowledgments of the valuable services rendered by Brigadier-General R. S. Ripley, in command of the First Military District, which included the city of Charleston and its out-works ; he was invariably active, industrious, and intelligent, and carried out his important duties to my entire satisfaction.

Although Major-General J. F. Gilmer arrived at Charleston only a few days before the evacuation of Morris Island, he was nevertheless active, zealous, and of assistance to me in holding the island to the last moment.

To Colonel D. B. Harris, Chief Engineer of the Department, I have to return my most sincere thanks ; he was ever cool, gallant, and indefatigable in the performance of his arduous duties during the whole period of the operations on Morris Island ; always present in the hour of need, he exposed himself when necessary to the hottest fire and to the greatest dangers in the most reckless manner.

I also take pleasure in recording the services of Colonel Alfred Rhett, who during the siege of Battery Wagner had command of Fort Sumter, and with his brave garrison endured a long and terrific bombardment from the enemy's batteries by land and sea. His conduct throughout gained my approval and satisfaction.

I commend also to the attention of the War Department the indefatigable zeal of my personal and general staff, who on all occasions were found equal to the calls made on their energy, activity and devotion to the service.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) G. T. BEAUREGARD, *General*.

General SAM. COOPER, *Adjt.-Gen.*,  
RICHMOND, VA.

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## HORACE.

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MOMMSEN, in his lately published *History of Rome*, brings out the Cæsarian period in bold relief, and gives a far more vivid conception of the spirit of the times and the true nature of the political problem then pressing fast to its solution, than we can find in the pages of any previous writer. But in this narrative of the

birth of the great Mediterranean empire, what perhaps most strikes the scholar is the stress which the historian lays upon the fact that all the pure Latinism, both of thought and form, in Roman literature, belonged to the few works produced before the complete overthrow of the republic, and that the Hellenic influences which predominated in the Augustan age were really a misfortune to the race in point of true literary development. This view, in the form of a mere suggestion, is by no means new ; but in Mommsen's mind it assumes the bold front of a strong conviction, and gives tone to the whole body of his critical remarks on the Italian literature of the period covered by the books of his history as yet published. Whatever may be thought of the theory that the predominant influence of another literature upon the growth of the home literature is necessarily to be deplored, the fact in regard to the Latin tongue and the works written in it is unquestionable. The writers of the Augustan age were as thoroughly Hellenised as the English writers of the age of the last Stuarts — Charles, James, and Anne — were bound hand and foot to the principles and tone and mental scope of the great writers of France. It *is* a pity,—and Mommsen is perfectly right in this,—that in the old days when the Romans were enacting history they did not find time to frame a literature with the national blood and bone and fibre in it, such as the contemporaries of Miltiades and Pericles gave to Athens, and the contemporaries of the Black Prince and Queen Elizabeth gave to England. But if Rome could not have an Æschylus, a Sophocles, a Thucydides, or an Aristophanes ; if she was to claim no Chaucer, no Sidney, no Shakspeare nor Bacon, it was surely something that in addition to such charming romancers as her Virgil, her Varius, and her Ovid, she was destined to produce in Horace a double literary prodigy — the perfection of the imitation of Hellenic art on the one hand, and on the other pure Romanism in its finest phase, that of humor. With all his Hellenic culture, Horace was eminently a representative Roman in the whole tone of his mind and heart. Sprung from the people, living through the force of his genius all his riper years in intimate association with the great, trained to be a scholar in the East, ending his days a farmer in the West, like all the respectable Romans ; soldier on the losing side in the fervor of youth, courtier against the grain in his more experienced time of life, he was cosmopolitan in his pursuits and tastes, just as that great race to which he belonged was cosmopolitan, thoroughly common-sensical, unidealistic, gifted with much of the tolerance of indifference, and therefore formed by nature to be the founder of a great Panethnic state. I would therefore plead that Horace be excepted from Mommsen's sweeping assertion in reference to the non-Roman character of all the Latin writers later than the days of Lucretius and Catullus.

This charming poet, whose good nature and unfailing spirits remind us of Fielding, and who even satirised in the joyous temper which made Maginn so little aware that his lash left weals, had the good luck to pass his early years in the country. Born on his father's farm on the banks of the Aufidus near the town of Venusia, he passed the first twelve years of his life among the country-folk who dwelt in that district stretching along Apulia and Lucania in which Sulla had

planted the veterans of the Pontic and Italian wars. It is a region rich in the varied scenery which has made fair Italy the land of painters and poets. The "sounding Aufidus," the picturesque perch of the Acherontian *châteaux* up on the craggy steep, the Bantine copses, Mount Vultur, and the rich pasture-lands of Forentum, drew the boy close to nature, and imbued him with a keen love for her fresh charms which colors with bright, true tints all his poetry, even in the days when he had become a city loungeur, a court wit, and the satirist of society. The tale he tells of his little adventure in childhood, when lost by his nurse he strayed away to the mountain, and, falling asleep, was found in the woods, covered by the doves with myrtle and laurel leaves, reminds one a little of the old nursery tale of the Children in the Wood; but it no doubt had some foundation in fact, and the recollection of the incident and his relation of it long after points to a bit of romance in the heart of this gay man of the world.

But there were other impressions made on Horace in his childhood besides those produced by the wild scenery around him. His father, his tender love for whom is one of the most affecting things in all ancient literature, perhaps in any literature, was a freedman, by profession a *co-actor* or collector of payments at auctions, and therefore not likely to be treated with any great reverence by the rough Sullan centurions in his neighborhood. In the account which the poet gives of his rearing it is easy to see that there were impertinences to be borne and insulting airs of superiority to gall him in his intercourse with the "grand young fellows sprung from grand centurions." From such disagreeable associations his father removed him to the capital, when it became time for him to go through a regular schooling. It was in the 701st year of the city that father and son settled in Rome, a time of disaster to the empire and of civil discord in the city itself. Crassus had just suffered his terrible defeat at the hands of the Vizier of Orodes, the Parthian Sultan, in the Mesopotamian desert; infantry succumbing to mounted lancers and missile-men in so vast an open space, just as centuries later the unwieldy galleons of the Spanish Armada succumbed to the light ships of the English seamen on the broad waters of the Channel. But this great national disaster, as Mommsen finely remarks, made far less stir in Rome than the miserable feud on the Appian road in which the demagogue Clodius was stabbed to death by the servants of Milo. It was into such a Rome, rife with the seeds of civil war, that young Horace entered. His father put him to school under the grammarian, Orbilius Pupillus, a native of Beneventum, probably recommended to him, says the writer of a fine paper on "Horace and Tasso" in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1850, by some of his former neighbors at Venusia. He was a schoolmaster of the stamp of the famous Dr. Busby, and flogged learning into his boys. It was in studying the old Latin writers, Ennius, Livius Andronicus, and the rest, under him that Horace acquired the distaste for these authors which Byron says school study had given him for Horace himself. But the old master took him through Homer too; and here his taste was satisfied, for to the end of his life the Wrath of Achilles and the Wanderings of Odysseus



were an ever-fresh delight to him. His father spared no expense in his training, kept several slaves to attend him, went himself with him to all his classes, and made him his intimate companion, giving him the results of his own experience of the world and the shrewd observations he had made and was continually making upon men and things around him. Again and again in the immortal works of his after-life does he refer, like Montaigne, with pride and gratitude to how much he owed to the tender care, the sound sense, and the affectionate companionship of his father.

In Rome he remained until about eighteen years of age ; and during this time, says the Review writer just referred to, he must have been eye-witness and ear-witness of the final movements of the Cæsarian revolution. "In the year after he was placed under the care of Orbilius, he may have listened to Cicero's defence of Milo. He may have been among the by-standers on that memorable day when the eye under which Catilina had quailed, and the voice which the tribune Metellus could not silence, drooped and faltered in the presence of the armed tribunal of Pompeius and the yelling of the Clodian mob."

He undoubtedly witnessed the evacuation of the city by the Pompeian party after the crossing of the Rubicon by the war-worn legions of Cæsar, and at a later period the entry of the first emperor into Rome. He certainly had heard the keen epigrams of Catullus against the great captain from the lips of the young gentlemen with whom he went to school, and had perhaps heard many young scapegraces singing the love-songs of the provincial poet long before he scoffed at Hermogenes for doing nothing else. It is impossible to say with which party his sympathies lay at this period. His after-course affords no conclusive evidence, for the university life at Athens threw him into peculiar circumstances of influence from the senatorian faction. Still, the romantic hold which the old stories of Roman heroism seem to have had on his affections through life, makes it probable that during the closing scenes of the struggle between the Pompeians and Cæsar, as well as afterwards during Cæsar's brief reign, his sympathies were with that party which claimed to represent the republic — a republic, however, which was really dead and could not be resuscitated. It may have been partly to get the young political insubordinate out of harm's way that his father sent him off to Athens. It is not, however, certain that his father was still living. At all events to Athens Horace went, with the view of completing his education there by the study of the Greek poets and philosophers. Here he made the acquaintance of several young gentlemen of birth, Bibulus, Messala, Corvinus, and young Marcus Cicero, along with some others. Many of these fellow-students continued to be his friends in later days.

These young enthusiasts, drinking in memories of republican glory and of proud resistance to tyranny from the historic pages of Thucydides and the impassioned harangues of Demosthenes, and fired with eager longings to emulate the great deeds of the past, hailed with delight the news of the murder of Cæsar, and gladly responded to the call of Brutus to take commissions under him and lead the Achaian and Asiatic recruits against the armies of Antonius

and Octavianus. Horace was given the command of a legion, from which we have a right to infer that his young friends of the aristocracy had given Brutus to understand that the freedman's son was a man worthy of promotion and likely to make his way in the State. That he could claim without fear of contradiction that he had won and kept distinction both in civil life and in the field, we know from his dignified and simple but strong assertion that he had "found favor with the first men of the time both in war and in peace." This means that he discharged the duties of a tribune of a Roman legion so well as to commend himself to the good will of his superior officers. The absurd notion of many commentators, drawn from his half-jesting, half-sorrowful reminiscence of his youthful enthusiasm —

"Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam  
Sensi relictæ non bene parmula,"

that the military tribune disgraced himself by cowardice, only serves to show how often sound scholarship may be conjoined with an utter lack of the sense of humor.

His campaigning experience was not confined to his share in the conflict on the field of Philippi. He crossed over into Asia from Macedonia with the army of Brutus, when he and Cassius joined their forces in the old senatorian recruiting ground. In the same ode in which the poet makes that luckless allusion to his escape from the field of defeat, we find him reminding his old comrade-in-arms, Pompeius Varus, "first among his bosom-friends," of how, while under the command of Brutus, they had often together whiled away the tedious days with pure wine, with Syrian spikenard on their shining locks. A reminiscence of these days of service in the Eastern provinces is also to be found in the camp squib which describes the case of Persius *vs.* Rupilius Rex, litigated before Brutus, the quæstor: Persius, a rich merchant of Clazomene, making a grandiloquent speech, full of flattery to the judge, styling him "Asia's Sun," and his staff-officers "health-bringing stars," with the exception of Rex, who is the malignant "Dog-Star"; while the officer replies with a volley of vineyard-tender's abuse, to which the Greek has no answer but the prayer to Brutus that he will vindicate the reputation of his family for pulling down kings by making short work with this king. Still another trace of Horace's share in the campaign in Asia Minor is the familiarity which his apt epithets indicate with the scenery of that region.

After the dream of a restored republic had flitted at Philippi, Horace's sound sense taught him to prefer the civil order of the military empire, which soon took the place of anarchy, to joining the pirate fleet of the son of Pompeius. It is clear that he always had an ideal preference for the great commonwealth of the past, and that all the romance of his nature was associated with the proud old names of those stern patrician generals and statesmen who had made Rome the mistress of the world. But his shrewd judgment assured him that these were indeed things of the past, and that the part of true wisdom and of sound patriotism was to accept the inevitable with a good grace, and to rejoice in that strong government which at least

assured the Roman world of peace and good order. The experience he had undergone in political matters taught him, too, an important ethical lesson, which he preached in satire and song alike with untiring iteration. It taught him that in this complex life of ours, theory must be constantly modified by the shifting circumstances which make up our daily theatre of action, and that moderation in all things is the only way to escape error. Following his own simple philosophy of prudent enjoyment of the good things of life and careful abstinence from overpowering passions, he led a tranquil and lovely life — a life of self-respect as well as of graceful ease, one of the fairest lives among all the Gentile gentlemen.

His military experience left one remarkable trace upon his mind, which the Review writer referred to before has pointed out, with the observation that it seems to have escaped the notice of the poet's biographers. This is his large use in his writings of images and metaphors drawn from war.

The young paroled officer came back to Italy a ruined man ; his native place, Venusia, where his father's property lay, was one of the eighteen cities which the victorious princes had assigned to the soldiers who had won their cause for them. Whatever property the freedman had left his son was probably confiscated. At all events, his own statement is : " Directly after I got away from Philippi, low in fortune, with clipped wings, and stripped of my paternal home and farm, the boldness of sheer neediness drove me to making verses." His early poems were all satirical ; not, however, those books of exquisitely humorous and didactic satires which correspond to the essays of Montaigne and Charles Lamb in prose, the essays of Pope in verse, and the *Spectator* papers of Addison and Steele ; but the bitterer satires of the Epodes : the fierce invective against the witch Canidia ; the attack on the miscreant Sextus Menas, pirate and deserter ; the wail over the ruin of his country by civil war, slipping so naturally into the beautiful picture of the Isles of the Blest, to which he urges the nobler Romans to set sail ; the other sad chants deploring the unholy crimes brought about by the fratricidal contests of the time ; and several diatribes against individuals. But this harsher vein of satire did not accord with the gentle temper of the man ; and with the first return of prosperity, even his irony took a sweeter tone. He had, with what small means he could get together, purchased a place as Clerk in the Treasury Department. Young Cæsar was ruling in Rome, and was virtually Emperor of the West. Antonius was still Emperor of the East, but sunk in such reckless debauchery that his astute co-regent clearly foresaw that the time would come when *he* would be sole ruler of the Roman world. He had already gathered his court around him ; and his prime-minister, Mæcenas, like Halifax and Bolingbroke in the days of Pope and Swift, eagerly drew promising men of letters to his side. " That best of men, Virgilius," says the poet, reminding the proud descendant of Etrurian lucumones of how he came to be made known to him, " first, and after him Varius, told you what I was. So I came into your presence with but few words, and those half-breathlessly spoken, for childish bashfulness kept me from uttering any more. I didn't boast



myself as born of renowned ancestry or as having been wont to ride over my fields on a Satureian pony, but told just what I was. You answered, as is your custom, in few words. I went away; and the ninth month after you summoned me back, and bade me consider myself one of your friends. This indeed I reflect upon with pride that I won your good will—the good will of one who can well distinguish the noble from the base—not by illustrious descent, but by a good life and pure heart.”

Virgil and Varius, who had introduced him to Mæcenas, were warm friends. Indeed, the literary brotherhood gathered about the court of Augustus seem to have lived in great amity with one another, and to have been singularly free from the jealousies and bickerings so apt to prevail when the great writers of a period are forced to depend upon a few princely men of their country for the means of subsistence. There was steady friendship between Virgil, Varius, and Horace in particular; and Plotius, too, was on kindly terms with these more favored poets. Tibullus, whom Messala had attached to himself, belonged to the same group. Introduced by Mæcenas to the notice of the Emperor as men of genius whose works would add splendor to his reign, they were treated by Augustus with courtesy and even affectionate respect; and when at a later period Horace thought fit to decline the office of private secretary to the monarch, which had been offered him with every mark of esteem and desire on the part of the Emperor for more intimate association with the genial man of letters, no offence was taken at the independent action of the freed-man's son. Horace's golden days had now arrived. The little farm in the valley of the Digentia, thirty miles from Rome, and twelve or thirteen miles south of Tibur, given him by Mæcenas, supplied him with a delightful country retreat. Here, in a country as rough, wild, and picturesque almost as that near the Aufidus, where he had passed his boyhood, he found all the fresh life of nature which glows so richly in his poetry. Five free cottagers lived upon his estate, while his own immediate household consisted of eight slaves. From this seclusion he issued from time to time to visit Rome, or Baiæ, or Tarentum, or Tibur. His life had thus a charming variety in it, which we find reflected in his numerous Odes, in the Epodes, the Satires, and the metrical Letters. Many of the Odes are pretended love-songs, reminiscences of Greek love-songs, with the very names of the Greek damsels retained; or they may in some cases have treated of real persons, slaves from Hellas and Asia Minor, known to the poet or his friends. But the vast number of these girls, Lalage, Lydia, Cinara, Neæra, Pyrrha, Chloe, Lyde, Leuconoë, Glycera, Barine, Tyndaris, and others, furnishes of itself pretty good proof that there was about as much passion in his case as in that of Herrick, who was a bachelor clergyman and sang of about as many pretty girls.

Others of the Odes are graceful invitations to friends to share his rural pleasures, friendly chants in memory of days of toil and danger spent together, elegant monograms on some ethical doctrine, a bit or so occasionally of exquisite scenery painting, some heroic chants in honor of Tiberius and Drusus and the glory of the young Empire, and hymns of devotion to the gods. Many are disposed to put about

as much faith in the sincerity of these last as in the sincerity of his numerous love-songs. But in regard to Horace's religious belief, I am well inclined to agree in the main with Ruskin, when with a touch of that impatient scorn of routine views which is ever and anon cropping out in his writings, he says, in his *Queen of the Air*:—

"Horace is just as true and simple in his religion as Wordsworth ; but all power of understanding any of the honest classic poets has been taken away from most English gentlemen by the mechanical drill in verse-writing at school. Throughout the whole of their lives afterwards they never can get themselves quit of the notion that all verses were written as an exercise, and that Minerva was only a convenient word for the last of an hexameter, and Jupiter for the last but one. It is impossible that any notion can be more fallacious or more misleading in its consequences. All great song, from the first day when human lips contrived syllables, has been sincere song. With deliberate didactic purpose the tragedians—with pure and native passion the lyrists—fitted their perfect words to their dearest faiths. 'Operosa parvus carmina fingo.' 'I, little thing that I am, weave my laborious songs' as earnestly as the bee among the bells of thyme on the Matin mountains. Yes, and he dedicates his favorite pine to Diana, and he chants his autumnal hymn to the Faun that guards his fields, and he guides the noble youths and maids of Rome in their choir to Apollo, and he tells the farmer's little girl that the gods will love her, though she has only a handful of salt and meal to give them ; just as earnestly as ever English gentleman taught Christian faith to English youth in England's truest days."

Ruskin, I think, in his enthusiasm goes a little too far. Horace believed, in my opinion, in the gods of his country with a far firmer faith than his countrymen of the educated classes could have believed in the great days of civil convulsion which formed such tinkers as the impassioned unbeliever Lucretius, and the indifferent unbeliever Cæsar. But it was a belief like that of Montaigne in Christianity, a skeptical sort of acquiescence in the details, with a firm faith only in the general outline of the creed of his forefathers. As Don Pedro says of Signor Benedick, "The man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make."

The Satires are considered by the Review writer before cited as a reproduction in another form of the Attic comedy. Theodore Martin classes them rather as didactic poems, half dramatic in form, colloquial in tone, and chiefly satirical in the vein of irony, that peculiar form of humor in which Thackeray among the moderns excels. They will always be models of the gentler and more humane type of satire. But these, though approaching more nearly than the Odes and Epodes to the character of a strictly native and original literature, had, like them, their inspiration from Greek sources. It is in his Letters that Horace is thoroughly Roman. Our Review writer rightly regards them as the really original works of the poet and his greatest gift to the literature of his country.

"It is perhaps," he says, "the boldest and most inventive step in all Roman literature. It was a step into a region where he had no precursor, and in which, in spite of the felicitous imitations of

Boileau, Swift, Pope, and Mr. Rogers, he has hitherto found no equal. Yet, while we feel and acknowledge the charm of these inimitable compositions, it is singularly difficult to define in what consists their attraction. They are not critical or philosophical epistles; yet critics, from the hour when Mæcenas and Augustus cut the silken cord which bound the tablets, have borrowed from them their æsthetical canons, and philosophers their most popular generalities. They are not mere letters of the man of the world; yet men of the world have in all times emulated their ease and adopted their maxims. Their excellence consists in the perfect fusion and equilibrium of all the intellectual elements of their texture. They have all the grace of the most animated and refined conversation. They are the *Spectator* of the Roman supper-tables. A line or two from Horace is the only classical quotation ever heard, or permitted to be heard, in what is called 'good company.' Shrewd sense is relieved by seasonable anecdote; a general rule of life by its pertinent application; 'the wisdom of age' and 'the sallies of youth' are reconciled; and the individual interest is extended and elevated by its connexion with the immediate manners of the time, and with the universal instincts of polite society in all ages."

Good humor, quick wit, lively observation, shrewd common-sense, and the largest knowledge of men and manners derived from books, travel, and a personal experience of the extremes of life, are the chief characteristics of these delightful letters. Set side by side with the Satires, the Odes, and the Epodes, they exhibit a versatility which is truly wonderful. Sir Walter Scott perhaps furnishes us with the nearest parallel in literature.

As my purpose is merely to give an outline sketch of the poet's life, I will not dwell upon his relations to the Emperor and the munificent patron of letters, the prime-minister Mæcenas; nor tell over the tale of his merry journey with the great statesman to Brundisium, along with Virgil, Varius, Plotius, and the rhetorician Heliodorus; nor descant upon the various little incidents of his life, which some passing allusion in the poems has left as guides by which to mark the general current of the happy days which civil order in the commonwealth and his own personal fame enabled him to spend towards the close of life. It is enough to note that he enjoyed a pleasant competency, lived on terms of intimacy with the great, had warm friends among the noblest men of the day; and that when his kind patron died at last of a lingering and sleepless fever, he left this loving petition for his friend in the mighty Emperor's ear: "Take the same care of Horatius Flaccus as you would of me."

Augustus himself used to call him his "neatest little mannikin"; and reproaching him once for the brevity of his writings, he wrote to him that he believed he was afraid he might make books bigger than himself, following up the jest on his height by rallying him upon his stout rotundity of person, with which he suggested the poet might make his editions correspond.

To the last the poet's cheerful temper remained with him; and it was probably only after the death of his friend Mæcenas that his spirits gave way and his health began seriously to fail. He did not



long survive that event so sad to him. Seventeen years before he had predicted that they should go down to the shades together, and in a few months' time he followed the friend he had learned to love so well.

C. WOODWARD HUTSON.

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### MY RIVAL LOVERS.

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**T**HE royal Sun is my lover ;  
He visits me every morn ;  
I see his chariot crossing  
The hills where the day is born.  
He kisses my brow through my window,  
And shows me his tribute of flowers,  
Sparkling with dew — Nature's diamonds,  
That glow in her fairy bowers.

The daring Wind is my lover ;  
He plays with each tress of my hair,  
He kisses my lips and my forehead,  
Nor pauses to ask do I care.  
In his strong arms he gathers me closely,  
As if I were wholly his own ;  
And when I repulse his caresses,  
His wail is like Ocean's low moan.

The Sun is a watchful lover ;  
He thinks of me every hour,  
And proffers me some love-token,  
If only a simple flower.  
Sometimes he peeps in my window  
And finds me lonely and sad,  
Then he casts on the floor about me  
Quaint figures to make me glad.

The Wind is a restless lover ;  
Oft he leaves me for many a day ;  
But then he comes, my wild rover !  
And tells me about his delay.

For in distant lands does he gather  
The music akin to the Sea,  
The breath of the richest flowers,  
Whose sweetness he brings to me.

The Sun is a jealous lover ;  
He frowns with an angry glare  
When he sees the mild Wind playing  
With a careless curl of my hair ;  
But true withal ! Do I weary  
Of watching the weeping sky,  
His rays like messenger fairies  
Gather the drops on high.

The Wind is a valiant lover,  
And strives to surpass the Sun ;  
He tells me all of his conquests  
(He knows how women are won !)  
He says that ships are his playthings  
When mounting the crested waves,  
He gives fair mermaids their treasures  
To glitter in Ocean's deep caves.

The Sun is a tireless lover ;  
He smiles on me all the day ;  
When clouds come flocking between us  
He scatters them all away.  
How strange that his golden glory  
Can burnish my every curl,—  
He, monarch of all things living,  
And I but a simple girl !

The Wind is a matchless lover ;  
He sports on the scented lea,  
And kisses the Sun's own flowers,  
Bringing their sweetness to me.  
If I tell him of all his errors,  
His robberies on the seas,  
The penitent spoiler woos me,  
Transformed to the gentle breeze !

The Sun is an artist lover ;  
What rapture his glories infuse !  
He paints all the rainbow's splendor,  
He blends all the delicate hues.  
And yet in his grandeur so modest  
That when evening follows the day,  
Bearing his glorious pictures,  
He stealthily moves away !

*Letters from the South.*

The Wind is a tender lover ;  
 When my cares will not let me sleep,  
 His lullaby soothes me gently  
 And lures me to slumber deep.  
 When all alone in my sorrow  
 I feel like a tired child,  
 No sympathy comes so sweetly  
 As his wailing sad and wild.

The Sun is an earnest lover ;  
 He throws me a parting kiss  
 Over the hills as he leaves me,  
 And my heart cannot utter its bliss.  
 But the Wind is a faithful lover :  
 By both is my life-crown blest —  
 After all I am only a woman,  
 And I *love the last one best !*

NETTIE POWER HOUSTON.

## LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

*By a Northern Hypochondriac.*

## III.

MY DEAR —:— I have now been at the hospitable mansion of Judge Singleton through the last three phases of the moon, the most grateful, the most gratified of guests ; and though time has flown nimbly away, my experiences here have been so novel and so various, and so full of pleasurable excitement withal, that were I to estimate the flight of the hours by the amount of physical and spiritual pleasure that I have enjoyed, I should multiply the few brief weeks of my sojourn in this delightful region — where, contrary to the Horatian adage, my "*animus*" as well as the "*cælum*" has been changed — into as many months.

Never before have I had an opportunity of realising the luxuriousness of a Southern climate, the usual hackneyed praises of which in prose and in verse I had so often read with a *pish !* of impatience ; but the half had not been told me. I *now* can understand your rhapsodies. I am, for instance, at this very moment in the midst of an earthly



paradise, in fairy-land ; sitting in a very Cupid's bower of a summer-house, in April, in the centre of a garden embracing at least a full score of acres, whose magnificent walks, beautifully decorated with appropriate statuary, winding hither and thither amid refreshing fountains and aquariums, under grand old oaks and magnolia trees, and through the finest and most luxuriant display of shrubbery and flowers that my eyes have ever beheld, the endless varieties of which would require a volume to describe them in, freighting the soft, balmy atmosphere with a richness and sweetness of fragrant odors that stimulate the gratified senses to a pitch of ecstasy far more grateful and satisfying, far more refined and sublimated than the world-famed somnolent *hashish* intoxication of the East.

The mansion itself is of corresponding proportions. It is an immense structure for a country residence, having upon three sides broad double verandahs, and a wide hall running through it from north to south ; the suites of rooms are all large and airy, perfectly fulfilling in that respect the requirements of a Southern climate. Its appointments as to comfort in furniture and upholstery are in the very best taste, solid, rich and appropriate, not a vestige of modern frippery visible.

The South has comparatively few public libraries, but the deficiency is more than supplied by the great number of private ones. The library of the Judge is both extensive and choice, a large proportion of the volumes having been collected while on his travels in Europe ; and never shall I forget the many happy hours I have spent in poring over its rare and curious tomes, and in listening to the learned and pleasant discourse of its amiable proprietor, and the lively conversations and polished chit-chat of the different members of his accomplished family.

You are sufficiently well acquainted, I believe, with the Southern people to know that they are all politicians ; that the young men of the upper classes are taught politics as a matter of science ; that the subject is embraced in their college curriculum ; the principles of the Constitution and the organic laws of the land being as familiar to them as their Virgil and Horace.

The hot-bed system of training adopted in *my* political and social education had not been promotive of sound health ; the stimulating Abolition meats upon which I had fed had sadly impaired the integrity of my biliary secretions ; and the immense and rapid discount it underwent, therefore, in my own opinion, after two or three confabulations with Judge Singleton, was probably unparalleled. My political cramming — my extensive newspaper lore, which I had valued so highly, I found, to my undisguised mortification, was, like Gratiano's talk, one grain of wheat to a bushel of chaff. It was really worse than no education at all. It possessed neither historical coherency nor logical sequence. My ideas indeed might have been compared to a waste-basket of worn-out shreds and patches — an unsavory conglomeration of faded rags of every species of attenuated tissue and of every variety of color ; and many a pet notion and long-cherished theory I repudiated *instantly*, after one moment's cool reflection, while looking them squarely in the face — something indeed that was

quite easy to do as soon as I had laid aside my highly magnifying, yellow-tinted sectional spectacles.

But, dear —, it is quite time that I had introduced to your notice the heir-apparent of this princely seat, young Mr. Singleton, who was travelling in Europe when you were last here, and about whom you have made so many inquiries.

Sitting in my room one morning about two weeks ago, I was startled by so sudden and so loud an uproar, so swift and general a running hither and thither of the servants, and so lively a clatter of tongues, that I at first supposed the house to be on fire. Stepping into the hall to reconnoitre, I saw two young gentlemen descending from a carriage which had a moment before been driven up to the gate opening into the inner enclosure of the park. One of them was the prince of the house of Singleton, and the other a distant kinsman. The Judge himself, his daughter, and some dozen of the servants were already there, receiving and welcoming them home after long years of absence. The servants, who had all been "raised" on the place, and who had grown up with "Mas' Harry," seemed if possible more happy to take him again by the hand than his father and sister. Nothing could stop or sober down the extravagance of their gestures and exuberant exclamations and jabber, the irrepressible outpouring of their joyous hearts in impromptu comments and remarks on his changed and improved appearance, the foreign fashion of his attire, etc., as it is their parasitical nature to act.

As the party approached the house I was presented to the young travellers and taken captive at once. There are men, and there are women too, rare though they may be, whose appearance and manners produce an effect upon those who are fortunate enough to make their acquaintance, very similar to the influence of magnetism — a positive fascination — who instantly inspire you with a desire to serve them, and who are capable of arousing and sending to the surface all the finer and more generous characteristics of your nature. Such men were Alcibiades, Bolingbroke, Henry Clay, and to a certain extent also John Wilkes and Aaron Burr; and of the other sex, Aspasia, Cleopatra, the Countess of Blessington, and many others whose names will readily recur to your memory. Of this class is young Singleton. He is about twenty-five years of age, of so manly and superb a form that every movement is as graceful as it is natural. He has dark brown wavy hair, large black eyes, a somewhat oval contour of face, and features perfectly symmetrical, with just enough of the red rose in his cheeks to give an additional lustre to his naturally brilliant orbs, and a fresh, ready smile that takes right hold of you, riveting your attention and throwing down all the barriers of your reserve; and combined with these good points there are the many little nameless but attractive touches of manner, gestures, and facial expression, varying tone of voice, and a perfect frankness of address, yet so admirably tempered as to imply respectful deference — beautifully observing, indeed, the golden mean which avoids on the one hand that obtrusive kind of coarse candor so common, and that obsequiousness on the other which noble natures neither yield nor exact. His faultless mouth is fringed above by a silken moustache, and a corresponding tuft

adorns his well-set chin. But suave and polished as is his manner, subsequent acquaintance convinces me that when occasion calls for decision and firmness he is adamant itself. His mental endowments are superior, and no means have been spared to give them the highest and most careful and thorough culture.

His kinsman is almost as highly favored by nature, intellectually and physically, as himself, and points of family resemblance between them are distinctly discernible ; neither is he behind him in knowledge of books or of men, though his mental and emotional faculties are not so equally balanced ; but whether owing to adverse fortune and disappointments, or to natural inherited proclivities, it is at once apparent that his character is more angular, and he is said to have his eccentricities. Chivalric, almost romantic, in the fervor of his friendships, his animosities when aroused are nearly as extreme. His honest candor is conspicuous, showing no mercy to dissimulation or pretence, and exhibiting scant toleration to the thousand little conventional hypocrisies of the day, whether in society or in public and professional life. A close, sure friend, a determined but open enemy, his goddess is *Truth* ; and it was his devout worship at that shrine that brought upon him the trouble to which I have before referred, and which determined Miss Kate to look into the machinery of government in order that she might speak and act advisedly and understandingly in reference to the political condition of the country.

Harry Singleton is constitutionally a conservative, readily conforming to all the established usages of society, though he entertains at the same time decided opinions of his own on politics, religion, literature, and what not ; while his cousin, Beaumont Rutledge, is by nature a radical, accepting nothing, believing nothing that his enlightened reason does not sanction, that evidence does not establish, that bears not upon its face the seal of demonstrated truth. In politics he is an admirer of the British Government, believing republicanism, as illustrated in France in the last century, and in this country in the present century, a miserable, beggarly failure. In religion he is a latitudinarian, like many young men of strong analytical powers who have dabbled in the various schools of skepticism.

He has, I should judge, flirted with Comte, or rather with some of the followers of the Frenchman ; for he is too much of a skeptic for even the religion of the Positivists. In fact he pronounces "Positivism" pure atheism, nothing more nor less — though now circulating in America and in England resplendent in a thick gilding of physical science. He insists that the present age is one of great moral cowardice ; that there are scarcely ten men in a hundred who have the courage to avow their real, genuine, heartfelt opinions on any important subject concerning which public opinion is divided ; that almost every distinguished scientist in Europe is really an "infidel," though very few of them have the boldness to publish their belief until they have so mummified it, so enshrouded it in bandages of scientific jargon as to render it to the general public quite unintelligible ; knowing that on the *ignotum-pro-magnifico* principle, to the unread millions the distinction between the obscurely profound and the profoundly obscure is very slight indeed.



But bless me! what is that? All the tintinnabulary machinery of the house is in violent convulsions, summoning the whole domestic establishment to arms, without regard to age or sex, embracing all, from old great-grandfather Adam lolling in his easy-chair down to the little unbreeched ebony Cupids basking in the sun! What can it mean? Ah, I see! A cavalcade of the revived chivalry of the Middle Ages! Three open carriages tenanted by gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen—and ah, ha! here come half a score more with nodding plumes and prancing horses, some of them—*euge!*—leaping a five-barred gate, and all bent on taking the mansion by storm! And there go tripping to the very “outward wall” of the broad piazza Miss Kate and Miss Western, bowing their graceful heads, their eager faces all aglow with excitement, and clapping their pretty white hands in token of a thousand hearty welcomes. A “surprise party!” So be it. There will be “joy unconfined” in the old halls to-night, with no troublous anticipations of any “cannon’s roar” of the morrow to disturb their matin dreams.

Thus interrupted, I waft you an abrupt *au revoir!*

ERNEST ESTERCOURT.

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## ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

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EVERY great historic epoch—every movement, social, political, or intellectual, has its representative man. Lest, however, this expression should be misunderstood, let us discriminate at the outset. The representative man, then, need not be, frequently is not, the man whom the progress of events forces into the greatest prominence. He may not even be the man to whom contemporary opinion points as most thoroughly identified with the movement in which he participates; he may give his name to no school, impress with his authority no finally victorious system of laws, belief, or practice; in a hundred years after his passing away he may be clean forgotten as a dead man out of mind; yet, although in each of these particulars he may be surpassed by others whose greater activity, or what the world calls more practical genius, lends them far higher importance in the world’s sight—

(“For things in motion sooner catch the eye  
Than what not stirs”)—

to the view of the philosophic historian he may still be the man to whom in its true sense is due the title of "representative." Of the right to this distinction there are manifold tests, two of which may perhaps be fixed upon as most universally applicable and most completely decisive. The quantity which expresses a force must be that which expresses the true and constant essence of that force, failing neither through excess nor through defect. It must not be the expression of the extreme tide-mark of the force; for to the scientific mind such extreme tide-mark is the indication, not of vigor but of decay, not of advance but of necessary retrogression. The moment that in the economy of being an impulse has passed beyond the point to which its own inherent power entitled it to proceed, from that moment an element of decay has been introduced which must eventually overcome the element of vitality. Extraneous forces may support and advance it for a time, but sooner or later it must recede to the point which marks the actual limit of its own inherent vigor. No quantity short of this limit can, on the other hand, be admitted fully to represent the force, for reasons equally obvious. The exponent therefore of a force — the representative man of a movement — must express with tolerable accuracy the essential idea of that movement, unmingled as far as possible with any of the accidents of time, place, and circumstance. He will not be the most prominent man in its history, because to be so prominent he must become excessive and extreme. He must express, in short, the simplicity, not the complications of the idea; he must embody the true spirit of the movement, not illustrate its ultimate results.

Next, we may observe that in all great movements a multitude of subordinate agencies are employed. The thoughts of many minds, the words of many mouths, the deeds and works of many hands, combine towards the results of history. Originating perhaps in a single apparent cause, the record of the progress of every idea is a record of enlarging and continually complicating relations. It is impossible to introduce a new principle into the vast field of physical and mental phenomena without precipitating innumerable results, which are the product of its contact at a thousand points with the world of thought and of reality. But perhaps in every such strife of opinion, the modifying idea in its purest and most original shape resides in some single mind and is diffused from some individual centre. There will almost always be found a man who, quietly and unobtrusively, by his influence upon other men, upon minds of greater energy, greater activity, perhaps far greater power than his own, does much to impress an idea upon the thought and faith of men who in their more practical spheres supplement, further, and develop it, frequently in entire unconsciousness of the extent of their indebtedness. The representative man then of every movement is he who expresses the idea informing that movement most exactly in its essential nature, who expresses, that is, its simplicity and not its extreme nor accidental phases, and who exerts also a strong influence upon the formation and development of that idea in the minds of those whom the world accepts as its practical exponents. Now all this is especially true of that somewhat indefinite yet certainly existing

thing which we often hear spoken of as the "spirit of the age." This term, *spirit of the age*, does not mean the concurring opinion of the great mass of thinkers of an age, but rather a peculiar condition or tendency of thought pervading the intellectual atmosphere of the time, and tinging in a greater or less degree all shades and modes of opinion. Of this spirit or temper an individual exponent can often be found who will fulfil the essentials of our definition. The representative man of the German Reformation was not Luther, but Erasmus;\* of the English Reformation, not Henry Tudor, but Thomas Cromwell; of the great Oxford Anglo-Catholic movement, not Newman nor Pusey, but rather John Keble. And so the representative man of that spirit of the age whose immediate work within the Church of England has been the establishment of a new school of faith and theology, claiming for itself the significant epithet of "Broad," is not Francis Newman, nor Professor Jowett, but rather Arthur Hugh Clough.

True, Coleridge and Arnold and Milman and Hare, each in his day and to the full of his peculiar power, helped on this great work; but Clough's especial honors can be shared with perhaps only one other man, and with him even in no equal degree. Great as are John Sterling's claims to represent the idea of a free-thought not lacking in the "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control" which "alone lead life to sovereign power," there were circumstances in his career, perhaps elements in his character, which forbade his doing precisely the work which Clough did. Sterling's mind was made of too stern stuff adequately to represent a spirit whose very essence is uncertainty, transition, doubt. He was not a faithful exponent of the conservatism of free-thought, whatever he might have been of its aggressive nature. Once convinced of the falsity or insufficiency of an old belief, Sterling went impetuously on to supply, so far as in him lay, the void with which he could not rest content. But Clough was the child of a transition epoch; and representing both the power and the weakness of his age, he could not exemplify either the old thralldom out of which the age had grown, or the new freedom of which it was merely the harbinger and the herald. Oppressed and bewildered in the extreme by "the riddle of the painful earth," he was in the truest

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\*The influence of Erasmus upon the Reformation has been variously estimated by various writers. Two prominent opinions may be quoted. Mr. Froude, in his *Times of Erasmus and Luther*, says: "If the spirit of Erasmus had prevailed, it would have been with modern Europe as with the Roman Empire in its decay. The educated would have been mere skeptics; the multitude would have been sunk in superstition. In both alike all would have perished which deserves the name of manliness."

On the other hand, Dean Milman, in his celebrated *Essay on Erasmus*, thus sums up his estimate of his character and influence: "So passed away a man with many faults, many weaknesses, with much vanity, with a want of independence of character; faults surely venial considering the circumstances of his birth, his loneliness in the world, his want of natural friends and even of country, and his physical infirmities; but a man who, in the great period of dawning intellect, stood forth the foremost; who in the scholar never forgot the Christian; . . . whose avowed object it was to associate the cultivation of letters with a simpler Christianity, a Christianity of life as of doctrine; who in influence at least was the greatest of the 'Reformers before the Reformation.'"

Few who have studied thoughtfully the history of those times will hesitate which of these judgments to accept. It was not in the order of things that "the spirit of Erasmus should prevail," for that spirit was iconoclastic and not constructive; negative therefore rather than positive in its influence. But without the work which Erasmus did, the work which Luther was to do could not have been accomplished. The first was necessary as a preparation for the last; and, as a representative of a state of mind and opinion within the pale of Catholicism which made the Reformation a possible thing, Erasmus justly deserves the place we have assigned him in the text.



and sincerest sense the representative man of a mental epoch whose gospel is doubt and whose apocalypse is not yet revealed unto it—a prophet speaking in the spirit of an age which seeks among the complexities of modern existence, among the confusions of modern thought, for some grand reconciling truth, some “larger hope” which it yet “faintly trusts”; and in his life, his thought, his spoken and written words, working out every day the immediate problem of the moment in faithful obedience to the compelling law of his nature. “Perplexed in faith but pure in deeds,” the music which this bright, gentle, aspiring, rebellious, unpeaceful yet peace-loving spirit beat out for itself from the jarring chords of its brief existence, was like itself in all these incongruous characteristics. It was of the nature of that melodious harp to give forth an uncertain sound, but its music was not therefore an inadequate overture to the great battle for which men are preparing.

One other consideration remains to be adduced before proceeding to an examination of the life and writings of Clough, as set before us in the two elegant volumes named in our rubric,—a consideration which adds to our interest in the man, though it has regard to something at least partly external to his own individuality. It has been said of Clough that he was not only a poet himself but the cause of poetry in others. We doubt whether Mr. Matthew Arnold has ever written a finer poem than the one in which he has immortalised his early friend and school-fellow; we might almost go further and say that we doubt whether a better elegy than *Thyrsis* is to be found in the English language. It is worthy to be placed beside the *Lycidas* of Milton and the *Adonais* of Shelley; and if we except Mr. Swinburne’s monody upon the death of Charles Baudelaire, we do not know an English elegy which can with justice be added to the list. The famous poem of Gray is not an elegy at all in any true sense of the word; and *In Memoriam* almost merges the elegiac character which its name and occasion would imply, in the marvellous universality which has made it the very mirror of its time. We cannot more fitly introduce what we have to say respecting the life and character of Clough than by a brief quotation from the exquisite tribute of his friend:—

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,  
 When the year’s primal burst of bloom is o’er,  
     Before the roses and the longest day—  
 When garden-walks, and all the grassy floor,  
     With blossoms red and white, of fallen May,  
     And chestnut-flowers are strewn—  
 So have I heard the cuckoo’s parting cry  
     From the wet field, through the vext garden trees,  
     Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:  
*The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I.*

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?  
 Soon will the high midsummer pomps come on,  
     Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,  
 Soon shall we have gold-dusted snap-dragon,  
     Sweet-william with its homely cottage-smell,  
     And stocks in fragrant blow;

Roses that down the alleys shine afar,  
 And open jessamine-muffled lattices,  
 And groups under the dreaming garden trees,  
 And the full Moon and the white evening-star.

He hearkens not! light comers, he is gone!  
 What matters it? next year he will return,  
 And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,  
 With whitening hedges and uncrumpling fern,  
 And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,  
 And scent of hay new-mown.  
 But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see;  
 See him come back and cut a smoother reed,  
 And blow a strain the world at last shall heed—  
 For Time, not Corydon, hath conquered thee.

Well! wind-dispersed and vain the words will be;  
 Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its hour  
 In the old haunt, and find our tree-topped hill!  
 Who, if not I, for questing here hath power?  
 I know the wood which hides the daffodil,  
 I know the Fyfield tree,  
 I know what white, what purple fritillaries  
 The grassy harvest of the river-fields,  
 Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields;  
 And what sedged brooks are Thames's tributaries;

I know these slopes; who knows them if not I?—  
 But many a dingle on the loved hill-side,  
 With thorns once studded, old, white-blossomed trees,  
 Where thick the cowslips grew, and, far descried,  
 High towered the spikes of purple orchises,  
 Hath since our day put by  
 The coronals of that forgotten time;  
 Down each green bank hath gone the ploughboy's team,  
 And only in the hidden brookside gleam  
 Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime.

Where is the girl, who, by the boatman's door,  
 Above the locks, above the boating throng,  
 Unmoored our skiff, when through the Wytham flats,  
 Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among,  
 And darting swallows, and light water-gnats,  
 We tracked the shy Thames shore?  
 Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell  
 Of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,  
 Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass?  
 They all are gone, and thou art gone as well.

Arthur Hugh Clough was born in Liverpool on the first day of the year 1819. He was the second son of James Butler Clough, a cotton-merchant in Liverpool. The family were originally Welsh, and trace themselves back to Sir Richard Clough, a relative of John Calvin, and a man of some importance in his own county of Denbigh. Sir Richard resided for some time at Antwerp as the agent of the famous Sir Thomas Gresham, and he seems to have there married for his first wife a Dutch lady, by whom his name was perpetuated in the person of a son who succeeded to his Welsh estates. Of his second wife, Katharine Tudor, a great-granddaughter of Henry VII., and a ward of Queen Elizabeth, a curious story is related. Sir Richard Clough

was her second husband; and the tradition runs that he, as well as Morris Wynn of Gwydir, accompanied her to her first husband's funeral. While leading her out of church Morris Wynn requested the favor of her hand in marriage, but the lady coolly informed the too dilatory suitor that she had already promised it, as she went in, to Sir Richard Clough. She added, however, the consolatory promise that should there be any other occasion she would remember him. The other occasion was soon afforded by the death of Sir Richard, and the constant Morris was made happy accordingly; in his turn yielding in the course of nature to a fourth and final partner of her chequered career. Arthur's father was the first of the Clough family to leave the neighborhood of the ancestral home in Wales. He married Anne Perfect, the daughter of a banker at Pontefract, in Yorkshire, and, probably about the same time, removed to Liverpool, where he engaged in the cotton trade, and where all his four children were born.

When Arthur was about four years old, a family migration of peculiar interest to ourselves took place. His father removed to Charleston, South Carolina, and here several years of the future Oxonian's early life were passed. In the Memoir before us a very interesting passage occurs, which, as it affords a valuable record of the scenes and influences among which Clough's childhood was passed, and also a picture of Charleston more than half a century ago, in the days of her pride and prosperity, before the iron heel of the oppressor had crushed out her life and his ruthless hand scattered and despoiled her substance, we make no apology for transferring in large part to our pages. The account is furnished by a sister of Arthur Clough, and begins thus:—

The first distinct remembrance that I have of my brother is of his going with me in a carriage to the vessel which was to take us to America. This must have been in the winter of 1822-23, when he was not quite four years old. My next recollection is of our home at Charleston, a large, ugly, red brick house near the sea. The lower story was my father's office, and it was close by a wharf, where from our windows we could see the vessels lying by, and amuse ourselves by watching their movements. . . . After our return to Charleston in the autumn (of 1825, after a summer tour), my father was obliged to go to England, and he took with him my eldest brother Charles, who was old enough to go to school. Arthur and I and my youngest brother George remained in the red brick house at Charleston with my mother and a faithful old nurse. My father was absent eleven months. Then Arthur became my mother's constant companion. Though then only just seven, he was already considered as the genius of our family. He was a beautiful boy, with soft, silky, almost black hair, and shining dark eyes, and a small delicate mouth, which our old nurse was so afraid of spoiling when he was a baby that she insisted on getting a tiny spoon for his special use.

As I said, Arthur was constantly with my mother, and she poured out the fulness of her heart on him. They read much together, histories ancient and modern, stories of the Greek heroes, parts of Pope's *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, and much out of Walter Scott's novels. . . . One trait I distinctly remember, that he would always do things from his own choice, and not merely copy what others were doing.

In the summer we went down to Sullivan's Island, and lived in a sort of cottage built upon piles. Here we could walk on the shore and gather shells, and we also had a garden. We amused ourselves by watching the steamers and sailing-vessels that came over from Charleston. . . . In the summer of 1827 we again went to Sullivan's Island. It was a pleasant time, especially as we now had our father with us. We lived in a large rambling house, with a pleasant verandah in which we had a swing, and a large garden fenced in with a hedge of yuccas, there called Spanish



bayonets. The house had once been an inn, and was built in two parts. My father and mother slept in a room over a great billiard room, only reached by an open staircase, or by a little open path across a roof; and when great storms arose, as often happened, my father used to carry us in his arms back over the open space into the more protected part of the house.

The walks on the sand were delightful to us children. It was the finest white soft sand, without a vestige of shingle, on which we used to play; and I remember that Arthur even then was too fastidious to take off his shoes and stockings and paddle about as we did. The whole island was like a great sand-bank, with little growing naturally on it but a few palmettos and low woods of myrtle. Our walks along the sea often took us as far as Fort Moultrie, which in our time was a red brick fort with a dry ditch round it, without the earthworks which have since become famous. A high bank of sand lay between it and the sea; and after crossing this we came to a few desolate houses half-buried in sand, which here lay in great heaps. Here and there grew a few palmettos, which the high tides or autumn storms too often carried away; and when we came to look for a favorite tree, to our great grief we found it gone. These sands were the haunt of innumerable curlews, whose wild screams seemed to make the shore more lonely still. A beautiful grove of myrtles rose further along the shore.

The other end of the island was the inhabited part. There was the pier, busy with its arrivals and departures of steamers and sailing-boats going to and fro between the island and the city, and covered with numerous carriages, old-fashioned gigs and wagons, mostly with hoods or some sort of protection from the sun, and a seat for the negro-boy behind. The bay was gay, too, with many fishing-boats, belonging to the gentlemen who had a fishing-club which met at a house among the myrtles; and many rowing-boats also, chiefly rowed by negroes. Arthur often went out with my father on the water.

Six miles off lay Charleston, on a peninsula between its two rivers, the Cooper and the Ashley. The first sight of it showed a long line of wharves made of palmetto logs fastened together into a sort of wall, stretching perhaps half-a-mile along the bay, and lined with the ships and smaller craft that frequented the port. As you approached from the water you heard the songs of the negroes at work on the vessels. Beyond the wharves was a battery or public walk, supported against the sea by a substantial, very white wall, formed of oyster-shells beaten fine and hard. This species of pier extended nearly a mile along the sea, and was a favorite resort both for walking and driving in the summer. . . . The city was not regularly built like the Northern towns. In the lower part indeed the houses were mostly built close together in rows; but in the upper part, where the wealthier people lived, it was full of villas, mostly standing in gardens, all built with verandahs, and many with two, an upper and a lower one. In the gardens grew many flowering trees, such as the almond, occasionally the orange, the fringe tree, a gay shrub with a very abundant white flower, and the fig; and these hung over the garden walls into the streets. The streets, too, which were for the most part unpaved, were often planted with trees for the sake of shade. Here and there one came on a large old-fashioned mansion that at once showed it belonged to the times before the Revolution.

From Charleston, Sullivan's Island was to be seen in the distance, beyond the battery; and on the right James Island, marked by a long low line of wood. Between these two islands, commanding the entrance, Fort Sumter was afterwards built, not far from James Island. On the left was Fort Pinckney, built on a small island or sand-bank near the city.

The Cloughs are still pleasantly remembered by old residents of Charleston, and the "red brick house" mentioned in this account still stands "close by the wharf" to which Miss Clough refers. The house was until lately occupied by the United States Government as a Quartermaster's Dépôt, a fact significant of the mighty change that has passed over the face of the once free and haughty city. In the shadow of the walls of the old provincial Church of St. Michael, George Augustus Clough found in 1843 his last earthly home. The inscription upon his tombstone (from the pen, we believe, of his brother Charles) is at once simple and beautiful, and deserves to be given here entire:—

GEORGE AUGUSTUS CLOUGH

A Native of Liverpool

Died suddenly of Strangers' fever

November 5th 1843

Aged 22.

Of all thy kindred at thy dying day  
Were none to speed thee on thy solemn way ;  
Yet ever lives distinct and deeply dear  
Their sight with them of this thy corner here.  
Each heart so oft hath come and sought and seen  
That ocean space hath shrunk to naught between,  
And more their own seems now the strangers' shore  
Than when with thee they dwelt on it before.

Since GOD doth early break the golden bowl,  
And loose the silver cord that links the soul  
To earth, His will be done ! O, may he rise  
A chosen vessel to a heavenly prize.

Like most men who have played an important part upon the stage of the world, Arthur Clough seems to have been fortunate in his mother. Mrs. Clough's character was of just the sort to impress itself forcibly upon a sympathetic and enthusiastic disposition like that of her second son. Says the sister from whose reminiscences we have already quoted : "I cannot but think that her love, her influence, and her teaching had much to do with forming his character."

From Charleston Arthur went in November 1828 to school at Chester in England, and in the summer of 1829 he was removed to Rugby. Here began the great formative influence of his life. So much has been said and written about the extraordinary power exercised by the great Doctor Arnold over all the thoughtful minds committed to his care during his eventful rule at Rugby, that little is left for us here to explain. It need only be borne in mind that at the most impressible period of his life, with a character singularly open to just the attraction which Arnold possessed for earnest and sincere natures, Clough was thrown entirely within the sphere dominated over by the great Head-Master with a power whose effect has not yet died out of the thought and life of England. The result was inevitable. Clough became moulded into the likeness of the Master's image as completely as his own strong individuality would permit ; and in his turn began soon to exert a corresponding influence over his associates and inferiors in the school. That this influence was considerable is apparent from several passages in the Memoir relating to this period of his career. Thus we are told that when he left school for college, almost every boy at Rugby contrived to shake hands with him at parting. "The grace of his character when he was a boy," says one of his friends, "can be estimated by nothing so well as by the force with which he attracted the attachment of some, and the jealousy or encroachment of others." Another writes : "I always said that his face was quite another thing from any of those of our own generation ; the mixture of *width* and sweetness was then quite as marked as it was later." Dr. Arnold also regarded him with increasing interest

and satisfaction ; and we are told that upon his gaining the Balliol scholarship, Arnold broke the rule of silence to which he almost invariably adhered in the delivery of prizes, and congratulated him on having gained every honor which Rugby could bestow.

In October, 1837, he went up to Oxford upon the footing of the Balliol scholarship. Among his early friends at the University we find the significant names of Dr. Temple (now Bishop of Exeter) and Professor Jowett. But the first impulse to which his unfolding intellect was subjected differed widely from that which might have been expected from his close association with these well-known apostles of the Liberal faith. From the Rugby of Arnold, the already self-reliant, independent, thoughtful, earnest youth passed in the full flush of his brilliant scholastic triumphs to the Oxford of Newman. From the pulpit of St. Mary's and from the University Press the voice of that wonderful man, in the varied notes of sermons, pamphlets, reviews, poems, came thrilling through the ancient cloisters of Oxford with an almost magical effect. It was very natural that, at least for a time, the subtle witchery of that resistless spell should ensnare the enthusiastic mind of the youthful undergraduate ; and accordingly we find that for two years the current absorbed him totally, like, to use his own words, "a straw drawn up the draught of a chimney." But it is in the nature of such straws to seek, or soon or late, the pure air which waits somewhere above the narrow passage through which, as through a probationary state, their path may for a brief space lie. His character was too strong to accept any merely external system of authority ; and the reaction which soon came swept away, as so often happens, much more than the baseless fabric against which its chief protest was leveled. The result of his final rejection of the *Newmania* (as Sidney Smith's perfect *not* denominated the Oxford insanity) was to cast him entirely back upon his own endeavors in the search after that truth in whose existence he always firmly believed, even in the darkest hours of mental strife and uncertainty.

This spirit of doubt and struggle, yet of unshaken assurance in the final conquest of truth and good, comes out strongly [says his biographer] in the poems written about this time, and contrasts markedly with the boyish effusions of the Rugby period. It is this which forms the very essence of the skepticism of which he is accused, the truth of which charge, in a certain sense, we do not attempt to deny ; nay, we believe that in this quality of mind lay his chief power of helping his generation. But his skepticism was of no mere negative quality — not a mere rejection of tradition and denial of authority, but was the expression of a pure reverence for the inner light of the spirit, and of entire submission to its guidance. It was the loyalty to truth as the supreme good of the intellect, and as the only sure foundation of moral character.

He was absolutely truthful towards his own soul. The experience he had gone through forced him to look religious questions full in the face, and he could no longer take any dogmatic teaching on trust. He ignored no difficulties, he accepted nothing because it was pleasant — he could retain faith in nothing but his own soul. But that he did retain this faith — faith in the intuitions which he regarded as revelations of God to him, in absolute faithfulness to duty, strict adherence to intellectual and moral truthfulness, single-minded practice of all social and domestic virtues — is not only true of his outward life, but is shown, as far as concerns his moral and intellectual convictions, even in the poems which most strongly testify to the struggle and the darkness in which he often found himself. . . . Such skepticism — skepticism which consists in reverent waiting for light not yet given, in respect



for the truth so absolute that nothing doubtful can be accepted as truth because it is pleasant to the soul — was his from this time forth to the end of his life. Some truths he doubtless conceived himself to have learnt to *know* in the course of his life, but his attitude was always chiefly that of a learner. . . . He never denied the reality of much that he himself could not use as spiritual nutriment. He believed that God spoke differently to different ages and different minds. Not, therefore, could he lay aside his own duty of seeking and waiting. Through good report and through evil report, this he felt to be his own personal duty, and from it he never flinched.

We cannot linger over his life at Oxford. One extract only from a valuable sketch furnished by Professor Shairp, we must find room for here :—

It was towards the end of 1840 that I first saw A. H. Clough. As a freshman I looked with respect approaching to awe on the senior scholar of whom I had heard so much, stepping out on Sunday mornings to read the first lesson in Balliol Chapel. How clearly I remember his massive figure, in scholar's surplice, standing before the brass eagle, and his deep feeling tones as he read some chapter from the Hebrew prophets. At that time he was the eldest and every way the first of a remarkable band of scholars. The younger undergraduates felt towards him a distant reverence, as a lofty and profound nature quite above themselves, whom they could not quite make out, but who was sure to be some day great.

Most of Clough's time at Oxford was passed as tutor and fellow of Oriel. In the former capacity he is recorded as having been remarkably effective ; and no doubt much of his influence over the rising and expanding minds of his day began in this manner, although we are told that the sense of being bound by his position to silence on many important subjects oppressed and confined him. In 1842-43 two great afflictions befel him. One was the loss of Dr. Arnold, the effect of whose sudden death upon his thousand devoted disciples no one who has ever read the closing chapters of *Tom Brown* is likely to have forgotten. The other was the death of his brother George, to which we have referred above, and which was shortly followed by that of his father, whose health never recovered from the shock of his son's unexpected decease. In October, 1848, Arthur Clough resigned both his office of tutor and his fellowship, apparently moved to that course by the strengthening of the speculative doubts which had some time before begun to press upon his sensitive conscience. In the winter of 1848 he was called to the headship of University Hall, London ; and during his residence there an acquaintance formed with Carlyle ripened into a warm and life-long friendship. In the multitudinous diary of that Nestor of annalists, Henry Crabbe Robinson, we find, under the date of October 4th, 1849, the following entry :—"I walked to Westbourne Terrace and dined with Gibson ; only his father and mother, Newman and Clough, were there. I enjoyed the afternoon much. Clough is modest and amiable, as well as full of talent, and I have no doubt that in him we have made a very good choice of a Principal for the University Hall."

Over this portion of his career we must pass rapidly. In 1852 he sailed for America and settled at Cambridge, Massachusetts ; but the offer of an Examinership in the Education Office, with a fixed though small income attached, once more tempted him back to England ; and in June, 1854, he married. The last seven years of his life were passed in peace, happiness, and quiet. Over the extremely interesting

account given by his wife of this tranquil home-existence, our space will not permit us to linger. The lovely blossom of his life was not to be permitted to expand into the perfect flower and fruit of which those peaceful years gave so abundant promise. All testimony concurs to the point of the strong impression left by his character and by the force and originality of his intellect upon all with whom he came in contact. The charm and grace of his tender and unselfish nature, the wisdom and sympathy and manly courage which he brought to bear upon the smallest as well as the greatest act of his daily life, all these are amply testified to by those who knew him best. "It has been called a broken life. Broken indeed it was by death, too soon for the work he might have done, too soon for any full comprehension of him by the public, or by any but his near friends; too soon for those who loved him and depended on him. But not too soon for the realisation of a great and manly character, for the achievement in himself of the highest and purest peace; not too soon to give to a few who really knew him the strongest sense of what he was in himself."

But the end was very near. In February, 1861, his health, which had for some time been impaired, failed altogether, and he went to travel on the Continent in the vain hope of restoration. We hear of him in the Pyrenees in company with Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson; and several of his best poems owed their inspiration to the striking scenery which also suggested the Laureate's contemporaneous *Lines in the Valley of Caunterz*. On October 10th his wife and himself reached Florence, and thence one of them never departed until the gates of that other and yet more Beautiful City, whose builder and maker is God, closed behind him forever. On the 13th of November he died in his 43d year. The brief Memoir from which we have been quoting ends with these simple words:—

The memory of Arthur Clough will be safe in the hearts of his friends. Few beyond his friends have known him at all; his writings may not reach beyond a small circle; but those who have received his image into their hearts know that something has been given them which no time can take away, and to them we think no words will seem fitter than those of the poet, happily also his friend, which have cherished the memory of another beautiful soul:—

"So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,  
We see thee as thou art, and know  
Thy likeness to the wise below,  
Thy kindred with the great of old."

We have dwelt so long upon the more exoteric facts of Clough's life that we have left ourselves but scant space wherein to regard him in the two aspects in which he deserves chiefly to be considered, namely as a thinker and as a poet. The latter aspect, however, is in every respect subordinate to the former. Clough's poems are chiefly valuable as expressions and exponents of the gradual progress of his thought. They are the landmarks of his intellectual development; and the various phases through which his mind advanced can be clearly traced in them. Considered merely as poems they cannot, with a few exceptions, be accorded a very high rank. The poems

belonging to the period of his early youth evince a mind as yet under the domination of Wordsworth's influence, but already betraying symptoms of rebellion against that placid and serene guidance. The *Religious Poems* show a marked advance in this chafing impetuous spirit, and among them appears a remarkable ode, which, as exhibiting more clearly than any other of equal length both the revolt and the acquiescence, the doubt and the reconciling faith of the author's nature, we will here quote at length:—

EASTER DAY.

NAPLES, 1849.

Through the great sinful streets of Naples as I past,  
With fiercer heat than flamed above my head  
My heart was hot within me; till at last  
My brain was lightened when my tongue had said —  
Christ is not risen!

Christ is not risen, no —  
He lies and moulders low;  
Christ is not risen!

What though the stone were rolled away, and though  
The grave found empty there? —  
If not there, then elsewhere;  
If not where Joseph laid Him first, why then  
Where other men  
Translaid Him after in some humbler clay.  
Long ere to-day  
Corruption that sad perfect work hath done,  
Which here she scarcely, lightly had begun:  
The foul engendered worm  
Feeds on the flesh of the life-giving form  
Of our most Holy and Anointed One.  
He is not risen, no —  
He lies and moulders low;  
Christ is not risen!

What if the women ere the dawn was gray  
Saw one or more great angels, as they say  
(Angels, or Him Himself)? Yet neither there nor then,  
Nor afterwards, nor elsewhere, nor at all,  
Hath He appeared to Peter or the Ten;  
Nor, save in thunderous terror, to blind Saul;  
Save in an after Gospel and late Creed,  
He is not risen, indeed, —  
Christ is not risen!

Or, what if e'en, as runs a tale, the Ten  
Saw, heard and touched, again and yet again?  
What if at Emmaüs inn, and by Capernaum's Lake,  
Came One the bread that brake —  
Came One that spake as never mortal spake,  
And with them ate, and drank, and stood, and walked about?  
Ah! "some" did well to "doubt"!  
Ah! the true Christ, while these things came to pass,  
Nor heard, nor spake, nor walked, nor lived, alas!  
He was not risen, no —  
He lay and mouldered low;  
Christ was not risen!



As circulates in some great city crowd  
 A rumor changeful, vague, importunate, and loud,  
 From no determined centre, or of fact  
     Or authorship exact,  
     Which no man can deny  
     Nor verify;  
 So spread the wondrous fame;  
     He all the same  
 Lay senseless, mouldering, low:  
 He was not risen, no —  
     Christ was not risen!

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;  
 As of the unjust, also of the just —  
     Yea of that Just One, too!  
 This is the one sad Gospel that is true —  
     Christ is not risen!

Is He not risen, and shall we not rise?  
     Oh, we unwise!  
 What did we dream, what wake we to discover?  
 Ye hills, fall on us, and ye mountains, cover!  
     In darkness and great gloom  
 Come ere we thought it is *our* day of doom;  
 From the cursed world, which is one tomb,  
     Christ is not risen!

Eat, drink, and play, and think that this is bliss:  
 There is no heaven but this;  
     There is no hell,  
 Save earth, which serves the purpose doubly well,  
     Seeing it visits still  
 With equalest apportionment of ill  
 Both good and bad alike, and brings to one same dust  
     The unjust and the just  
 With Christ, who is not risen.

*Eat, drink, and die, for we are souls bereaved:  
 Of all the creatures under heaven's wide cope  
 We are most hopeless who had once most hope,  
 And most beliefless that had most believed.*  
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;  
 As of the unjust, also of the just —  
     Yea of that Just One too!  
 It is the one sad Gospel that is true —  
     Christ is not risen!

Weep not beside the tomb,  
 Ye women, unto whom  
 He was great solace while ye tended Him;  
     Ye who with napkin o'er the head  
 And folds of linen round each wounded limb  
     Laid out the Sacred Dead;  
 And thou that bar'st Him in thy wondering womb;  
 Yea, Daughters of Jerusalem, depart,  
 Bind up as best ye may your own sad bleeding heart:  
 Go to your homes, your living children tend,  
     Your earthly spouses love;  
 Set your affections *not* on things above,  
 Which moth and rust corrupt, which quickliest come to end;  
 Or pray, if pray ye must, and pray, if pray ye can,  
 For death; since dead is He whom ye deemed more than man,  
     Who is not risen: no —  
     But lies and moulders low —  
     Who is not risen!

Ye men of Galilee !  
 Why stand ye looking up to heaven, where Him ye ne'er may see,  
 Neither ascending hence, nor returning hither again ?  
 Ye ignorant and idle fishermen !  
 Hence to your huts and boats and inland native shore,  
 And catch not men but fish ;  
 Whate'er things ye might wish,  
 Him neither here nor there ye e'er shall meet with more.  
 Ye poor deluded youths, go home ;  
 Mend the old nets ye left to roam,  
 Tie the split oar, patch the torn sail :  
 It was indeed an "idle tale"—  
 He was not risen !

And oh, good men of ages yet to be,  
 Who shall believe *because* ye did not see —  
 Oh, be ye warned, be wise !  
 No more with pleading eyes,  
 And sobs of strong desire,  
 Unto the empty vacant void aspire,  
 Seeking another and impossible birth  
 That is not of your own and only mother, earth.  
 But if there is no other life for you,  
 Sit down and be content, since this must even do ;  
 He is not risen !

One look, and then depart,  
 Ye humble and ye holy men of heart ;  
 And ye ! ye ministers and stewards of a word  
 Which ye would preach, because another heard —  
 Ye worshippers of that ye do not know,  
 Take these things hence and go ! —  
 He is not risen !

Here on our Easter Day  
 We rise, we come, and lo ! we find Him not,  
 Gardener nor other, on the sacred spot :  
 Where they have laid Him there is none to say ;  
 No sound, nor in, nor out — no word  
 Of where to seek the dead or meet the living Lord.  
 There is no glistening of an angel's wings,  
 There is no voice of heavenly clear behest :  
 Let us go hence and think upon these things  
 In silence, which is best.  
 Is He not risen ? No —  
 But lies and moulders low ?  
 Christ is not risen !

#### EASTER DAY.

##### II.

So in the sinful streets, abstracted and alone,  
 I with my secret self held communing of my own.  
 So in the Southern city spake the tongue  
 Of one that somewhat overwildly sung ;  
 But in a later hour I sat and heard  
 Another voice that spake — another graver word.  
 Weep not, it bade, whatever hath been said ;  
 Though He be dead, He is not dead.  
 In the true creed  
 He is yet risen indeed ;  
 Christ is yet risen.

Weep not beside His tomb,  
 Ye women unto whom  
 He was great comfort and yet greater grief;  
 Nor ye, ye faithful few that wont with Him to roam,  
 Seek sadly what for Him ye left, go hopeless to your home;  
 Nor ye despair, ye sharers yet to be of their belief;  
     Though He be dead, He is not dead,  
     Nor gone, though fled,  
     Not lost, though vanished;  
     Though He return not, though  
     He lies and moulders low;  
     In the true creed  
     He is yet risen indeed;  
     Christ is yet risen.

Sit if ye will, sit down upon the ground,  
 Yet not to weep and wail, but calmly look around.  
     Whate'er befel,  
     Earth is not hell;  
 Now, too, as when it first began,  
 Life is yet life, and man is man.  
 For all that breathe beneath the heaven's high cope,  
 Joy with grief mixes, with despondence hope.  
 Hope conquers cowardice, joy grief;  
 Or at least, faith unbelief.  
     Though dead, not dead;  
     Not gone, though fled;  
     Not lost, though vanished.  
     In the great gospel and true creed,  
     He is yet risen indeed;  
     Christ is yet risen.

We cannot now pause to comment upon the longer but in every way, we think, inferior poems which follow. *Dipsychus*, *The Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich*, and the *Amours de Voyage*, remarkable as they are in many respects, are still rather the works of the philosopher than of the poet; and there is to be found in them no such lyric fervor or grandeur as are conspicuous in the ode for Easter Day. Neither is it possible to trace as we should wish to do in any satisfactory manner, through the letters and prose fragments which remain to us, the system of opinion into which Clough had probably rounded the detached and independent views to which his mind had gradually attained. The paper on *Religious Tradition* may perhaps be taken to contain the most accurate statement of his later thought which is now accessible. The summary of its argument appears to be to this effect:—

No scholar can possibly have read, studied, and reflected without forming a strong impression of the entire uncertainty of history in general, and of the history of Christianity in particular.

It is equally impossible for any man to live, act, and reflect without feeling the significance and depth of the moral and religious teaching which Christianity affords.

The more valuable he feels this to be, the less will he be willing to base it upon unstable foundations. Manuscripts are doubtful, records may be unauthentic, criticism is feeble, historical facts must be left uncertain.

Personal judgment, personal experience, may also be delusive, certainly are not conclusive.



All then that is left to us is to throw ourselves upon the great Religious Tradition.

But where is this to be found? Not in Rationalism nor in Rome, for each is exclusive of the other, yet either is conceivably true.

It must be sought then everywhere, from Greece to India, from Persia to Rome, from Judea to England; everywhere, that is, where men have really tried to order their lives by the highest action of the reasonable and spiritual will: "but above all, in our own work; in life, in action, in submission, so far as action goes, in service, in experience, in patience, and in confidence. I would scarcely have any man dare to say that he has found it till that moment when death removes his power of telling it."

Admit that, strive as I will I am restricted, and grasp as I may I can never hold the complete truth, not therefore am I exempt from the struggle, nor justified in shutting myself out from whatever may be revealable to me through science, through history, through the thoughts of others, through the spiritual impulses coming to me on all sides from the spirits of other men.

Nor is this doctrine to be rejected because it leads unquestionably to the conclusion that "when we have done all we are unprofitable servants; when we have tried all things, what we hold fast is not the entire truth; when we have seen all we can, there is still more that we cannot see."

As our sketch of Arthur Clough is intended to be historical, and not polemical, we shall not discuss this statement of belief, but shall let it stand as he did himself upon its own merits. That he should attain to no more definite conclusion than the one indicated was indeed to be expected, being as we have entitled him the representative man of a spirit of doubt and of transition, and endued with all the weakness as well as all the strength of his inspiration. To quote once more from *Thyrsis*:—

Some life of men unblest  
He knew, which made him droop, and filled his head.  
He went: his piping took a troubled sound  
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground:  
He could not wait their passing, he is dead!

He is dead, and now, perhaps, he knows! Certainly it is not for us who remain to judge the one who has gone away. "*Approfondissez!* go to the bottom of things!" wrote Lord Chesterfield to his son, inculcating what he believed to be one of the profoundest maxims of worldly wisdom. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good," writes Saint Paul to the Thessalonians, speaking in the name of a wisdom which men generally have agreed to consider rather the reverse of worldly. If doubt be a sin, and unquestioning belief the highest virtue, it is difficult to exonerate either the accomplished man of the world or the inspired Apostle from the charge of false doctrine. But if theology be the gradual unfolding and development of religious truth, the "scientific exposition" of an infinite subject, the temple and not the tomb of faith; if God speaks differently to different hearts, and is yet the same God towards whom by an invariable law of

being all true aspiration must finally tend, then Clough and men like Clough are not to be lightly dismissed with a sarcasm nor summarily disposed of by an anathema.

And surely there is much food for reflection in these eloquent words of one who has recorded the life and work of another great and true man :—

"Those who embark upon the river of his thought and do not leave it are carried out into an open sea. It has its dangers, its quicksands, its deceitful currents ; it needs, especially now, wary sailing and good pilots ; but it ought to be a subject of earnest thought whether it is better to be sailing there on to something better in the infinite, or riding at anchor in a tranquil land-locked bay."

G. H. S.

### "ÇA IRA!"

IT is the habit of reflecting minds to trace back every event that arrests their attention to the primary causes to which it owed its origin. Such a practice is full of profit no less than of entertainment, for only the lamp of experience avails for direction and guidance in emergencies not yet encountered ; and as like causes produce like effects, we are often enabled to protect ourselves from dangers with the incipient phenomena of which we have already become acquainted. To this habit of faithful and rigorous study Lord Bacon owed the magnificent and invaluable discoveries which he unfolded in the realm of physical science ; and the fruits of his triumphs have been enlarged and enriched by the same process through all the years which have passed away since he closed his career on earth. It is admitted that the phenomena of the social and political world do not afford such certain and substantial data upon which to base theories of general underlying principles as do those which may be gained from the observation of Nature.\* The study of humanity, of the forms under which men crystallise into societies, of the rules in accordance with which they organize under the authority of government, is much more complex and painful as it is much higher and nobler than the study of Nature in any of her aspects, or with reference to any of the forces which she manifests. For this very reason, perhaps, in a brazen, material age, the science of government has sunk into something of contempt ; being either

\* *Wheatley's Logic.* Book IV. § 2.

consigned to the airy speculations of doctrinaires, or degraded by the association of charlatans and knaves whose only concern in the subject consists in their ambition to govern for the sake of selfish ends and gains. Thus are the physical sciences exalted into a dignity greater no doubt than they merit in comparison with the higher claims and profounder interest which belong to those subjects of thought and inquiry which pertain, incidentally indeed, to man's comfort and prosperity, but primarily to his progress towards peace, freedom, and virtue.

We insist, therefore, that although the investigations into Nature's laws and operations are attended with swifter and surer results, and although the field of inquiry into the meaning, the causes, and the consequences of events in human experience may to some minds seem arid and uninviting, the latter study has paramount pretensions and is not devoid of its features of attraction. “*Nihil humanum alienum.*” In this class of studies are embraced sociology, ethics, and political economy; each involving to a greater or less extent the consideration of and an acquaintance with the principles of the others. It is therefore impossible, as it is also wholly impertinent, to assign any relative degrees of importance to them. The fabric of human society rests equally on them all. In this article we purpose to make ourselves amenable to Pope's flippant satire by contending for a form of government. Our text is the progress of republican institutions.

The topic seems timely and clothed with especial interest in view of the great events which have so recently taken place on the continent of Europe; events which have shaken the world with their echoing thunder; the tremendous significance of which appears to have stupefied the minds of many observers, who regarded rather the age and strength of the establishments which have fallen than the force of the storm which was gathering overhead. So one awakes dazed and confused from the scenes of a weird and unnatural dream, the passages of which linger upon his memory in only fleeting lines, and afford no proper subject for intelligent and rational consideration.

But though we do not pretend to have foreseen any such result of the Franco-Prussian war as the dethronement and banishment of the Emperor of the French and the establishment of a French republic, these events have appeared to us only incidents of the progressive and aggressive development of a principle which has been recognised by close observers since the termination of our own war as the strongest and most irresistible agency at work in this century. They seem mere links in a chain which has been uncoiling its massive and tremendous lengths for many years past, but with increased force and rapidity since the surrender at Appomattox. They are in themselves the proper subjects of interest, observation, and comment; but compared with the great causes which have operated underneath and flung them up to the surface for the world's inspection, they are but swollen bubbles which ride on the crest of the sea, while beneath them rolls, with a force which no human agency can withstand, which no human intelligence can measure or master, the great, dark, terrible sea itself.



The changes accomplished by the war, and the consequences which have ensued in Paris, should not be considered independently of the events which have occurred in Europe since the revolutions of 1848, and more particularly those which have succeeded the close of the war in America and the failure of the Confederate struggle for independence. It is well known that the passionate blows struck for freedom in 1848 by the patriots of France, Hungary, Italy, Spain, and Sicily, were baffled by the iron mail of legitimacy, and cruelly expiated in the midst of blood and tears which drowned for the season all voices of protest and compassion. The dungeons of Naples and Palermo, the mines of Siberia, the fever-swamps of Cayenne, the wastes of Guernsey, the whipping-posts at which Radetsky lacerated the fair forms of the noblest and purest women of Piedmont, the nameless outrages and numberless executions which made that year a blot on the century and a foul reproach upon Christian civilisation — these were the immediate fruits, and so far as human ken could determine the *only* fruits, borne by the labors, the sacrifices, and the desperate adventures of the friends of popular rights in those days. But it was no less true in those days than in the old time before them that the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church. St. Paul, in a rhapsody which for passion and pathos has no parallel in literature, catches the bright and assured promise of the soul's immortality and the body's resurrection from the familiar processes of Nature, and exclaims to the skeptic, "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die!" And in like manner the principle of the humanity of men, the inherent right of the governed classes to a voice and share in the regulation of their own affairs, the essential equality of all men before the law, and the folly, injustice and iniquity of all claims founded on monopoly and succession, while it seemed, indeed, wholly extinguished and destroyed, smitten by the sword of violence and blackened by the torches of consuming vengeance, lived and grew under the soil which concealed and nourished it, and gathered the strength and vitality which asserted themselves in after years. If it were appropriate to associate with a theme so grave a strain of comic verse, we might here quote the story of John Barleycorn's burial and *resurgam* as preserved by the muse of Burns:—

"There were three kings into the West,  
Three kings both great and high;  
And they hae sworn a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn should die.

"They took a plough and ploughed him down,  
Put clods upon his head,  
And they hae sworn a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn was dead.

"But the cheerful Spring came kindly,  
And showers began to fall;  
John Barleycorn got up again,  
And sore surprised them all."

And so, to compare great things with small, the cause of human

rights and popular government was not crushed and killed by the terrible disasters by which it was overtaken in '48. It won to its banners a host of heroes, it enlisted in its defence a host of earnest minds and trenchant pens, and the blessing of Heaven was invoked upon it by the countless prayers of pure and pious hearts. During the twenty-three years which have elapsed since those memorable and bloody times, the principles then so unsuccessfully maintained have been gathering strength for the day when they were to be lifted aloft as guidons upon which the armies of freedom adjusted their line of battle. Like all great movements, as the sweep of majestic streams, their development has been slow and silent—

"Noiselessly as the spring-time  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
When all the trees on all the hills  
Open their thousand leaves."

Like the fabled giant, they acquired fresh vigor from the touch of the earth upon which they had been prostrated in disaster which seemed irremediable. And the legitimate results of the lessons then implanted in the minds of the people—the sense of the power they wield, and of the rights with which they are by nature and the Creator endowed, were seen but yesterday in the sudden crash and collapse of the proudest throne of Europe; the flight under night's friendly veil, of the Empress before whose pavilion of fashion and beauty the world had bowed, from the palace which had been the scene of her splendor and triumphs; and the erection, as strange and sudden as that of the walls of Troy, of a free, republican, popular system on the site of the vanquished and vanished Empire.

It has been herein previously asserted that these events in France are not so much consequences proper of the war, although growing immediately out of its marvellous issue, as of the influences and moral forces which had long before been set in operation. It is appropriate to express our conviction here that these abstractions would have ripened into facts far more slowly, and under much greater difficulties and obstructions, except for the issue of the late civil war in the United States. It is not necessary nor pertinent to enter here at any length into an investigation of the reasons of the fact that the "Union" cause in the late war was regarded with sympathy and sanction by the friends of popular rights on the other side of the ocean. Perhaps the one reason suffices that our enemies had the advantage of stating their own arguments without contradiction, as we ("we" meaning the Confederates) were shut off from all communication with the outside world; and so contrived artfully to engage the favor and enlist the sympathy of the very men who had in Europe fought and suffered for the same boon of independence for which we vainly contended here. Certain it is that the Southern Confederacy, though it did not secure recognition from any court in Europe, was looked upon as representing the theory of an aristocratic government, and as tending towards the ultimate realisation of a monarchical establishment; while the armies of the North, marching after the lead of John Brown's soul, and "shouting the battle-cry of

freedom," became associated with the cause of popular rights, and received the support and sympathy of its champions throughout the world. And so when Lee laid down at Appomattox his torn but untarnished standards, and gave up his stainless and splendid sword, the joy and triumph which rent the North in a storm of exultation were hardly greater than the satisfaction with which our downfall was received abroad by the Hugos, the Gambettas, and the Garibaldis. The impetus imparted by that one event to the republican movement in Europe was incalculable in energy and volume. The "echo of Appomattox" pealed through the world, and shook as if with the thunder of cannon the hoariest powers and the loftiest thrones. We pass in rapid and brief review the events which may be referred to its main influence.

In Mexico, the republican President, who had for months been shifting the personal staff which constituted his army about El Paso on the Texan border, a mere king of shreds and patches, an exile and outlaw, was so reinforced that within two years he trampled out the Empire, expelled the invaders, and enacted the tragedy of Querétaro before the world's astonished and horrified gaze. In Spain the monarchy was overturned, the Bourbon dynasty repudiated, and the Queen exiled; and but for the personal influence of General Prim a republic would have been established. In France the fruits borne were tardier but no less valuable; they consisted in the concession of a constitutional government, submitted to the vote of the people and accepted and ratified by their suffrages. In Great Britain, where less occasion for popular complaint and dissension existed, the "echo" was heard in the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the extension of the qualifications of suffrage, the ministry of Gladstone, and the free spirit of inquiry and comment indulged with respect to all delinquencies of the royal house. In Prussia it secured from the politic Bismarck (at one time a pitiless aristocrat) the enlargement in many material particulars of the powers and rights of the masses. In Austria it effected the disenfranchisement of the provinces, and introduced ample reforms in the constitution. In Italy it strengthened the hands of Victor Emanuel against the Pope, and more lately has reduced that Pontiff to the sovereignty of the Vatican and St. Peter's Church, which are all that the King has left him of his temporal possessions. In Cuba the Spanish rule has been desperately resisted, though we do not know definitely, as yet, with what results.

It is hardly necessary to explain that these consequences of the victory of the North are not in accord with the writer's convictions of the merits and rights of the issue in controversy between the sections. To his mind it seems clear that the forces of the United States were fighting in support of the principle of centralisation—which has a strong leaning in the direction of despotism, and a natural affiliation and alliance with its unhallowed cause. This view is sufficiently vindicated by a glance at the changes which the success of the Union arms has wrought in our own structure of government; practically subverting the system erected by our fathers, destroying the guaranties of the Constitution, and substituting a strong centralised authority for the wise and beneficent adjustment of reciprocal checks and



balances in the several departments of government which they provided. The South really contended for the preservation of these very safeguards of popular rights, and regarded with jealousy and encountered with violent opposition all invasions of the dignity and sovereignty of the States, which were considered by her publicists to be tantamount to invasions of the dignity and sovereignty of the individual citizen. The South dreaded the idea of a centralised and consolidated Federal authority; the North sought to strengthen the hands of the Government at the expense of the States, and, through them, at the expense of the liberties of the people. Unfortunately, the declaration that negro slavery was the corner-stone of the Confederacy, skilfully and remorselessly manipulated by our adversaries, elicited the groans of Exeter Hall, and drew down upon us the prejudice and enmity of all the fanatical humanitarians of two continents. And so it happened that our Confederate struggle, while properly understood by some few earnest inquirers, was misread and misrepresented by the great bulk of the people in other lands. And while its defence is chronicled in immortal and illuminated colors on history's pages, and embalms such resplendent and exalted names as Jefferson Davis, Lee, Jackson, Johnston, Beauregard, and an endless bead-roll of other heroes, its downfall was hailed as auspicious to the flag of freedom, and as fatal to the schemes and claims of usurpers and tyrants.

And so, as we have stated, an immense impetus was imparted to the republican movement in the States of Europe. There can be no question of the fact, though we may properly deny the logic and justice of the inference which seems to be implied in it. God selects His own instruments to accomplish His own grand purposes among mankind.

“Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His vast designs,  
And works His sovereign will.”

It seems a mystery past finding out that the war which was to us the occasion of such nameless and unnumbered cruelties, which robbed us of our dearest and bravest, and which, in its decision, consigned us to a slavery more galling than that from which our own slaves had been delivered, could be any encouragement and inspiration to the advocates and knights of freedom in other lands. But such was the case, and the facts which prove it have been in part adduced. Let us hope that there may be also in store for the South some beneficent fruits of her present humiliation—in our own time, if Heaven so pleases, or “in far-off summers that we shall not see,” for those who shall succeed us.

To return to the main theme, we believe that the cause of democracy—the doctrine that all governments derive their just authority from the consent of the governed only—the theory of the political equality of all men—are to-day the great ideas which rule the world, and in accordance with which, ere long, all the governmental structures of civilisation will be modeled—in conformity with which, at some time hereafter, however remote, will be modeled

all the governments of the world. Napoleon said at St. Helena, "Within fifty years Europe will be republican or Cossack." Rising to a higher point of observation, and embracing a wider range of prophecy, we reiterate our faith, not based on any late events only, though confirmed by them, but justified by mature reflection and conscientious investigation, *that democracy is destined to overcome all antagonistic systems*; that the people of all countries are making ready now to repudiate all traditions, authorities, and obligations which deny or restrain their natural rights; that the distinctions which confine power to the hands of one line of succession and exclude all others from its exercise will be utterly destroyed; that the rulers of the earth are to be the people's servants, and not their lords — deriving their authority from the people, and responsible to them for the manner in which it is exercised. The argument is plausible, at least, that Christianity and democracy go hand in hand; for although the Saviour inculcated obedience to the "powers that be," recognised the authority of Cæsar, and submitted himself to the officers of the law, the doctrines he preached and the example he bequeathed, in exciting the "enthusiasm of humanity," and presenting in strong and striking lights the brotherhood of all men, derived from a common divine paternity and secured in a common redemption, logically lead to a recognition of those principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity upon which republican institutions are grounded. The religion of Christ thrives best in the land which secures to every man the right of free thought and free choice in all matters of creed and worship. Absolutism, ignorance, and bigotry are always found in unholy alliance; for absolutism can only exist under the conditions of ignorance, of which superstition is the natural offspring. And so as the light of the Cross and the swift flambeaux of civilisation advance, will the power of the people make itself felt upon all systems which hold them in subjection, and which abridge the exercise of any of the faculties or the improvement of any of the opportunities which they have received at the hands of the Creator.

We believe in the manifest destiny of universal suffrage. In the first place, the suffrage cannot be withstood or restricted permanently by the imposition of any conditions. It would be well, of course, if it could be confined to those only who possess certain qualifications of education, intelligence, or property; it would be *best* of course for the suffrage to be confined to those only who possess high moral characters and whose habits of life are blameless. But the latter conditions are admitted to be impracticable, and the former have been proven so on the occasion of every experiment to which they have been subjected. The classes outside of the suffrage will always agitate to get in; and what they lack in moral force and influence and the sympathy of friends in the favored classes, will be supplemented in case their claims are rejected by the physical force which tears up pavements, erects barricades, and asserts its claims by the *ultima ratio regum*. The fairest spots of the earth have been more than once deluged in blood by such uprisings of the people in their terrible wrath and resistless power. It seems far better and safer to concede their claims and secure to them their rights than to make a vain struggle against

the inevitable, and to meet the retribution which will be visited in the day of their triumph upon all who sought to oppose their way.

We assume that all classes of all peoples are destined in the course of time to exact full equality in the regulation of their governments, in the exercise of their powers, and in the appropriation of their honors. There are no means to veto that fiat of manifest destiny. The only recourse of safety is *to educate the people*; to instil into the minds of our rising generations right principles of morality, of integrity, and religion; to impress upon every member of the body politic the dignity and high rank of citizenship, so that all may exercise intelligently, honestly, and independently the momentous duties which attach to a *free man*, whose labor contributes to the strength and prosperity of the State, and whose voice and influence are exerted in the selection of magistrates by whom his own rights and interests and those of his fellow-citizens are to be maintained and promoted.

We live in a grand and awful age, pregnant with unseen forces which move in mysterious ways and perform daily wonders before our astonished eyes. It is an age of marvellous triumphs of mind over matter; an age which has seen nearly all the resources and agencies of nature subdued and applied to man's uses and abuses. Within our own day, within the past few days, the movement of events has been stirring and striking, and full of instruction for all who ponder their momentous lessons. The poet has sung in a vision of prophecy and inspiration—

“Yet I doubt not through the ages one unceasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.”

So have the recent events in Europe seemed mainly significant and mainly interesting as furnishing evidence of the progress of republican ideas and republican institutions. As we write, the situation in France is indeed dark and desperate; the National Assembly, driven from the capital, is in session at Versailles; the cordon of forts around Paris is mainly in possession of the Government forces; the city itself is in the hands of the Reds; and thousands have been slain, and untold suffering inflicted, and countless outrages committed in the course of the infuriated and unnatural struggle between them. Whatever may be the result of all this wild and sickening carnage, we expect to see the Republic stand.\* There is indeed one ominous

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\* In a note which may be found at the foot of page 19 of *Des Idées Napoléoniennes*, Louis Napoleon indulges the following profound observations, which will be read with peculiar interest in the light of recent and familiar events. He says: “Far be from me the idea of entering upon a discussion of the comparative merits of monarchies and republics. I leave to the philosophers and the metaphysicians the solution of a problem which, treated *à priori*, I consider insoluble. I see in monarchy neither the principle of divine right nor all the faults and defects which some pretend to see. I see in the hereditary system only the guarantee of the integrity of a country. In order to appreciate this opinion, it is only necessary to recollect that the two monarchies of France and Germany were born at the same time—at the partition of the Empire of Charlemagne. *The crown became wholly elective in Germany*; it remained wholly hereditary in France. Eight hundred years after the partition, Germany was divided into about twelve hundred States; her nationality had disappeared: while in France the hereditary principle has destroyed all the petty sovereigns and founded a great and compact nation.”

In these words the ablest statesman who has filled any throne in our day, traces the defects and dangers inherent to the system of elective monarchy. The defects and dangers of an absolute imperialism are best exposed in the ill-starred close of his own career, the degeneracy and alienation of his own subjects, and the infirmity betrayed by his government under the first hard stress put upon it. To whom, then can the people turn for stability and safety except it be *to themselves*?



whisper, that German intervention is necessary to establish peace and check the effusion of blood. Possibly, the same despot who opened the war with the declaration that he warred on Napoleon and not on the French people, may seek to crush the Republic within the same steel gauntlets which have already crushed the Empire, and to re-establish his beaten enemy to secure his own throne from the danger of republican influence and example. Whether this possible contingency shall arise or not, whatever delays and difficulties and perils may be interposed, we never doubt the final triumphant assertion of popular rights, when Freedom the wide world over shall lay down her armor and her weapons and put on in peace and safety her laurels and her stars. These lines of the poet but just now quoted are no less a prophecy than a vivid poetic picture:—

"Slowly comes a hungry people, like a lion creeping nigher,  
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire."

Let us trust that when the failing flames of war no longer avail to protect the princes entrenched behind them from the encroachments of the people upon prerogative, in the assertion of their own divine rights, the "hungry people" will remember mercy in the day of justice, and inaugurate the reign of freedom with the silvery chimes of peace.

We cannot more appropriately and effectively close this article than by quoting the following extract from one of Victor Hugo's earlier political essays:—

"We are in Russia. The Neva is frozen. Iron houses are being built and heavy vehicles are rolling on its back. The river is not now water, it is rock. People pass to and fro on that marble which was a free stream. A town springs up, streets are planned, shops opened. Folks buy, sell, sleep, eat, drink there; they build fires on that water. Have no fear; do whatever you please; laugh, dance: the solid earth is not more solid. Truly, the water rings under the feet as granite. Hurrah for the winter! Hurrah for the ice! They have set in here as if forever. And look at the sky: is it daytime or night? A wan and sickly light trails along the snow. The sun itself seems dying. . . .

"No, thou shalt not die, Liberty! Some day, when thou art profoundly forgotten, when thou art not dreamed of, thou shalt arise, O Splendor! Sudden, we shall see that day-star, thy face, rise from the ground and flame on the horizon. Upon all the snow which we saw on the petrified river; upon all that ice; upon all that hard, white plain; upon all that water changed to stone; upon all that monstrous winter, thou shalt launch thy golden shafts, thy burning and shining rays—heat, light, life! And then listen! Hear you that sullen noise, that deep, frightful, groaning *crack*? It is the 'breaking up'; the Neva is crumbling; the river is resuming its course; that sound is the voice of the living water, joyous and terrible as it heaves and breaks through the dead and hideous ice. That surface seemed granite: it melts as glass. I tell you, that transformation is the 'breaking up'; it means the truth is coming back; it is progress beginning its march anew; it is humanity once more bursting the bonds put upon it, sweeping, breaking, tearing, mingling and

drowning in its flood not only the brand-new Empire of Louis Bonaparte, but all the constructions of the ancient, immemorial despotism, as if they were nothing more than the wretched furniture of a hovel! See it all go by! The whole tawdry fabric is finally fading from sight! You will never set eyes on it again! That book half-sunk is the old code of iniquity; that wood-work, going down, is the throne; that other thing afloat is the *scaffold*.

“And for the achievement of this grand cataclysm, this supreme victory of life which seemed death, over death that seemed life, what was necessary? One glance of thine, O Sun; one ray of thine, O Freedom!”

EDWARD S. GREGORY.

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*The Cornhill Magazine.*

LORD KILGOBBIN.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

A HAPHAZARD VICEROY.

WHEN the Government came into office, they were sorely puzzled where to find a Lord-Lieutenant for Ireland. It is, unhappily, a post that the men most fitted for generally refuse, while the Cabinet is besieged by a class of applicants whose highest qualification is a taste for mock royalty combined with an encumbered estate.

Another great requisite, besides fortune and a certain amount of ability, was at this time looked for. The Premier was about, as newspapers call it, “to inaugurate a new policy,” and he wanted a man who knew nothing about Ireland! Now, it might be carelessly imagined that here was one of those essentials very easily supplied. Any man frequenting club-life or dining out in town could have safely pledged himself to tell off a score or two of eligible viceroys, so far as this qualification went. The Minister, however, wanted more than mere ignorance: he wanted that sort of indifference on which a character for impartiality could so easily be constructed. Not alone a man unacquainted with Ireland, but actually incapable of being influenced by an Irish motive or affected by an Irish view of anything.

Good luck would have it that he met such a man at dinner. He was an ambassador at Constantinople, on leave from his post, and so utterly dead to Irish topics as to be uncertain whether O'Donovan

Rossa was a Fenian or a Queen's Counsel, and whether he whom he had read of as the "Lion of Judah" was the king of beasts or the Archbishop of Tuam!

The Minister was pleased with his new acquaintance, and talked much to him, and long. He talked well, and not the less well that his listener was a fresh audience, who heard everything for the first time, and with all the interest that attaches to a new topic. Lord Danesbury was, indeed, that "sheet of white paper" the head of the Cabinet had long been searching for, and he hastened to inscribe him with the characters he wished.

"You must go to Ireland for me, my lord," said the Minister. "I have met no one as yet so rightly imbued with the necessities of the situation. You must be our viceroy."

Now, though a very high post and with great surroundings, Lord Danesbury had no desire to exchange his position as an ambassador, even to become a Lord-Lieutenant. Like most men who have passed their lives abroad, he grew to like the ways and habits of the Continent. He liked the easy indulgences in many things, he liked the cosmopolitanism that surrounds existence, and even in its littleness is not devoid of a certain breadth; and best of all, he liked the vast interests at stake, the large questions at issue, the fortunes of States, the fate of dynasties. To come down from the great game, as played by kings and kaisers, to the small traffic of a local government wrangling over a road-bill, or disputing over a harbor, seemed too horrible to confront, and he eagerly begged the Minister to allow him to return to his post, and not risk a hard-earned reputation on a new and untried career.

"It is precisely from the fact of its being new and untried I need you," was the reply, and his denial was not accepted.

Refusal was impossible; and, with all the reluctance a man consents to what his convictions are more opposed to even than his reasons, Lord Danesbury gave in, and accepted the viceroyalty of Ireland.

He was deferential to humility in listening to the great aims and noble conceptions of the mighty Minister, and pledged himself—as he could safely do—to become as plastic as wax in the powerful hands which were about to remodel Ireland.

He was gazetted in due course, went over to Dublin, made a State entrance, received the usual deputations, complimented every one, from the Provost of Trinity College to the Chief Commissioner of Pipewater; praised the coast, the corporation, and the city; declared that he had at length reached the highest goal of his ambition; entertained the high dignitaries at dinner, and the week after retired to his ancestral seat in North Wales, to recruit after his late fatigue, and throw off the effects of that damp, moist climate which already he fancied had affected him.

He had been sworn in with every solemnity of the occasion; he had sat on the throne of state, named the officers of his household, made a master of the horse, and a state steward and a grand chamberlain, and, till stopped by hearing that he could not create ladies and maids of honor, he fancied himself every inch a king; but now that he had



got over to the tranquil quietude of his mountain home, his thoughts went away to the old channels, and he began to dream of the Russians in the Balcan and the Greeks in Thessaly. Of all the precious schemes that had taken him months to weave, what was to come of them *now*? How and with what would his successor, whoever he should be, oppose the rogueries of Sumayloff or the chicanery of Ignatief; what would any man not trained to the especial watchfulness of this subtle game know of the steps by which men advanced? Who was to watch Bulgaris and see how far Russian gold was embellishing the life of Athens? There was not a hungry agent that lounged about the Russian embassy in Greek petticoats and pistols whose photograph the English ambassador did not possess, with a biographical note at the back to tell the fellow's name and birthplace, what he was meant for and what he cost. Of every interview of his countrymen with the Grand Vizier he was kept fully informed; and whether a forage magazine was established on the Pruth, or a new frigate laid down at Nickolief, the news reached him by the time it arrived at St. Petersburg. It is true he was aware how hopeless it was to write home about these things. The ambassador who writes disagreeable despatches is a bore or an old woman. He who dares to shake the security by which we daily boast we are surrounded, is an alarmist, if not worse. Notwithstanding this, he held his cards well "up," and played them shrewdly. And now he was to turn from this crafty game, with all its excitement, to pore over constabulary reports and snub justices of the peace!

But there was worse than this. There was an Albanian spy, who had been much employed by him of late, a clever fellow, with access to society, and great facilities for obtaining information. Seeing that Lord Danesbury should not return to the embassy, would this fellow go over to the enemy? If so, there were no words for the mischief he might effect. By a subordinate position in a Greek government office, he had often been selected to convey despatches to Constantinople, and it was in this way his lordship first met him; and as the fellow frankly presented himself with a very momentous piece of news, he at once showed how he trusted to British faith not to betray him. It was not alone the incalculable mischief such a man might do by change of allegiance, but the whole fabric on which Lord Danesbury's reputation rested was in this man's keeping; and of all that wondrous prescience on which he used to pride himself before the world, all the skill with which he baffled an adversary, and all the tact with which he overwhelmed a colleague, this same "Speridionides," could give the secret and show the trick.

How much more constantly, then, did his lordship's thoughts revert to the Bosphorus than the Liffy! All this home news was mean, commonplace, and vulgar. The whole drama—scenery, actors, plot—all were low and ignoble; and as for this "something that was to be done for Ireland," it would of course be some slowly germinating policy, to take root now and blossom in another half-century; one of those blessed parliamentary enactments which men who dealt in heroic remedies like himself regarded as the chronic placebo of the political Quack.

"I am well aware," cried he, aloud, "for what they are sending me over. I am to 'make a case' in Ireland for a political legislation, and the bill is already drawn and ready; and while I am demonstrating to Irish Churchmen that they will be more pious without a religion, and the landlords richer without rent, the Russians will be mounting guard at the Golden Horn, and the last British squadron steaming down the Levant."

It was in a temper kindled by these reflections he wrote this note:

"Plmnuddm Castle, North Wales.

"DEAR WALPOLE,—

"I can make nothing out of the papers you have sent me; nor am I able to discriminate between what you admit to be newspaper slander and the attack on the castle with the unspeakable name. At all events your account is far too graphic for the Treasury lords, who have less of the pictorial about them than Mr. Mudie's subscribers. If the Irish peasants are so impatient to assume their rights that they will not wait for the 'Hatt-Houmaïoun,' or Bill in Parliament that is to endow them, I suspect a little further show of energy might save us a debate and a third reading. I am, however, far more eager for news from Therapia. Tolstai has been twice over with despatches; and Boustikoff, pretending to have sprained his ankle, cannot leave Odessa, though I have ascertained that he has laid down new lines of fortification, and walked over twelve miles per day. You may have heard of the great 'Speridionides,' a scoundrel that supplied me with intelligence. I should like much to get him over here while I am on my leave, confer with him, and, if possible, save him *from the necessity of other engagements*. It is not every one could be trusted to deal with a man of this stamp, nor would the fellow himself easily hold relations with any but a gentleman. Are you sufficiently recovered from your sprained arm to undertake this journey for me? If so, come over at once, that I may give you all necessary indications as to the man and his whereabouts.

"Maude has been 'on the sick list,' but is better, and able to ride out to-day. I cannot fill the law appointments till I go over, nor shall I go over till I cannot help it. The Cabinet is scattered over the Scotch lakes. C. alone in town, and preparing for the War Ministry by practising the goose-step. Telegraph, if possible, that you are coming, and believe me yours,

"DANESBURY."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### TWO FRIENDS AT BREAKFAST.

IRISHMEN may reasonably enough travel for climate; they need scarcely go abroad in search of scenery. Within even a very short distance from the capital there are landscapes which, for form, outline, and color, equal some of the most celebrated spots of continental beauty.

One of these is the view from Bray Head over the wide expanse of

the Bay of Dublin, with Howth and Lambay in the far distance. Nearer at hand lies the sweep of that graceful shore to Killiney, with the Dalky Islands dotting the calm sea ; while inland, in wild confusion, are grouped the Wicklow mountains, massive with wood and teeming with a rich luxuriance.

When sunlight and stillness spread color over the blue mirror of the sea—as is essential to the scene—I know of nothing—not even Naples or Amalfi, can surpass this marvellous picture.

It was on a terrace that commanded this view that Walpole and Atlee sat at breakfast on a calm autumnal morning ; the white-sailed boats scarcely creeping over their shadows, and the whole scene, in its silence and softened effect, presenting a picture of almost rapturous tranquillity.

“With half a dozen days like this,” said Atlee, as he smoked his cigarette, in a sort of languid grace, “one would not say O’Connell was wrong in his glowing admiration for Irish scenery. If I were to awake every day for a week to this, I suspect I should grow somewhat crazy myself about the green island.”

“And dash the description with a little treason too,” said the other, superciliously. “I have always remarked the ingenious connection with which Irishmen bind up a love of the picturesque with a hate of the Saxon.”

“Why not? they are bound together in the same romance. Can you look on the Parthenon and not think of the Turk?”

“*Apropos* of the Turk,” said the other, laying his hands on a folded letter which lay before him, “here’s a long letter from Lord Danesbury about that wearisome ‘Eastern question,’ as they call the ten thousand issues that await solution on the Bosphorus. Do you take interest in these things?”

“Immensely. After I have blown myself with a sharp burst on Home politics, I always take a canter among the Druses and the Lebanites ; and I am such an authority on the ‘Grand Idea,’ that Ransgabe refers to me as ‘the illustrious statesman whose writings relieve England from the stain of universal ignorance about Greece.’”

“And do you know anything on the subject?”

“About as much as the present Cabinet does of Ireland. I know all the clap-traps : the grand traditions that have sunk down into a present barbarism—of course, through ill-government ; the noble instincts depraved by gross ill-usage ; I know the inherent love of freedom we cherish, which makes men resent rents as well as laws, and teaches that taxes are as great a tyranny as the rights of property.”

“And do the Greeks take this view of it?”

“Of course they do ; and it was in experimenting on them that your great Ministers learned how to deal with Ireland. There was but one step from Thebes to Tipperary. Corfu was ‘pacified’—that’s the phrase for it—by abolishing the landlords. The peasants were told they might spare a little if they liked to the ancient possessor of the soil ; and so they took the ground and they gave him the olive-trees. You may imagine how fertile these were when the soil around them was utilised to the last fraction of productiveness.”



"Is that a fair statement of the case?"

"Can you ask the question? I'll show it to you in print."

"Perhaps written by yourself."

"And why not? What convictions have not broken on my mind by reading my own writings? You smile at this; but how do you know your face is clean till you look in a glass?"

Walpole, however, had ceased to attend to the speaker, and was deeply engaged with the letter before him.

"I see here," cried he, "his Excellency is good enough to say that some mark of royal favor might be advantageously extended to those Kilgobbin people, in recognition of their heroic defence. What should it be, is the question."

"Confer on him the peerage, perhaps."

"That is totally out of the question."

"It was Kate Kearney made the defence; why not give her a commission in the army?—make it another 'woman's right.'"

"You are absurd, Mr. Atlee."

"Suppose you endowed her out of the Consolidated Fund? Give her twenty thousand pounds, and I can almost assure you that a very clever fellow I know will marry her."

"A strange reward for good conduct."

"A prize of virtue. They have that sort of thing in France, and they say it gives a great support to purity of morals."

"Young Kearney might accept something, if we knew what to offer him."

"I'd say a pair of black trousers; for I think I'm now wearing his last in that line."

"Mr. Atlee," said the other, grimly, "let me remind you once again that the habit of light jesting—'persiflage'—is so essentially Irish, you should keep it for your countrymen; and if you persist in supposing the career of a private secretary suits you, this is an incongruity that will totally unfit you for the walk."

"I am sure you know your countrymen, Sir, and I am grateful for the rebuke."

Walpole's cheek flushed at this, and it was plain that there was a hidden meaning in the words which he felt and resented.

"I do not know," continued Walpole, "if I am not asking you to curb one of the strongest impulses of your disposition; but it rests entirely with yourself whether my counsel be worth following."

"Of course it is, Sir. I shall follow your advice to the letter, and keep all my good spirits and my bad manners for my countrymen."

It was evident that Walpole had to exercise some strong self-control not to reply sharply; but he refrained, and turned once more to Lord Danesbury's letter, in which he was soon deeply occupied. At last he said: "His Excellency wants to send me out to Turkey, to confer with a man with whom he has some confidential relations. It is quite impossible that, in my present state of health, I could do this. Would the thing suit you, Atlee—that is, if, on consideration, I should opine that *you* would suit *it*?"

"I suspect," replied Atlee, but with every deference in his manner,

"if you would entertain the last part of the contingency first, it would be more convenient to each of us. I mean, whether I were fit for the situation."

"Well, perhaps so," said the other carelessly: "it is not at all impossible it may be one of the things you would acquit yourself well in. It is a sort of exercise for tact and discretion—an occasion in which that light hand of yours would have a field for employment, and that acute skill in which I know you pride yourself, as regards reading character—"

"You have certainly piqued my curiosity," said Atlee.

"I don't know that I ought to have said so much; for, after all, it remains to be seen whether Lord Danesbury would estimate these gifts of yours as highly as I do. What I think of doing is this: I shall send you over to his Excellency in your capacity as my own private secretary, to explain how unfit I am in my present disabled condition to undertake a journey. I shall tell my lord how useful I have found your services with regard to Ireland, how much you know of the country and the people, and how worthy of trust I have found your information and your opinions; and I shall hint—but only hint, remember—that, for the mission he speaks of, he might possibly do worse than fix upon yourself. As, of course, it rests with him to be like-minded with me or not upon this matter—to take, in fact, his own estimate of Mr. Atlee from his own experiences of him, you are not to know anything whatever of this project till his Excellency thinks proper to open it to you. You understand that?"

"Thoroughly."

"Your mission will be to explain—when asked to explain—certain difficulties of Irish life and habits; and if his lordship should direct conversation to topics of the East, to be careful to know nothing of the subject whatever—mind that."

"I shall be careful. I have read the *Arabian Nights*,—but that's all."

"And of that tendency to small joking and weak epigram I would also caution you to beware; they will have no success in the quarter to which you are going, and they will only damage other qualities which you might possibly rely on."

Atlee bowed a submissive acquiescence.

"I don't know that you'll see Lady Maude Bickerstaffe, his lordship's niece." (He stopped as if he had unwittingly uttered an awkwardness, and then added)—"I mean, she has not been well, and may not appear while you are at the castle; but if you should—and if, which is not at all likely, but still possible—you should be led to talk of Kilgobbin and the incident that has got into the papers, you must be very guarded in all you say. It is a county family of station and repute. We were there as visitors. The ladies—I don't know that I'd say very much of the ladies."

"Except that they were exceedingly plain in looks, and somewhat *passées* besides," added Atlee, gravely.

"I don't see why you should say that, Sir," replied the other stiffly. "If you are not bent on compromising me by an indiscretion, I don't perceive the necessity of involving me in a falsehood."

"You shall be perfectly safe in my hands," said Atlee.

"And that I may be so, say as little about me as you can." I know the injunction has its difficulties, Mr. Atlee, but pray try and observe it."

The conversation had now arrived at a point in which one angry word more must have produced a rupture between them; and though Atlee took in the whole situation and its consequences at a glance, there was nothing in the easy jauntiness of his manner that gave any clue to a sense of anxiety or discomfort.

"Is it likely," asked he, at length, "that his Excellency will advert to the idea of recognising or rewarding these people for their brave defence?"

"I am coming to that, if you will spare me a little patience; Saxon slowness is a blemish you'll have to grow accustomed to. If Lord Danesbury should know that you are an acquaintance of the Kilgobbin family, and ask you what would be a suitable mode of showing how their conduct has been appreciated in a high quarter, you should be prepared with an answer."

Atlee's eyes twinkled with a malicious drollery, and he had to bite his lips to repress an impertinence that seemed almost to master his prudence, and at last he said carelessly —

"Dick Kearney might get something."

"I suppose you know that his qualifications will be tested. You bear that in mind, I hope —"

"Yes. I was just turning it over in my head, and I thought the best thing to do would be to make him a Civil Service Commissioner. They are the only people taken on trust."

"You are severe, Mr. Atlee. Have these gentlemen earned this dislike on your part?"

"Do you mean by having rejected me? No, that they have not. I believe I could have survived that; and if, however, they had come to the point of telling me that they were content with my acquirements, and had what is called 'passed me,' I fervently believe I should have been seized with an apoplexy."

"Mr. Atlee's opinion of himself is not a mean one," said Walpole, with a cold smile.

"On the contrary, Sir, I have occasion to feel pretty often in every twenty-four hours what an ignominious part a man plays in life who has to affect to be taught what he knows already — to be asking the road where he has travelled every step of the way — and to feel that a thread-bare coat and broken boots take more from the value of his opinions than if he were a knave or a blackleg."

"I don't see the humility of all this."

"I feel the shame of it, though," said Atlee; and as he arose and walked out upon the terrace the veins in his forehead were swelled and knotted, and his lips trembled with suppressed passion.

In a tone that showed how thoroughly indifferent he felt to the other's irritation, Walpole went on to say: "You will then make it your business, Mr. Atlee, to ascertain in what way most acceptable to those people at Kilgobbin, his Excellency may be able to show them some mark of royal favor — bearing in mind not to commit yourself to anything that may raise great expectations. In fact, a recognition is what is intended, not a reward."



Atlee's eyes fell upon the opal ring, which he always wore since the day Walpole had given it to him, and there was something so significant in the glance that the other flushed as he caught it.

"I believe I appreciate the distinction," said Atlee, quietly. "It is to be something in which the generosity of the donor is more commemorated than the merits of the person rewarded, and, consequently, a most appropriate recognition of the Celt by the Saxon. Do you think I ought to go down to Kilgobbin Castle, Sir?"

"I am not quite sure about that; I'll turn it over in my mind. Meanwhile I'll telegraph to my lord that, if he approves, I shall send you over to Wales; and you had better make what arrangements you have to make, to be ready to start at a moment."

"Unfortunately, Sir, I have none. I am in the full enjoyment of such complete destitution that I am always ready to go anywhere."

Walpole did not notice the words, but arose and walked over to a writing-table to compose his message for the telegraph.

"There," said he, as he folded it, "have the kindness to despatch this at once, and do not be out of the way about five, or half-past, when I shall expect an answer."

"Am I free to go into town meanwhile?" asked Atlee.

Walpole nodded assent without speaking.

"I wonder if this sort of flunkeydom be good for a man," muttered Atlee to himself as he sprang down the stairs. "I begin to doubt it. At all events I understand now the secret of the first lieutenant's being a tyrant: he has once been a middy. And so I say, let me only reach the ward-room, and heaven help the cockpit!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## RUN TO EARTH.

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### CHAPTER III.

" . . . but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.

"*Laer.*—Alas, then, she is drowned?

"*Queen.*—Drowned, drowned."

COLONEL DALBY'S residence was one of the most imposing in F—, where, taking into consideration the size and population of the place, there was a good deal of wealth judiciously

and liberally expended in architecture, gardens, pleasure-grounds, and the other concomitants of pleasant and luxurious homes. The location was beautiful: a considerable elevation at the head of Front Street, with a grove of gigantic trees surrounding the house, from the rear of which, beyond the enclosed grounds, there was a gentle slope beautifully wooded, extending to the river, distant about half a mile.

The Dalby mansion was not a new one, having passed from other owners into the present possessor's hands. The older inhabitants still occasionally called it the "Perry House," formerly the property of an eccentric and wealthy old bachelor, who passed there the last ten years of a life which had been almost entirely devoted to travel in foreign countries. During these ten years Mr. Perry had formed but few acquaintances and made no friendships; his household was small, consisting of a housekeeper and two servants as reserved and retiring as their master, and as little disposed to mingle with the outside world. When the old gentleman died, the ties of blood and kindred, whose existence had been unknown during life, were revealed, to profit by his death. He bequeathed the whole of his wealth, which was very considerable, to a nephew, then in Europe, it was said, with his family. The small establishment was broken up, the servants dismissed, and the house closed by an agent in charge. At the expiration of a year after the death of Mr. Perry, and twelve years prior to the date of the commencement of our story, the silence which had so long rested on this apparently deserted and unthought of heritage was broken, life and light streamed in through open door and window to dispel the gloom and darkness from lofty hall and vacant chamber; and Colonel Dalby, the inheritor of Mr. Perry's wealth, came to claim and enjoy his goodly possessions. The family numbered but four—Colonel Dalby, his wife, son Junius, and a niece, Kate Wilton, then aged seven or eight. They had lived abroad for some years, until ill health admonishing Colonel Dalby to retire from the service in which a great portion of his life had been engaged, they had determined to visit F—— on a tour of examination of their estate; were pleased with the genial climate, the aspect of the country, the people and the place, and had settled there to pass the remainder of their lives.

This comprises all that had ever been learned of the family residing at the head of Front Street. Not that any air of mystery surrounded the inmates of the stately dwelling, or that the slightest taint of suspicion ever attached to any one of them. Mrs. Colonel Dalby was as affable to her acquaintances as one of her somewhat haughty and imperious manners could well be; communicative to the few whom she honored with her friendship, and not at all reticent as to her past life. But F—— was cursed with as few gossip-mongers and meddlers as are generally allotted to any small town through the country, and hence no prying, inquisitive spirit had ever discovered what had been the service, or where performed, which Colonel Dalby's bad health had forced him to relinquish; and so culpably indifferent were the men and women of this strange community to other people's concerns that they absolutely refused to make it town talk that the Colonel's home at F—— was but a home in name, and that he was

absent at least eight months in every year. He certainly failed in no respect to provide for any real or fancied wants of his family, notwithstanding that he so rarely blessed them with his presence. They were people of affluence ; the tradesmen of the town recognised Mrs. Dalby as one of their best and most liberal patrons, her bills being paid always promptly and without a murmur ; Junius, as he grew in years, was bountifully supplied with money, which he spent among his boon companions with no niggard hand. Why, then, should not Colonel Dalby come and go unquestioned, for he left no empty coffers behind, no sorrowing wife and family, no creditors clamorous for their dues and suffering from his neglect ? Husband and wife, so far as the world could judge, were happy and contented ; he seemed to appreciate in full measure the rare occasions vouchsafed to him of enjoying home-life ; and that his frequent absence was based on good and satisfactory grounds, the tranquil tenor of their domestic life abundantly proved.

• On the same day, and about three hours previous to the arrival of the strangers in F—, which was narrated at length in the opening chapter of this tale, Kate Wilton came out upon the broad front piazza of the house, swinging her hat upon her arm, apparently equipped for a walk. She stopped for a few moments at a small conservatory of rare plants and flowers ; which fact, before she passes away from us forever, offers the best opportunity of describing the young lady. I am not certain that from my description the majority of my readers will conclude that Kate was blessed with many personal charms and graces. I can see rare beauty stamped upon the unfurrowed brow, beaming from the sparkling eye, and showing forth from all the bounding vigor and careless grace and exuberant life of happy youth. Blue eyes and black ; dark curls, auburn locks, and golden tresses ; the ripe glow of the brunette, and the peachy bloom of the fair blonde ; the slow Junonian grace of queenly stature, and the vivacity and energy of the *petite* form, have all for me a matchless charm ; for the divine loveliness of God's handiwork is there, the glory of His spirit has descended on them ; life — of which He is the eternal type — life, full and free, revelling in health and mirth and happiness, has been breathed upon them. O youth ! youth ! on the smooth, glassy waves of life thou art beautiful, for the canker of care and trouble has not yet touched thee ! Beautiful, for sin, which makes every alternate furrow on the brow with time, has not yet assailed thee ! Beautiful, for sorrow has so far pitifully forborne to mar God's work.

But Kate Wilton was not dependent on her youth for her beauty. Her hair was black, glossy and abundant ; so abundant that had she lived twenty years later, she would not have been dependent on jute or horse-hair for a chignon of the most fashionable style and size. Her eyes were dark, and full of expression and tender feeling ; her complexion clear, but a little dark ; her mouth and chin almost too square-cut to be truly feminine. A trifle added to her height would have added to the grace and dignity of her carriage, which, however, was easy and natural. She was twenty years of age, fifteen of which she had spent in her aunt's family. Though retaining some recollec-



tions of her early childhood, she knew no other home than the one into which she had been adopted, and in which she had passed nearly the whole of her life.

Kate Wilton, after a little time, walked slowly around the garden-walks, passed through the grove in the rear of the house, and disappeared over the green hill that sloped toward the river. Hours passed on, the shadows grew deeper in the glade and forests, the sun's yellow rays crept on up to the summits of the highest hills, and then mounted into space to meet the stars come sparkling forth, day faded into evening, and evening was merged in the darkness of night ; but Kate Wilton never retraced her steps homeward from the walk upon which she had set forth. The river rushed swiftly on its course, the waters dashing against ledges of rock, whirling madly in dark eddies, or beating against the overhanging branches of the willow as they rippled on.

At sunrise the next morning, a teamster driving his wagon across Moss-Seat Bridge, on the outskirts of town, was attracted by the violent barking of his dog a short distance up the stream. He called, whistled and coaxed, but to no purpose ; the animal continued its cries, under evident distress and excitement. The man finally secured his team and went forward to the spot. There, lying against an old beam of a ruined mill which jutted out into the water, was the body of a young and beautiful woman, her long black hair unbound and floating heavily upon the water, her dress so torn and disordered that one white rounded arm and shoulder were exposed, showing like snow against the dark discolored wood on which the lifeless form reposed.

It could serve no good purpose to digress here into a description of the feelings engendered by this melancholy calamity ; the excitement and horror produced in F—— by the intelligence which the shocked and frightened teamster hastened to convey to town ; the grief which filled the hearts of all when the lovely form of poor Kate Wilton was dragged from the water and conveyed sadly homeward ; and the trouble and sorrow of the bereaved household. Few of us have been so blessed through all our brief lives that we have not looked on death, and felt the keen pangs of regret, the bitter anguish, begotten of his coming in our midst. Ay, the sundering of soul and body is terrible, let the solemn hour come when it may ; terrible though friends be about the bedside, and age, girding the brow with the frosts of many years, has given warning of the end. How much more sad and terrible to watch death's shadow closing round about youth still deep in the joys of life ! How saddest of all to stand over the lifeless form struck down without an instant's warning !

The circumstances of Kate's death of course necessitated a jury of inquest, and some of the details of this inquest it is my duty to lay before the reader. Dr. Wallace testified that the body had been in water twelve or fifteen hours ; that the neck and upper parts were unusually swollen, and more inflamed than drowning under ordinary circumstances generally produced, but that much struggling before death ensued would have made such discoloration and inflammation

not unnatural ; that an ugly wound had been received just over the right temple, the deceased having probably struck her head against a rock in her fall.

Mrs. Dalby was too fearfully prostrated by the blow to rise from her bed, but the evidence of her deposition and of that of her house-servant was adduced, setting forth that the niece had left the house the previous afternoon at about 3 o'clock, for the purpose of taking a walk along the river ; that her failure to return home during the evening and night caused no uneasiness, from the fact that just before her departure she had intimated to the servant her intention to walk about a mile and pay a visit to an intimate friend ; that she often took this walk, and not unfrequently remained with her friend during the night, and sometimes even the whole of the next day. The servant-girl, it is true, also stated that she had mentioned to her mistress that Miss Kate had gone out, at which the former evinced considerable annoyance and anxiety ; that soon after she complained of violent headache, lay down, and had been since confined to her bed.

The gardener and the coachman in the employ of Mrs. Dalby, both trusty servants, and one an aged negro, very much attached to the family, testified to having seen Miss Kate leave the premises alone from the rear of the building ; that she was softly singing as she passed through the grove ; and the old negro, with much feeling and tender affection, spoke of her loveliness on that occasion, her cheerfulness and gaiety.

The blue silk belt which had been brought home by the bathers of the preceding day, was produced and identified as a portion of the dress of the deceased. It was sadly stained with blood from the wound in the temple, and the clasp which confined it about the waist was broken, and one portion entirely wrenched away.

No further information tending to throw any light upon this sad catastrophe being in the possession of any one whom it was thought worth while to summon and examine, there was a short consultation among the jurors of inquest, previous to the finding of the verdict of accidental drowning. Just at this moment Dr. Wallace was called out of the room by some one at the door ; he returned after a short while, and whispered hurriedly to the coroner. That the information conveyed in this whisper was important and astonishing in its nature, was plainly shown by the changing countenance and serious air of the coroner, who, taking a written paper from the hand of Dr. Wallace, read it slowly twice before he seemed satisfied of its contents.

"Gentlemen," said he, after a pause, "allow me to call your attention to a singular fact bearing upon this matter, of which I have just received notice. It demands your grave and immediate consideration, as it is calculated to complicate very materially the case before us. I hold in my hand a note addressed to Dr. Wallace, from Mr. Williams, a well-known merchant of F—, stating that a farmer who resides ten miles from this place, and who has just arrived in town on business, was in possession of the fact of the drowning of this unfortunate young lady, yesterday afternoon at sunset. He is now

at the store of Mr. Williams, and should be summoned to appear before you."

In a short time the farmer, whose appearance was that of a well-to-do countryman, of average intelligence and education, somewhat past the prime of life, was conducted into the room, and gave in his sworn testimony to the following effect: His name was Henry Dean, and he lived about ten or eleven miles from town. On the evening previous, just before dusk, he was standing at the gate in front of his residence, which was situated immediately upon the public road leading to F——, when a pedestrian approached him, coming from the direction of town. The man walked at a moderate pace, bare-foot, carrying his shoes, together with a small bundle, tied upon a stick and slung over his shoulder. He was about forty-five years of age, of dark complexion, and wore a short black beard; was of heavy build, decently dressed, and altogether had the air of a sea-faring man. Dean observed him carefully as he drew nearer, and formed the opinion that he was a foreigner; in which opinion he was directly confirmed by the man's peculiar accent, though he spoke English fluently and correctly. Coming opposite the gate, he halted and asked for a drink of water. The well being near at hand, the farmer opened the gate and invited him in. While he was in the act of drinking his coat-sleeve fell back, and Dean noticed that his arm was oddly tattooed and lettered with India ink, after the custom of sailors. Some little conversation naturally passed between them, in the course of which the man asked the distance to Abbeville, a small village, where he said he intended to rest for the night. He did not say what was his final destination, nor did the farmer make the inquiry; but the latter asked him, learning that he was directly from F——, if there was any news of interest, to which the reply at first was "None." But as the stranger picked up his bundle and prepared to resume his journey, he stopped and hesitated. "Well," said he, fumbling at the gate latch on his way to the road, "I did hear something which may be of interest to you, if you are acquainted in F——. Just before I left there, a young lady living in the family of Colonel Dalby, Miss Kate Wilton, if I have not forgotten the name, was found drowned in the stream, a short distance in the rear of her own residence." The stranger, without turning to note the effect which this intelligence produced upon the farmer, then bade him good-night, and walked on rapidly up the road. Dean called after him for the purpose of gaining some further particulars of the case, but he either did not hear, or affected not to hear; he turned not back, and soon disappeared in the growing darkness.

Some questions were asked Mr. Dean which are not of sufficient importance to be noted here. The character of the deponent was above doubt or reproach; he was well known to be a man of strict integrity, and it was impossible to discredit his evidence, extraordinary as it appeared. Not the slightest disbelief existed in the minds of any persons present that everything had occurred exactly as he stated. The coroner, however, put two or three questions, the substance of which he seemed to read from a slip of paper handed him by a prominent lawyer sitting near him. They were carefully weighed,



evidently, and as they created some surprise in the minds of those who heard them, it will be best to let the reader judge of their importance and significance for himself. They were: as to whether Mr. Dean was acquainted with Colonel Dalby; whether he had ever seen him; whether he had ever heard his appearance described in any conversation which had ever taken place concerning him. All these interrogatories received negative replies. Dean, it appeared, had never seen Colonel Dalby; did not know that he had ever taken part in any conversation in which his name had been mentioned.

Here the case closed, but the interest in it had greatly increased, and the town was full of excitement concerning it. Persons had already set out in the direction of Abbeville in pursuit of the stranger who had so unaccountably given Mr. Dean information of Kate Wilton's death twelve hours before the discovery of the body by the wagoner. Inquiries were made throughout the whole town of every person and at every house, which served only to increase the mystery that now began to close about the sad fate of the young girl. No such person as the farmer described had been seen in F——. In a country town, far removed from the great highways of travel, strange arrivals are noticed and commented on with a closeness of observation and attention little known in large cities. It would therefore have been utterly impossible for a stranger of the peculiar appearance described by Dean to have been in F—— in the daytime, as he represented, or even to have so much as passed through town unseen and unmarked by many. Were there persons in F—— who had seen him and had grave reasons for keeping silence on the subject? Such a supposition was unnatural, and based on hardly a possibility. Had this man by accident come upon the river-bank just as Kate Wilton ceased to struggle with the cruel waters and went down for the last time? Had he been seized with terror at the sight and straightway fled, fearing that suspicion would attach to him, an utter stranger, if he waited to make known what had happened? Had the uncontrollable impulse seized him three hours later to disburden his mind of the dreadful secret when he halted at the gate and told the farmer the news from F——? But how explain the fact that he knew the name of the deceased and of her family, he, a man whom, so far, no one but Dean had ever seen? If, on the contrary, he had murdered the girl, what could have been the motives prompting the commission of the deed? No violence had been done, the jewelry which she wore was still upon her person, so that clearly robbery could not explain it. And then, what madness for a murderer, flying from the scene of his guilt, to stop within a few miles of the place, and converse without apparent fear and emotion on the subject!

As all this mystery increased, and the probabilities grew stronger that a foul and inexplicable crime had been committed, the interest of the people of F—— grew stronger, and their pity for the girl and sympathy with the bereaved family became more intense. All that day business of every sort was virtually suspended, and groups everywhere were anxiously discussing the matter, and impatiently awaiting the return of those who had gone to Abbeville in pursuit of the stranger. These returned about nightfall, but without him of whom

they had gone in quest. Not only had they failed to come up with the wretch who, they verily believed, was flying from human justice with the guilt of human blood upon his hands, but they had almost utterly failed to gain any intelligence of him. Henry Dean's son (they had learned), the evening before, was crossing a wheat-field, coming towards the house, and saw a man leave his father at the gate and walk up the road. Two miles farther on a negro boy, driving cows home just at dusk, had passed a man with a bundle on his shoulder. But at Abbeville no one had seen or heard of such a man. There had been but one arrival there—that of a carriage which was driven through the village about eight o'clock in the evening. Those who saw the vehicle recognised it as the carriage of a widow lady of the neighborhood who had that day gone to F——.

But the dead demand from the living sad final duties which may not be neglected or deferred. Human skill cannot revivify cold clay, human industry cannot always avenge upon the living the wrongs that cry for justice from the ashes of the dead. The remains of Kate Wilton and of the stranger who had died at the Eagle Hotel were consigned to the grave on the following morning. The tender feelings evoked by the untimely end of the young girl were extended in sympathy to Jonathan Fisher's guests, who, although unknown to all, were in trouble and affliction, and therefore challenged pity. Both funerals, which took place within an hour of each other, were attended by large crowds; and the blooming maiden and the long-suffering old man lay at rest a few yards apart in the cemetery of F——.

The time was to come, but not until decay and dissolution had mingled in indistinguishable dust all trace of youth's beauty, grace, and loveliness, when the woful story was to be clearly told; the time was to come when those who stood beside Kate's grass-grown grave should clearly know what cruel hand crushed out the young life, and hurled the frail and inanimate form into the tossing waters. Ay, and those who thereafter related the mournful history would couple together the names of the two who were buried there on that 25th of June, 1843.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## REVIEWS.

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*Reginald Archer. A Novel.* By Anne M. Crane Seemuller. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

WHAT first strikes the critical reader of Mrs. Seemuller's novels is the fact that she is strong in just those points where most of our female writers are weak. She is mistress of a style as free from affectation as it is from carelessness, and notably lucid, nervous, direct and expressive — what we might call a *manly* style. She also possesses a peculiar power of conceiving a complete and definite character, and of bringing that character, even though it be in itself improbable, before us with the solidity and firm outline of life. Grant that such a personage existed, and we can see that he would have acted even so. And this result is not so much brought about by the dramatic method, in which her strength does not lie ; but by what we may call the scientific or analytical method, giving us continually an insight into the characters of her personages, as the motive to their actions, and deciphering their actions with the key of character. This method imparts to her work, as a characteristic feature, a scientific firmness and precision, and gives the author herself, in relation to her work, a scientific calmness and grave interest in what she exhibits.

The characters in this story are few, and of these but two are complete studies : the hero, and his brother Tom Archer. Of the two, Tom is the better drawn, as he is, unquestionably, the truest to nature. The typical merchant, intelligent, prompt, laborious, of strict business honor, delighting in his calling not merely for the wealth and position it brings him, though he is far from undervaluing those, but chiefly that in it all his faculties find their full play and recognition, and the consciousness of mastery makes all his work a pleasure. The character is then rounded by the exhibition of other qualities belonging to another plane : his irrepressible fondness for the worthless brother, whom as man of honor and merchant he utterly despises — the conflict between admiration and abhorrence of the handsome, clever, fearless scoundrel. To this add his love for Christie, and the stern resignation with which he sees that he has no chance the instant Reginald enters the field ; his love for and reliance upon the "divine idiot," Arnold ; his paroxysms of desperate scorn of the very gifts and position which are his pride, and his grim acquiescence in being looked upon by the rest as "a mere walking porte-monnaie or check-book" — all give that apparent inconsistency founded upon radical consistency, that duplicature of nature which distinguishes, in reality or fiction, the concrete personality from the general type, the living man from the abstraction.

The character of Reginald is, in an artistic point of view, inferior



to that of Tom, because of its greater abstractness, leading to exaggeration. Desiring to make him a beautiful animal, the author has exaggerated both the beauty and the animality, not merely beyond probability, but beyond the requirements of the story. The man could have been made dangerously fascinating to women without making him "as beautiful as an antique statue"—"a radiant demigod," or telling us that he "talked like an enchanter" and "spread an intellectual feast for his listeners"—of which feast, by the way, the reader is never allowed to partake. The beauty, of course, we have to take on trust; but we might have been treated to some crumbs from the banquet of wit, genius, eloquence, wisdom, and sentiment which he so lavishly spread. And in like manner he could have been made abundantly sensual and corrupt, without being represented as absolutely without soul and conscience—devoid of the sense of honor or shame, without pity and without remorse. Such human fiends and Frankenstein monsters belong to the stock in trade of writers far inferior in power to Mrs. Seemuller. Still his respect for Tom, curiously mingled with contempt for him as a mere drudge, his thorough comprehension and appreciation of qualities which he neither shares nor desires, his candor in looking all facts and possibilities honestly in the face, and his artistic criticism of his own sayings and doings, are highly characteristic touches, which give him a vivid personality.

As for the plan and general character of this novel, we may say that it belongs to, or rather stands at the head of its class—a class which seems to be on the increase in this country—the novel which derives all its interest from unlawful sexual relations. And we use the words "at the head of its class," advisedly. For as in science or speculation, the disciple who carries doctrines to legitimate conclusions is in reality the chief of his school; so, given profligacy as the thesis of a novel, the novelist who develops it in the highest flagrancy, is fairly in advance of all the rest. And it must, we think, be admitted that the mere occasional seducer or adulterer as a hero can bear no comparison with one whose whole life, both before and after marriage, is passed in gross and promiscuous libertinage. And what further justifies us in giving this work the highest position among stories of its kind, is the scientific method with which, as we mentioned before, the thesis is handled. There is no attempt at sentimental disguises, no palliation sought in overmastering passion: we are frankly told, without gauzes or veils, that Reginald lived only for sensual gratification, and that his set consisted of male profligates and of "fair sinners," as she calls one class, or "professional women," as she terms another, using the proper technicality with scientific precision. To several of this set we are introduced in the course of the story, and their habits, so far as they are at all describable, detailed with conscientious minuteness.

Into society of this quality Reginald plunges Christie, the young and innocent girl whom he has married for her wealth, indifferent whether the shock of discovery shall be fatal to her, or whether she shall be degraded to his own level. And indeed we are ourselves left some time in doubt how the trial will result. Certain of her husband's

female friends tempt her to "have a good time," as they term it, and "her own nature," we are told, "made the same subtle suggestions." It is emphatically pointed out that the temptation came not in the form of solicitation to a single definite sin, but in the promptings of her own nature to revenge the deception by utter abandonment of herself. In replying to Mrs. Conrad, who advises her "to amuse herself with other men," "she was replying to herself, to the world without, and the flesh and the devil within." "When this belief"—that "purity and devotion are better than all the pleasures and animal gratifications this earth can offer"—"was crushed out, her moral nature would die a natural death, and she would become, like her husband, a well-bred animal, gratifying her instincts with as little sense of sin as now troubled him."

If this be true to nature, it surpasses the most hideous pictures of moral disease by the most cynical of satirists. That on discovering her husband's real character, Christie might lose faith in man and almost in God, may be true; that a special temptation might sorely try her, is not improbable; but could such a woman as she is represented to be, have under any circumstances to wrestle with such a temptation as this? Is this Mrs. Seemuller's conception of the trial that would beset a young and innocent wife who found her husband false to her?

And now comes in the question, what is the object of the work—what great motive can justify a writer—especially a woman of pure heart and mind—to diagnose this social leprosy, and to drag her readers' imaginations as well as her own through this cloaca of impurity? Has it been her unutterable misfortune to be brought in contact with society such as she describes with such apparent fulness of knowledge, and is her work intended to warn them that the end of these things is death? But the end of all life is death; and in this story it is the good who suffer, lose, and renounce, while the bad go gaily on, having their "good time," and illustrating in their lives the soundness of their easy Epicurean faith.

The chief sinner among the women after the catastrophe, "openly adopts the existence for which she was naturally fitted. She lives in more luxury than ever before," and "has a wider, stronger influence over one portion of society." "No outward punishment has fallen upon her, and I can not learn that she is troubled by any pang of conscience or remorse. Old age may tell a sadly different tale; but as yet there is no evidence that she has found sin other than a brilliant speculation both as to pleasure and as to profit."

True, Reginald's gay career is cut short by a pistol-bullet, but so is the life of the man he has wronged; and on his death-bed he seems to be convinced that his lot has been pleasant to the end, or as he phrases it, he is "a dog that has had his day."

But the author herself tells us what moral this gay society drew from the tragedy which closed Reginald's life of pleasure. "He did not run a very edifying career, perhaps," is their summing-up; "but he certainly enjoyed himself extremely."

Is it then to the innocent, to the pure, to the maidens who are to be wives and mothers, that Mrs. Seemuller feels it incumbent upon her

to preach this dubious moral, and to point it by introducing them to the Mrs. Lesters, the Mrs. Conrads, the Mrs. Van Arsdales, and their luxury, their lubricious fascinations, and all their works and ways? Does she think that in this way they will be fortified against perils to which they might otherwise succumb? For our own part we should think that a maiden to whom the pictures and details are not abhorrent, will reap but small profit from the bits of moralising which attend them. Other explanations might be suggested as to the motives which impelled the author to the selection of such a theme, and its treatment in such a manner; but for ourselves we prefer to consider it a mystery, and not even to hazard a conjectural solution.

W. H. B.

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*New School History of the United States of America.* By J. S. Blackburn and W. N. McDonald, A. M. Fourth Edition, Revised. Baltimore: W. J. C. Dulany & Co. 1871.

FROM the notices which accompany this volume, as well as from its change of title, we learn that the authors have intended in this edition to correct the error into which they fell at first,—the tempting fallacy that exaggerated and partisan statements were best rectified by corresponding exaggeration and partisanship on the other; a course which may have its effects upon the political hustings, or pass unrebuked in the heat of debate, but must vitiate the title of any work in which it is adopted, to the name of History. We are glad to see that in this new edition the error spoken of has been in great part corrected; and though the history of the dissensions and war between the States is written unequivocally from a Southern point of view—which we do not in the least condemn, but indeed approve—and there is a natural and pardonable tendency to bring Southern successes into prominence rather than Southern defeats, on the whole this part of the narrative is written in a spirit of fairness, and marked by a laudable desire to present facts rather than the historians' way of viewing those facts. We must object, however, to the length of this section, which is swelled to undue proportion by accounts of small and indecisive engagements, unimportant movements, etc., until it occupies a fifth of the whole book, thus wasting a large part of the pupil's time if he be expected to study the whole volume, or needlessly increasing the book's cost if the study of this part be curtailed—both matters of importance in a work which is designed for a textbook in the public schools.

But a conscientious desire to present facts, however essential, does not by any means sum up all the necessary qualifications of the historian. He should have both the means and the ability to investigate the evidence in disputed points, and to discriminate between rumors or traditions and historic truth, at the same time making the distinction clear to his readers. He should also have a fair share of organizing power, so as to work up his materials into a coherent and continuous narrative; and sufficient practice and taste in literary composition to clothe that narrative in a pure and simple style. In these respects we regret that we can not award this book so large a



measure of praise as, from our sympathy with the object of its authors, would be agreeable to us.

We will take for examination a few pages at the commencement, which will illustrate the faults to which we refer.

Between the various tribes of Red men found by the first European explorers of America, "there was an *apparent* diversity in language and in many other respects." Now the diversity in language and customs was not merely *apparent* but actual, and very striking, as indeed our authors presently admit. The tribes living within the present limits of the United States "were as wild and savage as the beasts which they hunted." This would be an exaggeration if said of the wildest races of Savage Africa; and as applied to the Indians, it is altogether unpardonable. They were so far "wild" that their life was nomadic, and so far "savage" that many of their habits were barbarous and cruel; but they had laws, or established customs with the force of laws, worship, a religion which included a belief in a future state and a Great Spirit, traditions, families, marriage, alliances, treaties, a complex tribal organization, and much more; and to call them "as wild and savage as beasts," is a flagrant abuse of language.

"From the belief that the new land was a part of Asia, its inhabitants were called Indians." To make this intelligible to children the authors should have explained that the Southern parts of Asia were anciently called by the general term of "India" or "the Indies," that it was to seek a western route to these that the first explorers set out, and that when they discovered the shores of the new continent they imagined that it was India they had reached, and spoke of the inhabitants as Indians. "There is little evidence of their [the Red men] ever having come from that country" [Asia]. If the authors have ever found one particle of *evidence* of such an origin, they would confer a great favor upon ethnology by making it known. But we fear that they do not sufficiently appreciate the distinction between evidence and fanciful speculation.

"The difficulty of accounting for the presence of the Indian in this country has induced some persons to affirm that he is not a descendant of Adam." The difficulty of accounting for his presence is a mere bagatelle compared with the radical differences of physical structure, traditions, language, and customs, which seem to the minds of many distinguished men of science (whom our authors call "some persons") irreconcilable with the doctrine of a common origin with the races of Asia and Europe. "This, however, is contrary to the teaching of the Bible, and can not be received." This argument, however valid in theology, has no place in a scientific treatise, which this is at least intended to be.

We shrewdly suspect that our authors have never read the *Periplus* of Hanno, to whom they refer as having "left the shores of Africa behind him and sailed westward for thirty days"; which was precisely the thing that Hanno did not do, as he was sent out to plant colonies, and did nothing but *coast* the shore of Africa, stopping almost daily, as the narrative of the expedition records. Nor would they, we think, had they read it, have assigned a date 200 or 250 years too early for this famous voyage. At what date do they

suppose Carthage was built, if Hanno sailed from it "about 800 B. C."?

But our historians are evidently more at ease when they emerge from the hazy regions of conjecture and tradition into the finer air and "dry light" that crown the heights of *à priori* reasoning and metaphysical speculation. There must have been a more civilised race "prior to the advent of" [*sic*] the Indians, for "that the majestic rivers and fertile valleys of America should, for thousands of years, have beheld no human faces but those of ignorant and brutal barbarians, *seems inconsistent with the fitness of things.*" Certainly the sufferings of the rivers and valleys must have been acute; but as these barbarians had to be somewhere, we do not see what special claim to exemption from beholding them the American rivers and valleys had to prefer. But our authors in borrowing Philosopher Square's celebrated argument, have unfortunately not borrowed his dexterity in manipulating it. For according to their views they must hold that it is more consistent with "the fitness of things" that a more highly civilised people\* should have flourished in America for thousands of years, and then been exterminated by an invasion of these brutal barbarians who *accidentally* drifted across the Pacific (see the preceding section) all at once and in sufficient numbers for the purpose,—more consistent, they hold, with the fitness of things, than that the sensitive valleys and rivers should have suffered from beholding the latter. Our own sympathy for the valleys and rivers is very great; but not equal to that which we feel for this nebulous highly civilised race, who not only beheld, but were slaughtered and probably eaten by the brutal barbarians.

For ourselves, finding the air in these teleological altitudes rather attenuated, it is a relief when we come to the firm ground of authentic history, which we are glad to find our authors beginning with the story of Columbus. True, for one moment they diverge to speak of the voyage of Madoc as related by "Welsh historians," and we were on the *qui vive* to learn the name of one of these historians; but it was only what in Music is called a *suspension*—a mere lingering reminiscence of the fitness of things; and we feel we are on terra firma when we come to a bold manly statement like this: "The mere accident of having been storm-driven to the coast of America, *reflects credit upon no one*; and still less [than upon no one?] if the opportunity which the event afforded was not made use of in some way or other"—as for instance by the brutal barbarians.

But newly acquired boldness is apt to run into audacity, as is well shown by the novel and surprising statement that the idea of the rotundity of the earth was original with Columbus. We had always been under the impression that this, and the existence of antipodes, were doctrines of venerable antiquity; that the Stoics taught them, and were ridiculed by Lucretius for so teaching; that they finally came to be accepted by all the old geographers, such as Strabo, some

\* Our authors surmise that this people may have been "the Incas of Peru," whom they take to have been a *people*; and whose rude water-pots, pipes and whistles, found in the *huacos*, they say, "*indicate a style of workmanship not inferior to the best of the present age,*" that is, are equal to the master-pieces of Dresden and Sévres: a statement which, to our mind, "*indicates a style*" of imperviousness to common sense.

of whom, Ptolemy for instance, made no very bad calculation of the earth's circumference from the measurement of an arc of latitude. The very objection raised by some of the adversaries of Columbus, that when he had *descended* the half of the globe he would not be able to *ascend* the other, shows that the earth's rotundity was an admitted fact at the time.

Before quitting the story of Columbus, we may mention that no allusion is made to his *fourth* voyage, which lasted two years and nine months, and in which he made many important discoveries.

The narrative of the Salem Witchcraft delusion, the most extraordinary episode in American history, occupies two pages, and it is really surprising how many errors have been crowded into this small space, when the materials for an accurate statement of the principal facts are so abundant and accessible.

"It broke out," we are told, "at the house of Mr. Parris, whose children being strangely affected, he was led to attribute their condition to witchcraft." The facts that Mr. Parris was the minister of the village, that he and a special friend of his were on ill terms with many of the parishioners, and that these were marked out as the chief victims — which give the key to the mystery — are not mentioned. But *one* child of Mr. Parris was affected, and it was a committee of investigation composed of ministers who pronounced them bewitched. "An Indian servant woman in his employment was thought to be the guilty cause, and was accordingly well whipped. The punishment was so severe that with the hope of getting relief she confessed that she was a witch." The Indian woman was Mr. Parris's *slave*; she was denounced by the girls to the magistrates, and made a free confession. There is no evidence that any severity was used to extort it; and it is more than probable that the whole affair was pre-arranged. In the account of the trials there is also much confusion, which we will not now stop to disentangle. "One of the ordeals of trial was as follows: the accused was thrown into the water: if she swam she was guilty; if she sank she was innocent." Our authors are probably here drawing upon their recollections of Hopkins's cruelties in England more than half a century before, or of the superstitions of the Dark Ages. No ordeal of the kind was resorted to in Salem. "One minister, while upon the scaffold, insisted upon his innocence and solemnly declared there was no such thing as witchcraft." From this it would be naturally inferred that several ministers were executed; whereas there was but one, who did indeed protest his innocence upon the scaffold, but did *not* deny the existence of witchcraft. "An old gray-headed man of eighty refused to stand his trial because he was sure of being convicted. The court, indignant at such Satanic obstinacy, ordered him to be *smothered* to death." What Giles Corey really did was to refuse to *plead* to his arraignment; and what he suffered was not "smothering," but a far more horrible thing — *pressing to death*, the penalty allotted by the old English law to such contumacy. It might also have been worth while to mention that this was the only case in which this atrocious cruelty was ever practised in this country. The account concludes with the statement that after the abolition of the special Court of Oyer and



Terminer, "there were no more convictions." There were three more convictions, but no more executions. And throughout the whole narrative the name of Salem is not mentioned once.

We do not find fault with Messrs. Blackburn and McDonald for giving a page to the inevitable "Boston tea-party," and the "men disguised as Indians," to which we believe it is the fashion to chant epinikian odes, as an act of superhuman heroism as well as patriotism. But in a work by Southern authors we did expect to see some notice of the tea-burning at Annapolis, which is at least quite as worthy of record. In hope that our authors may think it worth while to refer to this, at least in a note, in any future edition, we subjoin the brief but spirited account given in Onderdonk's *History of Maryland*:—

Every child is familiar with what is called "the tea party of Boston," but an affair equalling it in every respect was transacted at Annapolis, namely, the tea-burning—open and *undisguised*, shewing the high toned and manly trait that has always characterized a true Marylander—a willingness to assume the responsibility for all he does, and to abide the consequences.

On the 14th of October, the brig Peggy Stewart, arrived at Annapolis, having in its cargo a few packages of tea. The duty was paid by the owner of the vessel. The people were outraged at the attempt to fix upon them the badge of servitude, by the payment of the tax.

A meeting was held, at which it was determined that the tea should not be landed. The owner, fearing further trouble proposed to destroy the tea. But that was not sufficient punishment. The offence was a grave one, for had this attempt succeeded, it would have been followed by others more aggressive, and thus the very principle which was contended for, would have been overthrown in the end. It was the head of the ugly beast that was thrust in the door, and it must not only be *put* out, but *driven* out by blows, lest growing bold it should push its whole body in.

After much discussion, it was proposed to burn the vessel. The meeting did not consent to this, but many expressed their determination to raise a force to accomplish the brig's destruction.

Acting under the advice of Mr. Carroll of Carrollton, the owner seeing that the loss of his property was certain, and willing to repair his good name, even by that loss, proposed to destroy the vessel with his own hands. In the presence of the assembled multitude, he set fire to it with the tea on board—expiating his offence by the destruction of his property.

The striking features of this transaction, were not only the boldness with which it was executed, but the deliberation and utter carelessness of concealment in all the measures leading to its accomplishment.

Among the minor defects, which however are not unimportant in a work intended to be put into the hands of children, are the numerous instances of loose and ungrammatical construction and vicious style. For example:—Elizabeth was "*fully up* with the spirit of her age" (p. 30); "*most* individuals who have engaged in it, *generally* thought it necessary" (p. 51); Roger Williams was "*spoken of as an unreliable man*" (p. 52); "*he proposed to get embraced in his grant*" (p. 58); "*the Governor promised that he should be hung in a half an hour*" (p. 73); "*the right of colonization gave Holland the right to make settlements*" (p. 76) [we have always thought that the right of colonisation *was* the right to make settlements]; "*emigrate*" for *immigrate*, to the confusion of the sense (p. 78); "*Jesuitical*," for *Jesuit*, missionaries (p. 81); Penn's father "*loaned* the King money" (p. 88); "*what was once known as the Free and Slave States of the Union*" (p. 93); "*the prejudice against slavery was well calculated to exist*" (p. 112);

"their relations with things outside *was* to be within the scope" (p. 114); "their inventive genius had *gone no farther* than wooden spoons and dishes" (p. 115); "it was *not uncommon* for a father to appropriate *sometimes* for this purpose" (p. 116); "their leader, with nine others, *were* slain" (p. 115). Here is a curiously clumsy sentence: "This name [Tennessee] in the Indian language, signifies a 'curved spoon,' the curvature, to their imagination, resembling that of the river Tennessee." Here "the Indian language" is about as definite as "the European language" would be; "curved" is superfluous, and "their" has no antecedent noun. The construction is a specimen of *hysteron proteron*, or cart-before-the-horse: they called it Tennessee because they thought the river looked like a spoon; not because a spoon looked like the river.

We regret to see, in a chapter written in a charitable spirit worthy of all praise, such an unfortunate phrase as: "Though *we have been educated to despise* the Jesuits —" Messrs. Blackburn and McDonald may have been so educated (though we are bound to say we see no other evidence of it); but they have no right to suppose that the youth for whom their book is intended have been similarly unfortunate in their education.

On the whole, though we are very desirous to see in the hands of all Southern youth, a History of the United States prepared expressly for them, and giving to the glorious pages of Southern history, which most nearly concern us, the honorable distinction which is justly their due, yet we can not conscientiously recommend the work before us for this purpose — at least until it has undergone a thorough revision.

W. H. B.

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*Journal of a Young Lady of Virginia.* 1782. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

THIS is a diary kept by a young lady (whose name is not given) while visiting her friends, the Lees, Washingtons, and other families of Lower Virginia, and was intended only for the eye of her confidential friend, Miss Polly Brent. It is full of pleasant, lively gossip, and gives an entertaining insight into the domestic life, the fun, frolics and flirtations of our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers. Marginal notes identify the principal persons referred to.

It is particularly delightful to get thus a peep behind the scenes of that life of a hundred years ago which always seems to us so stately and ceremonious; to have the old pictures on our walls, as it were, come down in their swords and velvet coats, their powdered hair and stiff brocades, and have a romp before our very eyes. Our pretty diarist solemnly warns her Polly against a certain peril of matrimony, which is, she fears, "the bane of Female Friendship," and then goes out, evidently with her mind absorbed in this momentous theme, to take a walk with Mrs. C. Washington,—"but were prevented by the two horred Mortals, Mr. Pinkard and Mr. Washington, who seized me and kissed me a dozen times in spite of all the resistance I could make. They really think now they are married, they are prevaliged to do any thing."

But our diarist improves her mind with the literature of the day, and reports to her Polly her sentiments thereupon. She reads *Lady Julia Mandeville*, and "never cried more in her life reading a Novel: the stile is beautiful, but the tale is horrid." She reads "Pope's *Eloiza*"—"the poetry I think beautiful, but do not like some of the sentiments. Some of Eloiza's is too Ammorous for a female, I think." A very just remark: "too Ammorous" indeed!

When we have stated that the book is edited, with an introduction, by Miss Emily V. Mason, that the publishers have exerted themselves to make it a master-piece of dainty typography, and that it is published for the benefit of the Lee Memorial Association, we do not see that we need add any further words of recommendation.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Oral Method with German.* By Jean Gustave Keetels. 12mo. pp. 348. New York: Leypoldt, Holt & Williams.

*The Holcombes. A Story of Virginia Home-Life.* By Mary Tucker Magill. 12mo. pp. 290. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

*Among My Books.* 12mo. pp. 270. New York: E. J. Hale & Son.

*Words: their History and Derivation.* (Specimen Part). By Dr. F. Ebener and E. M. Greenway, Jr. Baltimore.

*Hand-Book of Anglo-Saxon and Early English.* By Hiram Corson, M. A., Professor in the Cornell University. 12mo. pp. 572. New York: Holt & Williams.

*The Wonders of the Heavens.* By Camille Flammarion. Translated by Mrs. Norman Lockyer. With 48 Illustrations. 12mo. pp. 289. New York: C. Scribner & Co.

*Abstract of Colenso on the Pentateuch.* 12mo. swd., pp. 48. New York: American News Co.

*New School History of the United States.* By J. S. Blackburn and W. N. McDonald, A. M. (Fourth Edition, revised) 12mo. 510 pp. Baltimore: W. J. C. Dulany & Co.

*A Grammar-School History of the United States.* By Messrs. Blackburn and McDonald. 12mo. 241 pp. Baltimore: W. J. C. Dulany & Co.

*The Selfeggio.* By J. H. Rosewald. Baltimore: W. J. C. Dulany & Co.

*Over the Alleghanies and Across the Prairies.* By John Lewis Peyton. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.



## THE GREEN TABLE.

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IN the border-land between the Christian and the Turk, the region where the Danube winds its way through reedy flats to the Black Sea, where the terrible Kolumbacz fly, the *Furia Infernalis* of Linnæus, tortures and slays man and beast, and the far-stretching morasses reek with poisonous exhalations, there is—or used to be, for Europe has been so pulled and hauled about of late years that we no longer know what is and what is not—a long cordon of military posts, where faithful guards watched the frontier day and night, from year to year, and transmitted from generation to generation the hereditary vigilance by tenure of which they held their lands. And the object of this faithful watch and ward was to restrain and keep back a more fearful enemy than the Turk, were he never so ferocious or orthodox,—the dreaded Plague of the East, which seems to have in these putrid marshes its perennial nidus and procreant cradle.

Now there is a small phalanx of self-sacrificing men, to which we, albeit unworthy, have the honor to belong, who perform a similar duty—would that it were always done as faithfully!—for the general reading public. Little does that public think, as it eats and drinks, marries and is given in marriage, sleeps securely o' nights and arises refreshed in the morning, that it is menaced night and day with an irruption of *indifferent poetry* that beats like a furious surf against the line of brave defenders, and, if once they fell at their posts, would spread an inundation of doggerel all over the land.

And we, who with toil unspeakable hold back this unimaginable cataclysm, what thank have we? None or next to none, and vituperations without number. Obloquy is our daily food, and the chalice of revilings is ever offered to our lips. Nay, if we but, in the strict line of our duty, call out to our fellow guardsmen:—"Sentinelle, prenez garde à vous! Here comes the enemy, in that green or Bismarck uniform, trying to pass the line"—out breaks a vociferous clamor charging us with personal vindictiveness, with spite, or with discourtesy—when we are keeping out, as best we may, the plague that has already, through dereliction of duty, passed the line at many points, and is working us much mischief.

But our severest sufferings in this cause come from the soft hands of that too-charming sex whose blandishments we can never resist save when they accompany bad poetry. Here we are adamant; and in consequence are stuck through and through with needle-points of fine sarcasm. The cruellest, and therefore the favorite form of this mode of torture, is usually applied in this way:—

"Sir: *Impartial friends*" [the italics, you see, delicately convey the insinuation that we are a partial enemy] "have read the poems you *reject*, and consider that they would at *least* do *no discredit* to your Magazine. But you are the best judge, *of course*. Perhaps you will excuse my calling your attention to the inclosed slip from the pen of the brilliant and high-toned editor of the *Withlacoochie Bird of Freedom*, who, as you will see, is so unfortunate as to differ from you in his estimate of my powers.

"'HEART-THROBS: By *Cucuruchita*. These poems, by one of the most lovely and gifted daughters of our sunny South, are radiant with the divinest fire of genius'—etc., etc., etc.

But when the dagger is to be driven home, the manes of the late Mr. Prentice are always invoked, who seems, in his life-time, to have informed every contemporary writer—of the softer sex, at least—that she was the

most bewitching woman and the most transcendent genius in the South; and since his death is summoned, as compurgator-general, by all whose literary qualifications are called in question. And we are told, with that scathing irony which turns its victim's hair gray in a single hour, that these remarks are only quoted as a "slight palliation for unjustifiable presumption, as of course the *ability, learning and judgment* of Mr. Prentice can bear no comparison with those of the editor of the *Southern Magazine*." And we are left to rend our garments and strew ashes on our head.

But let not our readers think, from what presently follows, that we have been faithless at our post — that we have at last opened the highway and let the invader in. Far from it. What we here let pass is a little bevy of the smaller and younger folk, whom we have detained awhile until a little company was got together. And now, wishing them good cheer and welcome, we throw open the passage and send them singing on their way.

### THREE SONGS.

#### NOCTURNE.

##### I.

Utter thy plaining, whip-poor-will;  
The moon is pale, the air is chill,  
My lady's lattice dark and still.

No shadow flits athwart the blind,  
No lamp-light flickers in the wind  
In token that my love is kind.

Then let thy painful minor flow  
Into her dreaming ear of snow,  
And tell her of my utter woe!

##### II.

Break into trilling, mocking-bird;  
The sign is set, my song is heard:  
For love of me in sleep she stirred.

Were love and pride in conflict met?  
Perchance with shame her eyes are wet:  
Ah, could I kiss away regret!

Then chirp and twitter; be not coy,  
But pipe and flute without alloy,  
And tell her of my perfect joy!

#### SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Hair of the South,  
Lit by sunset golden;  
Faint-smiling mouth,  
Sweetest e'er beholden;  
Lashes of jet,  
On the pink cheek folden:  
Shall I close such repose?  
Ah, I cannot yet!

When kissed awake,  
 Let your eyes be tender ;  
 Meek for my sake  
 Your superb mouth render.  
 O damask rose !  
 Palm-tree crowned and slender !  
 Woe or bliss, in this kiss —  
 Lo, her eyes unclose !

FALL.

Fall on her, Snow ;  
 Unchecked by me, go seek  
 The gleam and glow  
 That dwelt in hair and cheek ;  
 Drift on her tranquil brow ;  
 Pale even the bright blue  
 Where erst young Mirth laughed through.  
 Thou'lt pass one day, fall on her now  
 Low, low.

Where the rainbow  
 Of emerald spans air  
 Thou'lt vanish, Snow,  
 From youth with golden hair.  
 Angels shall stay their wings  
 And muse, with rapt surprise  
 Illumining their eyes ;  
 Touching the while the shining strings  
 Low, low.

MARY CARROLL.

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

ὦ φθέρ' γ' μ', ἀφίχου ;

—ΣΟΦ. ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ.\*

O, art thou come again, sweet marvellous singer,  
 Whose strains kaleidoscopic on the heart  
 Repaint youth's joys with most unrivaled art ?  
 Oft as in by-gone days thou wert the bringer  
 Of mirrored and prismatic countless joys,  
 Grief now thy gladliest tones deftly employs,  
 And thou, at last, of sorrow art a part.  
 The western clouds the morning's sun illumines,  
 Obscure at eve his glory with their glooms :  
 O, nevermore can thy gay strains impart  
 The joy of eld unmingled with the tones  
 Which swell on ceaseless memory in moans,  
 Forgetless of the loved and lost, now laid  
 Forever 'neath thy song in this lone glade.

W. G. MACADOO.

\* "O, voice, art thou come?" The language of Electra to Orestes in the *Electra* of Sophocles.



## RUTH'S ANSWER.\*

As I sit 'neath the orange-trees, your words come over the viewless sea,  
Like a flock of golden feathered birds, on the wings of minstrelsy;  
While the tender daylight flits away, on the perfumed breezes borne,  
Beyond the chime of the distant stars, to the jasper gates of morn.

I weave, 'neath the gaze of those pure, true eyes, an everlasting crown  
Of tissues, limning the clear expanse of light on the golden down;  
For the manly brow, where the peace of God sits throned in holy grace,  
With the majesty of memory a gleam on thy calm, sad face.

Oh! the agony instead of joy—foregone for our love's sweet sake,  
In the gloom of a wordless anguish, though our hearts in silence spake;  
For we knew the work in store for us bore a recompense of pain,  
Through the summer-growth of golden sheaves to the garner-time of grain.

But the immortalities of life grow out of our common clay,  
And the infinite of time beyond is girt with an eveless day;  
There are better things in the world than joy, more hallowed than rest,  
And the consciousness of duty done is a heritage most blest.

And sweeter far the draught of bliss when the weary strife is done,  
When the reapers claim reward for toil, and the harvest wealth be won;  
And our souls shall still more closely twine, in the time we needs must wait,  
For the mystic touch on lip and heart, of the life that came so late.

LATONA.

\*To Barton Grey's poem in the April No. of THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE.

## SCOTCH TRANSLATION

## OF ÆSOP'S ANTS AND GRASSHOPPER.

The level sun was peepin' out,  
Ae cauld an' glitterin' winter day;  
The ants were harlin' out their grub,  
To dry it in the sunny ray.

A grasshopper baith lank an' lean,  
Cam hirplin' owre the frost fu' slow,  
An' sought a bit to dit his gab—  
A dizen seeds o' aits or so.

Then said the ants, Ye lazy tyke,  
What did ye a' the simmer lang?  
Qouth he, "I never thought o' meat,  
But aye I lilted an' I sang."

Syne leuch the ants baith loud an' lang,  
An' geekin at the chap askance,  
They said, "In simmer gif ye sang,  
In winter streek your houghs an' dance."

## A SONG.

Day is a silver veil  
God draws across the stars ;  
Night is a mourning-veil  
The heavens wear for wars ;  
Life is a bridal veil,  
Cross-wrought with gems and scars.

Day dazzles, and destroys  
The mellow lights of truth ;  
Night blinds us to our joys  
With tears for the day's ruth ;  
Life's cross-work vague decoys  
The strong right arm of youth.

Ere long, through noon-day fire  
Truth's stars burn all the time ;  
Ere long, the heavens tire  
Of Night's sad pantomime ;  
Ere long, Life's veiled desire  
In God finds rest sublime.

SIDNEY and CLIFFORD LANIER.

## A SEA-SHORE GRAVE.

TO M. J. L.

O wish that's vainer than the plash  
Of these wave-whimsies on the shore :  
"Give us a pearl to fill the gash—  
God, let our dead friend live once more !"

O wish that's stronger than the stroke  
Of yelling wave and snapping levin :  
"God, lift us o'er the Last Day's smoke,  
All white, to Thee and her in Heaven !"

O wish that's swifter than the race  
Of wave and wind in sea and sky :  
"Let's take the grave-cloth from her face,  
And fall in the grave, and kiss, and die !"

Look ! High above a glittering calm  
Of sea and sky and kingly sun,  
She shines and smiles, and waves a palm—  
And now we wish Thy will be done !

SIDNEY and CLIFFORD LANIER.

## SUMMER.

Beneath the tents of April's misty green  
Young Summer plays till May flowers burst in bloom ;  
Awhile she slumbers on crushed roses red,  
Then feels in dreams the thrilling kiss of June,

And hears the whispering voices of the fields  
 Which call. Lo, she awakes, and all the hills  
 Greet Cloudland with thin waves of purpled light !  
 From masts and sails on Heaven's unpictured blue,  
 Now here, now there the mystic shadows fly  
 O'er swaying plains of yellow bearded wheat.  
 Through ranks of corn with rustling swords of green  
 She moveth, scattering gold dust from her hair,  
 And blushing sets July, a flower of fire,  
 A topaz on the bosom of the year.

JENDWINE.

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 REMEMBRANCE.

(READING AN OLD LETTER AT SIXTY.)

"'Twas the eighteenth, sweet, of June,  
 When the heavens were all near ;  
 All the harvests were in bloom,  
 Larks and thrushes singing clear.

"Life drew life,—oh, shy and sweet,  
 Heart to heart was drawn at last !"  
 Eyes of splendor, lips of bloom,  
 All your sweetness now is past !

Eighteenth day of vanished June !—  
 Ah, your sunshine fades away ;  
 All forgotten is the tune !  
*What was it was said that day ?*

E. F. M.

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 ROSE LEAVES.

On her bright hair, rose leaves flutter down,  
 Blushing in their redness, trembling in their joy ;  
 Filling air with fragrance, forming beauty's crown,  
 Softly, swiftly, joyously, rose leaves flutter down !

O'er her dear head, still they flutter down ;  
 Whether in their redness matters little now,  
 For above her fair form lies a white grave-stone :  
 Sadly, slowly, silently, rose leaves flutter down.

L. RICHMOND.



THE  
SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1871.

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SPIDER'S-WEB PAPERS.\*

I.

IT is said by those who pretend to know, that one of the most serious tasks of an author is to select a fit title for his production. Fortunately for me, the nature of the papers I propose to write saves all trouble of this kind. They name themselves: for, as the spider weaves his web with cunning skill and knows not what he may catch first or last, so do I write; as the spider entangles gnats, or flies, or bees, or anything which comes in his way, and draws from them all their juices, so do I propose to do; as the spider has sometimes the ill-luck to entangle a large bug which buzzes and jerks and tears his meshes to tatters, so, must I fear, will sometimes be my fate; and, finally, as when walking out on a calm summer morning there is not a more beautiful object to be seen than a spider's web gemmed with dew, so do I hope to make my papers attractive. I do not ask you as a fly to come into my parlor; but as a brother or sister spider I cordially invite you to enter, to keep quiet, and to be patient.

My intention to make my web sparkling and beautiful very naturally suggests style, and matter of writing in general. The AUTHOR then comes buzzing along as our first prey. Pray Heaven he may not prove too much for our slender threads!

As spiders we should be at least practical entomologists; and

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from my observation of this insect I am convinced that he is not properly understood in all his varieties.

There are two principal species, so different, however, as almost to amount to distinct genera. The type of the first is the bee. There is the ordinary hive-bee, clean, cleanly, and industrious to store up honey, borne by strong, smooth wings, and armed with a sting which makes him and his a dangerous sort of cattle. Then there is the ponderous Johnsonian bumble-bee, which comes droning along, disturbing the air. He makes so much noise and struggles so that the little honey he contains is not worth the trouble, entanglement and din one has to undergo to secure him. There is then the swift hornet, who resembles the type, but is no honey-bee for all that; a regular flesh-eater, who shoots like a minié-ball through your web. But there is another kind which has been seen but so rarely that it is certain he is from no earthly hive, but has wandered from a heavenly abode, a solitary bee, to gather honey from earthly flowers. To the very acute and practised eye he is stronger, smoother, and more sheeny of wing, and armed with a more mortal sting than our common bee, which dwells in colonies and which we may sometimes catch and exhaust of his stores; but, alas! few have ever been so wise and so closely observant as to recognise by their presence these heavenly visitants, which usually have passed while here for merely more able specimens from the hive. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Shakspeare, Milton, Goethe, and Cervantes, have been such solitary bees. Part of their stores they have left upon the leaves to attract and refresh all insect life, but the chief and more precious part they have borne off with them. This kind of bees, however, is so rare, and the other kinds are so useful in the main, and so dangerous for us spiders to meddle with, that we will let them alone.

The other species, infinitely divided into varieties, are more easily mastered and examined. Here comes one. Oh what a pretty object, as with graceful lightness his gorgeously colored wings bear him hovering here and there among the flowers! Here he comes — bip! right into our net. How he flutters his great wings, which impede themselves by their own size and light material! You need not retreat. Rush on him and he is soon overpowered. But what fluff you get into eyes and nostrils as you try to reach a vital part, or to find his store of sweets! Examine closely the fluffy particles and you perceive that they are feathers, whose resplendent hues are caused by the arrangement of their fibres to refract and reflect the light to your imagination. Mere feathers; blow them away and you have beneath a flimsy texture of wing, and a small body, often, in some varieties offensive to sight and smell, and destitute of the very smallest minim of honey — nay, often, in some of the most splendid, exuding bitter and blistering poison.

In an investigation so vast and varied as this, to be minute is to be tiresome, unless we intend to make the subject a main labor of our lives. So I, as a good and prudent Professor, will take only two or three differing specimens and show the general rules which apply. And to do this in order I must first give you the philosophy of the feathers, and then we will come to the body and substance. I will be

careful to select specimens which, though they may flutter and smell badly, have no mortal sting which can pierce the investigator. The harm they do is in the eggs they lay, which afterwards hatch into worms.

As the butterfly has its arrangements of feathers which make the marks and hues by which it attracts and is distinguished, so has the author his words, phrases, and tricks of words and phrases, and combinations of words and phrases, making the hues which render him plain or resplendent. Let us examine the feathers on this gentleman's fine wings, and learn, if we can, the "trick" of them. Keep very quiet now while I read off what I discover. Hillo! what's here? Listen!

TULLUS AUFIDIUS (*Tuli Fidem?* my Laërtiades, my Ulysses! — we must, perforce, take fair Anticlea's word for it) — Aufidius, or Attius, *vel* Actius — what matter, so we know the man himself, and he be great! Tullus, I say, the faithful and the great, when with brent brows in Austral wrath (*"Austeritas"*? — methinks the word-compellers hath it so) he drew his Volscian steel, and whirling it (*ἐκ ομφαλὸς ὑπερ κεφαλῆς*, of Euripides) exclaimed in thundering tones, "*Divinare, donat Apollo!*" and straightway —

Pshaw! this is a poor philologer, or, as he would be classed in his own style, one of the philologeroides. He is of but the smallest use to us spiders; and the greatest harm he does is to impose his "little Latin and less Greek," mixed with bad English, upon the world as learning, and thus lead the world to depreciate learning. There are numerous varieties, or sub-varieties of this variety, and I have here in this corner of my web specimen feathers from many of them. Here is one who seems to reverse a little our first friend's style, and to know little Greek and less Latin — for instance:

"Κροισος 'Αλω διαβας μεγαλην αρχην καταλυσει," saith Suidas. Alas that it should have been expunged from the Father of History! But so it is. Loss and confusion — *συγχυσις και*. But why give the sorrowful word? *Laus! Los!! Loss!!!* — terrible Trope! Confounding Catachresis!! But let us proceed with our touching tale —

But, hang the fellow's story! Here is a circle of feathers, making a bright spot on one of the *Orchestrian Megalopods*, which is far more interesting:

Advance, *Mi-Ladi*, fair and meek, with bow'd head; advance, and render homage at the shrine of him — suggestive Pronoun! Ah, 'tis passing strange that angels should be Hes! *Miladi* always says "Hes' shrine"; and she's right.

But let me not abandon myself to *Bandinage*.

The fair *fiancée* approached, and threw herself with languid grace *a genoux* upon an ottoman. Genius had conquered her. It was not in her proud and haughty sex to withstand the *convenances* of mighty mind allied to the deepest depths of scientific lore. Disease with its fell *circonstances* had flown away. She smiled a smile demure, and gurgled out in mellifluous accents, "Yes, Doctor, this morn, at earliest dawn, I swallowed *mon medicin* as you dirigé." And then with playful archness she added: "Give me not, I pray you, more doses so *desgoustant*," —

Ah, is not this a sweet, sweet story? What a pity that ignorant printers and more careless and ignorant proof-readers will give us such wretched French! To us who know French, it quite disfigures the charms of such a dear delightful creature as the heroine. These miserable printers! But, fortunately, every one does not know



French ; nor does every one know Latin and Greek, German, Italian or Spanish — and I have specimen feathers from all these, and many more *dilettanti*, here at hand.

The fact is, that an author of genius *and* reputation could write a book in which he might manufacture all his foreign words, and all his historical, mythological, and traditional characters and incidents, and if his story were at all interesting, all his invention would go down with his readers as true learning. The unlearned would not know the difference ; and the really learned, with characteristic deference and modesty, and knowing the danger of controversy with the irritable genus, would pass the false facts by as beyond them, while they would smile at the burlesque upon language as a mere joke which some persons might find amusing.

But to return, it will perhaps interest you to examine some less apparently fluffy specimens. Here is one of the most popular modern school — the manly English :

Sir Guy rode on and on o'er stour and brake. A noble scion was he of a noble stock. Long and large of limb, Sir Galahad would have thought twice before attacking him ; brawny of shoulder and noble of countenance, Guinivere would have been proud of him as her son. Sir Galahad would have had reason — for from one of his bitterest foes was Sir Guy descended ; Lady Guinivere would have had reason, for her blood did flow in his veins. But now there was no thought beneath Sir Guy's massive brow of kin, or eke of Holy Grail. A *grêle* of anguish was upon him, for the Lady Constance had wept sore, and it but added to his grief that his rejection should have been accompanied by signs of such deep feeling.

Bedight was he with spurs, yet he heeded them not ; with cords and tops, and all that Prout & Offut, of St. James, Upper Marlboro, could make of most becoming to his stalwart form, but he heeded all that not. He was not in form. "Oh, what a muff, a guy, a spoon, was I !" was the lugubrious tune which crepitated with staccato movement through his mind — (we think in words, and words have rhythm as well as rhyme) — "Oh, what a very duffer was I to go to work so rashly !" And his great black horse yclept Saladin, which, like the master who him bestrode, was a noble progeny of a noble race, whilom of Araby the Blest, just then with quivering limbs bounded over the ox-fence down by the black gorse, the terror of the hunt, and covered full nineteen feet six inches of ditch beyond. Duff of Ours measured it carefully the next day with one of Cook & Brady's best, and for the next year lugged it into every conversation he held at the Gynesiscon, and the Shades, and the Cosmic, and all his other town clubs, and even at the Temple of Harmony.

(Let me here remark, in parenthesis, that this touch of nature in Duff — and a few others like it — is a point relied on by the author to give him rank as one of the realistic writers. But to proceed :)

No heed did Sir Guy pay to the hurtling through the air, no heed to the jolt of alighting with feet well together upon the farther bank, no heed to the dashing off again, Antæus-like, with renewed ardor. He rode with languid rein, and head bowed down. His heart was heavy. Poor Sir Guy ! *Gravi cura !*

And when night came, and all the guests were gathered around the castle's board, none drank so deeply as Sir Guy, and none could feel it less. Hereditary Hohe — Von T-us-nd H-nd-rt, of Ungarn ober W-ssel, exclaimed, "Blitzen und Schauen !" and the R-n Ambassador, Prince D-off, said : *Ma foi !* as he contemptively took snuff ; and the D-c de l'Isle Flamb-yant ejaculated : "Pristi !" and even the attachés looked on in open wonder. "*Sir Guy hat den harten kopf gefunden !*" was the naïve remark of the G-d D-ess of Neue Kart-feld to Lady Jane. "*Oder das herz verloren,*" was the prompt reply, with a pitying smile. The exclamations and remarks were unheeded by their subject, who sat silent and moody —

Calling your attention to the tremendous capacity the Sir Guys, in common with stage characters, have for not heeding, I will skip a few scores of pages which describe the Lady Constance, who is an impossible beauty, combining in herself a half-dozen irreconcilable traits of character and disposition. We will also leave out the enumeration of the "plunder," to use an Americanism, in Sir Guy's "apartments" in London; the precious articles of *virtu* and of *bric-a-brac*, the magnificent *épergnes* and other furniture, the priceless paintings, the pipes, the carpets, the bed and table linen, the garments, boots, whips, boxing-gloves, foils, guns, swords, daggers, yataghans, creeses, pistols, Indian trophies, souvenirs of Eastern lands, and all the other portable property proper to be owned and to be displayed by a young man in his condition. We will omit, too, the hints at delicate gormandising, deep drinking, heavy gambling, and a few other such gentlemanly pastimes, and the partial descriptions of two or three past mistresses, with the florid details of his present earthly enslaver (the Lady Constance is the heavenly dream) who is the very perfection of gay, dashing womanhood, with more genius than a half-dozen male Byrons or female Sapphos, more beauty than a thousand Cleopatras, more loving ways and more devoted affection than a million Aspasias and Didos rolled into one, and who has only the small defect of, with all her fine qualities, not having one particle of honesty or virtue. We must also omit the prodigious Magazine and Review articles, dashed off at one heat, by which Sir Guy ekes out an income too slender for his desires.

In fact, I do not know but that it will be well to skip all the remainder of the story, even to the ending of it in Africa, or the Crimea, or in India during the Sepoy rebellion, where Lady Constance as an unknown Sister of Mercy receives his dying confession of undying love, to be forwarded to herself with a huge packet of jewels and precious stones which he has carried about his person in some mysterious way, as a "stake," I suppose, or as a provision for the "rainy day." Something like this is the usual ending—though sometimes the Sir Guy reforms and becomes a decent husband to his Lady Constance, and they are happy, and undistinguishable from their neighbors ever afterwards.

I must confess that I like this style, and that it is well adapted to please most of our race—I mean what is called the Anglo-Celto-Saxon race, who have a sneaking fondness for a lord, as the whole of the human family have for every other superior. If I had my rights—but I say nothing. It will not do for John Capelsay of Georgia to confess feelings which an unsympathising world might—pshaw! I forgot that I was for the time a spider—H. Grimgribber, at your service—and that therefore my unfortunately withheld superiority of station as a man cannot be gracefully brought into view. It is strange how self obtrudes itself into every question. Tell most men that you have, or have had, the measles, and they will exclaim, "You just ought to have seen *me*!"

Our prey has loosened two or three of my threads; and while I tighten them we will, if you please, look a little at this subject of admiration and reverence for superiors. What more exhilarates the

thief than the narration of the feats of Dick Turpin, Claude Duval, and the other masters and heroes of thievery? What more inspires the sailor, the soldier, the lawyer, the merchant, the author, than the feats or the successes of those who have achieved distinction in his pursuit?—and in the case of the author, the recitals of the contempt bestowed by contemporaries and by publishers upon the great efforts of the greatest authors are particularly consoling and cheering. As then these great ones are admired and revered by those engaged in the same particular careers, so is there nothing of more universal social interest than the persons and actions of those who have inherited high position in the social state of man, or in society, as it is called. A negro king or noble is more respected, even by us, than the others of his race; and a white king or noble is little short of a divinity, to whom we unconsciously attribute some sort of special divine favor, though we may furiously combat any idea of divine right. Who does not reverence those who have been signally blessed by, and, as it were, have been brought into communion with the very gods themselves? And it seems to me that in this country the very rarity of any such special divine favors makes us esteem them as all the more precious. In Germany, where, as I am told, nobles are as plenty as are blackberries in summer, the remarkable thing is to be respectable and not to be a noble—for then one has the appearance of being too proud to be a noble. But in this country, where nobles are as scarce as white elephants, the very remarkable and admirable thing is an imported noble of whatever degree, and even a Sir John looms larger than does a royal duke at his own home.

And it is worth noticing how much greater a Sir John is to us than a Count *de*, or a Prince *von*, or a Duca *di*, or any other foreigner. We have more sympathy with him, and can feel his bigness; whereas the others are only curiosities in their way. This is owing to the pabulum which has fed our imaginations; for as when the bees feed a worker larva with royal jelly it becomes a queen bee, so do our qualities of soul enlarge and vary with their peculiar food; and that our esteem of values is always governed by association may be called an intrinsic rule. Most of our people read only English. English writers have inherent a truckling way of representing their nobility and gentry, so that even their crimes and vices lean to the side of magnificence; therefore we, their readers, have a truckling way of regarding the English nobility and gentry. We are, of course, the most independent people on the face of the earth; but we are not independent of the laws of nature, and we must admire and reverence that which we have always been taught to admire and reverence, even though most of us may not have inherited a disposition to touch our hats and bow mutely, as Eve's descendants have inherited a fear of supernatural visitors ever since she was driven from the garden and saw the angel with the flaming sword. At any rate, democratic-republican as we may be, our fair damsels dance, I am told, with a little more animation or languor when Lord Augustus or Sir John relieves Mr. Augustus or Major John; their fathers pay more strict attention to the feast when the representative of British aristocracy is to grace their boards; and even Sikesey strikes with a double vim if he knows



it is a lord he is in the row with. Bah! Good people, we spiders with our many-prismed eyes can see in many directions at once, and see very distinctly. Even the contempt you flatter yourself you feel for a lord, or for the rich, or for any one in high social or official station, gets all of its acridity from your sense of inferiority and your reluctant vanity. If you should hear a person, or even one of our ephemeral personages, familiarly accost in public the present President as "Ulyss," or "Simp," or "Grant," you yourself would at once say that the person or personage was conscious of his own exceeding littleness, and his exorbitant vanity urged him to appear on a level and on familiar terms with one his pettiness could esteem great. Indeed, so general is the rule that, change the positions of the two men, and from all I have heard there is not on earth a man more likely than Ulyss' to truckle to his superior until he could, if possible, supplant him. Vanity and a sense of inferiority are the two ruling vices of society, and manifest themselves continually in national affairs, as well as in the squabbles of school-misses, and the contentions among their fathers, mothers, and brothers.

You like Sir Guy, my dear reader — you know you do — whatever he is called, and whatever his character and disposition, or his story, so the story have plenty of fire in it, whether it be the fire of chivalry, hell-fire, or fox-fire, as we Southerners call luminous rotten wood. And Sir Guy appears in many shapes and under many names. He is a baronet, a lord, or a commoner; a sailor, a soldier, or a barrister; an official, a churchman, an artist, and sometimes a tradesman, or a day-laborer, or it may be an idle good-for-nothing, with no trade or profession, but with prodigious appetites and passions, and that least possible amount of correct principle which barely keeps him from trying to be hung or exerting himself to go for life to Botany Bay. It makes no difference what he is, or what his character, he has always a companion to act as a foil to his good or bad qualities, or as a rival to stimulate them. Sometimes he marries a Russian princess, sometimes an English lady, though the chances are she (the English lady) is his second wife — the first having been a very good foreigner who has died, or a very bad foreigner from whom he is divorced, or a worse foreigner who was hardly his wife at all. In all the American versions of the real aristocratic Sir Guy he visits America and marries a Boston girl, or one from the coast north of that outpost of heaven. The English Sir Guy, however, rarely comes to America, unless it be to catch a forger or some such criminal; but he very often goes to Australia and turns shepherd or miner. He sometimes goes to Africa and kills beasts, or to India and kills men, or to the Crimea, where, as one of the many fictitious thousands of the "Six Hundred," he gets killed, or so hurt as to have to go to Scutari, where the Lady Constance nurses him as aforesaid, or back to England, where she marries him, etc., etc., etc.

I cannot stop to enumerate the Sir Guys, or to point out all the variations of their story. Almost with each year, certainly with the coming forward of each prominent writer, the fashion changes. At one time it is all war and glory, at another all commerce and adventure, at another all sheep and farming, at another all church and par-

sonage, or bankers and banking ; now it is on the sea, then it is on land ; at one time it is science, at another gymnastics, at a third a combination of the two with religion of the most humble and evangelical kind.

Nor do I think it necessary to speak particularly of American authors. With a very, very few exceptions, all of them (I speak of writers of fiction) who have written anything at all creditable, even to copyists, have Sir Guy for their hero ; a plebeian, or an Indian, or a negro Guy, truly, but one whose native nobility and wonderful powers amply make up for ancestral distinction, wealth, learning, or elegance — though, of course, there are hints at ancestry, as there are bound to be from those who wish to preserve the unities, and who have a Dexter and a Lady Flora, besides Chester Whites and Suffolks, to remind them of the necessity of having a good stock to produce a good animal. It is a little odd, though, how these gentry regard the quantity of their own ancestry and that of their heroes rather than the quality of it. It seems sufficient if one of them can trace back two hundred and odd years, whether the ancestor were a gentleman, or came over in the *Mayflower* or was sent over at Government expense. The English too seem to have the same happy knack of forgetting the important part of the question. If one of them, in either fictitious or real life, can go back a few hundred years, it seems to make no difference that the line may culminate and end in a mean, dirty dog who attained his position by the most degrading acts, nay even by acting the pander, or by having been the fruit of an illicit amour. Now, the important part of ancestry is not that you know who your ancestor was two hundred or five hundred years ago. The very meanest man has had quite as many ancestors as the very best, whether he know their names and nations or not—just as the poorest wood's-tacky has an unbroken line of descent from the first horse. The real point is: was your father a man of sound mind, soul, and body, and were his father and grandfather, and so on, as far back as you can go, men of sound souls, minds, and bodies, and did they marry chaste, sensible, healthy women? If so, by all the rules of Darwin, if you can go back far enough you are a fixed species ; and if you marry as your fathers did, and can impress it upon your descendants to do the same, there is no fear but that your line will survive by natural selection, and that any varieties which may be produced in it will be only changes towards perfection.

But enough of this. Please excuse my habit of wandering. From my childhood I have had a strong inclination to step from my path and kick every fool in reach ; and this idea about ancestry is certainly very foolish, although it is infinitely more sane than the republican-democratic contempt of the whole subject which, but for certain natural safeguards, would in a few generations degrade all of the race, and which even now makes it doubtful in very many cases whether a man is best fitted for a hostler or a President, is a gentleman or a blackguard, a saint or a scoundrel. Let's get back to our subject.

It will not do to go into an analysis of the various claims of special merits put forth by the historiographers of Sir Guy ; of the claim of

one to give the true "realistic" Sir Guy; of another to give the exact tone of the society in which Sir Guy moves; of one to be Raphaelesque, of another to be Pre-Raphaelite. The very important question comes up: What good does all their writing do?

It would be useless to talk all around the point, and I answer the question at once by saying: no good at all to the world; and, except to a very few, the most lucky ones, but little profit to the writers themselves. I include all the small and half-matured fry of writers, and am not speaking of either the men or the women who have the least claim to be called true honey-bees, or even true hornets. Talleyrand's rude speech about the necessity of living may be most properly applied to about ninety-hundredths of the living writers of fiction; and is of only doubtful application to two or three of every reserved ten, at any rate it will take a number of years to decide as to them. Do not think that I am making either ill-natured or random assertions. I will leave it to you yourself to say whether more than ten out of every hundred novels and tales published are ever read a second time by any one who has access to other books. You know they are not; they add nothing to the wisdom of the world. No man learns from them how to conduct either himself or his business. They in no respect take the place of experience by teaching true lessons; but all they set forth is false, unnatural, and most frequently base: so that there is not only no necessity for their authors to live, but the profits made by them are but vile profits. The writers find in their race a love of the marvellous and the sensual, and make their wages by exciting and aggravating it. If you find a difficulty in drawing the distinction between really good and really useless writers, the public finds no such difficulty when you give it time to decide. Loss by non-use holds good with regard to all fashions of manners, books, or garments, whether it does or does not with the members of an animal, insect, or plant; and time thus inevitably distinguishes the valuable from the useless. Of all the almost numberless writers in our language who gave to the public their productions during the past and the earlier part of the present century, how few remain! and of that few, how very few are read! It is true that the sensational and sensuous stories now rife take the attention away from the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the *Spectator*, and the other good old books; but those books have already outlived as able rivals as these of ours, and will still live when these are dead and forgotten. Do you think that Xenophon and Pliny, and Plutarch and Tacitus, Euripides and Virgil, and the small list of other authors whose works we have, were the only writers of their ages in their nations? Not at all. There were Latin and Greek Bourcicaults and Lawrences and Edwardses, and the rest of them — to say nothing of the Buntlines and the Cobbs and the Arthurs, and all that trash — plenty of them. Nay, I am doing the ancients injustice: paper was too dear then, and the art of writing too little disseminated. They had only possible Buntlines, Cobbs, and Arthurs — "the makings of them," as one may say.

Suppose that to Sir Walter Scott and the older writers the present century had only added one writer of fictitious narrative — let us say, *c. g.* Thackeray (or any other of the scant half-dozen great writers of



fiction we have had : we are only illustrating, and it matters not which is the example). What is said of the man of one book, could in that case be said in a measure of the whole English-speaking world. By the time they had exhausted the store of that great head and heart, they would be his equals in head, heart, and experience ; and in order to understand even with partial satisfaction that great genius and passion, they would have to strive mightily for improvement. Who has yet gone to the depths, ascended to the heights, and flown to the breadth and lengths of Shakspeare's mind and passion? I do not mean who has commented upon Shakspeare and found new readings of Shakspeare, and all that sort of thing, of which there is no end, even if a Holy Grail or a Mother Goose (the more sensible of the two) be the subject. But who has exhausted Shakspeare, knows all that Shakspeare meant, and feels all that Shakspeare felt?

And so it is. As there were one or two true prophets at a time, and true prophets succeeded each other, though sometimes at long intervals, and performed their mission, whether at the time heeded or unheeded, so two or three or a dozen great writers of fiction (as it is called, though to be worthy it must be truer than history, as true as Nature herself) would have done us much good ; for the world would then have been healthfully amused and properly instructed. But the great flood of little spirits we have had and are having, each clamorous to tell his little tale, take his little pay, and pass out of sight, has wrought great harm. The world has learned to seek the amusement and care nothing for the profit.

And here is one perfect test-question of a work of fiction : Why was it written? Unless the product of a well-stored mind, a ripe and calm judgment, a large and varied experience, and a good heart actuated by benevolence, it is valueless except for the mere sensation it produces. One had as well take laughing-gas, or opium, or hasheesh for substantial food, as read such a book for improvement or for healthy amusement. To understand the ways of society, to know the scandals of society, and to be able to describe those ways and to narrate those scandals rhetorically and in correct language, are accomplishments ; but the writer who is only thus provided can have but meagre hope of doing good or of making lasting fame.

I regret to believe that the vastly greater number of writers of fiction (literary writers, or belles-lettres writers, as they may be styled generically, to include all who do not confine themselves to science, language, theology—though most of the writers of the day on religion should be classed as writers of fiction—politics, or history). I say, I regret to believe that the vastly greater number of them are entirely devoid of any aspiration to do good or to gain lasting fame. I fear that they write as other men and women labor in workshops and fields—not because they have a genius for tools and invention or for botany, but because they have to make wages.

I shall not be misunderstood when I say that this is degrading. Almost all writers have had to write for wages, but no great writer ever wrote only for wages. Virgil would have sung, and Thackeray and Scott would have written, though Virgil had been in Augustus's place and Thackeray and Scott had been royal dukes. It was their

mission to write, as it was the prophet's mission to teach and warn ; and woe be unto each unless he should perform his mission ! The "mute, inglorious Milton" theory does well enough for poetry, but, as the lawyers say, it is not true in point of fact.

It is no disgrace to receive wages for one's labor ; but the writer who labors with the wages as his sole object is precisely on a level with the rope-walker and the ballet-girl. He goes to his writing as they to their performances, just because it is the work he finds most convenient ; and as we do not expect high principle in rope-dancers and ballet-girls, so we do not find it in their literary fellow "artists." A Blondin or an Ellsler may raise the art by boldness or by agility to an "international" importance (just as may a Sayers and a Heenan), and it may be dignified by such terms as "courageous daring" and "the poetry of motion" ; but after all it is but nerve and muscle well exercised and trained, and a conjuror who could swallow his rival would attract away all their spectators. So, too, a literary day-laborer may astonish and electrify by the details of the story he tells ; but apart from the story itself there is nothing, and he who comes along with a more shocking or tickling story supplants him. "Jack and the Bean-Stalk" is quite as exciting to the little audience which hears it for the first time, and "Puss in Boots" and "Cinderella" are vastly more instructive.

The resemblance between the enlightenment in Christendom in this nineteenth century and the barbarism outside of Christendom in the ninth century, and before and since then, is very astonishing. Wonderful and sensuous tales were then, as now, the great delight of the people. And it is useless to account for it by saying that then they delighted in them as food for empty minds, and now we delight in them as a relief from thinking ; that as Hassan in his little shop found the labors of life much lightened by the thought of Bedreddin's astonishment at being punished for not putting pepper in his cream-tarts, so now Smith relaxes the tension of his mind over Longs, Shorts, and Fractions, by suffering it to bask in the mild radiance of Lady Constance or *Miladi*, and soothe itself in the highly aerated atmosphere of their lives and the lives of the society about them. As well say that whiskey is good at all times, for Harry drinks because he is gay and Dick because he is sad, Tom because he is hot and dry and Bill because he is cold and wet ; whereas the truth is that each drinks because he likes the liquor. We in this age and country like these stories—because we like them ; because it is human nature to like them, to like stimulus of all kinds. The most sensational, even the most vicious writers who have ever lived, created no appetite ; they found it already existing, and their sin is that for the sake of lucre, malice, or applause, they have tried to aggravate it. There is no sin in telling or in hearing a merely thrilling story ; but there is sin in frittering away the time, and our faculties of mind and soul, in the occupation. There is no sin in taking a dram or a drink of wine, but there is sin in destroying the body and brutalising or weakening the faculties of mind and soul by excess of drinking ; and besides its being a low business to keep a grog-shop, it is a sinful business to aggravate the appetite of one not yet a drunkard, and to highly spice the drunkard's glass.

Although so incomplete in its details, we must let this outline do for this part of our subject. Let us "try back" a little and go more especially for the "substance" of our modern novels of all classes below the highest. When they are not solely sensually sensational, or entirely stupidly moral, you will find, extraordinary as it may seem, this same theme running through almost every one of them, English and American, French and German: The Dignity of Labor. Sir Guy is in almost every metamorphosis and in every position the exemplar of the dignity of labor. At the first glance is it not odd that the labors of authors should invariably make the same outgrowth (as one of them would technically term it) of sordidness and vanity?

The dignity of labor! What does it mean? For years it has been dinned over all civilised lands as an axiom of politics until men have got to using it vaguely. If it have any political or social meaning at all, it is that the day-laborer in the field or the workshop is made worthy by the fact of his laboring to take rank with the highest of his race. His laboring confers upon him a dignity which entitles him, at least, to share in the government of his nation. "We work for our living," says he to the noble, or to his employer, "and you do not. We therefore perform our duty better and are more worthy than you. Give us then at least a political equality with yourself; and," he thinks to himself, "by the force of our numbers we will regulate affairs and social equality to suit ourselves. The greatest good to the greatest number! Among equals a majority must rule! Property is theft!" and so on.

Now was there ever such arrant nonsense? Was there ever anything more vicious, arising from baser feelings? The phrase was invented by folly, assisted by lust, vanity, and envy. It began to spread among fierce radical-republicans, or, in other words, among men tired of labor and envious of those at ease.

Dignity of labor, forsooth! There is no dignity about it. It is a curse; and he is most fortunate, most dignified by God's providence, who can live and do his duty with the least labor. Look at the matter practically and you will see what clap-trap it is. It is no disgrace, though a misfortune, to have to labor for bread, because labor is imposed upon man; but as he who actually labors with his hands for bread literally fulfills the curse, therefore he is so dignified as to be more of a true noble man, and to have, if anything, more natural rights than the master who employs him. And as we hear that Hahnemann's 30th dilution, or "best dose," "has a real spiritualisation of the dynamic property, and by having the character of the Infinite is certainly marked as a reform being accomplished under Christian influence, carrying man to the idea of the Infinite, and allowing him to witness the omnipotent image of the Divinity," so we may expect to hear that the most toiling laborer in the severest, hottest, and most repulsive work, by approaching nearest in literalness to the execution of the divine command, is so lifted, as it were, into nearest communion with the divine mind, and should be regarded accordingly. That is precisely the idea, and there can be no other definite idea. My gardener, then, though not quite so dignified as this favorite of gods and men, after getting the flowers for my dinner-



table, should wash his hands and take his seat amongst the most honorable of my guests! The fiddlers of the band, dignified by their labor, should take it turn about to dance with the belles of the ball-room! The barber should shave his customer and walk home arm-in-arm with him! The scavenger should empty his slops and drive back, hitch his mule in front of the finest house in his district, and feel that he has only his due if asked in to make himself at home in the bosom of the family! The field-hand, after being dignified by a day's hard work, should walk into your parlor and turn over the pages of the music for your daughter!

Don't you see what infernal nonsense it is? If by dignity they mean worthiness, you and I will grant at once that the laborer is worthy of his hire; but to what more dignity is he entitled from us? Respect? Yes; if it was his duty to work and he did it cheerfully, we respect him for that; and if he has done a good day's skilful work, we respect him further as a good laborer. But what other respect is due? Do his education, his feelings, his morals, his propriety of dress and demeanor, and his social habits, fit him to be at home and comfortable in the society of his employer's family? Have him into your social circles then; but it is not his labor which entitles him to that mark of equality. His labor has only earned his wages. Wages are the fruit of labor, and it is utterly absurd to attach any moral to the exertion of just so much skill and nervous force under the compulsion of necessity. It would be just as sensible to associate moral qualities with a steam-engine. A man may gain applause for his skill or intelligence, and may gain esteem for the spirit with which he has done his work; but it is his skill, his intelligence, and his spirit, and not his mere labor, which deserves the applause and esteem. Bah! Labor is a curse; and one had as well attach moral qualities to child-bearing as to working—the harder the labor the more dignified and virtuous the person!

Dignity of labor! Go into the mines, fields, and workshops, and go from them to the homes and lodging-places of the workmen, and see whether their labor have dignified them; if one, or even a considerable number of them have any dignity as men or women, you will find that it arises from other sources than the labor—that it most generally if not always is inherited, and that it is held to in spite of the labor. Engaged as is every living thing in a struggle for existence, men work because they have to work or die. With eyes and form bent to earth in their labor, so their thoughts and feelings grovel. (I speak of the mass, not of the exceptions.) Discontent, envy, and hatred are the most prevailing feelings with them, both when at work and during their hours of relaxation. God's sun is only blinding and hot to them; stone and coal are only hard and heavy; the earth itself is only a sluggish mass to be toiled upon. Their bitter sweat embitters their hearts, and there is no God who rules, or no goodness in Him if He do exist and do rule. Religion is weak folly; science is occult; morality is but a matter of convenience; law is a grinding grievance imposed by masters for their own protection.

All this is the natural effect of that labor which dignifies. And if you object that it is only the lowest and severest manual labor which

thus degrades, I appeal to the novelist's own feelings whether his labor for bread, in so far as it is for bread and apart from its inherent interest, is not always suggesting the degrading thought, how little for how much ! or, conversely, a repining that it should be so much for so little ! But, as I was saying, these hard thoughts and feelings are the natural effects of the cause, and as you increase the cause you intensify the effects. Ignorance of books has nothing to do with their production. Though one had all human learning, to have to toil for daily bread would still be bitter ; and degrading rather than dignifying thoughts and feelings would be engendered in any such one not under the influence of a divine and mightier philosophy. Labor is a curse and men bear it as a curse ; and as they feel its woefulness they are not apt to philosophise over its being also a blessing. To labor cheerfully dignifies a man just as to have the consumption or the toothache uncomplainingly may dignify him, by proving and strengthening his fortitude, and perchance giving him some thought or an access of resignation which may make him a little fitter for heaven. Again : The single or occasional performance of the vilest necessary office may be said to dignify a man just as martyrdom or disgrace from office may dignify him, by manifesting the grandeur of his soul ; but it is a vile office, and death and disgrace are to be dreaded for all that.

Employment is absolutely necessary for man's happiness ; but we must make the distinction between healthful and pleasant employment and that labor for bread which is imposed upon the great mass of the human race. There may be dignity in an emperor working his cabbages rather than lead an idle, useless life, but there is certainly none in the working of his gardener who gets his living by working.

Let us return to speak more personally of the historiographers of Sir Guy and our other friends. They would not write unless compelled to do so ; for none ever voluntarily labor at writing as a serious, steady employment, except the needy who make a trade of it ; the innocent, who cannot write, but are impelled by a sort of blind ambition ; and the great, whose souls so burn within them as to oblige them to write. These are the species of the genus. The varieties of each species are innumerable or not worth enumerating. I suspect that most show a cross of the innocent and needy.

The dignity of labor is, then, one chief part of the substance of the writing of our friends. Another chief part is the bliss and greater dignity of not having to labor. Let your hungry author alone for appreciating that !

I, for one, should have no objection to this were it not for the wickedly extravagant waste of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," of eatables, drinkables, and wearables, of appetites and passions, which these fortunate gentry indulge in ; so that when justly weighed as presented, there is infinitely less good and dignity in their lives of ease and elegance than in the lives of toil as the same class of writers present it. Lazarus will always have the best of it when he is contrasted only with a Dives.

This subject of the tone, style, and matter of novels is very vast,

and I hardly know how to extricate myself from it so as not to be abrupt, and at the same time to draw to a satisfactory conclusion. My objections may be summed up in short order. I object to a pretence of learning, and I equally object to a parade of learning. Both the one and the other arise from low motives, and must consequently do more harm than good. I object to false pictures of life, to false morality, false philosophy, false religion, false science, and false sentiment, even in the smallest quantities. Huge effects arise from apparently very small causes, and the healthy mental and moral development of a whole generation or of a whole age may be prevented by one false principle in such grave matters. I have long been convinced that men rarely change their opinions except about matters of physical fact. Generally, the opinions about matters not the subjects of ocular or other undeniable demonstration, and the feelings inculcated by circumstances or by authority in youth, are only developed and strengthened as years pass on. Indeed, although I would not for an instant have the appearance of limiting the power and the grace of God, yet as He works by natural laws, I think it most probable that few are Christians in mature years who were not in some degree indoctrinated in Christianity in their early youth. It seems to me that, for instance, the only hope of Christian missions in heathen lands is in the education of the children. The little success among the adults, after many years and much money spent and blood shed, would appear to support this view, as does also the text of the second commandment. At any rate, lawyers, scientific men, and practical men in all the walks of life can tell us how slight mistakes have hindered progress for years or for ages; while we all know how a false social or political principle, say that of the divine right of kings, or that of "the man and brother," or that of liberty and equality, can not only hinder progress but can work unutterable woes.

In a sketch like this I cannot amplify such a subject. All I can do, or wish to do, is to suggest ideas which have no doubt been already worked out in your own minds. That I may, by chance, put some one of you in mind of a forgotten thought or connection of thoughts, or may lead you into a course of thought you have overlooked, is sufficient honor to hope for. Although at the outset I announced myself as Professor Grimgribber, I assure you that I am not one of those who pretend to "teach with authority."

Having given you some of my objections, you must be told, on the other hand, in justice to myself, that I most heartily approve of the "cakes and ale" of life. As we feel it, life is movement and warmth, and brightness and play are necessary for us. We have spiritual as well as physical nerves, which enjoy and need to be tickled in some sort, or else they become atrophied and disease or derange the whole system. A little of Sir Guy would be capital as a burlesque, to excite our surprise and laughter; but when we have him as a serious and staple article of production for mental and moral nourishment, we become sated, and starve, just as we would become sated and starve if fed on wine, preserves, and pickles alone.

But here comes a butterfly of another variety: one of the frailest and shortest-lived of the species; an ephemera, which rarely lives



out half of even its minutes. As he touches our web you perceive that he hardly jars a thread. We style his class the Poietechnidæ, or, perhaps more properly, the Poietiodes; and they are a most wonderful illustration of the difference between vitality and physical strength. Feeble as one of them is, you cannot by any possibility kill him. He lives his minute, hour, or day, in spite of the pin of ridicule and the chloroform of contempt. His "seeds of death" are in himself, and are independent of external things.

Let us, however, treat a grave subject gravely. There can hardly be found, I venture to say, a more puzzling question in psychology than that of the attraction which verse possesses for the human race, at any rate the English and American parts of it. The only psychological works I have ever studied are my own heart and the Bible; but it seems to me that, given our language, manners, occupations, and chief desire of life to any disinterested philosopher in the moon, or in one of the planets, and his calculations would be ten thousand to one against our being so attracted. Yet we see that our men, women, and children run to verse to relieve feelings of sorrow, of joy, of indignation, of patriotism, and any kind of inflation they may mistake for the "*inflatus divinus*."

I cannot possibly account for this except by analogy. I must suppose that as our bodies have a kind of instinctive enjoyment in chewing substances of a certain plastic consistence, regardless of their agreeable flavor or their nutritious qualities, and an instinctive enjoyment of the feeling of certain substances, as furs, or velvet, or mud-pies, so our souls have this instinctive faculty and fondness for verse. It is perhaps the case that some ancestor (to take up with modern science) had the faculty and fondness in perfect proportions, and we have them in a rudimentary manner; just as he had the tail and pointed ears of which we have the rudiments. Who knows? I wonder at nothing. But I must acknowledge that the facts bear out the scientific theory in this case; for from the time of Homer the poetic faculty seemed to weaken in power, until it "bred back," as a monstrosity, in Shakspeare, since whose time it has steadily declined, so that nowadays it is but rudimental, and the inclination alone is retained.

For my part, while I somewhat regret the loss of the power, I am thankful that the inclination remains. Its efforts, like the crying and contortions of an impotent infant, are sometimes annoying; but we should reflect how healthy it is, how much good it does! The mental exercise of searching for rhymes strengthens reason, and the careful adjustment of syllables for rhythm teaches how to put this and that together in weightier matters.

I know that you will be disappointed that I do not give you specimens of the "Ah, me!" style, the "Hail glorious banner!" style, the "Pastoral-comical, tragical-comical, historical-pastoral, poem-unlimited" styles, although you will agree that my paper is already long enough. I should myself be very dissatisfied and impatient if I did not know that what is only deferred is not lost; for I have still to give you the true, authentic, and ungarbled history of the Holy Grail, and a great number of stories and ideas you would regret not to possess after you once make them your own.

To tell you the honest truth, for it is useless to keep it back, I stop just here because I am influenced, and also much annoyed, by the scruples and timidity of my amanuensis. It puzzles me, too, to know whether they are genuine, or are only the pretences of laziness. I have no fear of offending or of tiring you, my good people ; but he insists (and with some show of reason, I must confess) that as he, and not I, must be the sufferer in every case, it behooves him to have scruples to be timid and to complain. To use his own energetic but coarse language to me, "You prose, and I ache ; you offend, and I get kicked." To such reasoning I have no answer ; but I do sincerely trust, as well as hope, that neither he nor I shall ever have real occasion to grieve for having given offence to those we desire to please. As for the others, it is to be hoped they still have feeling, however their consciences may be seared. *A l'envoi!* as they delight to say.

JOHN S. HOLT.

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*The Cornhill Magazine.*

LORD KILGOBBIN.

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CHAPTER XXV.

ATLEE'S EMBARRASMENTS.

WHEN Atlee returned to dress for dinner, he was sent for hurriedly by Walpole, who told him that Lord Danesbury's answer had arrived, with the order "Send him over at once, and write fully at the same time."

"There is an eleven-o'clock packet, Atlee, to-night," said he : "you must manage to start by that. You'll reach Holyhead by four or thereabouts, and can easily get to the castle by mid-day."

"I wish I had had a little more time," muttered the other. "If I am to present myself before his Excellency in such a 'rig' as this—"

"I have thought of that. We are nearly of the same size and build ; you are, perhaps, a trifle taller, but nothing to signify. Now Buckmaster has just sent me a mass of things of all sorts from town ; they are in my dressing-room, not yet unpacked. Go up and look at them after dinner : take what suits you—as much—all, if you like—but don't delay now. It only wants a few minutes of seven o'clock."

Atlee muttered his thanks hastily and went his way. If there was a thoughtfulness in the generosity of this action,—the mode in which

it was performed — the measured coldness of the words — the look of impassive examination that accompanied them, and the abstention from anything that savored of explanation or apology for a liberty — were all deeply felt by the other.

It was true, Walpole had often heard him tell of the freedom with which he had treated Dick Kearney's wardrobe, and how poor Dick was scarcely sure he could call an article of dress his own whenever Joe had been the first to go out into the town. The innumerable straits to which he reduced that unlucky chum, who had actually to deposit a dinner suit at a hotel to save it from Atlee's rapacity, had amused Walpole; but then these things were all done in the spirit of the honest familiarity that prevailed between them — the tie of true *camaraderie* that neither suggested a thought of obligation on one side nor of painful inferiority on the other. Here it was totally different. These men did not live together with that daily interchange of liberties which, with all their passing contentions, so accustom people to each other's humors as to establish the soundest and strongest of all friendships. Walpole had adopted Atlee because he found him useful in a variety of ways. He was adroit, ready-witted, and intelligent; a half-explanation sufficed with him on anything — a mere hint was enough to give him for an interview or a reply. He read people readily, and rarely failed to profit by the knowledge. Strange as it may seem, the great blemish of his manner — his snobbery — Walpole rather liked than disliked it. It was a sort of qualifying element that satisfied him, as though it said, "With all that fellow's cleverness, he is not 'one of us.'" He might make a wittier reply, or write a smarter note; but society has its little tests, — not one of which he could respond to." And this was an inferiority Walpole loved to cherish and was pleased to think over.

Atlee felt that Walpole might, with very little exercise of courtesy, have dealt more considerately by him.

"I'm not exactly a valet," muttered he to himself, "to whom a man flings a waistcoat as he chucks a shilling to a porter. I am more than Mr. Walpole's equal in many things which are not accidents of fortune."

He knew scores of things he could do better than him; indeed, there were very few he could not.

Poor Joe was not, however, aware that it was in the "not doing" lay Walpole's secret of superiority; that the inborn sense of abstention is the great distinguishing element of the class Walpole belonged to; and he might harass himself for ever and yet never guess where it was that the distinction evaded him.

Atlee's manner at dinner was unusually cold and silent. He habitually made the chief efforts of conversation; now he spoke little and seldom. When Walpole talked, it was in that careless discursive way it was his wont to discuss matters with a familiar. He often put questions, and as often went on without waiting for the answers.

As they sat over the dessert and were alone, he adverted to the other's mission, throwing out little hints and cautions as to manner, which Atlee listened to in perfect silence, and without the slightest sign that could indicate the feeling they produced.



"You are going into a new country, Atlee," said he, at last, "and I am sure you will not be sorry to learn something of the geography."

"Though it may mar a little of the adventure," said the other, smiling.

"Ah, that's exactly what I want to warn you against. With us in England there are none of those social vicissitudes you are used to here. The game of life is played gravely, quietly, and calmly. There are no brilliant successes of bold talkers, no *coups-de-théâtre* of amusing *raconteurs*: no one tries to push himself into any position of eminence."

A half movement of impatience, as Atlee pushed his wine-glass before him, arrested the speaker: "I perceive," said he, stiffly, "you regard my counsels as unnecessary."

"Not that, Sir, so much as hopeless," rejoined the other, coldly.

"His Excellency will ask you, probably, some questions about this country: let me warn you not to give him Irish answers."

"I don't think I understand you, Sir."

"I mean, don't deal in any exaggerations, avoid extravagance, and never be slap-dash."

"Oh, these are Irish, then?"

Without deigning reply to this, Walpole went on: "Of course you have your remedy for all the evils of Ireland. I never met an Irishman who had not. But I beg you spare his lordship your theory, whatever it is, and simply answer the questions he will ask you."

"I will try, Sir," was the meek reply.

"Above all things, let me warn you against a favorite blunder of your countrymen. Don't endeavor to explain peculiarities of action in this country by singularities of race or origin; don't try to make out that there are special points of view held that are unknown on the other side of the channel, or that there are other differences between the two peoples except such as more rags and greater wretchedness produce. We have got over that very venerable and time-honored blunder, and do not endeavor to revive it."

"Indeed!"

"Fact, I assure you. It is possible in some remote country-house to chance upon some antiquated Tory who still cherishes these notions; but you'll not find them amongst men of mind or intelligence, nor amongst any class of our people."

It was on Atlee's lip to ask "Who were our people?" but he forbore by a mighty effort, and was silent.

"I don't know if I have any other cautions to give you. Do you?"

"No, Sir. I could not even have reminded you of these if you had not yourself remembered them."

"Oh, I had almost forgotten it. If his Excellency should give you anything to write out, or to copy, don't smoke while you are over it; he abhors tobacco. I should have given you a warning to be equally careful as regards Lady Maude's sensibilities; but, on the whole, I suspect you'll scarcely see her."

"Is that all, Sir?" said the other, rising.

"Well, I think so. I shall be curious to hear how you acquit yourself—how you get on with his Excellency, and how he takes you; and you must write it all to me. Ain't you much too early; it's scarcely ten o'clock?"

"A quarter-past ten ; and I have some miles to drive to Kingstown."

"And not yet packed, perhaps?" said the other, listlessly.

"No, Sir ; nothing ready."

"Oh ! you'll be in ample time ; I'll vouch for it. You are one of the rough-and-ready order, who are never late. Not but in this same flurry of yours you have made me forget something I know I had to say ; and you tell me you can't remember it?"

"No, Sir."

"And yet," said the other sententiously, "the crowning merit of a private secretary is exactly that sort of memory. *Your* intellects, if properly trained, should be the complement of your chief's. The infinite number of things that are too small and too insignificant for *him*, are to have their place, duly docketed and dated, in *your* brain ; and the very expression of his face should be an indication to you of what he is looking for and yet cannot remember. Do you mark me?"

"Half-past ten," cried Atlee, as the clock chimed on the mantle-piece ; and he hurried away without another word.

It was only as he saw the pitiable penury of his own scanty wardrobe that he could persuade himself to accept of Walpole's offer.

"After all," he said, "the loan of a dress-coat may be the turning-point of a whole destiny. Junot sold all he had to buy a sword, to make his first campaign ; all I have is my shame, and here it goes for a suit of clothes !" And with these words he rushed down to Walpole's dressing-room, and, not taking time to inspect and select the contents, carried off the box as it was with him. "I'll tell him all when I write," muttered he, as he drove away.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### DICK KEARNEY'S CHAMBERS.

WHEN Dick Kearney quitted Kilgobbin Castle for Dublin, he was very far from having any projects in his head, excepting to show his cousin Nina that he could live without her.

"I believe," muttered he to himself, "she counts upon me as another 'victim.' These coquettish damsels have a theory that the 'whole drama of life' is the game of their fascinations and the consequences that come of them, and that we men make it our highest ambition to win them, and subordinate all we do in life to their favor. I should like to show her that one man at least refuses to yield this allegiance, and that whatever her blandishments do with others, with him they are powerless."

These thoughts were his travelling-companions for nigh fifty miles of travel, and, like most travelling-companions, grew to be tiresome enough towards the end of the journey.

When he arrived in Dublin he was in no hurry to repair to his quarters in Trinity ; they were not particularly cheery in the best of times, and now it was long vacation, with few men in town and everything sad and spiritless ; besides this, he was in no mood to meet Atlee, whose free-and-easy jocularly he knew he would not

endure, even with his ordinary patience. Joe had never condescended to write one line since he had left Kilgobbin, and Dick, who felt that in presenting him to his family he had done him immense honor, was proportionately indignant at this show of indifference. But, by the same easy formula with which he could account for anything in Nina's conduct, by her "coquetry," he was able to explain every deviation from decorum of Joe Atlee's by his "snobbery." And it is astonishing how comfortable the thought made him, that this man, in all his smartness and ready wit, in his prompt power to acquire, and his still greater quickness to apply knowledge, was after all a most consummate snob.

He had no taste for a dinner at commons, so he ate his mutton-chop at a tavern, and went to the play. Ineffably bored, he sauntered along the almost deserted streets of the city, and just as midnight was striking he turned under the arched portal of the College. Secretly hoping that Atlee might be absent, he inserted the key and entered his quarters.

The grim old coal-bunker in the passage, the silent corridor, and the dreary room at the end of it, never looked more dismal than as he surveyed them now by the light of a little wax match he had lighted to guide his way. There stood the massive old table in the middle, with its litter of books and papers — memories of many a headache ; and there was the paper of coarse Cavendish, against which he had so often protested, as well as a pewter-pot — a new infraction against propriety since he had been away. Worse, however, than all assaults on decency, were a pair of coarse highlows, which had been placed within the fender, and had evidently enjoyed the fire so long as it lingered in the grate.

"So like the fellow ! so like him !" was all that Dick could mutter, and he turned away in disgust.

As Atlee never went to bed till daybreak, it was quite clear that he was from home ; and as the College gates could not reopen till morning, Dick was not sorry to feel that he was safe from all intrusion for some hours. With this consolation, he betook him to his bedroom, and proceeded to undress. Scarcely, however, had he thrown off his coat than a heavy, long-drawn respiration startled him. He stopped and listened : it came again, and from the bed. He drew nigh, and there, to his amazement, on his own pillow, lay a massive head of a coarse-looking, vulgar man, of about thirty, with a silk handkerchief fastened over it as nightcap. A brawny arm lay outside the bed-clothes, with an enormous hand of very questionable cleanness, though one of the fingers wore a heavy gold ring.

Wishing to gain what knowledge he might of his guest before awaking him, Dick turned to inspect his clothes, which, in a wild disorder, lay scattered through the room. They were of the very poorest ; but such still as might have belonged to a very humble clerk, or a messenger in a counting-house. A large black-leather pocket-book fell from a pocket of the coat, and, in replacing it, Dick perceived it was filled with letters. On one of these, as he closed the clasp, he read the name "Mr. Daniel Donogan, Dartmouth Jail."

"What !" cried he, "is this the great head-centre, Donogan, I have read so much of ? and how is he here ?"



Though Dick Kearney was not usually quick of apprehension, he was not long here in guessing what the situation meant: it was clear enough that Donogan, being a friend of Joe Atlee, had been harbored here as a safe refuge. Of all places in the capital, none were so secure from the visits of the police as the College; indeed it would have been no small hazard for the public force to have invaded these precincts. Calculating therefore that Kearney was little likely to leave Kilgobbin at present, Atlee had installed his friend in Dick's quarters. The indiscretion was a grave one; in fact, there was nothing—even to expulsion itself—might not have followed on discovery.

"So like him! so like him!" was all he could mutter, as he arose and walked about the room.

While he thus mused, he turned into Atlee's bedroom, and at once it appeared why Mr. Donogan had been accommodated in his room. Atlee's was perfectly destitute of everything: bed, chest-of-drawers, dressing-table, chair and bath were all gone. The sole object in the chamber was a coarse print of a well-known informer of the year '98, "Jemmy O'Brien," under whose portrait was written, in Atlee's hand, "Bought in at fourpence-halfpenny, at the general sale, in affectionate remembrance of his virtues, by one who feels himself to be a relative. — J. A." Kearney tore down the picture in passion, and stamped upon it; indeed, his indignation with his chum had now passed all bounds of restraint.

"So like him in everything!" again burst from him in utter bitterness.

Having thus satisfied himself that he had read the incident aright, he returned to the sitting-room, and at once decided that he would leave Donogan to his rest till morning.

"It will be time enough then to decide what is to be done," thought he.

He then proceeded to relight the fire, and, drawing a sofa near, he wrapped himself in a railway-rug and lay down to sleep. For a long time he could not compose himself to slumber; he thought of Nina and her wiles—ay, they were wiles: he saw them plainly enough. It was true he was no prize—no "catch," as they call it—to angle for; and such a girl as she was could easily look higher; but still he might swell the list of those followers she seemed to like to behold at her feet offering up every homage to her beauty, even to their actual despair. And he thought of his own condition—very hopeless and purposeless as it was.

"What a journey to be sure was life, without a goal to strive for. Kilgobbin would be his one day; but by that time would it be able to pay off the mortgages that were raised upon it? It was true Atlee was no richer, but Atlee was a shifty, artful fellow, with scores of contrivances to go to windward of Fortune in even the very worst of weather. Atlee would do many a thing *he* would not stoop to."

And as Kearney said this to himself, he was cautious in the use of his verb, and never said "could," but always "would" do; and oh dear! is it not in this fashion that we many of us keep our courage in life, and attribute to the want of will what we well know lies in the want of power?

Last of all, he bethought himself of this man Donogan — a dangerous fellow in a certain way, and one whose companionship must be got rid of at any price. Plotting over in his mind how this should be done in the morning, he at last fell fast asleep.

So overcome was he by slumber that he never awoke when that venerable institution, called the College woman — the hag whom the virtue of unerring dons insists on imposing as a servant on resident students — entered, made up the fire, swept the room, and arranged the breakfast-table. It was only as she jogged his arm to ask him for an additional penny to buy more milk that he awoke and remembered where he was.

"Will I get yer honer a bit of bacon?" asked she, in a tone intended to be insinuating.

"Whatever you like," said he, drowsily.

"It's himself there likes a rasher — when he can get it," said she, with a leer, and a motion of her thumb towards the adjoining room.

"Whom do you mean?" asked he, half to learn what and how much she knew of his neighbor.

"Oh! don't I know him well? — Dan Donogan," replied she, with a grin. "Didn't I see him in the dock with Smith O'Brien in '48, and wasn't he in trouble again after he got his pardon; and won't he always be in trouble?"

"Hush, don't talk so loud," cried Dick warningly.

"He'd not hear me now if I was screechin'; it's the only time he sleeps hard; for he gets up about three or half-past — before it's day — and he squeezes through the bars of the window, and gets out into the Park, and he takes his exercise there for two hours, most of the time running full speed and keeping himself in fine wind. Do you know what he said to me the other day? 'Molly,' says he, 'when I know I can get between those bars there, and run round the College Park in three minutes and twelve seconds, I feel that there's not many a jail in Ireland can howld, and the divil a policeman in the island could catch me.'" And she had to lean over the back of her chair to steady herself while she laughed at the conceit.

"I think, after all," said Kearney, "I'd rather keep out of the scrape than trust to that way of escaping it."

"*He* wouldn't," said she. "He'd rather be seducin' the soldiers in Barrack Street, or swearing in a new Fenian or nailing a death-warnin' on a hall-door, than he'd be lord mayor! If he wasn't in mischief he'd like to be in his grave."

"And what comes of it all?" said Kearney, scarcely giving any exact meaning to his words.

"That's what I do be saying myself," cried the hag. "When they can transport you for singing a ballad and send you to pick oakum for a green cravat, it's time to take to some other trade than patriotism!" And with this reflection she shuffled away to procure the materials for breakfast.

The fresh rolls, the watercress, a couple of red herrings, devilled as those ancient damselfs are expert in doing, and a smoking dish of rashers and eggs, flanked by a hissing tea-kettle, soon made their appearance, the hag assuring Kearney that a stout knock with the

poker on the back of the grate would summon Mr. Donogan almost instantaneously — so rapidly, indeed, and with such indifference as to raiment, that, as she modestly declared, "I have to take to my heels the moment I call him," and the modest avowal was confirmed by her hasty departure.

The assurance was so far correct, that scarcely had Kearney replaced the poker when the door opened, and one of the strangest figures he had ever beheld presented itself in the room. He was a short thick-set man with a profusion of yellowish hair, which, divided in the middle of the head, hung down on either side to his neck — beard and moustache of the same hue, left little of the face to be seen but a pair of lustrous blue eyes, deep-sunken in their orbits, and a short, wide-nostrilled nose which bore the closest resemblance to a lion's. Indeed a most absurd likeness to the king of beasts was the impression produced on Kearney as this wild-looking fellow bounded forward and stood there amazed at finding a stranger to confront him.

His dress was a flannel-shirt and trousers, and a pair of old slippers which had once been Kearney's own.

"I was told by the College woman how I was to summon you, Mr. Donogan," said Kearney, good-naturedly. "You're not offended with the liberty?"

"Are you Dick?" asked the other, coming forward.

"Yes. I think most of my friends know me by that name."

"And the old devil has told you mine?" asked he, quickly.

"No, I believe I discovered that for myself. I tumbled over some of your things last night, and saw a letter addressed to you."

"You didn't read it?"

"Certainly not. It fell out of your pocket-book, and I put it back there."

"So the old hag didn't blab on me? I'm anxious about this, because it's got out somehow that I'm back again. I landed at Kenmare in a fishing-boat from the New York Packet the 'Osprey' on Tuesday fortnight, and three of the newspapers had it before I was a week on shore."

"Our breakfast is getting cold; sit down here and let me help you. Will you begin with a rasher?"

Not replying to the invitation, Donogan covered his plate with bacon, and leaning his arm on the table, stared fixedly at Kearney.

"I'm as glad as fifty pounds of it," muttered he slowly to himself.

"Glad of what?"

"Glad that you're not a swell, Mr. Kearney," said he gravely. "The Honorable Richard Kearney, whenever I repeated that to myself it gave me a cold sweat. I thought of velvet collars and a cravat with a grand pin in it, and a stuck-up creature behind both that wouldn't condescend to sit down with me."

"I'm sure Joe Atlee gave you no such impression of me."

A short grunt that might mean anything was all the reply.

"He was my chum, and knew me better," reiterated the other.

"He knows many a thing he doesn't say, and he says plenty that he doesn't know. 'Kearney will be a swell,' said I, 'and he'll turn upon me just out of contempt for my condition.'"



"That was judging me hardly, Mr. Donogan."

"No, it wasn't; it's the treatment the mangy dogs meet all the world over. Why is England insolent to us, but because we're poor — answer me that? Are we mangy? Don't you feel mangy? — I know I do!"

Dick smiled a sort of mild contradiction, but said nothing.

"Now that I see you, Mr. Kearney," said the other, "I'm as glad as a ten-pound note about a letter I wrote you —"

"I never received a letter from you."

"Sure I know you didn't! haven't I got it here?" And he drew forth a square-shaped packet and held it up before him. "I never said that I sent it, nor I won't send it now; here's its present address," added he, as he threw it on the fire and pressed it down with his foot.

"Why not have given it to me now?" asked the other.

"Because three minutes will tell you all that was in it, and better than writing; for I can reply to anything that wants an explanation, and that's what a letter cannot. First of all, do you know that Mr. Claude Barry, your county member, has asked for the Chiltern, and is going to resign?"

"No, I have not heard it."

"Well, it's a fact. They are going to make him a second secretary somewhere, and pension him off. He has done his work: he voted an Arms Bill and an Insurrection Act, and he had the influenza when the amnesty petition was presented, and sure no more could be expected from any man."

"The question scarcely concerns me; our interest in the county is so small now, we count for very little."

"And don't you know how to make your influence greater?"

"I cannot say that I do."

"Go to the poll yourself, Richard Kearney, and be the member."

"You are talking of an impossibility, Mr. Donogan. First of all, we have no fortune, no large estates in the county, with a wide tenantry and plenty of votes; secondly, we have no place amongst the county families, as our old name and good blood might have given us; thirdly, we are of the wrong religion, and, I take it, with as wrong politics; and, lastly, we should not know what to do with the prize if we had won it."

"Wrong in every one of your propositions — wholly wrong," cried the other. "The party that will send you in won't want to be bribed, and they'll be proud of a man who doesn't overtop them with his money. You don't need the big families, for you'll beat them. Your religion is the right one, for it will give you the Priests; and your politics shall be Repeal, and it will give you the Peasants; and as to not knowing what to do when you're elected, are you so mighty well off in life that you've nothing to wish for?"

"I can scarcely say that," said Dick, smiling.

"Give me a few minutes' attention," said Donogan, "and I think I'll show you that I've thought this matter out and out; indeed, before I sat down to write to you I went into all the details."

And now, with a clearness and a fairness that astonished Kearney,

this strange-looking fellow proceeded to prove how he had weighed the whole difficulty, and saw how, in the nice balance of the two great parties who would contest the seat, the Repealer would step in and steal votes from both.

He showed not only that he knew every barony of the county, and every estate and property, but that he had a clear insight into the different localities where discontent prevailed, and places where there was something more than discontent.

"It is down there," said he significantly, "that I can be useful. The man that has had his foot in the dock, and only escaped having his head in the noose, is never discredited in Ireland. Talk parliament and parliamentary tactics to the small shopkeepers in Moate, and leave me to talk treason to the people in the bog."

"But I mistake you and your friends greatly," said Kearney, "if these were the tactics you always followed; I thought that you were the physical-force party, who sneered at constitutionalism and only believed in the pike."

"So we did, so long as we saw O'Connell and the lawyers working the game of that grievance for their own advantage, and teaching the English Government how to rule Ireland by a system of concession to *them* and to *their* friends. Now, however, we begin to perceive that to assault that heavy bastion of Saxon intolerance, we must have spies in the enemy's fortress, and for this we send in so many members to the Whig party. There are scores of men who will aid us by their vote who would not risk a bone in our cause. Theirs is a sort of subacute patriotism; but it has its use. It smashes an Established Church, breaks down Protestant ascendancy, destroys the prestige of landed property, and will in time abrogate entail and primogeniture, and many another fine thing; and in this way it clears the ground for our operations, just as soldiers fell trees and level houses lest they interfere with the range of heavy artillery."

"So that the place you would assign me is that very honorable one you have just called a 'spy in the camp?'"

"By a figure I said that, Mr. Kearney; but you know well enough what I meant was, that there's many a man will help us on the Treasury benches that would not turn out on Tallaght; and we want both. I won't say," added he, after a pause, "I'd not rather see you a leader in our ranks than a Parliament man. I was bred a doctor, Mr. Kearney, and I must take an illustration from my own art. To make a man susceptible of certain remedies, you are often obliged to reduce his strength and weaken his constitution. So it is here. To bring Ireland into a condition to be bettered by Repeal, you must crush the Church and smash the bitter Protestants. The Whigs will do these for us, but we must help them. Do you understand me now?"

"I believe I do. In the case you speak of, then, the Government will support my election."

"Against a Tory, yes; but not against a pure Whig — a thorough-going supporter, who would bargain for nothing for his country, only something for his own relations."

"If your project has an immense fascination for me at one moment,

and excites my ambition beyond all bounds, the moment I turn my mind to the cost, and remember my own poverty, I see nothing but hopelessness."

"That's not my view of it, nor when you listen to me patiently will it, I believe, be yours. Can we have another talk over this in the evening?"

"To be sure! we'll dine here together at six."

"Oh, never mind me, think of yourself, Mr. Kearney, and your own engagements. As to the matter of dining, a crust of bread and a couple of apples are fully as much as I want or care for."

"We'll dine together to-day at six," said Dick, "and bear in mind I am more interested in this than you are."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### A CRAFTY COUNSELLOR.

As they were about to sit down to dinner on that day, a telegram, re-directed from Kilgobbin, reached Kearney's hand. It bore the date of that morning, from Plmnuddm Castle, and was signed "Atlee." Its contents were these:—"H.E. wants to mark the Kilgobbin defence with some sign of approval. What shall it be? Reply by wire."

"Read that, and tell us what you think of it."

"Joe Atlee at the Viceroy's castle in Wales!" cried the other. "We're going up the ladder hand over head, Mr. Kearney! A week ago his ambition was bounded on the south by Ship Street, and on the east by the Lower Castle Yard."

"How do you understand the despatch?" asked Kearney, quickly.

"Easily enough. His Excellency wants to know what you'll have for shooting down three—I think they were three—Irishmen."

"The fellows came to demand arms, and with loaded guns in their hands."

"And if they did! Is not the first right of a man the weapon that defends him? He that cannot use it or does not possess it, is a slave. By what prerogative has Kilgobbin Castle within its walls what can take the life of any, the meanest, tenant on the estate?"

"I'm not going to discuss this with you; I think I have heard most of it before, and was not impressed when I did so. What I asked was, what sort of a recognition one might safely ask for and reasonably expect?"

"That's not long to look for. Let them support you in the county. Telegraph back, 'I'm going to stand, and, if I get in, will be a Whig, whenever I'm not a Nationalist. Will the party stand by me?'"

"Scarcely with that programme."

"And do you think that the priests' nominees, who are three-fourths of the Irish Members, offer better terms? Do you imagine that the men that crowd the Whig lobby have not reserved their freedom of action about the Pope, and the Fenian prisoners, and the Orange processionists? If they were not free so far, I'd ask you, with the old Duke, How is her Majesty's Government to be carried on?"



Kearney shook his head in dissent.

"And that's not all," continued the other; "but you must write to the papers a flat contradiction of that shooting story. You must either declare that it never occurred at all, or was done by that young scamp from the Castle, who happily got as much as he gave."

"That I could not do," said Kearney, firmly.

"And it is that precisely that you must do," rejoined the other. "If you go into the House to represent the popular feeling of Irishmen, the hand that signs the roll must not be stained with Irish blood."

"You forget; I was not within fifty miles of the place."

"And another reason to disavow it. Look here, Mr. Kearney: if a man in a battle was to say to himself, I'll never give any but a fair blow, he'd make a mighty bad soldier. Now, public life is a battle, and worse than a battle in all that touches treachery and falsehood. If you mean to do any good in the world, to yourself and your country, take my word for it, you'll have to do plenty of things that you don't like, and, what's worse, can't defend."

"The soup is getting cold all this time. Shall we sit down?"

"No, not till we answer the telegram. Sit down and say what I told you."

"Atlee will say I'm mad. He knows I have not a shilling in the world."

"Riches is not the badge of the representation," said the other.

"They can, at least, pay the cost of the elections."

"Well, we'll pay ours, too — not all at once, but later on; don't fret yourself about that."

"They'll refuse me flatly."

"No, we have a lien on the fine gentleman with the broken arm. What would the Tories give for that story, told as I could tell it to them? At all events, whatever you do in life, remember this — that if asked your price for anything you have done, name the highest, and take nothing if it's refused you. It's a waiting race, but I never knew it fail in the end."

Kearney despatched his message, and sat down to the table, far too much flurried and excited to care for his dinner. Not so his guest, who ate voraciously, seldom raising his head and never uttering a word. "Here's to the new Member for King's County," said he at last, and he drained off his glass; and I don't know a pleasanter way of wishing a man prosperity than in a bumper. "Has your father any politics, Mr. Kearney?"

"He thinks he's a Whig, but, except hating the Established Church and having a print of Lord Russell over the fireplace, I don't know he has other reason for the opinion."

"All right; there's nothing finer for a young man entering public life than to be able to sneer at his father for a noodle. That's the practical way to show contempt for the wisdom of our ancestors. There's no appeal the public respond to with the same certainty as that of the man who quarrels with his relations for the sake of his principles; and whether it be a change in your politics or your religion, they're sure to uphold you."

"If differing with my father will ensure my success, I can afford to be confident," said Dick, smiling.

"Your sister has her notions about Ireland, hasn't she?"

"Yes, I believe she has; but she fancies that laws and acts of parliament are not the things in fault, but ourselves and our modes of dealing with the people, that were not often just, and were always capricious. I am not sure how she works out her problem, but I believe we ought to educate each other; and that in turn, for teaching the people to read and write, there are scores of things to be learned from them."

"And the Greek girl?"

"The Greek girl"—began Dick, haughtily, and with a manner that betokened rebuke, but which suddenly changed as he saw that nothing in the other's manner gave any indication of intended freedom or insolence—"The Greek is my first-cousin, Mr. Donogan," said he calmly; "but I am anxious to know how you have heard of her, or indeed of any of us."

"From Joe—Joe Atlee! I believe we have talked you over—every one of you—till I know you all as well as if I lived in the castle and called you by your Christian names. Do you know, Mr. Kearney"—and his voice trembled now as he spoke—"that to a lone and desolate man like myself, who has no home and scarcely a country, there is something indescribably touching in the mere picture of the fireside, and the family gathered round it, talking over little homely cares and canvassing the changes of each day's fortune. I could sit here half the night and listen to Atlee telling how you lived, and the sort of things that interested you."

"So that you'd actually like to look at us?"

Donogan's eyes grew glassy and his lips trembled, but he could not utter a word.

"So you shall then," cried Dick, resolutely. "We'll start to-morrow by the early train. You'll not object to a ten-miles' walk, and we'll arrive for dinner."

"Do you know who it is you are inviting to your father's house? Do you know that I am an escaped convict, with a price on my head this minute? Do you know the penalty of giving me shelter, or even what the law calls comfort?"

"I know this, that in the heart of the Bog of Allen you'll be far safer than in the city of Dublin; that none shall ever learn who you are; nor, if they did, is there one—the poorest in the place—would betray you."

"It is of you, Sir, I'm thinking, not of me," said Donogan calmly.

"Don't fret yourself about us. We are well known in our county, and above suspicion. Whenever you yourself should feel that your presence was like to be a danger, I am quite willing to believe you'd take yourself off."

"You judge me rightly, Sir, and I'm proud to see it; but how are you to present me to your friends?"

"As a College acquaintance—a friend of Atlee's and of mine—a gentleman who occupied the room next me. I can surely say that with truth."

"And dined with you every day since you knew him. Why not add that?"

He laughed merrily over this conceit, and at last Donogan said, "I've a little kit of clothes — something decenter than these — up in Thomas Street, No. 13, Mr. Kearney; the old house Lord Edward was shot in, and the safest place in Dublin now, because it is so notorious. I'll step up for them this evening, and I'll be ready to start when you like."

"Here's good fortune to us, whatever we do next," said Kearney, filling both their glasses; and they touched the brims together and clinked them before they drained them.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### "ON THE LEADS."

KATE KEARNEY'S room was on the top of the castle, and "gave" by a window over the leads of a large square tower. On this space she had made a little garden of a few flowers, to tend which was one of what she called "her dissipations."

Some old packing-cases filled with mould sufficed to nourish a few stocks and carnations, a rose or two, and a mass of mignonette, which possibly, like the children of the poor, grew up sturdy and healthy from some of the adverse circumstances of their condition. It was a very favorite spot with her; and if she came hither in her happiest moments, it was here also her saddest hours were passed, sure that in the cares and employments of her loved plants she would find solace and consolation. It was at this window Kate now sat with Nina, looking over the vast plain, on which a rich moonlight was streaming, the shadows of fast-flitting clouds throwing strange and fanciful effects over a space almost wide enough to be a prairie.

"What a deal have mere names to do with our imaginations, Nina!" said Kate. "Is not that boundless sweep before us as fine as your boasted Campagna? Does not the night-wind career over it as joyfully, and is not the moonlight as picturesque in its breaks by turf-clamp and hillock as by ruined wall and tottering temple? In a word, are not we as well here, to drink in all this delicious silence, as if we were sitting on your loved Pincian?"

"Don't ask me to share such heresies. I see nothing out there but bleak desolation. I don't know if it ever had a past; I can almost swear it will have no future. Let us not talk of it."

"What shall we talk of?" asked Kate, with an arch smile.

"You know well enough what led me up here. I want to hear what you know of that strange man Dick brought here to-day to dinner."

"I never saw him before — never even heard of him."

"Do you like him?"

"I have scarcely seen him."

"Don't be so guarded and reserved. Tell me frankly the impression he makes on you. Is he not vulgar — very vulgar?"

"How should I say, Nina? Of all the people you ever met, who knows so little of the habits of society as myself? Those fine gentlemen who were here the other day shocked my ignorance by number-



less little displays of indifference. Yet I can feel that they must have been paragons of good breeding, and that what I believed to be a very cool self-sufficiency was in reality the very latest London version of good manners."

"Oh, you did not like that charming carelessness of Englishmen that goes where it likes and when it likes, that does not wait to be answered when it questions, and only insists on one thing, which is — 'not to be bored.' If you knew, dearest Kate, how foreigners school themselves, and strive to catch up that insouciance, and never succeed — never!"

"My brother's friend certainly is no adept in it."

"He is insufferable. I don't know that the man ever dined in the company of ladies before; did you remark that he did not open the door as we left the dinner-room? and if your brother had not come over, I should have had to open it for myself. I declare I'm not sure he stood up as we passed."

"Oh, yes; I saw him rise from his chair."

"I'll tell you what you did not see. You did not see him open his napkin at dinner. He stole his roll of bread very slyly from the folds, and then placed the napkin, carefully folded, beside him."

"You seem to have observed him closely, Nina."

"I did so, because I saw enough in his manner to excite suspicion of his class, and I want to know what Dick means by introducing him here."

"Papa liked him; at least he said that after we left the room a good deal of his shyness wore off, and that he conversed pleasantly and well. Above all, he seems to know Ireland perfectly."

"Indeed!" said she, half-disdainfully.

"So much so that I was heartily sorry to leave the room when I heard them begin the topic; but I saw papa wished to have some talk with him, and I went."

"They were gallant enough not to join us afterwards, though I think we waited tea till ten."

"Till nigh eleven, Nina; so that I am sure they must have been interested in their conversation."

"I hope the explanation excuses them."

"I don't know that they are aware they needed an apology. Perhaps they were affecting a little of that British insouciance you spoke of —"

"They had better not. It will sit most awkwardly on their Irish habits."

"Some day or other I'll give you a formal battle on this score, Nina, and I warn you you'll not come so well out of it."

"Whenever you like. I accept the challenge. Make this brilliant companion of your brother's the type, and it will test your cleverness, I promise you. Do you even know his name?"

"Mr. Daniel, my brother called him; but I know nothing of his country or of his belongings."

"Daniel is a Christian name, not a family name, is it not? We have scores of people like that — Tommasini, Riccardi, and such like — in Italy, but they mean nothing."

"Our friend below-stairs looks as if *that* was not his failing. I should say that he means a good deal."

"Oh, I know you are laughing at my stupid phrase — no matter ; you understood me, at all events. I don't like that man."

"Dick's friends are not fortunate with you. I remember how unfavorably you judged of Mr. Atlee from his portrait."

"Well, he looked rather better than his picture — less false, I mean ; or perhaps it was that he had a certain levity of manner that carried off the perfidy."

"What an amiable sort of levity !"

"You are too critical on me by half this evening," said Nina, pettishly ; and she arose and strolled out upon the leads.

For some time Kate was scarcely aware she had gone. Her head was full of cares, and she sat trying to think some of them "out," and see her way to deal with them. At last the door of the room slowly and noiselessly opened, and Dick put in his head. "I was afraid you might be asleep, Kate," said he, entering, "finding all so still and quiet here."

"No. Nina and I were chatting here — squabbling, I believe, if I were to tell the truth ; and I can't tell when she left me."

"What could you be quarrelling about ?" asked he, as he sat down beside her.

"I think it was with that strange friend of yours. We were not quite agreed whether his manners were perfect, or his habits those of the well-bred world. Then we wanted to know more of him, and each was dissatisfied that the other was so ignorant ; and, lastly, we were canvassing that very peculiar taste you appear to have in friends, and were wondering where you find your odd people."

"So then you don't like Donogan ?" said he, hurriedly.

"Like whom ? And you call him Donogan !"

"The mischief is out," said he. "Not that I wanted to have secrets from you ; but all the same, I am a precious bungler. His name is Donogan ; and what's more, it's Daniel Donogan. He was the same who figured in the dock at, I believe, sixteen years of age, with Smith O'Brien and the others, and was afterwards seen in England in '59, known as a head-centre, and apprehended on suspicion in '60, and made his escape from Dartmoor the same year. There's a very pretty biography in skeleton, is it not ?"

"But, my dear Dick, how are you connected with him ?"

"Not very seriously. Don't be afraid. I'm not compromised in any way, nor does he desire that I should be. Here is the whole story of our acquaintance." And now he told what the reader already knows of their first meeting and the intimacy that followed it.

"All that will take nothing from the danger of harboring a man charged as he is," said she, gravely.

"That is to say, if he be tracked and discovered."

"It is what I mean."

"Well, one has only to look out of that window, and see where we are and what lies around us on every side, to be tolerably easy on that score." And as he spoke he arose and walked out upon the terrace. "What, were you here all this time ?" asked he, as he saw Nina seated on the battlement, and throwing dried leaves carelessly to the wind.

"Yes; I have been here this half-hour, perhaps longer."

"And heard what we have been saying within there?"

"Some chance words reached me, but I did not follow them."

"Oh, it was here you were then, Nina!" cried Kate. "I am ashamed to say I did not know it."

"We got so warm in discussing your friend's merits or demerits that we parted in a sort of huff," said Nina. "I wonder was he worth quarrelling for?"

"What should *you* say?" asked Dick, inquiringly, as he scanned her face.

"In any other land I might say he was — that is, that some interest might attach to him; but here, in Ireland, you all look so much brighter, and wittier, and more impetuous, and more out of the common than you really are, that I give up all divination of you, and own I cannot read you at all."

"I hope you like the explanation," said Kate to her brother, laughing.

"I'll tell my friend of it in the morning," said Dick; "and as he is a great national champion, perhaps he'll accept it as a defiance."

"You do not frighten me by the threat," said Nina, calmly.

Dick looked from her face to his sister's and back again to hers, to discern if he might how much she had overheard; but he could read nothing in her cold and impassive bearing, and he went his way in doubt and confusion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## DYING ISRAEL.

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**G**ATHER close to my bed,  
For the end it is nigh:  
Shall the lips of the dead  
Be stained with a lie?

Heed the dying — of doubts be there none.  
Where a prophet hath spoken  
Failed ever the word?  
Or when hath been broken  
The faith of the Lord?

As it was to the sires of the sire, shall it be to the seed of the son.



Judah's kingdom shall fail  
 In the tumult of war,  
 His bravest wax pale  
 And be scattered afar,  
 Gall and madness be mixed with his wine.  
 Like wind-wafted sands,  
 His seed shall be strown  
 In uttermost lands,  
 But rooted in none.

Ah! heavy the hand of the stranger who harbors the child of his line.

Gaunt famine shall cling  
 To the loved of his race,  
 The scorner shall sing  
 In his holiest place,  
 And the voice of his worship be mute:  
 And of that which he hath  
 Shall little be spared;  
 The children of wrath  
 Shall pluck at his beard.

Was it he with his foot on the neck and his hand in the mane of the brute?

The whelp of the lion  
 Shall tear at the dam:  
 Red riseth Zion  
 With blood of the Lamb.  
 For Judah that knew not his own,  
 His fires shall be quenched  
 In the terrors of night;  
 From his hand shall be wrenched  
 The sceptre of might;

He shall wait by the gate of the temple for the King who hath passed to  
 his throne.

CHARLES W. HILLS.

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## HUNTING A DRAGON.

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ONE afternoon, not long since, there came to my little lodge in the wilderness a man with a carpet-bag. He inquired for me by name, I was waked out of my after-dinner nap — the only luxury I have in life besides my pipe — and my wrath was great when, on going to the door, I beheld a veritable, unmistakable colporteur, a slab-sided, sandy-polled, freckled, gimlet-eyed Yankee, with a red and white cotton mop of a pocket-handkerchief in one hand, and in the other a black oil-cloth satchel filled with machine-made Hartford subscription books. Yah! I was angry. I thought of Halleck's account of the Connecticut Yankee's reception in Virginia. I was cross, chuff, discourteous; but the visitor lost not his oily tones nor departed from his affable composure. I did not want any books. I wouldn't have his books — no, not even the History of the Great Rebellion in two volumes, with seven hundred fine engravings, bound in sheep — it should have been in calf — no, not if he gave it to me. ("I'll nawt tempt ye," interposed the peddler.) We couldn't trade. It took two to make a bargain, and I would not be one of them.

"Wall," said my visitor, "it's naw use. When a man wunt he wunt, an' there's an eend unt. Can I hev lodgins for the night, an' sothin to eat? I'll pay reasonable. I'd ruther pay in books, but I've money ef you wunt buy books."

I didn't keep a house of that kind. There was a tavern on the turnpike less than two miles away. I was not in the habit of entertaining strangers, and it was not convenient.

Ahem! Was the tavern nearer than that cloud? mildly suggested the colporteur, pointing to the west, already black with an approaching gust-cloud, out of which muttering thunders came like the distant bellowing of an angry bull.

So the Yankee had his way; and I had a treat, for unawares I entertained — not an angel by any means — but one of the most striking characters I have ever met. I don't know his name nor his connections, nor whether he came out of the Penitentiary or Congress; but I do know that he was a good fellow — in his way, I must add, as Cervantes qualifies his assertion that the romance of *Tirante the White* is the best book in the world. He had been everywhere, knew something about everything and everybody, and made himself pleasantly at home; not offensively, to be sure, but yet, *eh bien*, he was a Yankee! He managed, in the course of a short and storm-broken evening, to fare comfortably, and convert an entire household from a state of ill-concealed prejudice, dislike, and suspicion, to one of open admiration and applause. He ate smoked herrings with the relish of salmon or brook-trout, consumed something less than an oven of biscuit, and drank tea like Doctor Johnson or a Methodist preacher on circuit. He propitiated the baby until she cried to go to him; convulsed my boys with tales so laughable that I have been afraid to

let them go to church ever since lest the sudden recollection of one of them should burst forth to startle the congregation out of a drowsy mood ; flattered my wife with consummate skill ; sent my mother into the merriest mood of old memories and jokes ; made the servants stare and chuckle ; and actually seduced me into sitting up until after midnight and smoking half-a-dozen illicit pipes, while I listened to his racy tales of adventure and character.

"Come," said I, when at last he began to yawn and speak of starting early in the morning, "it is so seldom we meet with an entertaining visitor like yourself that I am very loth to let you go ; but I will if you will 'pay your lawing' with one more tale. As the old romance has it —

'Usage est en Normandie  
Que qui herbegiez est, qu'il die  
Fable ou chanson à l'hoste.'

One more story, therefore, and I will show you the way to bed, and wish you pleasant dreams."

I charged my pipe again ; he meditatively poured about the third of a pint of brandy out of the decanter I pushed towards him, over the ice and mint in the glass he had just emptied, sprinkled a little sugar on top, and then, cocking his chair back and nursing his glass, told the following tale, which I reproduce with no attempt whatever to be faithful to his language nor his quaint manner. I could not imitate these were I to try my best. No written words can convey an adequate notion of a well-told story, and this eccentric carpet-bagger would have made his fortune at the court of Schemseddin, for he had Dan Chaucer's gift in perfection.

The queerest people I meet in my peregrinations are the folks in "the show business," as they call it, and the queerest fellow I ever met in that line was little Potpie Plennux. The "show business," you know, includes everything in the travelling amusement line — wandering theatrical companies, circuses, menageries, minstrel troupes, magicians, agents, bill-stickers, etc. I've been in that business myself several times ; once I was "end man" of a gang of corkists on the Red River, another time agent and assistant for a prestidigitateur who refused to pay me my wages because I could not learn to change hats for him quick enough when he was playing the "egg-trick." Well, Potpie was in the show business. He'd been on the trapèze, but had to quit on account of an ugly fall that run one of his ribs clear through his lungs, and made him so delicate that the doctors told him his only chance of life was open air, steady going, and three inches of whiskey every day. So he turned purveyor for menageries, and got to be famous as a sort of Audubon among the circus-fellows.

Potpie was indeed a character worth putting in a novel, and, unlike most people in the world, was not near so ugly as he looked. Appearances indeed were considerably against him, for he was one-sided and crippled by his fall, with a short dot-and-carry-one leg. He was low in stature, much bent, but exceeding broad across the shoulders,



very strong, with a grip like the grip of a lion's jaw. He had funny sharp gray eyes, underneath shaggy eyebrows like those of a Skye terrier; his hair was hemp color, mixed with gray; his nose an ugly fump, and his mouth a great snaggly cavern, oozy with tobacco juice. His skin was brown as saddle-leather with exposure, and as becrossed with wrinkles as a map is with county lines. He had a way of trotting along on his warped legs at the rate of about five miles an hour, head down, long arms swinging, and lips going as he muttered to himself in perpetual talk, that made him look a nondescript creature indeed. He didn't care a cent how he was dressed, never blacked his shoes, and always had his pockets bulging out with "specimens" or nicknacks of some kind, like a schoolboy on Saturday. Potpie was a Londoner born, I believe; anyhow, he never could get his H's exactly right; and he was a man of perfect faith in regard to two things: menageries and Old England. He swore by his native land — called it H'Albion — it took me a good while to find what in nation he meant; and as for menageries — well, it's my opinion Potpie knows more about beasts that live in cages and how to manage them than all the Zoological Gardeners put together. He was a good honest fellow, stuck to his word like a leech to a terrapin, and knew the beasts so thoroughly in their homes and their habits that he was very highly thought of among all the circus people. Barnum was always ready to give Potpie a good job and handsome pay, and I've heard say he had worked for several of the Professors likewise — Owen, Agassiz, and that sort, you know.

He could make the beasts understand him, I used to think; and there was a striped hyæna that used to belong to Van Amburgh's caravan that regularly went mad for joy as soon as ever he came into the tent, and cried for a week after he left it. I've seen that there mangy beast twist and jump around him, and rub against him, and lick his hand, and yelp and yowl, and look up in his face when he patted it, just the same as a dog. Potpie, I reckon, can tell you as much about the breeding places of the beasts as you want to know. He never bragged, except of Halbion; but I've heard him say at odd-comes how he had taken seal and walrus in a Greenland kyack, been in a lion's kennel in Transvaal, tried to capture river-horses on the White Nile, and hunted gorillas on the Congo. As for birds and fishes — well! he had always a pocket full of hooks and tackle, and I really believe he could fool a trout to jump into his big mouth; and the way he could shin up a tree with his bow-legs, pitch out eggs with one hand and fight off the hawks and eagles with the other, was a caution to the authors of the *National Reader*! You may be sure Potpie hadn't much respect for books and pictures, since they lied so, he said; but he must have known a good deal about the anatomy of beasts, for he could put their skeletons together, and make as nice a dressed bird as any of the taxy-what-you-call-'ems I ever saw.

Last September, I believe it was, I was in New York, out of a job (as I am now, except this sort of thing, which don't count), and pretty seedy I was too. Hanging around one of the theatrical loafing-places, who should come up but Potpie Plennux, trotting as usual, with a gray parrot in one hand, and a Guinea pig in each coat pocket.

"Wy, 'ello, Gabe," said he, "you're my man! Come here — I want to talk to you hafter I've delivered this yere small consignment." And he went into the bar-room and gave the pigs and the parrot to the landlord, taking his pay. "Come, sit down and have some beer — and a steak," added he, looking sidewise at me, as if he thought I seemed hungry. "And mind you" (to the landlord), "don't you give that parrot no salt meat unless you want him to get bald as a billiard ball! Teach him to cuss in Dutch — it'll make the beer go hoff 'andy. Now, Gabe, your 'ealth; and you know me, and I know you, pretty well. I'm just in from South Hamerica, with a schooner, and a cargo of parrots, monkeys, jaguars, peccaries, snakes, and all sorts of vermin, for Barnum and the Central Park. Had a good trip of it, wind all the way, beasts kept their spirits up, and I'm five thousand dollars in pocket by the hoperation. So, 'ow much shall it be? One 'undred, or two — or five, if you need it. Say the word and I'll plank!"

"Thank you, Potpie," said I, "a hundred will be plenty, especially as I never expect to pay you."

"Ho yes you will!" he answered, handing over the money. "I'm hoff next week on another trip, and I want you to go with me — share and share alike — and it's a fortune to us hiff I 'it my mark. It's out Californy way, and you know them diggins better than I."

"Diggins!" said I; "on another lay then, Potpie?"

"No, Sir!" he rejoined, indignantly. "Wen I go a catting I go a catting, and darn the other fish! I'm a hanimal hunter; and as long as there's wild beasts on the face of the earth, and menageries to cage 'em in, so long do I mean to 'unt 'em! Will you be my pardner? It'll not take more'n a couple of months or so, and Barnum's going to open his new shop in the spring. Will you go? I'll foot the bills, and share with you hall the profits."

"I'll go; but where? And what for?"

"That's tellings! There ain't time now; we will start in the morning. Here's another hundred for you; this is on account, mind — take it, and get what you'll need for a month or six weeks in the mountains. A good rifle, repeater, pistols, knife — you know what sort of kit."

"Yes, if I knew where I was going."

"In the wilderness — say in Idaho, or Montana."

"Ah, you're after grizzlies again, Potpie!"

"Maybe I beent, maybe I be, as you Yankees say. Get your things and meet me 'ere to-morrow morning in time to catch the Hexpress on the 'Udson River."

"All right."

I got my equipments, and next day, sure enough, we took the train, ticketed for Omaha.

"Hisay, Gabe!" said Potpie to me that day, folding up his paper as we rattled on between Hyde Park and Rhinebeck, "what do you think Barnum would give us for a good-sized live dragon, 'ealthy and in good condition?"

"As much as he'd give for the sea-serpent, I guess," said I, with a laugh.

"Sho!" replied Potpie; "there hain't no such thing as a sea-sarpent, you know, though I used to think there was."

"You don't mean to say you believe in dragons!" I said, struck all abaft.

"I'll tell you about that bimeby," he said, kind of sheepish-like.

"Well, I never!" I laughed. "I had a landlady once was a she-dragon, if ever there was one; but I didn't think that breed could be multiplied. She struck me as being what the lawyers call *sui generis*."

"I don't see where the joke comes in," said Potpie, rather crossly. "You Yankees believe so much in books you won't trust your hown heyes. Blarst the books!"

"With all my heart; but — did you ever see a dragon?"

"Not with my heyes, Gabe, that is a fact; but why shouldn't there be dragons? Ain't there lions?"

"You ought to know that."

"So I hought. Didn't the books used to say that there hain't no hunicorns? And hain't I captured them, and hain't Mr. Barnum got as pretty a pair of them has hever I saw! Tell me! If the lion and the hunicorn a fighting for the crown hain't a fable but the Lord's blessed truth, why shouldn't George and the Dragon be true likewise? Tell me! Hif we 'ave good luck, hif I don't show you a dragon in less than two months' time, my name hain't Potpie Plennux, that's hall!"

"Good gracious, Potpie!" said I, amazed; "that's not what we're going after, is it?"

"Never you mind what," said he chuffly; "I foot the bills, and you won't lose nothing by me."

This was an undeniable proposition; and, as Potpie did not choose to talk about dragons any more, I heard nothing further from him upon the subject at that time.

Arrived at Omaha, we waited a week or so, Potpie buying stores and three mules, until a stern-wheel boat was ready to start for the Upper Missouri.

The river was low, the sand-bars vicious, and we had a mortal tedious time of it up to Fort Benton. We got there after awhile, however, rested a day, and then packed and started, we two, upon the darnedest fool's errand that ever white men went on since Cobbett made his pilgrimage to Tom Paine's bones.

"See here, Potpie," says I, when we had got outside and out of sight of the fort, "I'm in for the war, as the graybacks used to say, and it's follow my leader with me, no matter where you go; but — I reckon its hard on me to ask me to go with you blindfold, and call me your pardner too."

That kind a touched Potpie, so he slacked up his mule till I was alongside of him, and said he: "Was you ever in this here country before, Gabe?"

"Last year," I made answer, "I was across this here darned old back-bone, from Benton down to Helena, and then across to Labarge City — and a cruise it was!"

Potpie looked at me with a solemn sort of stare. "Labarge City, you say! You don't mean there's any towns hout 'ere?"



"Don't I, then! This here ain't a region where the geography is calculated to stand still, Potpie! Cities follow the gold-streaks, old fellow, and there's a many a one here beyond."

"What a blarsted country this is!" said Potpie, fervently. "Why, darn my sister's cat's heyes hiff I don't believe we're dished harfter all! Wy, Gabe, wen I was hout 'ere the first time there wasn't a white man in the country, exceptin the troops and the trappers. Howsever, we're in for it—let's push ahead!" He spurred his mule and didn't say nothing for a good bit; then he slacked up again, and says he: "Gabe, you remember what I told ye about the dragons? Well, there's a living dragon uses in them mountains yonder" (pointing to the southward), "and I mean to capture him. Stop! You hear me tell what I know first before you speak."

"But see here, Potpie," shouted I, desperate, for I began to think the fellow was dead crazy, "tell me just one thing: what's your idea about dragons? What in nation do you guess the darned thing looks like?"

"Well, Gabe," said he, solemn as a judge, "I'm not quite satisfied my idee of the thing's correct; not but what I've thinked it all over in my mind a great deal. I don't fancy the pictures is got it hexactly; but I've seen some pictures that hain't far hout of the way, I'll swear."

"But how in nation do you know, Potpie? That's what I'm after. I want to know what in thunder you're going upon."

"Hisay, Gabe, its reason! I've thinked hit hall hover a most of times. There *must* be dragons, and dragons there is, heaven hif I don't find 'em! Why hit's in the very nature of beasts, so to speak, Gabe. Put it to yourself a bit in that light. You see there's the mouse and rat kind; they runs on and up, a growing and a growing larger all the time, huntill you bimeby gets your helephant, and, which they tell me, was in holden times twice as big and 'airy. There's your cats never stops till they gets to be lions and tigers. There's your patridge-kind winds up in the hostridge and the cassovary. There's your sparrow-hawk gets to be a heagle and a vulture, a Condor hof the Handes, or a Lammergeyer. There's your garter-snake stretches hout harfter a bit into a hanaconda or a boa-constrictor, which I've captured 'em sixty-three feet long and big round as a nail-keg. There's your water-lizards, your newts, your blarsted spring-keepers (which one of 'em came a nigh strangling me oncst), is never satisfied until they grows to be halligators and crocodiles; and then there's your little blue-faced monkey, six inches long (leaving out his tail, which is the best part of him), keeps on a growing and improving, and shedding his 'air and stiffening his legs and back, until he gets to be a 'uman being, like you—"

"See here, Potpie, darn your comparisons!"

"Which I've seen 'em in Tennessee and Patagonia" (goes on Potpie, never minding me) "not less than seven feet 'igh, and broad in proportion; hand the Bible tells us there used to be some giants considerable taller yet—which I'd like to come hacross one for carawan purposes. You believe hin your Bible, I suppose, don't you, Gabe? Tho'f, being a Yankee, hit hain't so certain, by no means.

Well, the Bible teaches there is dragons, and so does the scale of nature teach 'em. The snakes, mice, water-lizards, all of 'em gets their growth and comes to their full standard hof size, don't they? Well then, do you mean to tell me the *land* lizards is of hall the beasts hin the world the honly hexception to the laws hof Nature? Hi say there *must* be dragons, because there is land lizards; hand they must be iron-clad beasts, flesh-eaters, with big black wings, long tail, hand measuring not less than from sixteen to thirty feet long from tail-tip to nose — and I mean to capture one has sure's my name's Potpie Plennux! Now you stop, Gabe, for I hain't done yet. I've given you the reason hof the thing; now hi'll give you the facts.

"I've 'ad my heyes on these 'ere dragons for a good while," continued Potpie. "I knew they must be unusual scarce, or Barnum would 'a 'ad one; hand hit's the nature hof hall such beasts to be scarce, haccording to their wildness and size; and Hi thought hif Hi could only capture a real live dragon, and 'ave 'im hon hexhibition in Professor Plennux's caravan in Europe and Hamerica, my aspirations would be satisfied for life, and Hi could retire like a good citizen to my cottage in Hold Halbion and a modest competence, the fruit hof my hown hexertions; so, hever since Hive been in the menagerie business Hive 'ad my heyes hopen for dragons, and hinqired about them a great deal. Hi found hit was in the nature of dragons to get out of man's way, to 'ide in 'igh mountains, and not far from their food, which is strong large meat and plenty hof hit. So I ruled the Handes and the Halps out, there being horiginally no large cattle in South Hamerica; and Hi found the Immalaya Mountains, the Rocky Mountains (where there was so many buffalo nigh), and the Mountains of the Moon in the 'art of Hafrica, the most likely places. I reckon there's more dragons hin Hafrica than the other places, but hit's almost himpossible to travel there; hand it would have been nonsense to try to take a cage out of that country, heven if I got there. The Immalayas I left out too, because more difficult, huntil I'd tried this 'ere region. Now, Hive been in these ere mountains three times, Gabe, a 'unting grizzlies and Rocky Mountain sheep, and the like, on pertence, but really in search of dragon tracks. Last time I was here — not just here, you know, but south o' this — I met a hold Digger Hindian and 'is wives and children, and talked with 'im about it, as Hive halways been in the 'abit hof doing; for hif the natives hof a country don't know habout hits beasts, who does know? Now, Gabe, Hi know you won't believe me, but that 'ere hold Hindian took me to the dragon's den, has sure has you're a living man!"

"Did you see him?" asked I.

"See 'im!" cried Potpie, "no! a blarsted snow-storm came up, drove us off'n the mountain, and came a nigh putting all hour lights hout! I was broke and sick, and 'ad to git; but Hi made the hold Hindian promise to keep a sharp watch hon the place for me. That was more'n two years ago, hand Hive not had a chance nor money to come this way since till now."

"And what's your plans at the present writing, may I ask?" said I.

"To find that there hold Digger," says he, "and get 'im to pilot us to the den;" and with that satisfactory answer he spurred up his mule and took the lead again.

For seven days we rode on through the mortalest ugly wilderness I ever see, picketing and camping by night, pushing on a good lick southward every day, always getting deeper and deeper into the heart of the tarnation mountains. I kept my tongue and so did Potpie ; but for all his out-looks at the mountains and studyings of the compass, I kind a thought he didn't know much better where we were than I did, and I knowed my information wouldn't entitle me to pass a geography examination. I kept my pistols and Remington in apple-pie order, you better believe, for I saw Indian sign in several places, and looked to be rid over every day by some gang or other of them there Quakers' pets. Howsever, I didn't do Potpie justice : he hadn't hunted beasts the world over for nothing, and he knew what he was about. Nigh the middle of the eighth day I see him prick his ears up a bit as he turned short round down a cañon with pine trees hanging around it on every side.

"'Ere we are !" says he, waving his hand ; and as he done so, clip ! fliz ! an arrow came at him clean through his left arm above the elbow, another went buzzing through my hair, and a third pinned the old pack-mule's ears together in a way that made her set back amazing. They came from a pine thicket to the left ; and I was down, and rifle-cocked ready before you could say Jack Robbinses !

"Blarst it !" said Potpie, wriggling with pain, "don't shoot, Gabe, hit's friends." Then he sung out something or other in that there eternal Chinook lingo, and held up his hands. A squeaky voice answered him out of the thicket ; and then, after a bit more of palaver, a dirty old Indian about four and a half feet high, and two squaws, and a lot of children of assorted sizes, each dirtier than the other, came out of the brush and up to us. There was a deal of chattering, the women doing most of it ; and Potpie introduced me to the old chap—his name was a mixture of oks and gahs, worse than a Connaught Paddy's, so I always called him Ox—and we shook hands all round about a dozen times, and gave 'em a drink out of our flasks, and made friends in the extravagantest way you ever saw. Potpie dismounted, Ox took care of the mules, and the squaws doctored Potpie's arm, drawing the arrow out, chewing herbs for it, and bandaging it scientific as a medical student over his first cut finger. Then we went on a bit down the hollow till we came to a little smooth spot hard by two springs, one cold as ice-water, the other hot enough to bile an egg. Here old Ox had a couple of huts made of sticks and mud, like a beaver's house, into which he welcomed us as hospitable as the landlord of a country tavern in the dull season. We had something left in the way of coffee, sugar, and bacon ; Ox's women had dried meat and root bread, and we had a jolly supper and smoke while the mules feasted on the young grass outside. After smoking I was for sleep, but not Potpie. He was for dragons ; and the last I heard as I dropped off was the old Indian's squeaky voice, and Potpie clipping his H's in Chinook lingo, comparing notes. The huts was dirty as the Indians, and full populated without that tribe ; but I was too tired to mind 'em, and slept the night through like a deacon in sermon-time.

Potpie waked me bright and early in the morning, long before the



sun was high enough to show itself in the cañon. He was full of glee, and told me he had found the dragon. "Um see um!" said Ox, corroborating. We had a bit of breakfast, but Potpie was too excited to eat. He quite forgot his wound, and was only eager to be off. He went to the pack and got out a large spy-glass, which he gave to me, and a pair of heavy hopple-chains, and a bottle marked chloroform, which he took in charge himself.

"What in nation's that for?" I asked.

"You don't suppose you can capture a dragon like a bear or a lion, do you?" said he. "Hi mean to drug him, and then 'opple 'im in 'is sleep."

"Oh yes, I understand," said I; and off we went, right up the side of the mountain like we were goats — Ox leading, then Potpie, then me, then an Indian boy and gal that carried about ten pounds of jerked meat betwixt them — to bait the dragon with, Potpie said. It was an ugly four hours' climb, and I was blown terrible; the sweat streamed out on Potpie's forehead, his face was green a'most, and his hand trembled, but he wouldn't own to being tired. Over rocks and ridges we went, always up, until we seemed to be nigh the crest of the mountains. Then old Ox give a shout, and Potpie he shouted too; and both on 'em darted into a hole in the side of the mountains, a sort of cave like, about twenty yards square at the entrance, then bigger — large as a church inside, and after a hundred yards or so dwindling off again into four or five dark, narrow passages. A queer guess cave as I ever see; and the floor of it, dry and dusty, was covered deep with bones — all sorts of bones, some of 'em seeming big as a hickory back-log and long as a fence-rail!

"The dragon's cave!" said Potpie to me, half in a whisper. "Here are some of the old dead dragon's bones, and elephants' bones also; and it ain't been long since he was here, too! see, here's right fresh ones!" And sure enough so there were, and I looked around me curious like, thinking if dragons was really about I'd prefer to be outside their den instead of in it.

"Where was it you saw him?" shouted Potpie to old Ox, in great excitement. The venerable Digger seemed quite as much excited as the menagerie man. "Me show um!" he cried, waving his hands and twanging his bow, and flinging his greasy hair out of his eyes. "Come — every day — pot-chew — pot-chew — woosh! poosh! dare! Smoke um! fly um! damn! woosh! poosh! Come!" And he darted out of the cave like a theatrical pirate going to murder a regiment of bully marines, and Potpie at his heels, mad as he.

Now it was climb again, this time over ice and snow as well as rocks for a good two hours more, till the muscles of my legs were sore as if I'd had the rheumatism for a week. Then at last we came upon the very top of the peak, and found we were on the summit of what seemed to be the highest mountain in all the range, and from which we had a view of the widest stretch of country I ever saw — mountain, hill, valley, river, and broad belts of plain, limitless wilderness, with signs here and there of settlement. Salt Lake was in view, and many other conspicuous objects. I looked long, not noticing my companions, until old Ox shouted: "Dar um! dar come! woosh — poosh

—woosh—poosh! like hell!” and he pointed, and we all gazed intent. A long, narrow dark streak, now seen, now disappearing, skirting the margin of the plain country; and, moving rapidly along this, a winding dark object emitting smoke. It all flashed upon my mind in an instant. I cast a quick sidewise glance at poor Potpie, unslung and adjusted the spy-glass, and took a single peep. That was enough. I handed the glass over to Potpie.

“See!” said I, “there’s your dragon!”

He hurriedly looked through it—nervously wiped the glass—looked again—then turned to me.

“Locomotive!” said he, and made a feeble effort to shut the glass up. Next minute he dropped, in the dearest faint I ever see.

I gave old Ox a peep through the spy-glass to show him what his tarnation dragon was made of, washed down his “waghs!” with a dram of whiskey, and then, finding Potpie couldn’t be brought around, we two partly carried, partly slid the poor fellow down the mountain, until we got to the cave. We couldn’t go no further than this, being worn out; so old Ox sent his boy down the mountain, to fetch the women, I reckon, and we took Potpie into the cave, and left the gal to mind him, we laying outside to rest in the breeze. Pretty soon the gal came screaming and yelling out, and old Ox drew his hatchet at the word, and jumped for the cave, like a brave old cuss as he was. I cocked rifle and pistols, and started after,—it was a sight I saw! There was Potpie, hanging by the waistband from the mouth of the biggest she grizzly I ever see, and two cubs a towzling and a nosing at his feet, and all three a growling and chawing like three-year old boar hogs when a dog has ’em in a fence corner! Old Ox went for the bear, kicking the cubs right and left. She dropped Potpie straight, stood over him masterly, lifted her paw, showed her teeth, and said as plain as preaching, “If you want anything out of me, come on, that’s all!” Ox drew back and hove his hatchet at her, clipping her savage by the right eye. Same time I drew a bead on Remington, and let her have it plump in the forehead. She staggered, bewildered like, while the blood streamed from her nose; then she charged at Ox, but took a second thought, went back, and stood over Potpie again, growling and swagging her head from side to side. Next minute there was a dull thud of a report under her, and she fell forward on her nose, limber and dead, without a kick!

“Blarst it all!” said Potpie’s voice, faintly; “come, take ’er hoff, Gabe! She’s a smothering of me!”

The Indian and I rolled the carcass off of Potpie; he got up, shook himself, and then gave an instance of the ruling passion strong in death: he turned about, captured the two snarling cubs and tied ’em up for safe-keeping. Old Ox in the same way skinned the bear, and his mouth fairly watered at the idea of rib-roasts and bear’s grease.

“Matey,” says I, seeing Potpie was quite perk again, “was you going to chloroform that there iron horse, or only the engineer?”

Potpie muttered something very like cuss-words, and flung his bottle of chloroform over the mountain side, whereat the old Indian, thinking it precious whiskey wasted, raised an awful yell.

“Hi never denied there was fools in the world, Gabe,” said

Potpie, "but there's dragons too. This 'ere's a blarsted fool's herrand —"

"Not so much so as you think, Potpie," said I, for I had been taking a geological inspection of things around the cave. And I handed him a bit of blue-moulded rock I had chipped from the side of the grotto.

"What's that?" says he.

"That's a pretty good quality of silver ore, I reckon," says I.

"Pshaw!" says the fool. He was such a bent-to-it menagerist he actually didn't care about anything else. "Pshaw! what good's that! If I had them big bones yonder now, in a civilised place, I reckon every naturalist in the country would be running to take a squint at 'em. Them's hantediluvian bones, fossils, hextinct hanimals, them is!"

"And if I had these sulphurets at the Philadelphia mint," says I, "the naturalists might go to thunder, for me."

Well, that was the end of our prospecting trip after dragons. I haven't been able to get up a company to develop that silver mine yet — but Potpie has got a dragon! Last winter I was in Venezuela on a spec, when I see a native with one of them edible lizards — iguanas they call 'em — about five feet long, neck and tail. I bought the skin, made it soft and pliable, stretched and blowed and pulled it out till it was over twelve feet long; put hickory slips under the skin and stretched it out as far as it could go to represent wings, which I covered over with skin from bat-wings, glued nicely on; then I split down the jaw, fixed in some large sea-lion teeth, and made the darnedest ugly-looking monster ever was seen — a regular iron-clad dragon, twelve feet long, and winged! I stuffed, dried, and smoked him, took him back to New York with me, and showed the prize to Potpie. It made his eyes glisten. "You didn't go to the right place for your dragons, Potpie," said I, careless like; "this here one comes from South America." Potpie looked at him, felt him, and then heaved a deep sigh. "Smaller than the haverage, but the genuine thing," said he. "You've beat me in the race, Gabe; your fortune's made, hold fellow."

"Do you want to buy him, Potpie?"

"Don't I, then! But I hain't got money henough."

"I'll trade even with you," said I; "you may take the dragon if you'll give me a deed for your share in that silver find of ours."

"Hagreed!" he cried; "but —'ow habout them bones hand hother fossils?"

"Oh, I'll throw them in," said I, magnanimous-like.

"You're too generous, Gabe," said Potpie, and he hurried off with his dragon to see Barnum and strike a trade.

I haven't seen him since, and don't much care to, for I guess he's found the rig out by this time.

Queer fellow, that Potpie. And I'm sleepy; if you will be so kind —

Next day, after his departure, as I was lauding my Yankee to the skies, and telling how greatly he had entertained me, and what a singular and original character he must be, my wife spoke up:



"You shouldn't put strangers and tramps like that into a bed-room without seeing that everything is secure."

"What!" I faltered, "there's nothing wrong — nothing missing, surely?"

"No — Oh no! But — what letters were those in the bureau drawer in that room?"

"Letters — letters — why?"

"Why, that man read every one of them!"

"The villain! the — the — the Yankee! Why, wife, those were our old love letters —"

"Serves you right for being so careless, then!"

EDWARD SPENCER.

## THE RISE OF A COMMUNE IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

IN that series of Doré's drawings which, to our mind, best illustrates his peculiar and remarkable genius — the cuts to Balzac's *Contes Drolatiques* — there is one sketch which is almost unrivalled for its power and epigrammatic suggestiveness. It bears for title, *Régime féodal*. On a rising ground stands a feudal castle of gigantic proportions. Its black walls, massive and pitiless as the iron rocks on which navies are wrecked, thrown into fierce projections and angles, and buttressed with threatening towers half emerging from and half incorporated into the mass, no windows for seeing, but only loop-holes for murdering (*meurtrières*) breaking their black blindness — stretch away in monstrous perspective like the cliff-barrier that checks the Antarctic Sea. An irregular forest of donjon, towers and turrets springs above this formidable pile, their pointed spires piercing the very clouds. At the foot of the castle, but kept well off by the out-works, moat and barbican, crouches the village. Small, black, scared-looking houses, huddled together like frightened children in the dark, with warped, crooked roofs, and low walls, leaning and bulging as if under some enormous pressure, it seems as if the very shadow of the castle which lies black and solid upon them, and stretches far beyond, was flattening and crushing them to the earth. At the opposite side of the village stands the church, with the huts clinging around its walls, lifting out of the shadow into the sunlight its belfry, crowned with its cross, the symbol of humility and mercy, while from the black

towers of the castle hang sombre pennons, the emblems of pride and defiance.

It is the dark side of the social system of France in the eleventh century, compressed into a symbol.

For the feudal system, if it had the strength, had also the rigidity of steel. A machine that is to exercise enormous power must rest with crushing weight on its own foundations. Between the noble and the plebeian, the seigneur and the roturier, there was a great gulf fixed. The seigneur dwelt in his castle in stern grandeur, with his dungeon under his feet, and his gallows just without his gate. When he looked from his battlements he saw no human habitation — except the possessions of the church — which did not belong to a feudatory, a vassal, or a slave; men whose lives were summed up in privileges received, dues exacted, justice dispensed by, or protection sought of, the seigneur. The shadow of the château was never lifted from them. It was by the exhaustion of their life that that of their lords grew so fierce and full and strong: the walls of their huts were thin and crumbling that those of the castle might be massive as the rock; their cabins were low that these towers might pierce the clouds; that the lord might, from his turret, discern on the farthest horizon the glitter of advancing spears, the peasant submitted to have his own prospects bounded by the gallows.

“Figure to yourself,” says Monteil,\* combining the most characteristic features of these feudal strongholds in his ideal Château de Montbason, “a scarped hill, bristling with crags, furrowed with ravines and precipices: on the slope of it is the château. The little houses which surround it, by contrast make its vastness more conspicuous: the Indre, which makes a semicircular sweep around its base, seems respectfully to give it room.

“You should see this castle in the morning when the rising sun flashes from the glittering armor of the guards in the outer galleries. You should see these gleaming towers and lofty buildings which fill their defenders with courage, and terrify those who are tempted to attack them.

“The gate presents itself, covered with the heads of boars or of wolves, flanked with turrets and crowned by a lofty corps-de-garde. You enter: there are three *enceintes*, three moats, three drawbridges to pass, and then you find yourself in the great square court. . . . The copings of the walls are bordered with battlements, parapets, *chemins de ronde*,† sentry-turrets. In the centre is the donjon, containing the archives and the treasure. It is encircled by a deep moat, and can only be entered by a bridge which is almost always raised. Though its walls, like those of the castle, are more than six feet thick, it is covered, for half its height, with a *chemise* or second wall, of massive hewn stones.”

But this great castle, if it were built by the toil and at the cost of the peasants, was also built for the defence and advantage of the peasants. Into its *enceintes* and great courts they crowded on the approach of the enemy; the men to aid in the defence, and the

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\* *Hist. des Français des divers Etats.* Tom. 1, Ep. xix.

† Paths by which the sentries went along the crests of the walls.

women and children for protection. In times of peace there was an incessant coming and going between the village and farmsteads and the castle. There were peasants carrying their feudal dues of wood, grain, fruits, fowls or eggs, or coming to receive orders for work upon the castle itself, or the highways and bridges. Others sought access to the seigneur to demand justice for wrongs, or a decision in their disputes ; while the poor thronged to be fed from his abundant table.

At certain times the seigneur proceeded in state to the open field without the castle, and his feudatories, vassals, and serfs of every class assembled about him. The great *terrier*, or register of the lands belonging to the lordship, with a list of all dwelling upon them, was produced. The gentlemen who held the land in fee, then performed their homage and renewed their fiefs. The roturiers, vilains, and serfs were mustered, and their various dues looked into, with the bailiff's aid ; and if they were derelict, they might excuse themselves to their lord in person.

These dues were many and minute, rather than onerous in themselves. Now, they would be deemed oppressive ; but the peasant of those days rather felt them as so many links binding him to his natural lord. The villain was bound to grind his grain at his lord's mill, bake his bread in the lord's ovens ; not mow, reap, nor gather grapes before the seigneur's *ban* was published, nor sharpen his ploughshare without leave granted. He had also to till and reap his lord's fields, gather his grapes, bear wood, water and provision to the castle, furnish forage for the horses, feed the dogs, and keep the roads in order.

The serfs again were the lord's absolute property ; but there were various grades of serfdom. There were serfs bound to the soil (*adscripti glebæ*), *serfs de corps*, *serfs coutumiers*, *serfs taillables et corvéables à volonté*, and many grades more. To make a serf a freeman, three steps of enfranchisement were necessary, lifting him from *basse* to *moyenne* and to *haute justice*.\*

On the other hand the king was but a higher seigneur. The immediate domain of Louis VI. was confined almost entirely to the five cities of Paris, Orleans, Estampes, Melun, and Compiègne ; while in the others his suzerainty was represented by a *vice-dominus*, who maintained the royal authority as well as he was able. He often asserted his sovereignty by force ; but it was rather on the recognised feudal right of private war, than as a monarch chastising rebels, that he smote the lords of Corbeil, Montlhéry, and Puiset. In 1115, William of Nangis tells us, "Louis, king of France, was so hard beset by the surrounding barons and knights, that he could scarcely venture in safety outside his city of Paris."

But rigid as were the distinctions which separated the *manant* from the *bourgeois*, and the bourgeois from the seigneur, the ties which connected them were equally stringent ; and this too for good as well as for evil. Each man, from the lowest serf who was bought and sold with the land, to the great barons holding under the crown, had his allotted place, his indisputable station, and his immediate chief, his natural lord and protector. The obligation was mutual : whether the

\* Monteil i. xxiv.



vassal owed military service, the products of his labor, or that labor itself, the lord was equally bound to see him righted in all wrongs, and to protect him in his person, liberty and property, for an injury to the vassal was recognised and felt as an injury to his lord. And, in the main, we have no reason to doubt that this obligation was as fairly fulfilled as was possible in those wild and turbulent times of private war, when a favorite mode of injuring a feudal enemy was to harry and slay his unlucky liegemen.

An organisation so compact and thorough, and so efficiently providing in many ways for the instincts as well as the necessities of the people, could only fall when those instincts were diverted into other channels, and those necessities could be provided for in other ways at cheaper cost. Where the vassals found that they were numerous enough to defend themselves, or rich enough to hire professional defenders; where they were intelligent enough to organize a political system and provide for the administration of justice, it was evident that the seigneur, with his men-at-arms and his *haute et basse justice*, was an ornamental but expensive superfluity.

But this new organisation could only be effective in thickly settled communities, having wealth, closely connected interests, and walls and fortifications to take the place of the baronial castle—in a word, in fortified towns; and hence in an agricultural country, like France, the movement was slow and partial as compared with the commercial and manufacturing lands of Italy and the Low Countries.

Still, even in France, the movement progressed; and about the commencement of the twelfth century it received such an impulse as to mark a period in history. The causes of this sudden development of the municipal idea are numerous, and judicious historians differ in estimating their influence. No doubt the Crusade (1096) which compelled so many lords to part with rights and privileges to their vassals for money, and by the long absence of the seigneurs and the re-distribution of allods and fiefs, tended to loosen the allegiance of the vassals to their natural lords, had an important influence. The contest between the Empire and the Papacy, resulting in the triumph of the latter and the humiliation of Henry IV., gave a shock to feudalism, to which the Church was antagonistic, though not necessarily hostile. Then there were the examples of the Tuscan and the Lombard cities, not yet plucked down from their pride by the mailed hand of Barbarossa; and that of the ancient towns of Southern France, which still preserved much of their Roman organisation and municipal liberty.

Be the cause, or combination of causes, what it might, at the commencement of the reign of Louis VI. (1108) a popular feeling was spreading among the feudal towns, and a disposition to shake off or restrict the authority of the seigneurs, and to take their own government more or less into their own hands. In the South of France, in the regions governed by the old Roman law, these enfranchisements were unattended with violence. The bourgeois purchased their freedom from the seigneur, lay or cleric, by a sum in hand or a fixed tribute, and organized a municipal government corresponding to the consuls and senate, upon whom the seignery devolved. But in the

North of France, the regions governed by the ancient customs of the Franks, and especially in Picardy, the rise of the *communes*, as the new municipalities were called, was frequently accompanied by scenes of atrocious cruelty and ferocity, differing only in scale from those events of recent occurrence which have made the word *Commune* in our days the *funestum nomen* that it was pronounced to be by a horrified eye-witness of the twelfth century.

This eye-witness is Guibert, Abbot of Nogent, who has left us an autobiography in which he describes the scenes which attended the rise of the commune of Laon, to which diocese he belonged; and from his vivid and circumstantial narration the following pages are drawn.

At the time when the narrative opens, the ancient city of Laon was one of the first cities of France in opulence and dignity, and an episcopal fief. In the year 1108, a certain Gaudri, a man of great wealth and ambition, by the influence of Henry I. of England obtained, though he was not in holy orders at the time, and had led, in fact, a military life, the election to the bishopric, which had been vacant for two years, and thus became the seigneur of the city and fief. He was confirmed, after some hesitation, by Pope Paschal, and received due consecration.

But the habits of his old life were still strong upon the new bishop. "He took a marvellous pleasure in talking of military affairs, of dogs and of birds of prey [hawks?], as he had learned to love these things among the English. So it befel that one day as he was returning from the dedication of a church, accompanied by a worthy young clerk and myself, on horseback, we met a peasant armed with a lance, whereupon this fine bishop, still wearing his mitre, snatched the weapon from the man and galloped off at full speed, brandishing it as if he were about to thrust some one through with the said lance. At which sight the clerk and I cried out, he in the vernacular, and I using the words of the poet,—

Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur  
Cidaris et lancea—"

—a remarkably neat and apt quotation.

From this specimen we may form some idea of Gaudri's habits. He hunted, more than a bishop should, did an occasional stroke of freebooting, and bore on his vassals with a heavy hand. Despite his vivacity, however, there seems to have been no very general discontent with him for two years, and then the storm began to gather. There was among the principal men of the city a certain Gérard, small of stature, but of great courage, and a loose and bitter tongue; and this Gérard set his tongue to wagging—with too much cause, unfortunately, but we will not go into that—against one Enguerrand, a great friend of Bishop Gaudri. Gaudri resenting this, Gérard did not hesitate to state his opinion pretty freely of the bishop himself. So Gaudri drew his friends, and among them nearly all the grands of the city, into a complot to assassinate Gérard, and then set out for Rome to be out of the way until the job was done.

"The sixth day after the octave of the Epiphany," says our author,

“at early day-break, Gérard went forth to visit the principal church of the Blessed Mary. One of the chief men of the city, who was also one of the conspirators, having come to seek him, Gérard related to him a dream which he had had, in which it seemed to him that two bears tore out either his liver or his lungs, I do not exactly know which.

“At this time it so happened that this unhappy man was excluded from communion, and for this reason: a certain monk living at Barisy de St.-Amand had brought to his abode two young children who spoke no other than the German tongue, to instruct them in the language of the Franks. Now Barisy, with all its domains, was under the protection of Gérard, who, judging from the elegant vesture of these children that they could not be of ignoble birth, carried them off and forced their parents to ransom them. This was done; and their mother sent him, over and above the stipulated ransom, a tunic made of the skins of foreign rats.

“Clad in this tunic, and having over it a robe of purple, Gérard rode to the church, and commenced his devotions before an image of our Lord, while his companions scattered themselves about the church. The spies of the conspirators were on the alert, and hastened to the Bishop’s house to tell his people that Gérard de Crécy,—a surname which he bore as lord of that castle—was praying in the church. All thereupon seized their swords, hid them under their mantles, and having at their head Rorigon, the Bishop’s brother, entered the church wherein Gérard was praying. And he was leaning against a pillar, of which there were many. As it was yet very early, the church was dark, and the men scattered about in so vast a space could scarcely be seen; so the murderers cast themselves upon this unhappy man as he was praying, having the girdle of his cloak loosened and thrown back, and his hands joined upon his breast. One of the assassins, the steward of the church, pulling the skirt of Gérard’s robe strongly, pinioned him so straitly that he could not use his hands, saying as he did so, ‘Thou art taken.’ Gérard, who was a one-eyed man, turned and looked upon him with his usual ferocity, and said, ‘Depart from hence, thou unclean parasite!’ But the other called to Rorigon, saying ‘Smite him now!’ and Rorigon, drawing his sword, smote Gérard and wounded him at the junction of the nose and forehead. When he felt the blow, the wretched man said, ‘Lead me where you will.’ But the murderers cast themselves upon him, and pierced him with repeated thrusts, on which he cried, ‘Blessed Mary, help!’ and expired in cruel torments.

“The crime accomplished, the two chief assassins returned to the episcopal palace, where they were joined by the great men of the city, and by the two archdeacons of the church, Gautier and Gui. But the royal provost, a man of great ability, named Yves, assembled the king’s men, and the bourgeois of the Abbey of St. Jean, of which Gérard had been protector, assaulted, broke down, and burned the houses of the conspirators, and drove them out of the city.”

Thus bloodily opens the first act of the tragedy. The reader will have noted characteristics of the times in the seizure of the German children by the lord of the soil; his excommunication for violating



the safeguard of the church, the commencement of the use of surnames, and the provost's application to the "king's men" (bourgeois who owned the king as their immediate lord) to aid in punishing crime.

Gaudri succeeded however in persuading the Pope of his innocence, and returned to his diocese. The church had, in the meantime, been solemnly purified, our good Abbot Guibert preaching a sermon which he gives us at length, and the actors and accomplices of the crime had been excommunicated. And these excommunicated men hurried to meet Gaudri upon his return, and were affectionately received by him, to the general scandal. But the king had forbidden his entrance into Laon, and it was only by means of great presents that he was able to make his peace.

"Having re-entered the city, he held a council in the church of St-Nicolas-des-Bois ; and in the midst of the celebration of the mass, announced that he was going to excommunicate all those who had punished with confiscation and banishment the conspirators to the murder of Gérard. Hearing these words, I whispered in the ear of an abbot, my colleague, 'Hearken, I pray thee, to a thing altogether void of good sense. This man should excommunicate those who have defiled his church by a horrible crime ; and lo ! he is about to transfer the penalty to those who punished the homicides.' The bishop, who feared the motions of all good consciences, observing that I whispered, suspected that I spake of him, and asked, 'Lord Abbot, what sayest thou ?' But the archdeacon Gautier, rising before I could reply, said, 'Continue, my lord, that which thou wast saying : the lord abbot spake of another matter.'"

To the general scandal, however, Gaudri excommunicated those who had punished the murderers, and afterwards the murderers themselves and their accomplices. Nor did he pay the latter the money he had promised them, as soon as could be wished, Guibert says, but had to seek some from his old master, the king of England. And at this point the good Abbot stops to describe for us the general state of society and morals in Laon at this time.

"A great misfortune had been long hanging over this city, which feared neither God nor any earthly master, and where every one, according to his power or his inclination, filled the community with murders and robberies. When the king himself came to the city, his horses were seized as they were led to watering, and his servants maltreated. No laboring man could enter the town, nor even approach it without a safe-conduct, under peril of being flung into a dungeon and compelled to ransom himself.

"Let us take a single example, which would be reputed impious even among Barbarians or Scythians. Every Saturday the country-people used to quit their fields and come from all quarters to Laon to supply themselves at the market ; and the towns-people went around, carrying in baskets samples of grain and other wares to sell. When they had struck a bargain with a peasant, they would say to him, 'Come to my house and look at the lot.' The peasant followed, and was shown a great chest, wherein the seller bade him examine to assure himself of the quality of the ware. But when he, leaning over, was balanced,

having his body on the edge of the chest and his head and arms within, the seller would catch him by the feet and throw him into the chest, and clapping to the lid, keep him there until he ransomed himself. Moreover, the great men and their servants publicly robbed, with the armed hand, on the highway; and any man who happened to be on the street at night was in peril of imprisonment or murder. . . .

"In truth, in all the rest of France there were no such crimes committed as in this city. A priest was stabbed in the back by his own servant, as he was sitting by his fireside; and the assassin hid the body in a room of the house as long as he could; then laying it with the face downwards on the embers in the fireplace, threw over it one of those utensils called 'dryers', to make it appear that the fall of this had killed him, after which the miscreant fled, taking with him whatever he could lay his hands on.

"A certain priest of Burgundy, a man of loose and hasty speech, brought an accusation in some small matter against another priest before the deacons, who condemned the latter to a trifling fine. This priest was so much enraged at this, that he lay in wait for the Burgundian to slay him at night as he entered his house; and as he was going up his steps with a lantern, the other struck him from behind so violent a blow with a bludgeon on the head that he died on the spot.

"A priest caused another priest, against whom he had taken offence, to be shot with an arrow while he stood at the altar celebrating mass. Happily, the wound was not mortal; but this man, guilty of this unheard-of crime and sacrilege, was not even brought to trial."

Gaudri being in England, "the clergy, the archdeacons Gautier and Gui, and the great men, seeing how things were going, and seeking in all ways to extract money from the people, treated with the latter, offering, for a sufficient sum, to grant them the privilege of forming a *Commune*. Now this is what is meant by this new and execrable name: all the inhabitants liable to pay a certain tax per head, should be allowed to pay once in the year to their seigneur the ordinary obligations of servitude; and to ransom themselves with a sum legally fixed, if they violated any law. On this condition they were entirely exempt from all the other charges and imposts usually laid upon serfs. The men of the people, seizing this occasion to redeem themselves from a multitude of vexations, poured heaps of gold into the hands of these insatiable harpies."

So when Gaudri came back from England with his pockets full of gold, he found, to his great disgust, his seignury gone and a commune in its place. But the thing was done, it seems, a heavy bribe having purchased the king's confirmation, and his wrath was finally pacified with large sums of money, so that he swore to respect the rights of the commune, and persuaded the king to ratify it by a similar oath. But another trouble soon broke out. The Bishop had a mint and the right of coining money; and he commenced debasing the coin to a pitch beyond endurance, so that his pastoral staff was seen ornamenting pieces "of no more value than the vilest dross," which, by an edict, he forbade all persons to speak lightly of.

There was moreover another Gérard, a great friend of Thomas [de Marne], son of Enguerrand, which Thomas was "the most atrocious

villain then alive." As Thomas's friend, this Gérard was especially odious to the Bishop, who "succeeded at last in getting hold of him, threw him into a dungeon in the episcopal palace itself, where, contrary to the canons of Toulouse,\* he one night caused his eyes to be torn out by a certain negro [Saracen?] in his service."

Determining to overthrow the commune which he had sworn to support, he invited the king to visit Laon during Holy Week, and endeavored to bribe him into complicity with his perjury. The bourgeois, knowing what was going on, tried counter-bribing. They offered four hundred livres; but the Bishop and his party offered seven hundred. The argument of the purse was always convincing with Louis VI.; and he declared the oaths void and the commune a nullity.

This treachery "filled the hearts of the bourgeois with stupefaction and rage: all the men in office ceased to perform their duties; the cobblers and shoemakers closed their shops; the innkeepers and hostellers displayed no wares, and all expected that there would be a general pillage." The Bishop and his party, it seems, calculated on reimbursing themselves out of the pockets of the citizens, and making them pay for the destruction of their commune a greater sum than they were able to raise to preserve it. "It was now not merely wrath, but the rage of a furious wild beast that filled all those of the baser sort, and they bound themselves by an oath to compass the death of the Bishop and his accomplices. This was on Holy Saturday; and it was thus that they prepared themselves, these by perjury, and those by homicide, to receive the body and blood of Our Lord.

"The fifth day after Easter, in the afternoon, while the Bishop was taking counsel with the archdeacon Gautier about the sums which were to be exacted of the citizens, on a sudden a great tumult broke out in the city, and a multitude rushed together crying *Commune! Commune!* Large bands of men, armed with swords, twybills, bows, hatchets, clubs and spears, thronged into the basilica of the Blessed Virgin, and hurried through it to assault the Bishop's palace. The grands, and the friends of Gaudri, hearing the tumult, hastened thither also. The châtelain Guinimar, a noble and virtuous old man, in his haste passed through the church running, having no arms but his pike and buckler; but scarcely had he set his foot in the vestibule of the palace when a certain Raimbaut, formerly his familiar friend, smote him on the head with a two-edged axe, so that he fell dead. After him came Raynier, a kinsman of my own, who, as he was trying to force his way into the chapel, was pierced in the back by a lance. A third, Adon, the vice-seigneur, a man of fiery speech and still more fiery heart, was attacked on the way by a crowd of bourgeois, but defended himself so valiantly with sword and lance that he smote down all who attacked him, then leaping upon the table which stood in the court, and not being able to stand for the wounds wherewith his whole body was covered, he lay upon it, and in this posture defended himself a long time, until he was smitten through the body with an arrow by one of the people.

"The Bishop, meanwhile, and his men-at-arms in the palace,

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\* Forbidding the clergy to punish with death or mutilation.



defended themselves as best they could, and showered stones and arrows upon the assailants ; Gaudri showing here, as ever, great and notable courage in combat. But as he had unlawfully seized another sword than that of the Church, it was doomed that he should perish by the sword. Being no longer able to beat off the furious assaults of the people, he put on the garments of a servant, fled into the cellar of the church, and hid himself in a cask, a trusty follower closing up the cask after him, so that he held himself well concealed. The citizens ran hither and thither searching for him everywhere, with loud cries ; and at last they seized a servant, who made them a sign with his head, upon which they rushed into the cellar.

"There was with them a certain Teudegaud, a thorough miscreant, a serf of the church of St. Vincent. Now this man had long been an officer of Enguerrand de Coucy, having in charge the receipts of tolls on the bridge of Sourdes, where he was wont to seize travellers, and after stripping them, throw them into the river that they might not bear witness against him. Many other wicked things he did — thefts and robberies that no man could number, and he bore imprinted upon his horrible face the signs of the boundless malice of his heart. Having fallen in the disgrace of Enguerrand, he threw himself headlong into the party of the Commune, and was head and prime mover in their criminal undertaking. He it was who took in hand to kill the Bishop.

"So the citizens went hunting for the Bishop in the casks. Teudegaud went to the one in which Gaudri was, and caused it to be opened, upon which he thrust in a staff and demanded who was there. Gaudri was so overcome with terror that he could scarcely speak, but he answered, 'An unhappy prisoner.' Now the Bishop had been aforetime wont to mock Teudegaud, calling him *Isengrin*, on account of his wolf's face, that being the name by which some call the wolf ; so this villain cried out, 'Ho, ho ! It seems it is my lord Isengrin that is hiding in this cask !' Gaudri who, sinner as he was, had received the holy unction, was then dragged from the cask by the hair, overwhelmed with blows, and haled into the cul-de-sac of the Clerk's Cloister, in front of the house of Godefroi the chaplain. The unhappy man in a lamentable voice implored the pity of these furious wretches, offering to swear that he would resign his bishopric, promising them great sums of money, and engaging to quit the country ; but they hardened their hearts and only answered him with insults and buffetings. At last one of them, Bernard (surnamed of the Heaths), raising his two-edged axe, cruelly dashed out the Bishop's brains, and as he tottered and fell, another smote him, cleaving open his face, whereupon he expired. These murderers then pierced the body with innumerable wounds, and broke the bones of the legs ; while Teudegaud, seeing the pastoral ring on the hand, cut off the finger with his sword, and thus obtained the ring. The body of Gaudri was then stripped and flung on one side, and the passers-by mocked at it and pelted it with stones, clods of earth, and mud.

"While these things were going on, a part of the populace had hastened to the house of Raoul, the Bishop's maître-d'hôtel, who also had been one of the familiar friends of Gérard de Crécy. And before

the assassination of Gérard, this Raoul had had a strange vision. It seemed to him that he was in the basilica of the Blessed Mary, and that there was in it an assemblage of sons of Belial with the intent to exhibit certain games unknown among us, and to present a spectacle never before seen, to certain personages ranged in a circle around them ; but at the news of this device divers men came out of the house of the treasurer Gui, which adjoined the church, bearing with them vessels which they passed round the ranks of the spectators, which vessels were filled with a liquid so fetid that the odor thereof could scarcely be borne. The signification of this vision was soon to be seen.

"This Raoul was a man of small stature, but of a soul most valiant ; and clad in his full armor, he thought at first to make a good defence, but finding that they were overpowering him by numbers, and fearing moreover that they would burn the house over his head, he threw down his arms, and advanced toward them, asking mercy. But God had withdrawn his protection from him, and these men threw him to the ground and massacred him without pity.

"About this time it was perceived that the house of the treasurer and archdeacon Gui was on fire. This house, as has been before related, joined the church, to which the flames soon spread. Now all the interior of the basilica was richly decorated with hangings and tapestries on account of the holy season, and the fire soon caught to these. The golden plates covering the altar, the tombs of the saints, as well as the coverings above them which are called *opercula*, and everything about them was destroyed and consumed by the fire. I was afterwards told by a most worthy clerk that he had hid himself under one of these opercula, and feared to come forth, lest he should be taken, until he saw the flames flashing around him ; whereupon he ran to the bishop's throne, and dashing his foot through the glazed frame that surrounded it, leapt down and so escaped. While the palace and the basilica were burning, a brand flew as far as the Nun's Convent, and burnt to the ground the Church of St. John, called *Profunda*, as also that of St. Peter.

"The wife of the vice-seigneur\* Adon, when she saw her husband preparing himself to go to the defence of the Bishop, as has been already related, felt assured that he was going to his death, and besought him to give her his pardon if she had ever done aught to offend him. And they both held each other long in a close embrace, sobbing, and taking a final farewell. Then the wife said to her husband, 'Wilt thou leave me thus unprotected, to the swords of these men?' and Adon took her right hand and drew it under his left arm, holding his lance in his right, and ordered his steward to follow close with his buckler. But this man, who was one of the chiefs of the revolt, not only refused to follow, but struck Adon in the back and overwhelmed him with insults, regarding not the master whose serf he was. Adon however succeeded in protecting his wife through the bands of revolters, and hid her in the house of the Bishop's porter. But the poor woman, seeing the palace assaulted and in flames, fled, not knowing whither, and so fell into the hands of certain of the

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\* The *vice-dominus* was the king's vicar or representative.

citizens' wives, who seized her, beat her cruelly, and stripped her of the rich garments she had on. Having escaped their hands, she contrived to disguise herself in a nun's habit, and so, with great difficulty, reached the monastery of St. Vincent. . . .

"The wife of Roger, seigneur of Montaigu, whose name was Hermangarde, and the wife of Raoul, the Bishop's major-domo, after disguising themselves in the habits of nuns, took flight down the valley of Bibrac, and sought refuge in the monastery of St. Vincent. But the son of this Raoul, a boy not six years old, was not so fortunate: a man tried to save him by wrapping him in his cloak, but encountered one of the revolvers, who made him show what he was carrying wrapped up, and killed the poor child in the very arms of this faithful servant. . . .

"After having slain the Bishop and the chief men among the grands, as has already been related, the citizens set out to attack the houses of all those who were still living. All night long they besieged the dwelling of William, the son of Haduin, and did their utmost to make a breach in the walls, some trying fire, and others laboring at them with picks, axes and crowbars; while those within offered the most determined resistance. At last William was constrained to surrender himself; but by the mercy of the Almighty, the citizens contented themselves with putting him in irons, though they hated him above every other.

"Adalbéron, abbot of St. Vincent, learning that the Bishop had been slain, wished to betake himself to the place where the body lay; but he was told that if he presented himself before this furious mob, he would share the fate of Gaudri.

"As scarcely any one passed the corpse of the Bishop, as it still lay in the street, without throwing filth upon it, or reviling it with maledictions, and no one thought of giving it burial, Master Anselm\* went the next day to beseech the people to allow at least Christian burial to be given to the remains of Gaudri, if only because he had borne the title of bishop and received the holy consecration. To this they gave an unwilling consent. So Anselm ordered the body, which had been treated with no more respect than the carcase of a dog, had been left lying naked in the dirt, and was moreover so disfigured that but for a wound in the throat it could not have been recognised—to be taken up, covered with a cloth, and borne to St. Vincent. And no man can tell the threats and insults that were offered those that undertook the burial, nor the outrages that were heaped on the dead. When his body reached the church, none of the prayers or ceremonies prescribed, I will not say for a bishop, but for the meanest of Christian men, were observed; but the body was thrown into a shallow ditch, and so short a plank laid over it that the weight of the earth crushed in the ribs. Nor did the monks of St. Vincent celebrate any rites for the dead bishop on that day; but in truth for many days they were trembling for the fate of those who had taken refuge with them, and in terror of death themselves.

"Soon after this was seen a dolorous sight: the wife and the

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\* A celebrated theologian, surnamed *Doctor Doctorum*, a pupil of St. Anselm of Canterbury, who was at the head of the school of Laon for 50 years. His most famous pupil was Abelard.



daughters of the châtelain Guinimar, though of a most noble race, bearing off his body in a cart which they dragged and pushed along with their own hands. Later was found in a corner the remains of the body of Raynier, which the flames had consumed down to the thighs; and these woeful relics were placed on a plank between two wheels, and so carried off by one of his peasants and a young maiden of noble birth, his kinswoman. Much more pity was shown at the burial of these than at that of the Bishop; for in truth they were innocent of all share in the murder of Gérard, and had led lives without reproach. The aged mother of Raoul also brought his body and that of his little son; and the body of the child was laid in the father's arms, and thus they were buried, with small ceremony. But a long time passed before the remains of the vice-seigneur Adon were discovered, when they found a few half-consumed fragments, which they wrapped in a bit of cloth and kept until the archbishop of Rheims came, long after, to Laon to purify the church.

"The citizens now began to reflect on the number and enormity of the crimes they had committed, and great terror of the king's justice came upon them; whereupon they sought them a remedy that was worse than the disease. They solicited the aid of Thomas de Coucy, the lord of the château of Marne, to protect them against the king's wrath. Now this Thomas, from his earliest youth, had amassed riches by pillaging the poor, and the pilgrims on their way to or from Jerusalem; he had been guilty of several incestuous marriages, and had reached a great height of power by the ruin of multitudes of unhappy wretches. The ferocity of this man has risen to such an unheard-of pitch, that other men, even those considered cruel, are more sparing of the blood of cattle and sheep than Thomas is of that of men and women. He is not satisfied to kill with the sword and end his victims at a blow, as is usually done; but he delights in subjecting them to the most revolting tortures." [Our author here goes into details too horrible for repetition.]

"Such was the man whom the citizens asked to place himself at their head, begging him to aid them against the king, and welcoming him with joy when he entered the city. As for Thomas, he took counsel with his friends, who all agreed that he had not force enough to defend such a city against the king. But even Thomas was afraid to announce this decision to the furious citizens so long as he was within their walls; so he desired them to come out into the open country, where he would reveal to them his plan. When they were about a mile from the city, he said to them: 'Laon is the head of the kingdom; and it is not possible to prevent the king from possessing himself of it. If you fear the king, follow me to my own lands.' Great was their consternation at these words; nevertheless, great numbers of them, full of fear for the consequences of their crimes, followed him as he said. Even Teudegaud, who murdered the Bishop, and who now wore the Bishop's ring, and called himself chief of the city, with his accomplices, followed Thomas.

"And now it was bruited abroad among the serfs and peasants in the country round that Laon was entirely abandoned of its inhabitants; whereupon they came thronging into the deserted city, and finding the

houses unoccupied and undefended, took possession of them ; for the richer citizens did not dare to show themselves except in the ragged garb of the poor."

Enguerrand, with Gui, a young favorite of his, whom he had taken to replace his disinherited son Thomas, now visited Laon, where they found the houses "empty of inhabitants but full of wealth." The people from all the country round, from Montaigu, Pierrepont, and La Fère, swarmed in, and though the most reckless destruction and waste went on, the stores seemed inexhaustible. Many of the grands who had escaped the massacre also returned and fell to plundering. Quarrels were of constant occurrence ; and "whenever two men met a third alone, they stripped him of everything he had."

Cruel punishments were also inflicted upon many, for their share in the revolt, among the rest upon Everard, the unnatural servant of the vice-seigneur Adon, who turned against his master, as has been told.

The thunders of excommunication were also launched against Thomas, to a quite extraordinary extent. "He was excommunicated not only by the archbishops and bishops of all France, assembled in councils, royal councils, and synods ; but also specially every Sunday in every church in the whole country." Enguerrand was also constantly stirred up against him by his wife ; and the war between their partisans ravaged the whole country. The people of Amiens, of which city Enguerrand was Count, were infected by the example of Laon, bribed the king, and erected themselves into a commune, and Enguerrand with his forces swept over there, patching up a peace with Thomas, who helped him to assail them, and signalised himself, as usual, by atrocities. One curious anecdote, which would form a subject for a grotesquely horrible picture, is worth relating. Thomas had seized a leper and put him in a dungeon. "When they heard this news, all the lepers of the country assembled, besieged the gate of the castle, and summoned him with loud cries to release their comrade. But he threatened to burn them all alive, upon which, seized with terror, they retired. When however they were at a safe distance, the lepers assembled from all parts of the country, and united in solemnly cursing Thomas, and calling upon him God's vengeance, crying all together in a loud voice to heaven."

The king himself took the field, and there was hard fighting on both sides ; churches were burnt in which numbers had fled for sanctuary, and atrocities of every kind committed. Some of the partisans of Thomas had taken refuge in a town, to which the king laid siege. "Immense machines of war, crowded with soldiers, were brought up against the wall ; but the defenders had sheltered themselves by curtains, in order not to expose themselves too much. The bishop went barefooted to the tomb of St. Acheul, to pray for the success of the attack.

"As soon as the engines were brought up against the wall, a certain Aleran, skilful in these matters, raised opposite the ramparts two wooden towers which he had made, and placed in them about eighty women to hurl the stones, of which large provision had been collected. The soldiers in the town fought furiously, and the women in these towers showed a courage equal to that of Achilles ; but the besieged,

by the aid of an engine which hurled great stones, succeeded in shattering the towers. A hail of missiles flew; the eighty women were all wounded, and the king himself was struck by a javelin on his breast-plate. The soldiers in the engines, seeing themselves exposed to such a rain of darts and stones, took to flight, and were soon followed by the rest. When the people of the town saw this, they rushed out and broke up the engines and carried them away.

"The king, at last convinced that the town was impregnable, changed the siege into a blockade and retired. This blockade is still kept up; and no one can count the numbers that perish each day, of the part of the citizens, for Adam, encamped without the town, desolates the suburbs by incessant hostilities."

At this point the curtain which Guibert has held up for us, rushes down. He turns aside to speak of other matters, and leaves the rest of the tale untold. We may complete it, however, from the less lively chronicles of other contemporary writers.

The king, Suger tells us,\* weary of the intolerable outrages committed by Thomas de Marne, who "had converted the strong castles of Crécy and Nogent into veritable robbers' caves and dragons' dens, whence he cruelly desolated all the country round with fire and pillage, summoned an army against him, and marched against the château of Crécy, which he took by assault, and piously massacred those impious wretches, slaying without pity the pitiless."

In 1115 he took the castle of Nogent, set the prisoners free, "and as for the villainous homicides upon whom he thus laid hold, he hung them on gibbets, and gave them as a prey to the kites, the crows, and the vultures." The town of Amiens, which Guibert left blockaded, "he took after a siege of near two years (1116 or 1117), and tore it down to the ground. By these means he established a sweet peace over all the country." But Thomas de Marne did not cease from troubling for eleven years more. Finally (1128)† Louis, touched by the complaints of the Churches, marched against his stronghold of Coucy. Thomas had laid an ambuscade, but the royal forces had notice of it, and in the combat which ensued, Thomas was wounded, made prisoner, and carried to Laon, where, says Suger, "he exhaled his black and atrocious soul."

But despite the loss of their truculent and inconsistent champion, the slaughter of their leaders, and the plunder, conflagration, and depopulation of their city, the Commune of Laon had a vitality that could not be extinguished; and peace was finally restored to this tormented and ravaged land by the king's formal acknowledgment of the rights which he had conceded through avarice and revoked by perjury. And this vitality was in the germ of justice and of order which lay at the heart of all this wrong and lawlessness. The demand of the burgesses of Laon to assume their own government was in itself just, and sanctioned by example. And the mode in which they at first proceeded was both lawful and equitable; for it was a simple purchase, for a sum in hand and an annual payment, of the seignory with all its rights, which then devolved upon the whole body of burgesses, to be administered by their representatives. The tragic

\* Suger: *Life of Louis le Gros*. Ch. xxi.

† Chron. Guillaume de Nangis, s. d.



scenes which we have recounted were, by Guibert's own showing, an accident rather than a necessary concomitant of what might have been a peaceful revolution, had good faith been observed by the aristocratic party, and had not the previous demoralisation of the towns-people of all classes reached a pass from which there was no escape but through blood and flame.

WM. HAND BROWNE.

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## AN ADVENTURE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

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ON or about the 10th January, 1865, Frank Chapman, who was employed as a purchasing agent to buy up supplies for the Confederate Government, in the territory lying outside the Confederate lines, had occasion to cross Potacozza Creek, at a point seven miles below Murfreesboro', North Carolina. Heavy rains had fallen a few days before, and the creek was so swollen that it was not safe to cross at that point, the waters having washed away many of the stakes that had been driven for the purpose of keeping the old flat-boat from going down the stream; and here Frank was brought to a halt, the ferryman being unwilling to venture over the rapid stream. A man by the name of Griffin lived three miles lower down the creek, not far from its junction with the Meherrin river, and thither Frank started with the hope of getting Griffin to put him over the creek in a boat he kept for his own convenience. Turning to the right, and starting off in the direction of Griffin's, Frank soon found himself in a dense forest of pines, with no guidance but that of a small road overgrown with bushes. He soon discovered that he had gone too far to the right, and had left Griffin's house to his left — at least so he thought. He had now reached the edge of a pocosan filled with juniper and cypress trees, with a heavy set of reeds as an undergrowth. Here he reined up his horse and began to look around to see how he should find his way out of this dreary-looking place, thinking that if there was a spot on earth exactly fitted to be the rendezvous of a band of robbers, this was that spot. There was no mark of anything to show that man or beast had travelled along that way. The wind blew powerfully, and several old pine-trees were making a mournful sound as the wind blew against them and caused the boughs to rub one against another. After waiting a few minutes to determine which direction to take, he heard the sound of an axe a few hundred yards ahead, in the direction of the junction of Potacozza Creek and the Meherrin river. He immediately moved in the direction of the

sound, but had not proceeded far before he discerned a flock of wild turkeys. This was the first time Chapman had ever seen a wild turkey alive. At first he did not know what they were, as they differed so materially from the domestic fowl of the same species. He, however, drew out his Colt's navy revolver to fire on them, but before he could get aim on them they had flown into the pocosan. Putting his revolver again in its case, he spurred his horse and was dashing through the wilderness, anxious once more to get in sight of the habitation of man.

After crossing a small stream and going up a considerable hill, he came in sight of a mulatto boy chopping up an old pine-log. Here Frank again reined up his horse and began to question the boy in regard to the way to go to find Griffin's house. The boy informed him that he did not know where Griffin lived. This excited Chapman's suspicions. He began to reason thus: how is it that this boy should be within three miles of Griffin's and yet he does not know such a man? how came he to be in this howling wilderness chopping wood? Thoughts of "Buffaloes" or robbers came immediately into his head. The boy told him to go on a few yards further and he would come to where some men were, who would show him the road to Griffin's or give him such information as he wished. These men could be no other than the cruel robbers that had been so recently committing such awful deeds as are disgusting to contemplate. They were composed of men who had deserted the Confederate and Federal armies, and had united and formed a company, and had elected a tall, light-haired man by the name of Williams as their captain, who had left the Federal army, and hailed from the State of New York. On receiving this information Chapman began to think of retracing his steps and get as soon as possible from the reach of such desperadoes, who only one week before had gone to the house of a Mr. Spivy, who was serving at that time in the Confederate army, and demanded of his wife such things as they wished in the way of provisions, clothing, and bed-covering. After having taken from this lady everything they saw that could be made of any use to them, they put some insulting question to her; and having received a spirited answer, they flew immediately into a passion, and fired the contents of a shot-gun through the head of this unfortunate lady. As Chapman was studying what course to pursue, he looked ahead and saw about one dozen men standing in front of a log-cabin on the edge of the pocosan. These men had spied him, and they had their rifles and shot-guns in their hands. At this critical moment thoughts flashed through Chapman's mind like lightning; if he turned around and endeavored to escape they would be likely to fire on him, believing him to be only a scout of the Confederate cavalry who might be in search of them. Under such circumstances to try to escape by retreating would be likely to cause these men to fire on him with their rifles, which would bring down a much smaller object than a man at twice the distance he was from them every fire.

Something had to be done at once; so, thinking the matter over, he deliberately rode up to the yard where these men were standing and inquired of them the way to Griffin's. They told him to dismount

and go into the house, and he would there find a man who would show him the way to Griffin's. "I am now," thought Chapman, "in a close place, and if I can manage to get off with the clothes on my back I will be satisfied." Having tied his horse to the fence, he walked deliberately into the yard and passed a group of these men, to whom he spoke politely, but was answered only by savage looks mingled with expressions of surprise. This doubtless was occasioned by his (Chapman's) apparent indifference in regard to the presence of these Buffaloes or robbers, as most men showed fear in their presence. It was something novel to them to see a man make his appearance in their midst without any show of fear. Chapman walked directly up to the door of the cabin. Behind him walked Captain Williams, who, when Chapman had stopped a few moments at the door, not wishing to go in on the inmates of the house without at first knocking at the door, after having rapped against the door-post with a switch he held in his hand, this man Williams commanded him to go in. As Chapman was in the act of stepping in the house he looked to his left, and there stood a table, on which lay old pistols, swords, carbines, bayonets, double-barrelled shot-guns, and rifles. A few feet from this table stood some half-dozen or more men in Federal blue overcoats. They appeared surprised to see one intrude himself in their presence; but Chapman saw in the crowd a man whom he had seen, and who was also a man of good standing in the community. This man Sears lived just over the creek from Griffin's, and had come over that morning on the south side of Potacozza, for what purpose it is impossible to say. If he had been caught there by the Confederate cavalry, he would have been likely to share the same fate as the rest. In the language of the soldiers, he would have "gone up." But in times of war men are liable to be judged wrong. This man in all probability went to see those men at their request. He lived on the creek far off from any other house; he was entirely at the mercy of those desperate men, who had murdered one of his neighbors; the Government under which he lived was unable to protect him in either his life or property. Being thus situated, he had to make out among them as best he could. It is likely he had no sympathy with these robbers, yet he seemed greatly excited as well as surprised to see me there, not knowing the circumstances under which I came.

There are some redeeming traits in the character of nearly all men, and if a man is sufficiently acquainted with human nature he can manage the worst of men. These miserable men had been used to being regarded with fear whenever a man was so unfortunate as to fall into their hands. On this occasion Chapman's conduct was so different from what they had been accustomed to see that it produced a favorable feeling in their minds, at least after a little while. At first Williams walked up to Chapman and demanded him to give up his pistol. This he did, remarking that he had just pulled it out to fire on a flock of wild turkeys a few hundred yards from the house. Williams examined the weapon carefully, then took it out of the house. In the meantime Chapman began to talk to the men in the room. It was not long, however, before Williams returned to the



door and requested him to come out to see him, that he wished to have a word with him (Chapman). As the two walked behind the house, Williams said to Chapman that he would not force him to sell the pistol, but that if he (Chapman) would sell it, that he would give him a fair price for it. Chapman replied that it was not for sale, but that he could get one perhaps easier than he (Williams) could, and that he would sell it to him for anything that was right. Williams then offered him forty dollars in North Carolina money, which was about equal to twenty in greenbacks. This Chapman said he thought a fair price, so Williams paid him the money; but as he was handing over the money for the pistol, a man in the crowd stepped up and began to examine the pistol, and found one of the tubes to be broken, and asked him if he had informed Mr. Williams of the broken tube. Chapman answered he had not, and that he was willing to make the proper deduction for it. Williams then said that he thought five dollars ought to be taken off on account of the broken tube, and this Chapman readily agreed to.

This trade being settled, the two (Chapman and Williams) returned to the house, where he insisted on Chapman drinking with him. Now Chapman was a man who never drank, and so stated to the robber; but he at the same time remarked to him that as it was a very cool morning he would take a small drink of brandy, which was soon produced; and a young woman made her appearance with a spoon, and said to Chapman, "Why, Mr. Chapman, I did not expect to see you here; how is it you are away off here?" Chapman had seen this woman at the house of a widow lady near Winton. She had been employed to do some weaving; and as Chapman had to pass in and out of the lines, when in the neighborhood of Elizabeth City or South Mills, he could get little articles such as ladies wear; when inside the lines it was almost impossible to get anything of the kind. Chapman had promised to buy this woman a side-comb, and she wished to know of him if he had it. On being informed that he had brought her one over, but that as he did not see her at Mrs. Moore's he had sold or given it to another lady, she was much displeased, but soon began to insist on his getting her one some other time. All things being ready, Chapman and Williams poured out their brandy, and after sweetening it with honey, drank it off with apparently as much friendship as if they had been fellow-soldiers.

Now this may all appear strange proceedings for men who were placed in such opposite situations—one engaged in obtaining supplies for his Government, the other at the head of a band of deserters from both armies, who were engaged in acts of robbery, murder, and house-burning. Had Chapman shown the slightest fear or had acted towards them as if he regarded them rogues, they would have stripped him of money, boots, overcoat, hat, watch, etc.; but Chapman, by showing that he did not fear them, and acting towards them as he would do to gentlemen, touched their vanity. It was pleasing to their vanity to find themselves treated by a man as though they were honorable men. Not only did they not take his money, but they insisted on his going into the house and taking breakfast with them. Chapman, on this invitation, said: "I have had my breakfast long

ago, but then I never refuse a cup of coffee." But on going into the breakfast-room, and finding the kind of coffee it was, he could hardly manage to get down one cup. The coffee, for such it was called, was made out of burnt corn-meal, and was sweetened with molasses, and was just about the meanest substitute for coffee he had ever seen.

Breakfast being over, Chapman took leave of the robbers, and got the old man Sears to put him across the creek. After attending to such business as he had to transact, he returned across Potacozza, and found his horse tied to the same juniper tree to which he had hitched him before going over the creek. But it occurred to Chapman that it was best not to go back by way of the cabin, as he might fall in with these men again, and might not come off as well as he had that morning; so he struck off through the forest, and soon came to a place through which it was almost impossible to pass on horse-back. It was where the pines had been cut down, and the land had grown up in dogwood bushes so thick that it was very hard to get through them. After rambling for more than one hour he came into the public road leading from Murfreesboro' to Winton, at least two miles higher up the road than he had expected. He then went to the house of a widow lady where he had remained the night previous to meeting the robbers. As Chapman was approaching the house of this lady, he began to think over the matter of these robbers; and knowing that this widow, Mrs. Jordan, had a considerable sum in gold and silver, he thought it proper for him to inform her of the vicinity of these thieves, so that she might have an opportunity of sending away her treasure. But on the other hand he reflected that these robbers knew that he had to go through the section of country through which they also passed, and was likely to fall any day into their hands, so he hesitated whether to say anything about having seen the Buffaloes unless it was possible to get them caught; which indeed was almost an impossibility, as the Confederates had often been after them but could not come up with them, as they took to the swamps and pocosans, and would there hide among the reeds until they were informed by some friendly person that the soldiers had gone. Chapman, however, took the old lady into the parlor and shut the door, so that none of the servants could hear what was said. He then began by saying to her he had some information that he wished to tell, on condition that she would speak of it to no living person. Also he told her that if she did speak of it it was likely it would cost him (Chapman) his life. The old lady readily agreed not to speak of it to any one; but alas! how foolish to suppose that a lady could keep a secret, as Chapman found out afterwards to his sorrow.

"All is well that ends well." At least so thought Frank Chapman after the interview he had with Mrs. Jordan, she having promised to say nothing about the information he had given her in regard to the proximity of the Buffaloes. He then left her house, mounted his horse, and went to see Captain J. B. Heard, who was then in command of that section of the country, and was also one of the assistant commissaries who had been stationed on the Chowan and Black Water rivers. Chapman, after having given Captain Heard all the information in regard to the Buffaloes, said, "Now, Captain, you see my

situation. I have to travel both night and day through a section of country where these creatures (Buffaloes) roam. If you feel it your duty to send men in search of them, then I must operate from some other point, as it will be likely to cost me my life if they think I have been instrumental in sending the Confederate soldiers after them." In reply to which Captain Heard remarked: "Mr. Chapman, it is absolutely impossible to send any soldiers in search of those men. I am aware that these thieves have been plundering in this section of country, across the river, for more than six months; but the truth is, we have not men enough to guard our commissary supplies, much less men to send in search of them, as they number twice as many men as our entire picket force. Besides, supplying General Lee's army is at this time of the greatest importance; we cannot afford to do without you in this department, and as we cannot send men in search of those thieves, you had better keep quiet about your having met them."

This conversation occurred on the evening after Chapman had met with the Buffaloes. Just one week from that day Chapman was returning from Murfreesboro', and on reaching Potacozza Creek, saw Mr. Griffin, when the following conversation occurred:—"You met with the Buffaloes, Mr. Chapman, I understand, at the house of John Lang last week," said Griffin. This took Chapman a little by surprise, as he had supposed that no one had heard of it; but he soon composed his mind and replied to this question by saying: "Mr. Griffin, I met a number of men armed principally with rifles not far from Mr. Lang's, who told me they were hunting for wild turkeys. I did not inquire of them who they were. If those men were Buffaloes, then I have met them; if not, I have not seen them." "Yes," replied Griffin, "those men were Buffaloes; and I understand that they took from you your knife and pistol, and only agreed to let you off on condition that you would not speak of it to any one." "Such was not the case, Mr. Griffin," replied Chapman. "I sold them my pistol, also my knife; but I did not promise them to say nothing of having met them, neither did they request it of me." "Well," replied Griffin, "this is what Miss Lang told me; and more than that, she says you went over to old Sukey Jordan's and told her the first thing you did on reaching her house, and that Captain Williams and his men say that when you fall into their hands again they mean to teach you a lesson that you will not be likely to forget." Just then the wagons from Murfreesboro' arrived at the ferry, containing ten or more bales of cotton that Chapman had received from the Commissary Department, and was having hauled to Winton, from which point they were to be sent across the Chowan river, to be sold in the market of Elizabeth City or South Mills.

It may be necessary here to state a few facts in regard to this cotton. During the latter part of the war, the Confederate Government placed post-commissaries along the Chowan and Black Water rivers, whose business it was to obtain what supplies they could from the inhabitants living beyond the above-named rivers, or rather to the east of those rivers. This section of country had been given up on the fall of Roanoke Island, and had not been permanently held by



either party, but was raided through by the cavalry of both armies. This section embraced some of the finest lands of North Carolina. Some of it was poor, but much of the land was very rich, and the farmers before the war had been among the largest and wealthiest planters in that State. But now these lands were, for the most part, left idle for want of labor to cultivate them, so they grew up with weeds, and afforded fine pasture for cattle. These cattle were sold to the Confederate Government, and the owners took cotton in pay for their stock, bacon, corn, wheat, wool, &c. Confederate money was of but little use to them, as they were not allowed without a pass to come inside the Confederate lines; and they could not go inside the Federal lines without a pass, and then only by stating that they wished to go into Norfolk to obtain necessities of life. The reader will see the great disadvantage the Southern Government labored under to obtain supplies for its armies.

But to return to our history of Chapman and the Buffaloes. Chapman, after hearing what Griffin had to say about the threats the Buffaloes had made against him, concluded it was proper that he should be more cautious in the future. Opposite to Winton, near the river, the lands were filled with water during the winter and spring months, and were overgrown with cypress and juniper trees, with a heavy undergrowth of reeds. About one or two miles of this kind of land lay on the east side of the Chowan. After passing this swamp, or pocosan as it is called, you then come to sandy lands covered with large pines, a country famous before the war as a tar-making region. In these swamps and pine-forests lived a number of very ignorant and miserably poor people. The country lying east of the river at Winton, and in the direction of Gatesville for the distance of seven miles, was known by the name of Scratch Hall. As the civil courts had been suspended for three or four years in that section, the people drifted into a state of anarchy. Good men had no redress at law, consequently they soon became the prey of desperate characters, and murders and robberies were the order of the day. Through this section of country Chapman had to pass several times a week, frequently at night; and at no time did he carry arms after having sold his pistol to the Buffaloes. Arms are of but little use to a man when he is overpowered by numbers; and it was not likely he would be openly attacked by one or two men.

Chapman, having succeeded in getting his cotton through this Scratch Hall, and delivered safely at South Mills, returned on the following week to Winton. When he was in that section he usually stopped at Mrs. Jordan's, who took in travellers. She owned a large quantity of land, and not less than fifty negroes; her table was more generously supplied than that of any hotel in that section of the State. It was, however, more from necessity than choice that she entertained travellers: the hotels in Winton had been burned, and such numbers of persons constantly applied to her for a night's lodging that she was almost forced to keep a house of entertainment. It was at this lady's house, about the last of January, 1864, that Chapman was staying for the night, in company with a Mr. Joseph Pritchard. It was a clear cold night; the family was seated after supper by a bright

wood-fire, all in a jovial mood, and everything passed off pleasantly until the hour for retiring. As Pritchard and Chapman had ridden a long distance that day, they were glad when the hour for rest had arrived. They were put to sleep in a room with two beds; Chapman occupied one of these beds, the other was occupied by Pritchard and Joseph Jordan, the eldest son of Mrs. Jordan, a bachelor about thirty-nine years of age. They had scarcely got to sleep when Miss Pattie Jordan rapped at the door of their room, exclaiming with an excited and tremulous voice, "Get up, gentlemen, the yard is filled with robbers!" In a few seconds they beat against the front door, and before it could be opened they broke the door down, and entered the house with triumphant shouts, and called for Joseph Jordan, who soon made his appearance. These robbers immediately presented the muzzles of several double-barrelled shot-guns to his breast, and demanded that he should give up instantly all the gold and silver in the house. This Jordan could not do, as he had sent off a few days or weeks before what gold and silver his mother had, also their gold watches and other valuable articles, as they were daily expecting these robbers to make their appearance. When the ruffians were informed that there was no gold or silver in the house, they became desperately enraged, and threatened that unless the money was produced immediately they would blow out his brains on the spot. A young lady, a Miss Katie Brinkley, who was a housekeeper for Mrs. Jordan, entered the room just then, and displayed as much bravery as did Pocohontas in the case of Captain Smith. A man who led the band of thieves that night was named Johnson. This man's face and features bespoke his bloodthirsty character. He had long sandy hair, skin a fiery red, and his face was covered with large freckles or spots the size of a three-cent piece of silver. He presented an indescribably savage appearance when sober; but now when inflamed by both whiskey and evil passions, he looked more like a fiery demon than a human being. When Jordan informed him that he did not have any gold or silver in the house, the dreadful passions of this man appeared to be set on fire. The jugular veins of his neck appeared, to use Miss Brinkley's language, as large as a man's thumb. He began to pour out such horrible oaths and blasphemies as were enough to make the very hairs stand up on a man's head. Just as he had placed his finger on the trigger of his gun to fire, Miss Brinkley ran to Jordan and placed her body between the muzzle of the gun and Jordan's person; then his sister and his mother got hold of him, and by this means entirely sheltered the body of Jordan. Then Johnson cried out with a furious voice: "Stand aside, d— you, or I will shoot you all in a pile!" And as he walked around to find a chance to shoot Jordan without killing either of the ladies, Miss Brinkley constantly kept her body directly before the gun of Johnson so that he could not kill Jordan without first killing her. Many a man has rendered his name immortal for courage who did not show half as much as did this generous though unlettered woman. Jordan was not a relation of hers; she had no reason to think Johnson would not fire upon her, and she knew that he had both shot and bayoneted Mrs. Spivy only a few weeks before. When Johnson found he could not shoot Jordan

without killing the women also, he ordered his men to bring in a rope and hang the d—d rascal to a limb of the oak-tree in the yard. Soon a tall man came in and threw down a large rope on the floor of the passage where this scene occurred. There is a melancholy sound in the noise of the cords as they fall from the hands of the pall-bearers on the coffin of a departed friend, but never did they send the cold chills through the system as the sound of this rope did through the veins of his mother and sister. These desperadoes then pulled the ladies away from Jordan, and led him out at the front porch, and dragged him to the foot of the large oak-tree that stood near the house. Miss Pattie Jordan then fell on her knees, and with her hands clasped and the tears streaming down her face, begged the tall man who had brought in the rope to spare her brother's life, that she would give them all the money in the house. This ruffian was moved with compassion at the situation of Miss Jordan, and promised to save her brother's life. Nothing but the hope of obtaining money could check the rage of Johnson; but when he was informed by one of his gang that Jordan's sister had agreed and had then gone to get all the money in the house on condition that they would spare her brother's life, his dreadful passions somewhat subsided.

Miss Jordan, as soon as the Buffaloes entered the yard, requested the men to give their money to her, that she would endeavor to save it for them. When Chapman gave her his money he took the precaution to hold on to one pocket-book, so that when called on to give up his money he might be able to do so, otherwise they would be likely to kill him or serve him as they did Jordan. Miss Jordan ran for the money, and the first book she laid hands on was that of Chapman's. She opened it and took out one roll of money, and left the rest in the book; she then gathered up other money she had in her possession, and ran to the men and handed it to them; they then dismissed Jordan. When the robbers first broke open the door Pritchard remarked to Chapman that he meant to get out of the house, and signified that he thought of getting out of the window, which was at least twelve feet high. Chapman, who had once fallen into their hands and escaped, as we have seen, by acting coolly and working on the better qualities of the human heart, advised Pritchard not to get out of the window, and gave these as his reasons for thus advising him: that the entire band of these robbers numbered twenty-five to thirty men, and that it was likely enough all were present to overpower any effort on their part at defence; besides, neither of them had any kind of weapon, so that his only chance in getting out of the window was to escape their notice, a thing it was almost impossible to do, as they had stationed men on both sides of the house, not only to keep any one from escaping, but as guards, for it was only one mile from Mrs. Jordan's to the picket-post at Winton. He also told him that it was entirely useless for him to go down stairs, as the presence of men in the house would exasperate these desperate wretches to deeds of murder; and that for his part he meant to remain in bed, and thought it likely they might not come into their room. This caused Pritchard to change his mind, so he lay down on the bed with his boots and clothes on.



As soon as these robbers had released Jordan, they seized a cart and took one of Mrs. Jordan's negroes to carry off their plunder. They broke open her grocery, filled the cart nearly full of bacon, took the covering from two or three beds, went to the side-board and took from it all the spoons, knives and forks, plates, dishes, &c., which they laid on a sheet they had spread on the floor for the purpose; they then gathered up the corners of the sheet and tied them securely, and carried it to the cart and laid it on the bacon. They then demanded to know if there were any men in the house, and who they were. On being informed that there were two, Pritchard and Chapman, they then directed Miss Brinkley to inform them to appear immediately. Chapman heard the man when he gave the order; he got up immediately and dressed. Pritchard was already dressed, as he did not take off his clothes after being aroused on the first announcement of their presence. Chapman then said to Pritchard, "Mr. Pritchard, you had better go down immediately. They have nothing against you: it is likely they will take your money and be satisfied to let you off; but they have threatened my life and may shoot me at sight, and then they may kill every man, woman and child in the house: try if possible to make your escape." Pritchard went down stairs immediately. He was a man of cool courage. On reaching the foot of the stairs, he faced the door that led out to the porch. In this door stood three men who immediately drew sight on him with their guns and ordered him to come to them, which he did; they then took hold of him, examined his pockets, and took from him his money. Chapman at first took one pocket-book and hid it under the bed; but as he started down stairs it occurred to him it was best to give up all. Miss Jordan, when she heard them order Miss Brinkley to tell the men up stairs to appear at once, ran out at a side door and slipped up stairs, and gave both Pritchard and Chapman their pocket-books, fearing if they could not produce them they might lose their lives. As Chapman went back to get his pocket-book from under the bed, he reasoned thus to himself:—Between this and death perhaps there are five minutes; it may be less than that. A man when he speaks the truth can always make an impression on the minds of his hearers. I will go and answer truthfully any question that they may put to me, provided it will not injure any one besides myself. I will give up my money; and if that does not satisfy them, then I will die like a brave man. So thinking, he nerved himself for the worst, and went deliberately down stairs. Johnson had gone in the dining-room to the left of the foot of the stairway, and was standing in the lower corner of the room, Chapman being then just opposite the door of the dining-room in which Johnson was standing with a double-barrelled shot-gun. He immediately raised his gun to his shoulder and ordered Chapman to come to him. Just then nothing but perfect coolness could have saved his life. As Chapman then stood, his side was towards Johnson, who, as has been already stated, was in the dining-room, and could not see his men who stood in the porch and in the entrance of the front door. They did not know that Johnson had ordered Chapman to come to him; so they did just as they had done with Pritchard—levelled their guns at his head and ordered him to

come to them. Had Chapman obeyed either of the orders he would have been instantly killed ; for had he gone in the door of the dining-room the men in front of him would have thought that he was trying to make his escape out of the house, and if on the other hand he had gone to the men standing with guns levelled against his head, Johnson would have thought he was endeavoring to make his escape through the front door, and would moreover have shot him for not obeying his orders. When Chapman found that he was ordered from two directions he stood perfectly still, and said in a loud voice that he was ordered from two directions, and that he wished to know if he should go to Johnson who was then in the room, or to the men in front of him. On saying this, immediately the men in front of him understood Chapman's situation, and knew that Johnson had ordered him to come into the dining-room. So one of their party, a tall man, stepped forward and said to Chapman, "Go to the man in the room." Chapman then went in the room, moving in the direction of Johnson, and was soon alongside of a small table on which was a tub of water. Johnson then put these questions to him: "Who are you? When did you get here? How much money have you?" On being informed how much money Chapman had about him, he ordered him to lay down his pocket-book on the floor, which Chapman did immediately. Just then Pritchard came in, and Johnson put much the same questions to him that he had put to Chapman. Johnson then ordered both of them to go up stairs ; this they did, but as Chapman was leaving the room he turned round and remarked that he still had another pocket-book which he had not given up, and laid this one also on the floor. As he was in the act of putting the last pocket-book on the floor, he happened to look on the left side of the fire-place, and saw Miss Pattie Jordan manifesting by her looks much surprise at his giving up the last book, and that without being ordered to do so. But Chapman had an object in view ; he felt that danger was not yet over, and giving up the last book without being ordered to do so convinced those thieves that he had acted honestly towards them, and they would not be likely to search him afterwards, as he saw Johnson was very drunk. This had just the effect Chapman wished ; they did not say an insulting word to him afterwards. He then went up stairs, undressed and went to bed. Pritchard lay down as before with his coat on.

Before leaving the house Johnson said to Miss Brinkley, "Now go up stairs with me, and I want you to get all the shoes, pants, coats, hats, &c., belonging to the men, and every lady's dress, every shawl and bonnet in the house." Miss Brinkley, instead of leading them into the room where the ladies were, as there were several female friends on a visit to them at that time, brought Johnson into the room where Pritchard and Chapman were. There was a wardrobe that contained the clothes of Mrs. Jordan's sons who were at that time on picket-duty at Winton, as well as nineteen dresses, some of which were costly silks and poplins. All these, together with bonnets and shawls, Miss Brinkley gathered up and carried down stairs, Johnson walking behind her all the time with a double-barrelled shot-gun cocked, and his fingers on the triggers, drunk as he was.

When Miss Brinkley was taking down the clothes from the wardrobe, Johnson stood within three feet of Chapman's head; and as Chapman had left his clothes on a chair close to the head of his bed, his long cavalry boots stood near the same chair. Chapman began to think as Johnson stood near him that Pritchard had acted more wisely than he in keeping on his clothes; but it so happened that Johnson did not interfere with them. Indeed, Johnson's whole course towards Chapman was entirely different from his conduct towards Jordan and his family. This was very singular, especially as those very thieves had threatened to kill him, or to teach him a lesson, to use their language, that he would not be likely to forget. The robbers then left the house, laden with plunder. Jordan, Pritchard, Chapman, and all the ladies then took seats near the fire in the dining-room. Miss Katie Brinkley went out to the sweet-potatoo house and brought in a nice lot of yam potatoes, which were laid before the fire and roasted. It may appear strange, but nevertheless it was true, they laughed, joked, and enjoyed themselves extremely for several hours. The truth is that their unexpected good fortune in escaping with their lives produced a violent reaction of their spirits. In this they were more lucky than Mrs. Spivy and others, whom these men had murdered.

C. F. TURNER.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

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## ANGELUS SILESIUS.

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THE extraordinary bloom of German poetry in the *Minnesinger* period lasted not much more than a century, from about 1150-1250. The signs of its decay showed themselves on the one side in a coarse, vulgar, and often very indecent subject-matter, contrasting sadly with the tender and lofty tone of the by-gone chivalry, and on the other side in a constrained metrical form, in whose artificiality the dancing rhythmical ease of the past was no longer to be felt stirring up every musical fibre of the heart. The former tendency, of which Nithart was the still glorious forerunner, soon lost from sheer coarseness all caste and rank as poesy, and died out in a prose which, during the subsequent religious polemical pamphleteering, sounded, probably, the bottom of scurrility and nastiness. Of the latter tendency, a constrained artificialness of form, *Frauenlob*, *Regenbogen*, *Marnet*, and *Muegglein* were the chief founders. It had been with all the Min-



nesingers a peculiar pride to invent as many new rhythmical combinations—metres and stanzas—as possible; and indeed made it a point of honor that no poet should use the stanza invented by another. The later poets of that period, having no longer the fresh flow of invention of their predecessors, substituted calculation, and endeavored to create new forms of metre and stanza by labored art, and such trickery as extraordinary length or shortness of metres and stanzas, or the combination of both. This trickery, requiring hard work, came to be admired, all the more as it could be learned and imitated, requiring only application. To learn in this cold steady manner was not pleasing to the knightly caste; and thus the art of poetry fell into the hands of the up-growing burghers or citizens, and the grace and passion of the Minnesong were supplanted by the uncouthness and reflective calm of the Meistersong.

The German language took the same steps downward as poetry. Its incomparable ease and sweetness became lost forever, and was followed by an unwieldy harshness. This sad state, growing worse and worse, lasted until Luther spontaneously created, one may say, a new language: the German of the present day.

This new German language was at first, so far as poetry was concerned, used almost exclusively in the production of those magnificent church songs and chorals which constitute a national peculiarity of German literature, and a few of the finest whereof came from the fiery pen of Martin Luther himself. Secular poetical literature, influenced moreover adversely by French poetry, then paramount in Europe, languished in its wretched condition, until, in the seventeenth century, under the leadership of Opitz, the so-called Silesian school commenced its labors of reform.

This school, of which Weckherlin, Fleming, Dach, Gehrhardt, Von Logan, Gryphius, and Von Grimmelshausen were prominent members, and which also excels particularly in its church songs, counts no greater poet among its ranks—unless Gehrhardt be excepted—than the subject of this sketch and the author of the few following poems: Johann Scheffler, more generally known by the name which he assumed on entering the Catholic church: ANGELUS SILESIUS. Not only does he excel in philosophical profundity and poetical grandeur of conception, but also in the mechanical excellences of the poetical art. His rhymes are quite pure, his rhythm faultless, his alliterations always subservient to the matter of the poem, and his metres and stanzas more than usually varied, musical and interesting. His life had few adventures and is soon told.

John Scheffler was born at Breslau, Germany, in the year 1624. His father, a refugee noble from Poland, was a Protestant, and brought up his son in the Lutheran faith. At an early age the boy gave proofs of decided poetical talents. When nineteen years old he was sent to the Strassburg University, there to study medicine. From Strassburg he went to Leyden, where he became acquainted with his countryman, the celebrated mystic Abraham von Frankenberg, an acquaintance that soon ripened into friendship and influenced Scheffler's whole after-life.

He left Leyden in 1647 to complete his studies at Padua, where in

1648 he was promoted to the Doctorate of philosophy and medicine. Returning to his native place, he in 1649 was appointed family physician to the Duke Sylvius Nimrod von Oels, a man of orthodox Lutheran faith, with whom he remained three years. During the whole of that time Scheffler was the close neighbor of and enjoyed continual intercourse with his university friend Frankenberg, whose death, occurring shortly before Scheffler left the Duke's service, probably induced that change in Scheffler's life. He returned to his native city Breslau, where on the 12th of June, 1653, he entered the Roman Church, under the name of Angelus Silesius.

This step of Scheffler's had a great effect upon his contemporaries ; for he not only enjoyed widespread esteem, but was also generally known as a man thoroughly conversant with the many perplexing disputes then raging between the two great churches and their various theological faculties. In justification of his act Scheffler published the same year a pamphlet on the causes and motives that had led him to it. That those motives were of the purest character is not questioned ; for although he was soon after appointed court-physician by the Emperor Ferdinand III., this appointment brought him no revenue ; and, besides, Scheffler had a sufficient income of his own to make him pecuniarily independent.

It was natural that he should become a zealous convert. He published a number of tracts in defence of the Catholic faith, and, partly in self-defence, several somewhat bitter polemical writings. In the controversies which these pamphlets excited he continued engaged more or less till his death, which occurred on the 9th of July, 1677, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He had meanwhile, in 1664, been appointed court-marshal and councillor by his admirer and patron, the Bishop Sebastian of Rostock ; and after that friend's death, which occurred in 1671, had retired to a convent, having ten years before joined and received ordination in the order of the Franciscans.

During these twenty-four years of his life as a Catholic, Scheffler had engaged in the cause of his church not only his eminent talents as a learned theologian and disputant, but also his still greater talents as a skilful and profound poet ; and it must be acknowledged that in the employment of the latter he never forgot the sainted character of a poet, never descended into the ugly region of polemical controversy. His poems are without exception of a purely religious character ; mostly songs that are still sung in all German Protestant churches, as well as they are read in devotion by both Catholics and Protestants.

The first collection of poems published by him after his entrance into the Catholic Church appeared in 1657, under the title : *Holy Joy of the Soul ; or Spiritual Shepherd-songs of the Jesus-enamoured Psyche*. It contains two hundred and five religious poems, many of which rank among the best of the kind in German literature. In the same year he published his most famous work, *The Cherubic Wanderer*, a collection of 1615 rhymed sayings or epigrams, most of them composed of two Alexandrine lines, some, however, of four such lines, and a very few of six and more. Each of these little poems or sayings has a short superscription stating the subject-matter, and the whole collection is divided into six books.

The only other poetical work published by him appeared in 1675, under the title: *The Suggestive Description of the Four Last Things*, namely, of Death, the Last Judgment, the Tortures of Hell, and the Everlasting Joys of the Blessed.

Admired as so many of Scheffler's chorals that run through the first and last mentioned of these three works, have been and are, they have been eclipsed by the splendor of that wonderful work, *The Cherubic Wanderer*, upon which the fame of Angelus Silesius has chiefly gone forth into the world. It attracted great attention at the time of its first appearance, and its reputation increased with its successive republications. Even Leibnitz seems to have been deeply interested in it, though, like many others, he found in it a mystic pantheism bordering on godlessness. Concerning this charge it may be well to quote Scheffler's own refutation. He says: "These rhymes, which have been written down by the author as they were inspired in him solely and alone by the origin of all that is good, in such a manner that he wrote the first book in four days, are to remain just as they are, and to be an incentive to the reader to hunt up himself the self-concealed God and His holy wisdom, and to look into His face with his own eyes. . . . But since these rhymes contain many curious paradoxa or paradoxical sayings, and also very lofty and not to every one apparent views concerning the secret Godhood, *item* of a union with God and with the Divine essence, as also of Godly equality and deification or becoming like God, and similar matter, wherefore it might be easy to ascribe to them — particularly on account of their condensed form — a condemnable or evil meaning, I hold it necessary to remark, and it is here once for all made known to every one, that the author's meaning is never that the human soul can lose its createdness or can lose itself, or be changed by deification into God or God's uncreated Being; since this cannot be done in all eternity. For although God is almighty, He yet cannot effect this — and if He could, He were not God — that a created being can become naturally and essentially God."

The philosophical and religious views concerning the relation between God and man which are so boldly expressed in the most varied poetical imagery in this *Cherubic Wanderer*, Scheffler had derived chiefly from his friend Frankenberg; and the writings of the famous Tauler and Jacob Boehme had still further confirmed him in them. Of Boehme's writings, Scheffler says himself that they "were the great cause that I came to the knowledge of truth and joined the Catholic Church."

Hegel in his *Æsthetic* alludes to Scheffler in these terms: "The pantheistic unity, when the stress is laid upon the subject, which feels itself in this unity with God, and which feels God as this presence in subjective consciousness, results in mysticism. Mysticism in this form has developed itself also in Christianity. As an illustration, let me cite Angelus Silesius, who has expressed with the greatest profundity and boldness of contemplation and feeling, and with a wonderful mystic power of presentation, the substantial existence of God in things, and the union of our selfhood with God, and of God with human subjectivity."



Of Scheffler's chorals, so many have been translated and published in the *Lyrical Germanica* that none are given here. The following poems are all, except the last one, from his *Cherubic Wanderer*, of which only two selections have heretofore been published in English; one in the *Massachusetts Quarterly* many years ago, and one in the *St. Louis Journal of Speculative Philosophy*.\* The last poem is from Scheffler's work: *Holy Joy of the Soul, etc.*

*God is in me and I am in Him.*

God is in me the fire, I am in Him the glow:  
Are we not then most closely joined even here below?

*There is no death.*

No, I believe no death; though every hour I die,  
Yet every hour again a better life draws nigh.

*The perennial dying.*

I die and live in God; to live in Him away,  
I must expire in Him body and soul for aye.

*Death is the best thing.*

I hold, that since I'm here made free by death alone,  
Death of all things to me is the most blessed one.

*Nought lives without dying.*

E'en God Himself, if He for thee will live, must die;  
How then think'st thou His life without thy death to buy?

*God dies and lives in us.*

I die and live, and yet do not: God lives in me,  
And what I ought to live He lives perennially.

*I do the same as God.*

God o'er Himself loves me, I o'er myself love Him:  
Hence I give Him as much as He gives me, 'twould seem.

*I must be what God is.*

If I my first beginning and my last end would see,  
I must myself in God and God must in me be.  
I must grow what He is: a glow within the glow,  
A word within the word, a God within God show.

*Imperfect calm.*

He who can not in hell live without any hell,  
Has never of the Highest grasped yet the conquering spell.

*God is what He wills.*

God is a wondrous thing: that what He wills He is,  
And what He is He wills: all measureless in this.

*The throne of God.*

Thou askest, Christian friend, where God has reared His throne?  
E'en there where He in thee gives birth unto His Son.

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\*[There was also an elaborate article on the subject, with copious citations, in the *Westminster Review* many years ago.—ED.]

*The external availeth not.*

The cross of Golgotha saves thee not in the end,  
Unless it is set up in thine own soul, my friend.

*Milk and wine strengthen well.*

List: mankind is the milk, the Godhead is the wine :  
Drink milk with wine well mixed, wouldst thou thy strength combine.

*Man was the life of God.*

Before I aught became I was God's life, and this  
Explains why for me He wholly gave up His.

*God can do nought without me.*

Without me God cannot a single worm create ;  
If I with Him preserve it not, death is its fate.

*The pearl is made of dew.*

The oyster sucks the dew, and I, Christ, drink thy blood ;  
Mysteriously in both is born a wondrous good.

*Only His Son is with God.*

Be born of God, O man, for at His heavenly throne  
No one shall find a place but His begotten son.

*Imperfect death.*

If thou by this or that art troubled yet and worried,  
Thou hast not in the grave with God as yet been buried.

*The more thou goest out God goes in.*

The more out of thyself thou canst thyself make go,  
The more God into thee must with His Godhead flow.

*Man is everything.*

Yea, man is everything ; if he lacks one thing, lo !  
It is that he himself his own wealth does not know.

*Love is better than fear.*

To fear the Lord is good ; yet better love, I think,  
And best through boundless love our souls in Him to sink.

*'Tis the selfhood that damns.*

If but his cursed selfhood the devil could disown,  
You'd see him straightway rise and stand before God's throne.

*Man is God's child-bed.*

When God for the first time unto His Son gave birth,  
He for His child-bed chose me, thee and all on earth.

*We must love mankind.*

In that thou lov'st not men thou dost most surely right ;  
'Tis on mankind in men that thy love should alight.

*'Tis thy own fault.*

That gazing at the sun thou shouldest hurt thy sight,  
Is fault of thy own eyes and not that of the light.

*Angelus Silesius.**Time and eternity.*

Thou sayest: oh take my soul from time t' eternity!  
Is then a difference between the two to thee?

*What God is to me I am to Him.*

To me God's God and man; to Him I'm man and God;  
I quench His thirst and He gives me a calm abode.

*God loves Himself alone.*

It is most surely true, God loves Himself alone;  
And who His other He becomes in His loved Son.

*God in thee as much as thou in Him.*

E'en as thy soul in God, so much God stays in thee;  
Nor more nor less will He ever to thee, man, be.

*The Unknown God.*

What God is, is not known; He is not spirit all,  
Not light, not joy, not one, not what we Godhead call;  
Not wisdom, understanding, not goodness, love or grace,  
No thing, no no-thing, soul, will, mind or being's phase:  
He is what thou nor I nor other man shall know  
Until we have become the same that He is now.

*You find God by not seeking.*

God is nor here nor there; if you mean Him to find  
You must your hands and feet, your soul and body bind.

*To need nothing is bliss.*

The saints unto God's rest and blessedness are brought,  
Because they neither ask nor have desire for ought.

*With God 'tis all the same.*

God pays the same attention to frogs' croaks from the pond  
As to the warbled tunes the lark sends up beyond.

*The brook becomes a sea.*

Here, I still flow in God as but a simple brook;  
There, on myself as a full sea of bliss shall look.

*'Tis well to be in both places.*

I wish to be in heaven, yet also live on earth;  
For here I can draw nearer to God and give Him birth.

*What God did in eternity.*

What God upon His throne before all time has done?  
He even loved Himself and He begat His son.

*Man is the other God.*

The sole distinction 'tween myself and God? Ah yes,  
I'll tell thee 't in a word: 'Tis simply *otherness*.

*The philosopher's stone is in thee.*

Travel into thy self; to find the sages' stone  
It is not need that thou to foreign lands be gone.

*Self-annihilation.*

Annihilation raises thy self most over thee:  
The more annihilation the more divinity.



*Thou art thyself all things.*

What more canst thou desire? Thou art thyself alone  
Heaven and earth and thousands of angels — all in one.

*In God all is God.*

In God all things are God; the worm that crawls on earth  
In God as much as thousands of soaring gods is worth.

*The Son bears the Father's name.*

Tell me, what name dost think that God to us will give  
When He in His own Son shall us as sons receive?  
Thou ask'st and nam'st Him God? Why, then, thou dost confess  
He cannot call us else than gods, no more nor less.

*What poverty of spirit is.*

The poverty of spirit lies in intensity;  
Wherein from outside things, and e'en self, we get free.

*Whoever serves God is highly noble.*

One serves the world, and I serve but the majesty  
Of the Lord God in heaven: how noble must I be!

*God's only happiness.*

'Tis blessed to be born; God's happiness alone  
Is to perennially give birth unto His son.

*Calm.*

Go out, and God goes in; die, in thy soul God lives:  
Be not, and lo! He is; do nought, and He life gives.

*Man should be like a phoenix.*

Yes, I will be a phoenix, and in God burn my heart,  
Then nothing ever henceforth my soul from Him can part.

*All is in the I and Thou; Creator and Created.*

Nought is but I and Thou; and if we two are not,  
God is no longer God, and heaven no longer ought.

*A cherubim beholds God only.*

Who here beholdeth none but God Himself alone,  
Will there a cherubim become before His throne.

*The words Out and In.*

Two little words I love; they are called Out and In:  
Out Babylon, out self! Lord God and Jesus in!

*The eight times blessed.*

Be hungry, poor and gentle, merciful, peaceful, pure,  
Saddened and persecuted: thy happiness is sure.

*God is a child; Why?*

Th' eternal Son of God to-day first child is named,  
And yet for thousand years His Father he has claimed.  
Why? He was ne'er a child. The mother 'twas alone  
To whom 'twas due that He to us as child came known.

*The greatest miracle.*

O miracle! God's Son eternally has been,  
And yet to-day he first was by his mother seen.

*The spiritual mother of God.*

Mary's humility by God was held so high,  
 That He to be her child conceived supremest joy.  
 Hence if thou as a maid keep'st pure humility,  
 God soon will be thy child and thou'lt His mother be.

*Psyche questions all creatures whether they know the dwelling-place of her best beloved.*

Where is the fairest whom I cherish?  
 Where is the bridegroom whom I claim?  
 Where is my shepherd and my lamb,  
 For whom I now in sorrow perish?  
 Oh tell me, pasture, tell me, meadow,  
 Whether he still doth dwell with you,  
 And under his protecting shadow  
 My soul its strength may soon renew.

Tell me, ye lilies and ye pansies,  
 Where is my tender lily-child?  
 Tell me, ye roses, where, beguiled  
 By your sweet scent, led him his fancies?  
 Ye hyacinths, violets, all ye tender,  
 Sweet flowers, that grow so manifold,  
 Where shall I find him and surrender  
 Myself again into his hold?

Where is my spring? O cool springs, tell me!  
 Oh tell me, brooks, where is my brook?  
 My origin, for whom I look,  
 My source, that keeps in searching spell me?  
 Where is my arbor? forests, show it!  
 Ye outstretched heaths, where is my plain?  
 Where is my green field? fields explain!  
 Show me the path that leads unto it.

Where is my dovelet, birdlet feathered?  
 Where is my faithful pelican,  
 That can restore my life again?  
 Ah, were he in my arms soon gathered!  
 Where is my hill? Oh speak, ye mountains!  
 Yea, valleys say: where is my vale?  
 Lo! I have searched heights, vales and fountains,  
 To find him in the calm or gale.

Where is my guiding-star, my treasure,  
 My sun, my moon, my firmament?  
 Where my beginning and my end?  
 Where is my joy, my smile, my pleasure?  
 Where is my death, my life forever,  
 My heaven and my paradise?  
 My heart? so loved by me that never  
 With others I can sympathise.

O God, why keep with questions straining?  
 He with no creature has his stay.  
 Who leads me now from nature's sway?  
 Who puts a stop to my complaining?  
 I must soar over all that binds me,  
 Must elevate myself o'er me:  
 Then breaks the spell that now entwines me,  
 And I shall find, O Jesus, thee!

## UNDER THE SETTING SUN.

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**H**IS feet are in the shadows of the night—  
Night, where the bright and morning-star is lost  
'Mid clouds of error and religious gloom ;  
The primal radiance of the faith divine  
By mists of gross credulity obscured ;  
The light of knowledge sullied and usurped  
By the phantasmagoria of truths  
Bemonstered into phantoms of the brain.  
But far above, in the clear sheen of heaven,  
E'en in the God-illuminated solitude  
Of his own mind, his Titan front he rears ;  
And o'er the world-wide darkness looks abroad,  
To see whence the far-gleaming vision comes  
Which, years ago, gloomed out before his soul ;  
And now, an adumbrated destiny,  
Begins to tinge the shadowings of his life.

Around him, drowsily moving to and fro,  
And jostling as they blunder through the dark,  
The sluggard nations go, with mist-blind eyes,  
Exploring their own phantasies for truth  
And knowledge, which in vaporings they have lost,  
And through the clouds themselves have conjured up  
Seek wide and wild the bright and morning star ;  
And finding not, through fog, o'er moor and fen,  
By friar's-lantern led, still on they grope.  
Not in their dreams can he his vision trace.  
Beyond him rise the shades of ages hoar,  
And their vast palimpsest to him unroll ;  
Where, through the fables and traditions writ  
By ruder ages erst, he reads a lore,  
Rased and expunged to every eye but his,  
Which syllables in words oracular  
A sphery theory of the earth, and hence  
Of unknown worlds under the setting sun.

Westward, and westward yet, and westward ever,  
His solemn and prophetic eyes he turns.  
Stupendous in extent, in height sublime,  
Awful in mystery and majesty,  
In beauty like the Eden lost, it looms  
Above the unvoyaged and mysterious deep,  
The vision of his life : a hemisphere  
Of undiscovered continents and seas ;



*Under the Setting Sun.*

The realms of Oriental potentates ;  
 The world of Eastern fable and romance,—  
 Magnificent all, beneath the setting sun.

His destiny is in it; to go, to find;  
 The mystery pierce, which, since creation's morn,  
 With chaos-gloom has walled the world around.  
 The world of Holy Writ is on the event:  
 Him it declares the chosen one of Heaven  
 To bring together the ends o' the earth, and lead  
 All nations, kindreds, tongues—a blessed host—  
 Under the banner of the world's Redeemer.\*

To the great monarchs of his twilight age,  
 One after one his vision he reveals;  
 The manner of its realisation shows,  
 The glory of its realisation paints;  
 Implores their sovereign countenance and aid.  
 One after one they look forth from the mist:  
 The setting sun they see, the vasty deep  
 Beneath, the chaos-gloom beyond; nor more.  
 Then summon they the wisdom of their realms  
 To councils solemn and august, the versed  
 In facts, the skilled in arts of their own age,  
 The wise in mysteries of ages gone,  
 With more illumined eyes to read his dream.  
 Those, to the achievements of the present bound,  
 See not what more the future can bring forth,  
 And that pronounce impossible which stands  
 At variance with their own experiences;  
 These, wedded to the fancies of the past,  
 Dream not what more the present can conceive,  
 And that pronounce irrational which stands  
 In contradiction to their own conceits.  
 Those bid him go and tempt not God with aims  
 Beyond the scope of human powers to reach;  
 These bid him go, nor blaspheme God with dreams  
 Beyond all knowledge, human and revealed.

He goes; again he goes; again—and ever  
 In heart more sad, though more assured in faith.  
 From land to land the vision of his life  
 He carries, and the burden of his soul.  
 In courts of kings a friendless suitor now;  
 A warrior now in crusades of the faith.  
 Then, like a soul this side the outer deep  
 Left homeless and forgotten, up and down  
 The twilight borders of the world that fronts  
 The setting sun—nearest his dreams—he roams;

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\* Columbus believed that he and his great achievement were thus foreshadowed in the Hebrew prophets.

E'en from the fire-walled mysteries of the South  
To the ice-gated mysteries of the North;  
And everywhere he hears a voice that speaks,  
Beholds a sign that points, in confirmation.

The isles of ocean westward nod their heads,  
And tell of beauteous sisters o'er the sea;  
The winds of ocean odorless westward blow,  
And thence returning, fill the air with sweets,  
"And whisper whence they stole those balmy spoils."  
The waves of ocean shout it in his ear,  
And from the shores of that mysterious world  
Bring him the dead to witness their report;  
While from the Delphic caverns of the past,  
Still ever that oracular voice he hears:  
"Follow the setting sun! Thine is the mission!  
Follow the setting sun! Thine is the glory!"

So, from sad prime to melancholy age—  
A score of years—he dreams and struggles on;  
Now chased by storms nigh to the shores of death,  
Now pinned by calms to shores as dead of life,  
And never a star to turn the potent glance  
Propitious towards the haven of his hopes.  
His head is hoary as the hoary main,  
The depths as troubled of his spirit's deep.  
Clouds not a doubt, but of the waning years  
The winter-evening shadows now begin  
To gather o'er the vision of his life.

And after all his hopings in despair,  
His splendid plannings in obscurity,  
Heroic strugglings in adversity—  
What if in death his vision should go down,  
And others, who have not so hoped and planned  
And struggled, realise what he has dreamed,  
The way explore which he in darkness traced,  
Reap the rich harvest he in poverty sowed,  
The honors bear he in obscurity earned:  
What then shall be his meed, his portion? This?  
And the oblivion of the nameless? No!  
Never the purpose fails which springs from truth,  
And rests on faith and lives in hope, and seeks  
The good of man, the glory of Jehovah.  
For, springing, resting, living, seeking thus,  
'Twill stand forever, written in the heavens;  
The passport thither, signed by God; and there  
The valid more if here 'twas not endorsed;  
The brighter there if here it wanted light;  
The more triumphant there if here it failed.

*Under the Setting Sun.*

At last he finds her—the angel of his life,  
 The partner of his mission and renown.  
 The royal diadem is on her head,  
 And majesty imperial in her port;  
 But womanly are her eyes—pure and serene,  
 And bright with sympathy and hope for all,  
 Where she the truth and noble purpose finds.  
 Luminous are the shadows of the age  
 Where she is throned, as if the scattered rays  
 Of light and beauty, wandering through the night,  
 In her had their magnetic centre found.

She comes forth from the shadows, like the morn,  
 And meets him in the day, where he, sublime  
 In solitude, abides. She hears, she looks;  
 Looks with illumined eyes that scanned the deep  
 And pierced the chaos-gloom; and there is light  
 In them—the reflex of his glorious dream:  
 A smile of royal brightness there, which spreads  
 A morning o'er the vision of his life,  
 And hides the evening shadows on its face.

This is the light which henceforth in his sky  
 Shall shine, his cynosure of destiny;  
 Shine through the noontide splendors of his fame,  
 Shine through the clouds of his tempestuous eve;  
 Nor on him set until it sets forever.

His star behind, the setting sun before—  
 The hero hoar, the Ancient Mariner,  
 To his great vision sets at last his face,  
 Bright with the morning dawning in the West.  
 With joy the white wings of his ship he spreads,  
 And mounts the vast rotundity of earth;  
 The boundless concave of the sky above,  
 The boundless convex of the sea beneath—  
 A sphere insphered, as imaged in his dreams.

So there in memory bright be he insphered—  
 The voice between the times of Now and Then;  
 The light between the worlds of Here and There;  
 The hoary genius of the hoary sea,  
 Glooming colossal from its sombre depths,  
 Aloft into the sunlit depths of heaven.

The sole voice sounding through that primal hush,  
 The sole light shining through that primal dusk—  
 Fearlessly on his God-illumined way,  
 Right on, against the chaos-gloom, he steers.  
 Farther and farther it recedes, and leaves  
 View after view of that unvoyaged deep  
 Unshadowed and serene before his barque:



View after view, till gathering up its shrouds  
From off the sea, it rolls upon the land,  
The unknown world under the setting sun —  
The vision of his life; there to dissolve  
In light — light so resplendent it would seem  
A new creation. Morn had dawned indeed!

Glory to God in the highest! It is done!  
Honor to him, the chosen, by whom 'tis done!  
Angels record it in the Book of Life!  
Men shall record it on the scroll of fame!  
The scroll in thanks and praise; in love the Book!

There on the shores of that mysterious world,  
Where in the spirit he has been before,  
He stands; and far and wide, o'er land and sea,  
The confines of a brighter future, he  
Unfurls, and in the van of ages plants  
His standard, blazoned with his cynosure  
Of destiny and symbol of the Cross;  
The witness of his suffering and his faith —  
His triumph! There he leaves it high advanced,  
And gleaming in th' anticipated light  
Of yet some other promised day for man;  
Till the hoar ages having gathered round  
It, and the nations in their westward march,  
It shall before his standard bow, who'll shine  
The sun of freedom to his native land,  
Its morning-star to all the earth; and live  
In grateful memory — Father of his Country.

The setting sun behind, his star before —  
The hero hoar, the Ancient Mariner,  
In sublime triumph homeward turns his face,  
Bright with the visions of the vision, found  
In waking where he saw it in his dreams,  
And from the glories seen solemn as bright.  
The sunbeams, following in his foaming track —  
The vista he has cloven through the dark —  
Make of the foam a clue of golden light  
To the vast labyrinth of seas and lands,  
Which, broidering all the West with blue and green,  
And still in mystery wrapped, he has traced out  
And opened to the world. Now hemisphere  
To hemisphere by that bright cord is joined,  
And brought together are the ends o' the earth.

Like one, who, through the chaos of the past,  
Has found his way into the future; like  
A soul that, passing from the shores of time,  
Comes back from shores beyond the outer deep,

With visions of their wonders — he returns.

A man has risen ; and with the man a world !

From the dull sleep of ages up they spring,  
The drowsy nations ; wakened by the light  
Which, through the curtained windows of the West,  
Comes streaming in, as unanticipated  
As 'twere a morning from the setting sun.  
Eastward the clouds of that long night roll back ;  
Land after land, year after year, till o'er  
The regions of the rising sun they bide.

The wall of chaos-gloom which prisoned earth  
And man — yea, time itself — is broken down ;  
Rased to the face of things that are, that were,  
And are to be ; and now the world is free,  
Environed only by the walls of heaven.  
The speculations of the present take  
A bolder, wider, higher, happier range ;  
The visions of the future gather strength  
And brightness from the morning shining round ;  
And the colossal spectres of the past  
Dissolve in light ; or not dissolving, stand  
In shadows less obscure. Surely, thus freed,  
Illumined thus, thus richly dowered, the world  
At last its certain happiness shall find !

Still with the mist of dreaming in their eyes,  
Westward the new-awakened nations gaze.  
Stupendous in extent, in height sublime,  
Awful in mystery and majesty,  
In beauty like the Eden lost and found,  
It looms above the deep : the hemisphere  
Of new-discovered continents and seas,  
The mirage of a world rescued from night.  
Visions of unimagined splendors rise  
From 'mid the shadows, gleam along the heights ;  
Rumors of unimagined riches run  
Along the shores, resound from isle to isle.  
These gather noise and volume as they run ;  
Those, shape and color, as they rise ; and o'er  
The sea tumultuously come floating on  
The mingled phantasies of light and sound.

Thither they haste, the half-awakened nations ;  
Their hands outstretched, their hopes and dreams on fire.  
They scour the main ; isle, continent explore ;  
And o'er them, in the name of God and king,  
And with magnificent solemnities,  
Their banners wave, and to each other shout  
Across the glimmering seas, " Behold, 'tis ours ! "

But other hopes and visions there have home ;  
The hopes and visions of a race unknown ;  
Simpler, perchance, and fewer, but as strong  
And cherished, and as earnestly pursued —  
Too strong and cherished passively to die.  
And others still come following o'er the sea,  
As brightly gilded, or of heavenlier hue ;  
And all as firmly set on realisation.  
So, between the visions there is war ;  
When fades at once and from the earth forever  
The joy, the glory of that sunset dream.

But o'er the shores, by him from darkness won  
(Though bearing not their great discoverer's name),  
Still in the van of ages high advanced,  
Still gleaming in the anticipated light  
Of yet some other promised day, it waves —  
The standard that he planted in the day,  
When, 'neath the setting sun, he found and oped  
The morning portals of another world —  
The brighter future, in whose sky should shine  
The sun of freedom and its morning-star,—  
The standard, bright with visions of his soul,  
And planted in the fond yet sublime hope  
That ne'er might its beneficent folds be furled  
Till it had brought all nations, kindreds, tongues  
Under the banner of the world's Redeemer.

Yet passed the nations to and fro beneath  
The glorious shadow, and behold it not.  
"Where," cry they one t' another o'er the seas,  
"Where is the promised land which he found here,  
Under the setting sun? We find it not."

Nor shall ye, O ye blind, groping in light,  
Because ye will not walk where God would lead !  
Ye ingrates, hungering in a bounteous world,  
Because ye will not reap where God has sown !  
Ye skeptics, questioning in a world of truth,  
Because ye will not read what God has written !—  
Written in signs of beauty, love and light,  
On land and sea, on the blue scroll of heaven,  
On the white tables of His Word divine !

This is the land whereof the Voice, in clouds  
And fiery pillars hid, has ever sung —  
The Promised Land, th' inheritance of old ;  
The land that's here, that's everywhere—and yours !  
And that ye find it not, ye have o'erlaid  
And shrouded it with your unhallowed visions ;  
Your gilding, crimson, and vainglorious dreams ;



Your hopes for self, which raised unrighteous hands  
 Against the hopes—the simple, childlike hopes,  
 Smiling for ages here, before ye came ;  
 Against the simple, patient, piteous hopes  
 Which followed trembling in your mighty march,  
 Still with the mournful shadows of the past  
 Upon them, nor with more of future light  
 Than sent through clouds a melancholy day.  
 So far as ye shall find, have and enjoy,  
 Ye have destroyed what God created ; what  
 He wrote, erased ; annulled what He decreed.  
 Then, vain your seeking, O ye blind in light !

Look up ! Read ! Read his testament who stands,  
 The voice, the light, between the times, the worlds !  
 Behold where, with the symbols of his faith,  
 The visions of his soul emblazoned round,  
 'Tis written on yon standard high enskied,  
 Which, o'er the sunset land of Then, with hymns  
 Of thanks he reared ; and left unfurled in heaven  
 The shadow of a sainted fatherhood  
 To bless th' inheritance God to him had given  
 In recompense—by him bequeathed in hope.  
 Look up ! O ye, his heirs, that hope fulfill !

MORRISON HEADY.

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## A TRAIT OF CHINESE CHARACTER.

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**D**URING the construction of the railroad from Havana to Mazatlan, in the island of Cuba, the parties contracting to build the road, with the consent of the Cuban authorities, employed for filling and grading purposes a large number of Chinese. These Chinese, in gangs of fifty, were set to work at some distance from Havana, and were superintended by experienced American, Spanish, and English railway men. They were quiet, industrious workers, and never complained of oppression or bad treatment. The interpreters whose duty it was to communicate their wants and explain what was expected of them, made no report, either from observation or from complaint of the Chinese, of cruelty practised by the overseers ; nor

was there intimation even of wrong suffered by these men. It is true, the overseer with whom we have especially to deal was reckoned among the employees a hard man. He was hard in the sense of adhering strictly to discipline, and demanding a literal fulfilment of all contracts with which he had to do. He spared neither himself nor his employees. The Government held this gentleman in high esteem, and he was regarded by all participants in this enterprise as a man of sterling worth and integrity.

For some reason no one can yet tell, the Chinese had contracted the bitterest antipathy for this overseer. The feeling of dislike seems to have rapidly grown into mortal hatred ; but neither by gesture nor word did they in his presence manifest a spirit of hostility. Others noticed signs of antipathy, but the overseer was not conscious of it as far as any one living knows. Hence he was not warned. He always carried arms when among the turbulent and desperate men on the works ; but he knew no fear. He had been tried on many occasions, in revolts and rebellions in Cuba and elsewhere, and always faced danger as he did a banquet. He put faith in none of these men, he trusted none of them ; but he never intimated a suspicion as to the intentions of the undemonstrative Chinese. The house in which he resided was distant two miles from the section he superintended. He had a most beautiful and accomplished wife, and two small children. His servants were Cubans—they speaking no English, the wife no Spanish. The overseer was in the habit of smoking after dinner, and taking a short siesta before going to the works. The little cottage in which he lived was in the midst of orange trees, and back of the place stretched an immense plantain-field.

On Saturday he ate his dinner, lit his cigar, and stepped out as usual to the hammock swung under a thick clump of orange trees. It was one of those quiet, hazy days, warm and close, and a day peculiar to that region. He must have finished smoking (for the stump of the cigar lay upon the grass) and then dropped to sleep. The Chinese frequently passing his house to the depôt of supplies, had carefully marked his habits. He had been out nearly an hour when the servants came running into the house in affright. They talked loudly and incoherently ; and while the wife knew nothing of their words, her keen sense of sight and hearing told her that the dismayed natives knew of some calamity, and their gestures indicated that she and hers were connected with the calamity. She at once thought of her husband, and flew to the hammock. She saw there the Chinese brandishing their bloody knives. They had finished their horrid work of death, and were dancing like fiends around the fragments of the butchered overseer. The wife dashed fearlessly into the circle of forty fiends, and saw only bones, pieces of dress and flesh, lying scattered on the grass. She saw this at a glance, and then fell swooning upon the bloody greensward. The assassins made no attempt at violence toward her, nor manifested sympathy by sign or word. Then they dispersed.

The husband had been set upon in his sleep, and before he had time to make resistance was possibly helpless and powerless. The whole matter was dispatched in a few minutes. The body was

separated by their knives piecemeal, until each butcher held in his hand a joint or limb of the murdered man. It was without doubt the most atrocious and deliberately cold-blooded murder ever heard of in the tropics. Even Cubans were horrified at the cowardly, brutal deed; and before nightfall a thousand armed men were ready to hunt down and slaughter the fiends, at least to prevent their escape. But there was no attempt made to evade the consequences and the law. The Chinese went quietly to their quarters, and proceeded coolly to do what was usual for them to do on any day.

That same night word went up to Havana, and in less than twenty hours a company of Spanish grenadiers was upon the ground, when the Chinese cabins were surrounded and the occupants marched off to prison. No resistance was made; and it was well that such was the case, for the slaughter would have been swift and merciless. A Spanish soldier would shoot with as much pleasure a Chinese as he would a buffalo. The Government was greatly incensed at this outrage; and while determining to make an example of these men, the scarcity of laborers in Cuba at that period induced it to save all that it was possible and consistent to save. Justice would be sufficiently vindicated if a half-dozen Orientals should be sacrificed upon the grave of the esteemed overseer. With this principle uppermost, an interpreter was sent to the prison with instructions to question each one, and ascertain, if possible, who struck the fatal blow. He was empowered to guaranty pardon to all the innocent, in fact to all who denied the commission of the deed.

He had the proposed interview. He asked them separately to point out the murderer or murderers, making an offer of immediate freedom and pardon to all the rest. The question was put to each one apart from the others: "Who did it?" To this interrogatory there was but one answer, and that was invariably the same, "I did it." It was a spectacle seldom seen in this age: these disciples of Confucius, murderers as they were, clinging to each other in this matter of life and death. Their faces wore the same stolid expression as when carrying earth from the deep cut or standing knee-deep in the black mud of the cañon. They entered into a compact to do this deed, each one sharing in the act, and each one ready to take the consequences. They refused to explain in any way.

Then the trial came, a trial in which all forms were ignored. It was brief, for all confessed to have killed the overseer. Each one was interrogated by the court, and each one responded as before, "I did it." That settled all formal quibbles. There was but one remedy left the court, and that was to order immediate execution by the garrote. The sentence was heard without outward evidence of fear or disappointment. No lip quivered or cheek paled in all that group of condemned men, as the interpreter with steady voice detailed the time and mode of the execution. So they went out to the garrotting ground coolly, as if going to their work.

This affair occurred at a period when a contagious disease was sweeping over the island, and when laborers were not to be had at any price.

Allen's home was desolate. The remains were gathered up, and



followed by the stricken little family to the Campo Santo. Work on the railway was stopped for a day in honor of the dead, and 5000 persons assembled to witness the sepulture. The people were sympathetic and indignant; the Government indignant and politic. It seemed, indeed, a useless sacrifice of life to measure one man with forty strong muscular fellows, and at a time too when the general voice demanded the early completion of the road. The matter of money was also one of no mean significance. So reasoning, the Captain-General made another effort on the day of trial and immediately after the conviction of the men. Every inducement was held out to them in order to provoke or effect a confession, fixing the guilt upon one or more leaders. The effort was futile, for the same reply was made to the interpreter, and the same unbending resolution manifested as before. In this one thing their conduct was noble and honorable. On the same morning the forty prisoners were marched to the plazuela of the little village for execution. The Government did not yet abandon the hope of saving some of these diggers and carriers. The most ferocious one of the men was garrotted before the eyes of the others, and then the same terms they had so often refused were offered them. "I did it," came separately from every one, and with the most imperturbable gravity. So the last offer was rejected; and the rest, one by one, were led up and strangled.

ENRIQUE PARMEIGHE.

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## THE FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

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**T**HE long hot days and remarkably cool nights of a Montana summer were quieting down upon mountain and plain, when, travelling three miles east of the town of Bozeman, county-seat of the Gallatin, we turn to the right, and at once enter the wilderness by following a trail which merges into the Emigrant Gulch route a few miles further on. Along this route we now journey for thirty-six miles over a rolling country, and reach the northwest bank of the Yellowstone, without having met with anything of especial interest beyond the ordinary display of Rocky Mountain scenery.

Now, a stream larger than the Missouri at Fort Benton, above St. Louis, rolls before us. Beneath the green hills in the distance stands the one solitary dwelling-house or ranche of the Butler brothers. A creek divides the opposite bank of the river, where the ascent

of Emigrant Gulch begins, to disappear far away among the blue mountains. For an immediate trip to the falls of the Yellowstone we may take either side of the river — well assured, however, that the streams, so easily crossed for the most part at this season, become frantic monsters from late spring until the middle of June.

Having elected for the southeast bank, and made good our landing, one hour's brisk ride will take us to Six-Mile Creek. Pushing on, we pass the mouth of Elk Creek, coming down from the other side, and in one hour more can see the river pouring through a cañon, whose stately stairs of rock ascend a thousand feet, towering and stretching away to a distance of three miles. Going beyond the cañon, we arrive at Cedar Creek in the evening; and following a good trail along its right-hand bank for a mile or more, prepare to camp for the night, well knowing that we are now indeed on the threshold of "the land of faërie."

Arising with the pink of dawn in the east, we find the mountains wearing a sad, forsaken look. Around hangs the gray arch of the earth's shadow, receding slowly, until one by one the sunlight flashes from peak to peak, as each in its turn awakes and springs into joyous life. Now scrambling through sage-brush and over broken rocks, we "encounter the day" by leaving the great valley for the greater hills on either side of the Cedar, here washed into numerous caves by the storms and torrents which have been fed by the melting snows of centuries. We enter a dozen rocky dens, and cast sly looks into a hundred more, generally shallow in depth, but occasionally penetrating, with high roofs of gray conglomerate, to a distance of fifty feet into the mountain side. Coming to a series of cells similarly placed about the cone of a well-worn hill, we are startled to encounter *a petrified tree*, which shoots through the flinty roof of one of these hollows into the clear blue sky, to a height of eighty feet or more, and stretches out its stony arms from half a foot to twenty feet in all directions. The trunk of this giant is eighteen feet in diameter at the base, and the bark in places is entire — all petrified from bottom to top. Acres of ground in this vicinity are strewn with fallen trees and débris of limbs and stumps, sections of snakes, bones and flesh of various wild animals, all changed to solid rock, and as varied in color as light itself. Cultivating familiar intercourse with such mockeries of life, still so like the things and creatures they once had been, we might here spend weeks — for so geology was born. To fill the present purpose, however, of this paper, will hurry us past Trail Creek, Bear Gulch, and Crevice Creek; and on the opposite side of the river, the creeks of Cañon and Spring Run. We shall also have passed the mouth of the celebrated Eighteen-Mile Cañon, so often alluded to as a landmark by gold-hunters. By peering from rare accessible points, where a mis-step would end in death, we have a fine prospect along the cañon through which the river foams and dashes; interrupted here and there by grotesque buttresses of rock and pillared columns, standing like dreadful sentinels in the midst of the tremendous gateway, cloven through solid rock by this mountain artery. And now, taking the west-by-north bank of the river, we seek the hills beyond Hot Spring Run, going by Sulphur Mountain

on this side, and the mouth of Hen Run and the principal fork of the Yellowstone, coming in from a southeast direction, on the opposite.

Directing our course to the south, we come upon a forest region of pine and cedar, and, cutting along the slopes, occasionally catch views of a very paradise of wild pasturage, fringed with league-long beds of hardy flowers—white, blue, green, golden, and crimson—where the botanist would realise his most sanguine hopes. We shall also see rising and looming away in sublime succession, without rock or tree, vast dark-red mountain sides and cones; ever and anon getting glimpses of laughing cascades as they leap from crag to crag; and still beyond this corroded outline, behold fruitful valleys, which close in the distance with gentle lines of wavy hills.

Everything along the Yellowstone indicates volcanic influence and tremendous convulsion. Anon, as we advance by ledge or precipice, all our senses are surprised and bewildered by huge masses of gray limestone, sandstone, and burnt quartz promiscuously intermingled. Awful openings exhibit singularly arranged strata of the lower, upper, and intermediate sections of geologic creation. We pass many burnt districts, whose still active internal fires send forth sulphurous fumes and steam. The shrill sound of escaping steam, through tube-like openings in the level plain, is often heard to a distance of eight miles—the most remarkable being that above the falls, called the “Saw-Mill.” In the vicinity of Hen Run, before mentioned, and on both sides of the main fork of the Yellowstone, these blowing-pipes—the most appropriate name I can give them—most abound; while fountains or geysers of boiling water, clear and limpid, or black and thick as tar, are in plentiful supply. Geysers of yellow clay mortar raise themselves from the ground by a process of welling over, and harden and taper as they rise, but with walls so thin and fragile that one stroke of a moccasined foot would demolish them. All around large springs of boiling water flow away, densely enveloped in steam. One remarkable geyser, southeast of the fork, by overflowings and drippings, has built for itself a small hill of gray stone, with knobby sides. It possesses on the top a bowl or crater, into which, by climbing, we can enter. This inside is beautifully white and porous, and, being easily broken, exhibits most delicate tracery of fret-work produced by the action of the water. A circular passage in the centre, one foot in diameter, gives periodic vent to its internal troubles. These vents occur at regular intervals of about five minutes each, with loud reports, always preceded by low mutterings, which increase in violence until the rim wells over, when a jet of several hogsheads of water is ejected to an immense height and falls around in warm drops. A bank of pale-rose alum is near, whose astringent spring, flowing out twenty feet beneath, still slowly adds to the hardened rock-like delta it has been forming since the world became inhabitable. The water of this spring is warm, and it is the origin of a creek which empties into the Yellowstone from the east, beyond the falls. Heaps of sulphur, half-petrified trees and pillars of purple rock, frequently meet the gaze, through deep openings or within dripping caverns.

On this the northwest side of the falls, an immense *butte* towers



up from the billowy masses of the forest like a castle in the sea. It is situated between the falls, and to obtain a commanding view from the top will occupy a full half day of violent exercise. But once reached, what a view it is! No better spot could be selected for a survey of that imposing and opposing exhibition of plain, mountain and forest which lends such fascination to the outlying ranges of the Rocky Mountains. And here, within sight and sound of these stupendous falls, we command the rarest sight to be found throughout the whole extent of American landscape scenery. In wealth of light and shadow, suggestion, sublimity, picturesqueness and extent of view, its superiority can never be successfully denied.

Descending from our eyrie, we advance upon the roar of the Upper Falls, where tower upon tower has drawn itself up on either side, colored by pyrites into shining orange, sea-green, or pale red, until the last rock dies into the water beneath, and we come at last upon the vast promontory or bench which, thrown across the flood, forms the porch of the falls. The burst of life and light and noise caused by the waters rushing to the abyss below with a sudden descent of one hundred and fifty feet of visible depth, forms a supreme moment. As it can be approached beneath by a hazardous descent, we will make the effort along the sullen rocks, which reflect the colors of fluor spar, and behind the mist of raging waters shall find meet hermitage for severest anchorite.

Half way between the Upper and so-called "Lower" Falls there is practicable crossing at certain seasons of the year. These falls are about three-quarters of a mile apart, though there are still deeper falls below, and they are situated but ninety miles from Bozeman, Montana, in a direction as the crow flies three-fourths of a degree east of south. The Yellowstone is full as wide above these falls as at Emigrant Gulch, possessing as great breadth and as large a volume of water, notwithstanding the lower tributaries. The burnt and burning districts through which it flows undoubtedly absorb vast quantities of its elements, only preventing it becoming as large a river as the Missouri at St. Joseph.

Arrived at the second or "Lower" Falls, Bald Peak stands upon the right-hand side, and we find the river again suddenly stopped by a platform or shelf of rock, which stretches with straight edge directly across, from land to land, for a distance of three-eighths of a mile. The trail and worn tracks, made by countless generations of moose, elk, deer, and other wild animals coming down the mountains in the fall and returning in the spring, are imprinted into the solid shelf, where, having left their routes, they came to gaze over at the wonderful waterfall.

Clinging to a solitary pine which springs through a niche at a distance of several yards from the sharp brink of the precipice, I instinctively shrank awhile, ere, prone upon the swimming porch, I could venture a frightened look into the terrible abyss; and it was not until my poor head was able to make all firm again, and I was capable of bearing this suspension in mid-heaven, that I could look straight down from my mountain buttress, and drink in the wonders of the spot which God has made so grand, so fair and fearfully

sublime. What bewildering admiration filled my soul as I gazed down upon this horribly beautiful cataract! Here the entire Yellowstone, with a contracted breadth of from fifty to seventy yards, falls through "the wings of the winds," in a clear perpendicular pitch of at least *one thousand feet*! But the depth from this western side of the falls appears immeasurable. A thousand fleeting shapes of spray and mist arise and glitter in the sunlight, giving birth to rainbow hues, which, in their tremulous changes, and aided but slightly by fancy, disclose arches of triumph, butterflies, birds, flowers, fairy figures, fireworks—in fact, every form and figure of beauty is embraced in this sublime natural panorama, which through all the bygone centuries has lavished its dazzling maze of beauty unseen and undreamt-of by civilised man.

Recovering from its fall, the river rushes furious and foaming along in an almost direct line of inclination for at least four miles, where it may be seen taking another dive into the bowels of the earth—a mere thread in the profound depths, a miniature cataract without sound or motion plunging into the "darkness visible" of this ghastly cavern, where the eddying silence circles from wall to wall, and settles in appalling stillness forever above these waters of the Yellowstone. The river then turns to the left, and pursues its way to latitude  $48^{\circ}$  and longitude  $104^{\circ}$ , where it empties into the Missouri near forts Union and Berthold.

The Yellowstone Lake begins some twenty miles beyond the Upper Falls; and with an average breadth of twenty miles, stretches its white sheet away to the south for another space of full sixty miles along.

In my first visit to the falls of the Yellowstone I lingered by the hour above them until the haze of twilight warned me to depart, but returned once and again to the captivating scene. At last night descended upon forest and falls; the mountains wrapped themselves to sleep, and the show was over.

HOWARD O'NEILL.

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## TWO OF THE D'AUBIGNÉS.

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**T**HEODORE AGRIPPA D'AUBIGNÉ was one of those characters which the Huguenot party in France developed. Talented, upright, inflexible, he was scarcely inferior to the noted chiefs who rendered their cause so illustrious in French annals. To his son Constant descended, perhaps, equal talent, but inferior force

and inflexibility of will, which impaired the strict integrity of his character under adversity. A study of their characters, in their similarities and dissimilarities, would illustrate the unequal degrees in which the two distinct lines of intellectual capacity and moral sense are handed down.

D'Aubigné the elder was born February 8, A. D. 1550, of Jean D'Aubigné, Seigneur de Brie in Saintonge, and Catherine L'Étang, who died in giving her son life. He bore the remembrance of this sad loss in the name given to him — Theodore Agrippa. At four he was sent to school to Jean Cotten, and then to Jean Morel. At seven he translated Plato's *Crito*, on a promise by his delighted father to have it printed, with a portrait of the infant translator prefixed. We do not know whether the promise was ever fulfilled; but in those days, which teemed with infantile prodigies, the fathers seemed to have a mania for developing their promising sons by pet processes. There was the Sieur Eyquem, who selected for his son, Michel de Montaigne, a German dry-nurse, innocent of French, who was bound under articles to talk nothing but Latin to his infant charge. So little Michel was dandled and sung to in the strains of Propertius, and scolded in round Terentian vernacular, and commended in Ciceronian phrase. The very servants had to patter Latin; and instead of his *Commère d'Oie*, he was fed on Phædrus and Ovid. It was not till he was seven that he could use a word of his native Périgourdin. He too was a pupil of Jean Morel.

D'Aubigné's father was a strong Huguenot, and was concerned in the earlier movements of the party of the Reformation, but escaped being mixed up in the "conspiracy of Amboise." Agrippa relates that when a lad — it was in 1560 — he was riding up to Paris with his father. As they passed through Amboise they saw a ghastly row of heads blackening in the sunshine. They were the heads of the Protestant chiefs, executed there for the plot. D'Aubigné could not restrain the bitter exclamation, "They have beheaded France — the hangmen!" Aware of the imprudence of his involuntary cry, he spurred through the crowded fair as fast as he could, followed by his son. When at a safe distance, he paused, and putting his hand on his son's head, said to him in stern tones: "My child, I will spare neither your head nor mine to avenge those honored chiefs whose heads you have just seen; if you shrink, my curse be upon you." The incident and the vow made a deep impression upon the boy, and fixed irrevocably his political and religious principles.

When he grew up he entered into the service of Henri of Béarn, afterwards the famous Henry IV. Caustic and strict, he did not hesitate to do what he deemed his duty by his master. He had been bred in a sterner school of morals than the young Prince, and was much scandalised at what he saw at the mimic court of Navarre. Henry, though far abler and differently tempered, had something in common with Charles II. of England. He had been bred in infancy among his own hardy peasantry; then had been transferred to the court of Catherine di Medici. His keen intellect pierced through the crooked policy of the Queen amid the contending nobles around her; and while the gayest of the triflers there, was too wily to be



entangled by the intrigues going on, and succeeded in avoiding to take any decided part. But there and then were formed habits which grieved his Huguenot supporters, when later the prize of the French crown hung before his grasp. In truth, in those years of weary toil, intrigue, and fighting, Henry showed his wisdom and appreciation of their true worth by retaining about him the honest hearts who served and aided him in the task. D'Aubigné was not the least bold and plain among them, and did not hesitate to risk his master's favor, nor indeed fail to lose it, when he thought duty demanded plain speaking. He did not remain long in disfavor; his ability and clear good counsel in politics and his keen satiric pen were too necessary, and he remained in service till Henry, under advice and for political ends, formally abjured the Protestant faith. D'Aubigné could remain no longer, and at once resigned his place at the court, though he was frequently there afterwards. This took place in 1593. In 1594 Jean Chastel attempted to assassinate the king, but only inflicted a cut upon his lips. D'Aubigné met the king soon after with his mouth yet bandaged. "Sire," said he, "you have only renounced God with your lips. He is content to pierce *them*; when you renounce Him with your heart He will pierce that." He was so pleased with this sharp remark that he really believed afterwards that he had made a prediction of the king's fate; and when in 1610 the news of the king's assassination reached him, and that he had been stabbed in the throat, D'Aubigné denied it upon his own mere notion, saying it could not be: that he was stabbed to the heart. In early youth he had read (but, as he says, had not experimented in) the "Occult Sciences." This may have had some unperceived influence upon his mind to persuade him that he had in truth made a veritable prophecy.

D'Aubigné was twice married. In 1583 he married Suzanne de Lezay, who bore him Constant, the father of Francoise D'Aubigné, afterwards Mme. Scarron, and then Mme. de Maintenon (after the name of an estate she purchased), and secret wife of Louis XIV. Agrippa D'Aubigné married afterwards René de Bourlamachi. He was as bold a writer as counsellor. When another of Henry's counsellors became a Catholic, he wrote a biting satire, which he called the "Confession of Sancy."

After the death of the king, he employed his leisure in writing a history of his own times. The first and second volumes were printed by privilege, but the third could not pass the Censor's office. The unyielding Huguenot published it at his own risk. The Parliament of Paris seized the book and condemned it to be burnt by the common hangman. His enemies then began to persecute him. To avoid them he took refuge in Geneva. Then his property was confiscated, and sentence of death was pronounced against him. But the grim old Frenchman smiled. "This is the fourth death-sentence passed upon me," wrote he, "and one of a sort that do me both honor and pleasure." He wrote a good deal in his forced leisure in exile, both of good sound prose and of lively poetry, satiric and witty. His history of his own times and his letters will be of authority for the troublesome times in which he lived and bore a manful and earnest share till he died in 1630. Tissot sums up his character in few

words: "This Hannibal of Protestantism . . . is a type of that nobility, inflexible and severe, which plunged, in hatred of the chivalry of the court, into the party of the Reformation. In manner, style, morals, life and death, Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigné was a Puritan."

Constant (born 1583-4) was the weak son of a strong-souled sire. His education had been most carefully superintended by his father, who was at almost princely expense to have him carefully trained. It was almost wasted upon an unworthy object. It was not that Constant D'Aubigné wanted wit or talent, but capacity and strength of will. He could not bravely buffet opposition, but succumbed to circumstances, and then yielded to tempting opportunity. He belonged to that class of minds who are easily led. His father's retirement to Geneva probably straitened his means, but he would not quit Niort, where he had married. Domestic troubles, fomented by a jealous disposition, and which are said to have ended tragically, added to lower the tone of his mind. The finer rectitude of mind was wanting in him. His first wife brought him no dower. His second wife (1527) was the daughter of M. de Cadillac, Governor of the fortress of Château-Trompette. His family increased, but his means did not. He tried to get a commission in the army, but was refused by the Minister. On this he foolishly wrote a lampoon, which was reported to M. D'Epéron, who incontinently shut him up in the Château-Trompette, that he might have the proper leisure to indite all the poetry he wished. Constant relieved the tedium of an almost hopeless captivity by writing pretty songs. The Minister was too much offended and D'Aubigné of too little consequence to hope to be soon released; but his durance seems to have lasted only two years. But he had a facility for getting himself into trouble. Now he showed the weakness of his character by using moneys entrusted to him by a Lyonesse merchant, and by falling under suspicion of counterfeiting. Happily, his father was now dead. For both felonies he was again imprisoned, and this time in the tower of Niort; here he remained for a longer term. It was in this tower, too, that his wife bore him Françoise D'Aubigné (afterwards the famous Mme. de Maintenon) in 1535. His incarceration continued till 1539, when he was set free. Apparently all his resources had vanished, and now, broken and penniless and disreputable, he could not remain at home. A post at the Island of La Grenade, in the West Indies, was offered him. He survived but six years longer, leaving his wife and three children, the eldest now a lad of seventeen, nearly penniless, and dependent upon the kindness of new-made friends to get back again to *La Belle France*.

The contrast between father and son is very remarkable — at first sight unaccountable. The sire mounted up slowly but firmly; he developed solidly, and built up a reputation for probity, ability, and loyal zeal: ready to sacrifice all to the dictates of conscience, he gave up place and preferment at an instant. On the other hand, the son showed feebleness of will, incapacity, and deficiency of moral sense. The defect was in the moral capacities of his character; in the intellectual faculties he received his father's characteristics. Why was it? Did we know more of the slighter and transient conduct of

his father, overruled by a stronger will but yet really a part of himself, we might trace out the germs of the son's degeneracy. The propensities which were only possible in the father, but which were overshadowed by his noble qualities, and perhaps were not even suspected by the sternly-bred old Huguenot, by the feebleness of the son's will sprang up into acts that stained his character, and tied him up so that he could not, indeed did not, have force enough to break loose from their consequences. The law of transmission is evident enough in its broader outlines ; but the conditions and interferences of the two sides of this law, *similarity* and *diversity*, which are in truth but two faces of one form of cause and effect, are not yet traceable. We can enumerate the possible conditions which may influence the character of children, but we have no means of tracing the dynamics of these conditions. We cannot tell what leading trait of the father may reappear in the son, nor can we foresee how the relative and subordinate capacities will group around that trait, even if it is inherited ; nor, again, can we possibly measure the weight of the combinations of external conditions which mould the direction in which that character shall expand. Again, the wilful act of even a collateral, and therefore also of a direct ancestor, may reappear in a child, and may strangely disappoint or astonish his parents. The laws of subtle influences are too delicate to be properly apprehended. In the case of Constant D'Aubigné, we know hardly anything of the traits of character of the family of his mother, Suzanne de Lezay. Nor, again, can we trace the full details of the costly education, or the characters of the tutors of her erring son. Of this we may be sure, that the heart of the old Sieur must have been saddened by the course of his son, so different from his own stainless, upright conduct ; and he must have thought that, whatever vagaries and feeblenesses his son exhibited, they yet were not of his father's stock, the sturdy old Huguenot blood of De Brie en Saintonge.

A. A. B.

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## RUN TO EARTH.

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### CHAPTER IV.

IT becomes necessary, for the proper grouping and portrayal of the characters of this story, and the introduction of the successive events with which we have to do, to shift the scene for the present, and pay a visit to the great metropolis of the Western world.



And here I must beg leave to express my fear that, over and above many imperfections of style and diction in writing and description, and independent of a grievous want of skill in the plot and arrangement of my work, I shall very often be doing violence to recently established precedents in novel-writing, and shall more than once utterly ignore the imperative demands of a large class of readers. In fact, I am not sure that I have not committed a grave error in the selection which I have made of the scenes and characters through which I am to present myself to public notice. In the first place, I shall not have a word to say concerning the home-life of the nobility and wealthy gentry of England. I am free to confess that I never was in England; and even if I had been, I doubt very much whether I should have been beset with invitations to such and such country-seat, to this noble lord's castle, or that honorable Member's villa. You see, I'm not acquainted. And then, *my* ladies and gentlemen do not play croquet. Now, there's a bad thing! It imparts to the reader such an air of *dolce far niente*, such an atmosphere of exquisite languor, to serve up for his entertainment a crowd of luxurious, happy beings, whose days are enveloped in *couleur de rose*, whose whole lives are spent in fashionable pleasures — beating balls about the grounds, and dallying at noon over a breakfast-table decorated with buhl and furnished with Sèvres. One naturally assimilates himself to such delightful creatures as he reads, and becomes, in fancy, used to unlimited bank-credit, affluence, and elegant ease. The poor shop-boy can be, in imagination, as magnificent and munificent as Monte Christo, so long as he pores, by the light of a spluttering candle, over the pages of Dumas. And, too, a croquet-ground has many advantages not due to hoop and ball. Nowhere else can the heroine of the work so well display her charms and graces; nowhere else can the whole battery of her attractions be so successfully put in operation; nowhere else can her angelic temper appeal so powerfully for admiration: for if she does not quarrel or cheat during that delectable out-door recreation, then I am willing to grant that she is proof against the infirmities of human nature. The croquet-lawn is an unfailing resource to an author; he can fill up whole gulfs of time, which would otherwise encumber his pages, by daily and persistent devotion to this game; and then, should he desire to surround his hero and heroine with circumstances favorable to an avowal of love, he has only to have one great family game of croquet at an opportune season, and thus leave the field clear for the couple that he has in hand. I have known a writer put the whole household, host, guests and all, including a gouty old uncle aged seventy-two, out upon the ground, with the cook, house-servants and coachman looking on, in order to leave the library at the disposal of a young lady and gentleman who needed it for a long searching quarrel, ending with reconciliation and renewed protestations of mutual passion and devotion. No; croquet was among the things that were to be in the days of which I write. There was an amusement then in vogue which combined profit with pleasure — *crochet*; but as its popularity was confined chiefly to old women, it would not do to lug that in. I do not believe that at that time even that national

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abomination, that dark blot upon our people's character, base-ball, had been conceived in the brain of the most fiendish man living. But this digression has been greater than was intended: it was admitted only for the purpose of preparing the reader somewhat for the peculiar phase of New York society to which he is about to be presented. Although I have never landed on the historic shores of Albion, as I confessed just now, I am proud to avow that I have often walked the busy streets of the great commercial emporium of our country, admiring the energy and enterprise of this powerful nation as displayed in those bustling marts and crowded thoroughfares, wondering at the wealth of the city and its rapid increase, and noting the countless cheerful signs of a cosmopolitan commerce. But during all my visits there, no portion of my time was spent on Fifth Avenue, in the palaces of our merchant princes (that is a good expression, has been used before, and will, I feel certain, be received with favor); therefore I have nothing to do with our republican aristocracy (paradoxical misnomer!) as assembled within those white marble walls, but must penetrate darker scenes, and approach men familiar with crime and habituated to sin. I must go down to the low haunts of humanity, where black-browed vice crouches blinking at God's sunlight, and poverty sits hatching its troubles in its squalid nest of rags. But on the other hand, while I disclaim any acquaintance with the *haut ton* of this primitive people, where all men are born free and equal, I would take occasion to deprecate any supposition that my time has been passed among the people that I now go on to describe.

About ten o'clock one night in the latter part of spring, the streets and gutters of New York city were still streaming with the noisy floods of a heavy rain which had just descended. The pavements were sloppy; the garish shop-lights strove in vain to penetrate and dissipate the heavy mist that mantled on the windows and dripped slowly down; the wearied, mud-bespattered horses slipped and floundered over the uneven stones, and dragged their burdens heavily onward; all along Broadway, wherever a broad patch of light was thrown out upon the muddy street from the doors and windows of hotels and stores, shiny umbrellas, dripping overalls, curtained carriages and muffled drivers were merged together in one great active, hurrying throng. New York a quarter of a century ago was doubtless very different from New York to-day; but even then the most populous portions of the city teemed with life and noise far into the late hours of the night, and hardly had repose settled on the city ere the dawn of another day awoke to life the thoroughfares again.

In a poorly furnished room of a shabby tenement house on one of the darkest, crookedest streets, in the most unsightly part of that overgrown city, two men sat at table together. The marks of resemblance and the points of dissimilarity between the two were each in their way very striking. Both bore unmistakable signs of being of that large class who in common parlance are said to live by their wits; both bore on face and dress and habit the serious evidences of hard-spent lives, not exempt from care, not unbeset with trouble, not unscathed of the fires of the worst passions of the human heart. To

find two such men together was the most natural thing imaginable, for they could not fail to have much in common, both in tastes, character, and mode of living. But there resemblance ended. Physically, greater contrast could not be offered.

One was advanced in life, forty-five or fifty years of age, and looking somewhat older. His figure was heavy and muscular, his hair and beard dark, short and thick, complexion swarthy, and features strongly marked. The expression of his eyes was fierce and lowering, and, coming out from beneath his bushy beetling eyebrows, helped no little to increase his sinister aspect. He might have found his counterpart any day on Fulton street, among the burly mates and skippers of the numerous sloops and schooners that lay along the wharves.

His companion was at least fifteen years his junior ; and while the countenance of the other was full of individuality, with every feature prominent and expressive in its way, this one's face was altogether wanting in such characteristic, and in respect to completeness was a failure. Nature seemed to have started on this man and then abandoned the work, probably in disgust at the prospect offered by what had already been accomplished. His hair was scanty, and of a faded, dirty brown ; his eyebrows and lashes were almost white and very thin — so thin that they did not perform the offices of shelter and protection ordinarily required of them. For although the one dingy lamp in the middle of the table gave but a faint and imperfect light, it seemed to be too much for those blinking eyes, which were in a continual squint, and often retreated clear back into the sockets out of the sight of man. He was endowed with an ample space of forehead, being stinted in the matter of hair ; but the brow was narrow and retreating, and covered with unsightly splotches and pimples. His mouth was not lacking in amiability, if a smile is always capable of expressing that lovable quality. But his smile, though constant and unvarying, was not a pleasant one ; it was made up entirely of malice, greed, and cunning. His slim, puny body, two of which would have been required to make up the size and weight of the first described individual, was attired with a tawdry attempt at appearances which was wholly wanting in the person of the other. Although his linen was dirty, his shirt-bosom was bedecked with cheap jewelry, and three or four heavy rings were displayed upon his freckled hands.

A bottle of gin and two glasses were before them, and the liquor was pushed from the one to the other with considerable frequency. But it seemed to have no power to arouse their conversational powers or awake a convivial spirit. The older man sat with his chair somewhat drawn away from the table, his face and body half averted, silent, sullen, impassive. The younger manifested constant and increasing restlessness, shifted his position again and again, glanced furtively from time to time across the table, and listened intently at every passing sound. Once the door was softly opened and a female noiselessly entered. God grant that such rare beauty as that with which this woman was blessed (or cursed) is seldom seen in such dens of evil and iniquity as housed and sheltered her that night ! To gaze



upon that vision of loveliness and grace, confined in the same dark, gloomy room, revealed in the same dull light, and surrounded by the same atmosphere with these ruffians, produced in the mind a strange feeling of pain and wonder, and a strong emotion of compassion for her. She had just entered womanhood, but hers could not have been a happy youth, a peaceful life. The marks of poverty clung but too plainly about her person, and made themselves seen in her cheap but neat and modest dress. But no poverty could conceal or disfigure the symmetry of her form and the marvellous loveliness of her face. No adornments that wealth could purchase, no decorations that fashion could devise, would have heightened the fine effect of that shining mass of golden hair that fell unbound and floated on her shoulders. Sorrow had served only to refine and purify each separate charm, heighten the sad and touching expression of the eyes, and add to the rare sweetness of her smile. The men hardly noticed her entrance. She walked by them, busied herself for a few moments in a distant corner of the room, retraced her steps, and disappeared as silently as she had come. But short as was her stay in the room, it had been long enough to bring upon that fair face the workings of the fiercest, most intense passion. As she passed the table she threw upon the older man a glance of anxiety, fear, and entreaty, and like lightning flashed upon the other a look of deep scorn and loathing. Ay! more than that: a look of such hatred that it transformed her for a moment; and there was beauty in those flashing eyes and heightened color and firm-set lips, but a beauty to make him shudder that looked upon it.

"The Colonel is long coming, Collyer," said the younger man at length, resting his elbows on the table.

"The longer the better with me. I tell you, man, there would be no grief in my heart to-night if I should know that he were lying fathoms deep out yonder where the tempest is howling and the darkness of hell is brooding on the waters. He comes here not at my bidding; that I warn you."

"Come, come, friend, take the glass and drink a health to the Colonel. Drink deep, and wake up life and spirits in that sluggish carcase of yours."

"Drink you, if you like it; roar, sing or pray, as it please you. I am best let alone."

"Shall I tell our distinguished visitor, when he mounts your rickety stairs, that you have been calling down heaven's vengeance and the devil's punishment on his head, and bid him beware lest in some dark hour, when he comes to make a call upon his friend Jack Collyer, he drench the floor of his host's domicile with his blood?"

"Tell him what you please, Dick Aylett. I fear not him nor any man alive. And, look you, lad, bestow your attention upon the bottle there; I have a humor on me now that brooks no trifling."

"I believe you, Jack. I am not given to woman's fears, my man; but I have seen the time when I would rather any friend I set much store by did not cross your path."

Collyer whirled about, fronting his companion, to make an angry rejoinder, or resent his comrade's taunts, when a step was heard

on the landing of the stairs outside, and the long expected visitor entered the room.

Collyer greeted the new-comer with a surly nod of recognition, but did not stir from his seat. Aylett, on the contrary, jumped up with alacrity, and advanced with outstretched hand to receive the visitor. He took his hat and cloak with ostentatious humility and obsequiousness, and threw into his manner all the respect and deference of which it was capable.

The man who now took the third seat at that table; who was evidently there by appointment on matters of serious import to them all; who knew well, and was no less familiarly known by, the men before him—one a cringing sneak, and the other a reckless ruffian; who had gone there to plot in the silent hours of the night; and who by their aid hoped to consummate schemes often baffled and set at naught: this man we now meet for the first time, though his name has more than once occurred in former pages. This was Col. Dalby, the inheritor of old Mr. Perry's wealth; the head of the fine and much esteemed family at F——, the uncle of poor Kate Wilton, and the husband of stately, refined, and fashionable Mrs. Dalby.

#### CHAPTER V.

THERE are many whom it would have surprised greatly to have seen Colonel Dalby under the unfavorable, not to say suspicious circumstances by which he was surrounded when introduced to the reader at the close of the last chapter.

For instance, many of the good people of F——, whose houses he honored with his presence and whose shops he patronised with his countenance and custom, would have been surprised to know that the Colonel was a familiar habitué of so disreputable a quarter of New York, and was admitted familiarly into the companionship and society of such men as Jack Morgan and Dick Aylett.

The Colonel's acquaintances, who sat with him at table at his very respectable lodgings up-town; his landlady, who admired his affability and courtly manners—these would have been immeasurably astonished and shocked to have discovered that the Colonel figured in more than one place of New York society, and was known far better, perhaps, than they could possibly know him, among people of that great city who never walked the crowded thoroughfares in the light of day without the fear constant in their hearts that the hand of the law would be laid upon them, who never dared to tell their names, their occupations, or abodes. If I have a hero among my "characters," it certainly is not Colonel Dalby. I have no idea of attempting to raise him to a high position in the estimation of my readers; such an attempt would be in direct opposition to the Colonel's character, and would falsify the whole tenor of that gentleman's life. But none the less am I anxious to commit to these pages an accurate and truthful description of the man, for upon him depends much of the interest which I hope to awaken in this tale.

If I do not succeed in my description, the fault, be assured, rests

with the pencil which essays the portraiture, and not with the meagreness and commonplace character of the materials for the sketch. For of ten men who passed Colonel Dalby on the streets, nine would probably turn and look again. A stranger would find it very difficult to tell by what his attention was arrested and his interest enlisted in the appearance of the man, and would hardly be able to segregate a single feature or physical peculiarity as being the clue to the impression produced upon his mind. He was of middle height and heavy build—just such a stout, well-dressed personage as may be met almost everywhere, every hour of the day. His hair was gray and cut close, his moustache heavy and grayer than his hair, his eyes deep-set and overshadowed by heavy eyebrows that well matched his hair and beard. His moustache left little of his mouth to be seen; but when he smiled, which he often did, he showed a perfect set of strong white, sharp teeth, which imparted to his face something of a cruel, sinister expression, lacking when his features were in repose. And here I believe we will find the explanation of the remarkable interest created by his appearance. No one could look upon that face without being struck with the fact that it possessed an extraordinary capacity of expression; no one could fail to be convinced that the repose and serenity of the features were studied and artificial; that the intensity of some one feeling or passion more than another had in time past convulsed and distorted that face, now masked and schooled by self-control, and that the air of prosaic respectability in which the Colonel showed himself to his friends and the outside world was foreign to him.

I think men oftener carry their characters upon their faces than we are willing to acknowledge, and there are few who are called upon to change their first impressions of the different persons with whom they are thrown in contact. Mind, I am not striving to invest Colonel Dalby with a mysterious and enthralling interest; we are often deceived by very common clay, and delf has over and over again been taken for the rarest porcelain. Very few men were prepossessed, as the term is, with the subject of our sketch, and as we advance we will see how far public opinion, founded on first impressions, was justified in this instance.

When Colonel Dalby took his seat at the table between Morgan and Aylett, he appeared to take little notice of the particular mood of either, and treated the surly manner of the former and the studied artificial deference of the latter with equal indifference. He did not, however, despise the vulgar refreshment displayed upon the board, and, immediately upon sitting down, helped himself with eagerness to the liquor before him, with an impatience and haste that sought, apparently, to allay some disturbance of his feelings.

"Well, Colonel," said Aylett, "we have been waiting for you for an hour or more. Morgan here has found recourse only to the bottle to drown his impatience, and I began to fear that you were not coming."

"It remains to be seen how you will enjoy my visit, now that I am here. Morgan, lock the door, or send that long-haired, white-faced girl of yours to bed. She came upon me like a ghost just now as I



mounted your rickety stairs ; and I tell you, man, I'd rather grope my way in black darkness from cellar to garret of this gloomy house than have her to light me on my way."

"Never fear, Colonel ; the girl, if she be not now abed, likes the present company too little to thrust herself upon you uninvited, and I warrant we'll have no interruption."

"What have you learned, Aylett, since I last saw you? I have, as you know, been down to F——; but I could not rest there. The cursed quiet of the place worried me ; the very calm and tranquillity that rested on the people and the town were maddening."

"I have become fully satisfied of the truth of what I told you one month ago. The men whom you fondly dreamed you had swept forever from your path were the men that I saw land from that steamer."

"Do you think that either of them saw or recognised you?"

"I gave them no opportunity. Seized as I was with astonishment and amazement, as great as if a grave in front of me had given up its dead, I had sufficient presence of mind to withdraw out of sight, where, from a secluded part of the wharf, I watched the party."

"Had they any companions? Were the two alone?"

"No. Besides Henry and William there was a little child and nurse ; and that Spanish devil, that black-faced hound that we have already reason to know and fear, if it is any comfort to you to know it, looked to me as if at the door of death. He was wrapped and muffled like a mummy, and seemed to have lost all use of his limbs, for they were forced to lift him about as if he had been an infant."

"Would that the whole accursed brood were dead and rotting in their graves. But where are they now? Do you believe them to be still in New York?"

"They were, to my own knowledge, in the city up to yesterday afternoon ; but Morgan, who has been on the watch to-day, has made it convenient to be frequently in the neighborhood of the boarding-house at which they stopped, and he reports that they have left New York."

"Yes," said Morgan, "they left to-day, but where they went I have not been able to find out, except that from here they went South."

Colonel Dalby sat for some time silent and abstracted. Aylett made whiskey rings on the table with the drippings of his tumbler and whistled softly. And Morgan sat with folded arms and closed eyes, grim and forbidding.

"Well," said Dalby, at last arousing himself, "it is idle to spend time and breath in speculation and conjecture. Without your information, Aylett, and the evidence of your own eyes at the steamer's landing, I should ere this have become convinced that those men were on this side the Atlantic and at work."

"And what do you intend to do? If, as you suppose, and as there is every reason to believe, they are at work, do you intend to oppose them, or surrender without a blow?"

"Surrender? Never! Give up all for which I have so labored and toiled and schemed ; give up affluence, wealth, and position?"

No ; rather than be vanquished by these two men, my enemies while life may last, I will in deed and in truth sweep them forever from my path ! ”

“ Spoken like my own brave chief and leader ! ” cried Dick Aylett, springing up and grasping the other’s hand ; “ you will find me in whatever you conceive and execute your abettor and co-worker to the death. And there’s Dick Morgan, who is but a rough casket as will d—n my eyes for my freedom ; but there’s the real metal there, and you will find him true as steel. ”

“ Ay, my man, but I will be my own spokesman, ” said Morgan roughly ; “ I can go when the need urges without being driven by foul words or fair. I have an interest in this matter of my own, as you well know, and I guess Jack Morgan never faltered when the time for action came. ”

There was an angry light in the man’s eyes and a threatening defiance in his attitude and gesture that one would have thought ill-fitted to a coadjutor in any good deed, or a co-conspirator in a bad one. Colonel Dalby seemed to think so for a moment as he steadfastly gazed on the gruff speaker before him, but he affected no notice of it, and presently said :

“ What other response could I expect from you two ? For look you, apart from the hatred that burns in your bosoms against the men who still again in this life have crossed our path, you are but looking well to your own interests when you have a care for mine. But I can talk no more and wish to think no more of this matter to-night. I have the strongest reasons to think that Henry has already communicated with certain persons at F—— ; about this I will speak to you more at length another time. One thing you may treasure in your minds and depend upon : As I never once swerved in my course or faltered at the means to put these fellows down and trample them under foot, so the lapse of years has made me no less resolved to keep them so, cost what it will. ”

With this, Colonel Dalby seemed in his own mind to clear the way for whatever was to come, and for the time to dismiss the subject from his thoughts. He paced the room leisurely for a few minutes, and his face regained its accustomed serenity and repose. Then lighting a cigar with a wisp of paper at the lamp, he bade his companions good-night. As he descended the stairs he heard the rustle of a woman’s dress in the passage, but could see nothing for the darkness. He stopped for a moment, but the person, whoever it might have been, moved hastily on, and entered a room some distance off. Dalby hesitated for a moment and seemed about to return to the room which he had just left. But finally he left the house and betook himself to his lodgings.

## REVIEWS.

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*The Alabama Claims.* By Lord Hobart. Macmillan's Magazine.  
January, 1871.

THE failure of the Southern States in their late struggle for independence is no reason why the facts of history should be suppressed or distorted to their prejudice, and no reason why the character of the Southern people should be held up in disparaging contrast with that of their Northern antagonists. Where praise is due, let it be given in full measure; but extravagant laudations of the successful belligerent, in this case coupled with unmerited depreciation of the other, do not accord with our ideas of justice and propriety.

The style of this essay of Lord Hobart's is eloquent, but the author is either ill-informed in regard to notorious facts connected with the late internecine war in America, and ignorant concerning the true character of the Northern people, if the temper and conduct of the Federal authorities during and since the close of the conflict are to be taken as an illustration, or else he is too much blinded by prepossession and prejudice to undertake to enlighten the world about American affairs. Supposing him to be sincere, it is but fair to conclude that his information was derived exclusively from Northern Radical journals, whose *ex parte* representations could not be expected to do justice to the Southern people.

Lord Hobart is enthusiastic in his eulogy on the "American Nation," excluding of course the States of the South, whose withdrawal from a union in which their rights were ignored he characterises as "treason and rebellion more pernicious and worse founded than any the world has seen." In his irrepressible outburst of admiration we are told "there is nothing, in modern times at least, with which its recent history [that of the "American Nation"] will not, for moral grandeur, favorably compare." This unparalleled display of moral grandeur was called forth by what the author is pleased to term "an insurrection, formidable not only in numbers, but in forces and material of war, which suddenly sprang into fierce and ominous life."

Neither the war for independence nor that of 1812, it seems, in both of which Great Britain was the adversary, developed this "moral grandeur" or that extraordinary "wisdom and nobleness" of which Lord Hobart speaks so admiringly. This was reserved for the late war of the Sections. The first of these wars was for Anglo-Saxon liberty; the last was a war on the part of the United States for the abolition of negro slavery and the subjugation of the white population of the South. It is generally conceded that there was somewhat of "moral grandeur" exhibited by the generation of '76 under the lead of Washington; but Lord Hobart may be excused for not being much impressed with it, as his standpoint of observation is not a favorable one.



What the noble Lord calls "an insurrection" his own Government, by the way, regarded in a very different light, when by royal proclamation in 1861 belligerent rights were conceded to the Confederate States. He says our sectional war was no "question between freedom and slavery, but whether the vast dominion, the mighty fabric which was the pride of a free people, the admiration of the world, the refuge of liberty, and full of bright promise for the future of mankind — should stand firm on its pedestal, or be shivered into fragments at its feet," etc. Ostensibly, indeed, the war was for the restoration of the Union; but really it was one long desired, deliberately contrived, predicted, prayed for, and finally brought on by ambitious Northern leaders, and waged under the direction and in the interests of a political party favorable to a consolidated central government. During more than three-fourths of the period of our constitutional history, the Democratic party, which cherished the sovereignty and independence of the local or State governments as the most effectual barriers against Federal encroachments and the centralisation of power, had had control of the general administration. The object being to obtain political power for Radical consolidationists, and to perpetuate their control of the Government, it was necessary to divide the Democratic party, crush and subordinate the South, the stronger Democratic section, by the Federal power, liberate and enfranchise four millions of ignorant negroes, remodel the Constitution to suit their purposes, and heap civil disabilities upon the white population of that section. So far the programme has been successfully carried out, and a transformation of the Government effected from a Federal union of free and sovereign States to that of a consolidated nationalism which may or may not prove permanent.

The nation was "surprised and betrayed," says Lord Hobart. Nobody was surprised by the secession of the Southern States or by the war that followed. The anti-Democratic leaders in the North got up the slavery question in 1820, not for the benefit of the blacks, but as a lever with which to operate on the public mind in the Free States, sectionalise the great political parties, and create distrust, jealousy and discord between the Northern and the Southern peoples. Thus was inaugurated what they call the "irrepressible conflict," which it was their purpose to press to the point of driving the States of the South to the alternative of secession or unconditional surrender of their rights. This point gained, relying upon the preponderance of numbers in the North, and on her superior physical resources and power, the next thing the tocsin of war was to be sounded, under the false plea of saving the Union, for which it was known the mass of the people both North and South had an infatuated attachment.

It is a well-known fact that the anti-slavery, or more properly the anti-Democratic leaders in the North, for years before the war denounced the Union as "a covenant with death," as a union that "ought to be dissolved," as one that "could not last." They went so far as to get up petitions to Congress praying for the adoption of measures for a dissolution of the Federal Union. On the eve of secession and war they did all in their power to prevent any compromise, any peaceable and honorable adjustment of our sectional

difficulties, insomuch that they were then told by a distinguished Northern Senator in his place (Mr. Douglas) that if those difficulties came to a bloody issue, they alone (the Radicals) would be responsible for it. Surprised! Nay, they were anxious and ready for the bloody strife, for well they knew that the Southern people would not surrender their invaluable rights without a manly struggle. Anticipating this, a prominent divine (Mr. Beecher) said in a public lecture in 1855, "Let it (the slavery controversy) be settled now; clear the place; bring in the champions; let them place their lances in rest ready for the charge; sound the trumpet, and God save the right!"

In 1861, when the Peace Congress had met to avert the impending calamity of war, a United States Radical Senator (Mr. Chandler, of Michigan) wrote to the Governor of his State to aid him in defeating the object of that Congress, and appended to his letter a postscript in these words, "Some of the manufacturing States think a fight would be awful. Without a little blood-letting, this Union, in my opinion, will not be worth a rush."

The Union was not betrayed by the South, as Lord Hobart asserts. It was Northern Radical leaders, and they alone, who sought to "shiver into fragments the mighty fabric." The Southern States and people were ever true to the Union as established by the fathers. They were anxious to maintain it so long as it could be maintained on principles of justice and fraternity. They entered into union with their sister States, not to compromise their safety and their rights, but the better to secure them in common with those of the other States. They only left it when they became thoroughly satisfied that the dominant Section sought to convert it into an engine of oppression to them. They had forewarned their sister States that they would not submit to be thus oppressed. The warning was unheeded, and seemed indeed but to provoke still further aggression upon Southern rights and interests. And when secession was finally resolved upon, the step was taken boldly and openly, but with no wish or intention to disturb the peace of the country or to infringe the rights of the other States.

"The nation disarmed and friendless"? The truth is precisely the reverse. From beginning to end, the advantages on the side of the North were at least as three to one over those of the Confederacy. It had the army and the navy, both well appointed and efficient; and all the forts, fortifications, and arsenals, save a few at the South wrested from it at the commencement of hostilities; it had a stable Government, a full treasury, unbounded credit, the good-will of the great European Powers, an unobstructed commerce with foreign nations, nearly all the manufacturing facilities of the country, the possession of all the ports, more than double the white population of the South, with a tide of hardy emigrants pouring in from Europe ready to swell its armies, vastly superior material resources of every kind, and the prestige of the national flag. They also believed that they had the sympathy of the slave population at the South ready to coöperate at the first opportunity. On the other hand the Southern States, after seceding, had to organise a government, provide an exchequer, raise and equip armies—of *raw levies*, for they had no

"disciplined forces," as Lord Hobart asserts—build fortifications, gather supplies, establish armories and manufactories, and in lieu of a navy could never oppose to the enemy more than a few small cruisers and three or four gunboats; and this while subjected to an incessant blockade, cutting them off from intercourse with foreign nations.

According to the national census of 1865, the entire white male population of the United States, from eighteen to forty-five years, was 5,624,065. Of this aggregate there were in the eleven seceding States 1,074,193, showing an excess of 4,549,872 in favor of the North. But from this excess should be deducted the aggregate Confederate recruits furnished by Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, which did not amount all told to more than 175,000 men. This reduces the excess to 4,374,872, which shows a disparity in the fighting white population in favor of the North of nearly four to one. The disparity in numbers was still further increased by the enrolment during the war on the Federal side of 180,000 negro troops.

There were not engaged on the Confederate side during the war from 1861 to 1865 over 600,000 men; at no period more than 400,000, and at the close of the war not over 100,000; whereas official documents show the number of troops mustered into Federal service during the war to have been 2,789,893; that on the 1st of May 1864 the aggregate national military force was 970,710; and that notwithstanding the tremendous losses of that year it was kept up by fresh recruits, and numbered on the 1st of March 1865, 965,591, of which 202,698 were reported present for active field-duty. To this immense force the Confederates could only oppose about 100,000 "war-worn and battle-scarred veterans, who had followed the fortunes of their desperate cause for four years, with scanty supplies of clothing, coarse and scant rations, and almost absolutely without pay." Still "the spirit of the soldier remained proud and unbroken to the last, as was shown by the closing conflicts of the war, both in Virginia and in the Mississippi Valley." How ridiculous then for Lord Hobart to talk of the "raw levies of the North encountering the disciplined forces of the South, and rushing patriotically to almost certain destruction"!

In the first great battle fought, the Northern army numbered seventy-five thousand men, much better armed and equipped than those on the Southern side, which had but thirty-five thousand, as will appear from the official reports of the two armies. A like, and often a much greater, disproportion in favor of the North was seen in every subsequent engagement during the war. And yet the "balance of strife," if by that Lord Hobart means victory, was "against the Union." "At last," he says, "the tide turned, and victory declared for numerical force" (mark the admission). This would imply that not until near the close of the strife was the North able to bring superior numbers against the Confederates, who from the first contended, and with almost uniform success, against an enemy of more than double their own strength.

"The people," says our author, "which had satisfied so grandly the test of adversity, passed still more grandly through the terrible ordeal



of success." It is true the Federal Government persevered with wonderful tenacity of purpose under its numerous and disastrous reverses in the field during four long years. This may have been grand; but was there no display of grandeur on the other side, considering the many advantages stated above? The South, comparatively feeble in numbers and resources, to use the language of a London journal in 1863, "for three long years has withstood successfully the shock of millions."

Terrible as the Federal disasters were until about the close of the war, and bravely as they were borne, the ordeal of adversity in the South since its termination, under the "reconstruction policy," has been still more terrible and more grandly satisfied. When the Confederates had become exhausted, and victory declared in favor of the Northern forces by virtue of overpowering numbers, Lord Hobart says "no vengeful exultation marked her advent. The passionate excesses which have been the usual retinue of such triumphs, were looked for by the world in vain. Not one drop of blood was shed in revenge. In sadness rather than in triumph the nation set itself resolutely to grapple with the difficulties which the fight had bred. No lust of military glory, no intoxication of military success, ruffled the steady current of that beneficent toil. Having saved their country, the vast triumphant hosts were hosts no more. The fierce and daring soldier became at once the quiet, industrious citizen. The Government, full-armed for desperate resistance or majestic conquest, became the peaceful, conscientious laborer for a people's good." This is mere rhapsody. "No intoxication of military success" (?)—"in sadness rather than in triumph" (?). What shall we say of the President's proclamation calling for a universal illumination on the surrender of the Confederate commands? What of the orders of post commandants, North and South, not recommending merely, but peremptorily requiring all persons, the vanquished as well as the victors, to participate in the exulting demonstrations? There were "no passionate excesses" either, and not one drop of blood shed in revenge! What of the executions on the gallows which followed the war, that of an innocent widowed woman, Mrs. Surratt, among the rest? What of the eager pursuit of Mr. Davis, and the Presidential offer of one hundred thousand dollars for his apprehension alive or dead? What of his long and solitary confinement in chains at Fortress Monroe till his life was almost extinct? What of the banishment for life to the burning sands of the Dry Tortugas of Confederate officers, soldiers, and State prisoners, English subjects among them? What of the seizures and confiscations to "make treason odious"? What of the disfranchisement of thousands of the best and most respectable of the Southern people, both soldiers and civilians? And what of the persecutions, insults, and oppressions with which the South has been vexed and outraged since the war, and its denial of the right of self-government, while at the same time heavily taxed to support the Government and to enrich the cruel and worthless instruments of her own torture? Thus it was that the "best Government the world ever saw" "became the peaceful, conscientious laborer for a people's good"; this "the steady current of its beneficent toil"; this its

"wisdom and nobleness"; this its "moderation and justice"; and this its "mercifulness to the perpetrators of wrong," which Lord Hobart eulogises in such glowing terms!

Were it not for a known hereditary admiration among Britons for the American nation, we should suspect that Lord Hobart's high-wrought eulogy was intended as a burlesque. Indeed, this view seemed almost forced upon us when we read that "the great heart of the nation—the aggregate of thought and feeling—*yearns for sympathy and amity* with ours" (England); that the Americans are "anxious to secure the long-sought and intensely valued friendship of England"; and that "there is in the people of the [Northern] United States an *admiration, a reverence, even a FILIAL AFFECTION* for the nation from which they have never forgotten that they sprung"! But this is so far too grotesquely absurd for irony that we are convinced it must be the declaration of simple good faith.

The American nation, so "calm in judgment, moderate in self-assertion, just and humane in spite of every temptation, zealous for the right, yet merciful to the perpetrators of wrong," etc.! This is almost too much for even New-England's vanity and self-esteem. To say nothing of the humanity shown to the Confederates confined in Northern prisons, all civilised Christian nations must greatly admire and commend that rare display of "justice and humanity" by the Union authorities towards their own "patriotic and self-sacrificing soldiers" sickening and dying in crowded and (by necessity) scantily provided Southern prisons, when they again and again refused to exchange prisoners on any terms whatever, and this for the avowed reason that it would tend to strengthen the Southern armies disproportionately with their own, as the returned Confederates would all go back to the ranks, while the Federals exchanged would not do so, their terms of service in most cases having expired. This refusal to exchange prisoners occurred when the number held by the Confederate Government was much greater than that held by the North, and this at a time too when the Northern newspapers were daily publishing to the world the most shocking accounts of the privations and sufferings of Northern prisoners.

In Kentucky, Missouri, and other Southern States where the Federals held sway, hundreds of citizens and Confederate prisoners against whom no charges whatever were preferred, were summarily shot and hung by order of post commandants, in retaliation for alleged outrages by guerillas, and without any *expressed* disapprobation on the part of the Federal Government. But it is remarkable that no man was ever disposed of in this way who was able and willing to pay a handsome sum for his life; and hundreds are now among us who owe their lives to the fortunate circumstance of being able to purchase their release. The amount of black-mail levied in this way was immense. All which goes to show how "just" and "merciful" the Federal officials were who profited by it, and how very just and beneficent the Government that tolerated it.

The Palmyra (Mo.) tragedy will illustrate the treatment of Confederates by their opponents in many instances. A Union man of bad character, and odious to the community, disappeared—it was not

known how or in what way. General McNeil, in command there, issued an order to arrest ten citizens, who at the end of ten days were to be shot if the missing man did not appear. Accordingly that number of quiet, peaceable persons, against whom there was not a shadow of charge, were torn from their families, blind-folded, and shot like criminals. To show the sort of feeling that actuated the military, the wife of one of the unfortunate men entreated for the life of her husband. She was told by the officer who caused the arrest that her request could not be granted unless she would pay to him in advance five hundred dollars in cash. She had not the money, but begged it of her friends and paid it over to him. Thereupon her husband was released, and another innocent man was arrested and shot in his stead. No account was taken by the United States Government of this and many other outrages alike atrocious. It seemed that nothing could be reckoned a crime if perpetrated against rebels, or citizens supposed to sympathise with the South in her struggle for what she regarded her rights under the compact of union. It would be uncharitable to suppose that all, or that a majority of the Federals looked upon such proceedings with approbation. We know they did not. But the Government that would not note and discourage such cruelty and barbarity should not go "unwhipped of justice." It may be said that these things resulted from an honest "zeal for the right." But if the secession of the Southern States was rebellion so "wanton and pernicious" as is pretended, and the Union authorities were really so "zealous for the right," how happened it that President Davis, the head and front of the rebellion, after he was arrested and held captive for two years, was released without a trial, and without showing any sign of repentance? Both he and his friends were anxious for a trial before a civil court, even under all the disadvantages of his case; yet a trial could not be had. Was it from a feeling of "mercifulness to the wrong-doer," as Lord Hobart would have us believe? or was it because it was feared that the evidence and pleading in the case would lead to developments more damaging to the Government than to its prisoner? There can be but one opinion.

The fact is patent, and not to be disguised or denied, that for more than twenty years preceding the war the prevalent feeling with the dominant party in the Northern States, under the manipulations of the anti-Democratic leaders, was one of unworthy distrust, ignoble jealousy and envy, and of dislike, not to say hatred of the Southern people. This feeling was fanned into a consuming flame by the late hostile collision of the Sections, and ever since every form of misrepresentation and cunning artifice has been practised by the Radical leaders and press to deepen, intensify, and perpetuate it. It culminated recently in the passage by Congress of the infamous Ku-Klux Bill, and the Presidential proclamation for its enforcement. For shameless wrong and malignant perfidity, the annals of modern legislation and of executive administration may be searched in vain for a parallel. Why talk of the "Reign of Terror" in revolutionary France? It is in America, "free, democratic America," that power runs riot; and where freemen, the sons of noble sires, must be made



to cower and beg before Federal bayonets leveled and pointed by a despot. "O Liberty! Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" Had the following lines of the Irish bard concerning the American Republic appeared a generation later than they did, they would have met a response in the heart of many a lover of freedom, Anglo-Saxon freedom especially, in this much abused land of ours:—

"O Freedom! Freedom! how I hate thy cant!  
Not Eastern bombast, not the savage rant  
Of purpled madmen, were they numbered all,  
From Roman hero down to Russian Paul,  
Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,  
As the rank jargon of that factious race,  
So poor of heart and prodigal of words,  
Born to be slaves, yet struggling to be lords.  
Away! away! I'd rather hold my neck  
By doubtful tenure from a Sultan's beck,  
In climes where liberty has scarce been named,  
Nor any right save that of ruling claimed,  
Than thus to live where bastard freedom waves  
Her fustian flag in mockery o'er slaves."

We make these utterances while we may, for God only knows how soon the day may come when to venture them might subject us to the bastile or a halter.

Evidently, Lord Hobart is in close sympathy with English merchants and capitalists, who are strongly disinclined to a maritime squabble with the United States, which they are apprehensive may grow out of the question of the Alabama claims. He has a vivid recollection of the exploits of the Confederate cruiser that gave rise to these claims, and has probably heard of one Paul Jones who in years gone by busied himself with British interests on the high seas more than was agreeable to our relatives beyond the waters. Hence he is anxious for "a peaceful settlement of this unhappy dispute," and would counsel his Government to deal very courteously, tenderly, and justly with the peerless American nation, which he says has shown itself "to be the possessor of so much wisdom and nobleness as to forbid the supposition that it would or could act unjustly toward a foreign State;" in other words, could ask anything that was not right and just.

President Grant has nothing to do now but to instruct his negotiators to make a demand, and say to her Majesty's Government, "Pay up; let us have peace." This done, some ten or eleven millions of British gold will jingle in the pockets of Yankee traders and speculators, perhaps. Should he fail, however, to get these claims allowed, we suggest that he institute an investigation to find out the money value of the plate, jewelry, pianos, paintings, furniture, and wearing apparel of which private houses, churches, and the persons of Southern ladies were stripped during the war by those "fierce and daring soldiers" that were afterwards so suddenly transformed into "quiet, industrious citizens." Having done this, let him order that an equivalent therefor be rendered to the Government, and to be paid over to the Alabama claimants. It would be sufficient to satisfy them, and leave a large surplus to defray the expense of enforcing the Ku-Klux Bill.

In the meantime, ere Lord Hobart makes his next appearance

as an expositor of American affairs it is to be hoped that he will acquaint himself better with matters about which he may undertake to write, and exchange the office of special pleader for that of honest investigator.

S. E. H.

*Thanatos Athanatos.* A Poem by Owen Meredith.

PERHAPS the world has never been more generally unappreciative than in the case of the two Bulwers, father and son ; and the reason, to the discerning mind, is obvious. They are "not of the world, worldly," in their ways of thinking ; or it might be truer to say they are "not of the earth, earthy." Certainly the ethereal quality of their intelligence, that grasps the visionary with the passion, that most writers of power expend the force of upon realities (so-called), is one of the rarest characteristics of human minds. Not being on the plane of ordinary sympathy, the fiat of the few has exalted them to fame — the few who lead the many, and serve them with opinions, or at least serve them as models upon which to form opinions. The consciousness of writing for the few is discernible through all their works. Who can read *Zanoni*, or *The Strange Story*, and not feel the width of the gulf that divides the understanding of the elder Bulwer from that of the general reader ; or who can read one of the younger Bulwer's poems and not feel the haughty disregard for "man's opinion, that neither conferred nor can recall this man's dominion" ?

The extreme spirituality of Owen Meredith's genius is nowhere more marked than in one of his later poems, *Thanatos Athanatos* ; a highly dramatic and vivid picture of the Crucifixion, if that can be called a picture that is instinct with life and suggestions of life beyond and above what is seen ; intensely human in its wails of suffering, and, with due reverence be it said, almost divine in its conceptions of Divine love. Spirits of the height and of the deep, organic and inorganic voices of nature, the dead in their graves, earth herself, join in the heart-rending monotone of woe, circling around, above and under the central and converging point of all suffering, the Cross. Who can forget, that has once read, the voice of the earth ? —

"I have nourished my numbers of nations  
 On a hope that hath never been blest ;  
 And the ghosts of my gone generations  
 Vex me yet with reproachful unrest.  
 Worn with long unrequited endeavor,  
 As I roll through my ages of pain,  
 I have listened, I listen forever,  
 For a word that is waited in vain,  
 (An echo) In vain."

And here let me say that there is something truly awful in the supernatural character of the echoes, of which each successive one strikes the reader as more weird than the last. The voice from the restless sea, asking why "infinite desire, finite power should enchain," lifts itself up, till we are fain to cry with the Psalmist, "All thy waves have gone over me," in listening the doubts that rush upon us with a "sound of many waters," and that query vainly as to "the meaning

of man's pain ;" to which questioning the awful echo responds only, "pain!" In the midst of the accumulating horrors of these lamentations comes a voice from the Cross, piercing as the key-note of all sorrow, "*I thirst.*" The scorn of the demons is now poured forth upon the Divine martyr, and they mix their "cup of deadly wine" to minister to a "thirst divine." Crowning their contempt, comes the speech of Satan on the heights ; and surely never beat the heart of that rebellious angel through speech as here, defying Christ to snatch from him his "old supremacy in sorrow," his "divinity in pain ;" summing up human miseries, and calling his unseen and fearful witnesses to corroborate him with —

"Listen, God!"  
 (*An inorganic voice*)—"I suffer!"  
 (*Organic voices*)—"And we suffer!"  
 (*Human voices*)—"And we suffer!"

Triumphing in this response, he pours out all the vials of his scorn and hatred on the Son of Man, and the wail from the Cross rises again —

"Wherefore, my God, hast thou forsaken me?"

The dance of the World, Flesh, and Devil around Calvary, the utterances from Hades, and the song of the waiting angels, terminated by Christ's "It is finished," succeed. The rending of the veil of the temple and the resurrection of saints are marvellously rendered ; then comes the solitary voice of the centurion —

"Verily this man was the Son of God."

The conversation between Satan and the watching angel by the dead Redeemer, in which the rebel angel claims his place by the Cross, is unearthly, and we listen in breathless suspense till it is over. One exquisite touch brings tears in the midst of the awed hush of attentive mind — tears that are a relief. The angel has defied Satan in the words "Obey not me : thou still obeyest God."

(*Satan*)—"Cherub, what more dost thou?"

(*Angel*)—"Love Him."

(*Satan*)—"Thou lovest, hypocrite, the gain that's got for loving."

(*Angel*)—"Ay, Love's gain is love."

The sweetness of this last reply cannot be surpassed. The dialogue, winding up with the prophecy of the angel who sees Satan as —

"The fleeting shadow of a faded shape  
 Of darkness, in a universe of light,"

is interrupted by the song of human voices, owned by those who are bearing away the body of Christ.

"Courage, O friends ! endure !"

begins the strain, the dying fall of which is sublime with faith —

"But that all is well we know,  
 Knowing that all is love."

It is hardly fair to give these detached lines, however. The whole



poem must be read to be appreciated. The spirit is borne as on the wings of a mighty wind, from first to last, and the last line is read with a sigh of ecstasy, a quick catching of the breath after a breathless delight.

Comparisons have frequently been made between *Thanatos Athanatoi* and Mrs. Browning's *Drama of Exile*, a poem which bears some striking analogies to the subject of the present writing ; but with all admiration for Mrs. Browning's genius, and due reverence for the critics who may differ in opinion, be it said that although not lacking in grandeur and strong fascination, the latter is inferior to the former in perfection of finish and harmony, two qualities in which Owen Meredith excels (at least I think so) any poet of the present day, Tennyson not excepted.

LATIENNE.

*Words and their Uses, Past and Present.* By Richard Grant White.  
New York: Sheldon & Co.

IN this entertaining volume the author has said some things new and some things true, and some other things neither the one nor the other. Upon some future occasion it may be pleasant to notice *Words and their Uses* more fully ; just now we would sift a little a short dissertation that he has given us upon the oft-quoted maxim, *The exception proves the rule.*

Mr. White seems to plume himself upon this article of his appendix. In fact he is remarkably well satisfied with everything he does, but in this instance his wing-clapping and his crowing are specially defiant ; and a certain reviewer is so captivated as to declare it worth the price of the whole book. The reviewer evidently supposes that Mr. White is the first person who has discovered and announced that the maxim in question means anything else than the absurdity that a rule which applies to only eight out of ten cases is better established than if it applied to all. Mr. White does not claim in words the credit that his reviewer allows him ; yet for anything that appears to the contrary in what he has said, one might suppose that he considers himself the discoverer of some difficult and long undetected fallacy. Of course he knows that in a book as old and as commonly known as Whately's *Rhetoric*, the force of the maxim is briefly considered and settled. Mr. White's explanation, though much more pretentious, is by no means as accurate as that of the Archbishop.

After taking more pains than necessary to exhibit the absurdity of the vulgar acceptance of the maxim, Mr. White quotes it in a form which he thinks he remembers to have seen, but which he cannot verify :—*Exceptio probat regulam, de rebus non exceptis* ; and adds, "The soundness of the maxim in this form, and the reason for its soundness, will be apparent on a moment's consideration." He gives this example :—I saw in a field a flock of birds, two of which were white. "Here it is not said that the other birds were not white, but the exception of two which were white would go to prove that 'as a rule,' according to our idiom, the birds were black, or at least not

white. The exception of the two would prove the rule as to the others. *Exceptio probat regulam de rebus non exceptis.*" All of which is very true and very clear. But suppose I say all the birds were black *except two*. It is not said that these two were not black, but the exception of these two would go to prove that they were white, or at least not black. The exception of the two would (according to our idiom) prove the rule as to them—*exceptio probat regulam de rebus exceptis*. All of which is equally true and equally clear. So that putting the two together, we shall have the maxim which we hope Mr. White will be able to recollect for us in its fullest form:—*Exceptio probat regulam et de rebus exceptis, et non exceptis*. And Mr. White will have been half right this time, which is more by half than can always be said of him. Even as amended, the maxim is not exact.

The simple explanation of the expression which Mr. White has magnified into a mystery that he might assume the credit of half solving it, is, that every proposition with a limiting clause is complex, and may be resolved into two propositions. Every rule with an exception contains two rules, one explicitly announced and the other implicitly included. This Mr. White has failed to see, as have other writers, who through ignorance or carelessness, sometimes, under the operation of the maxim, make themselves responsible for doctrines which they do not mean to maintain.

It is in order to give a caution on this point to young writers that Whately notices and explains the maxim. He gives the following illustration:—"He who says that it is a crime for people to violate the property of a *humane* landlord who *lives among them*, may perhaps not mean to imply that it is no crime to violate the property of an absentee landlord, or *one* who is not humane, but he leaves an opening for being so understood." The following instance of this fault met our eye the other day. It is to be found in one of a series of resolutions adopted by an Agricultural Convention at Jackson, Miss. :—

7. That the indiscriminate and clandestine purchase of corn and cotton in small quantities at night is highly reprehensible.

—allowing the inference that a *discriminating* though clandestine purchase of corn and cotton in *large* quantities at night would not be reprehensible.

The subject-matter of our criticism is hardly worth the time it has consumed, but Mr. White's error here is typical of many errors which crowd the Northern magazines, and attach themselves often to much less harmless topics than this. To utter half truths on matters moral, religious, social, or political, is to disseminate error in its most dangerous form. In some writers the fault is to be attributed to the hasty utterance in print of half-considered opinions; but some we are inclined to think adopt deliberately the policy of attempting to destroy by piece-meal what they hate as a whole. S. L. C.

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*Among my Books.* New York: E. J. Hale & Son. 1871.

THIS is a collection of essays, critical and literary, which originally

appeared in the *New York World*. Without pretension to striking originality or profundity, they exhibit a delicacy of appreciation, a copiousness of information, and a refinement of expression, which render them exceedingly pleasant reading. The writer has evidently had large experience of men as well as of books, and he draws gracefully on his memories. The book is one that may be taken up at any time, but can not so easily be laid down.

In the entertaining paper on *Autographs* there are two or three extracts of letters from General R. E. Lee (to whom the essayist pays the tribute of very noble words), in one of which he speaks of his (Gen'l Lee's) preparations for "a true history of the events of the war between the Northern and Southern States," to which the essayist refers as "a legacy to the South to do an unfulfilled duty." We are glad to know that the records and other papers prepared by Lee are in the hands of one who will conscientiously apply himself to the task of carrying out the wishes and intentions of his revered Chief.

In several places the essayist shows his sympathy with the South — a sympathy, we may add, which he did not shrink from avowing during the war; for doubtless many of his readers, as well as ourselves, will, from internal evidence, detect the real authorship of this very readable little volume.

*Travels in Central America, including Accounts of Some Regions Unexplored since the Conquest.* From the French of the Chevalier Arthur Morelet. By Mrs. M. F. Squier. (Illustrated.) New York: Leypoldt, Holt & Williams. 1871.

AN exceedingly interesting narrative of travels in regions the very names of which are almost unknown to us. Who ever heard of the Lake of Peten or the island-city of Flores; of the great river Usumasinta and the mountain-chains in which lie the sources of its countless tributaries? It is in this land of wonders that stand those marvellous ruins testifying to the ancient greatness of an unknown people; and here tradition places the white-walled metropolis of their surviving descendants, who preserve their independence and their aboriginal civilisation, guarded in mysterious isolation by the mountains of Quesaltenango.

We regret that we have not space for extracts; but when we say that it is written with the vivacity of a Frenchman, checked by the conscientious observation of a naturalist, we have said enough to indicate its attractiveness.

*Words: Their History and Derivation.* By Dr. F. Ebener and E. M. Greenway, Jr. Baltimore. (Part 3.)

IN an extended notice of the first Part we have endeavored to point out the nature, scope and value of this important work; and we now take occasion to notice an error into which some of its critics appear to have fallen, who censure the authors for springing, in many cases, too hastily from the word to its ancient or radical forms, with-



out adverting sufficiently to the *proximate* derivation. But these proximate derivations are already given in all good dictionaries ; and the authors of *Words* do not propose to write these dictionaries over again, but to supply a ground-work for them ; to furnish the earlier history of the word, which these lack, or to correct what they believe to be errors.

For instance, on the first page of this Part, we have the verb *Assot*, which, after mentioning its immediate derivation from the French *assoter*, they do not think it worth while to refer to the obvious Fr. *sot*, "a fool", or Eng. *sot*, "a drunkard", but point us to the root in the Sanskrit *śid*, "to sink into", "to be submerged." So that at a glance we see the connection of the L. *sidere* and the Teutonic *sinken*, *sink*, and the radical distinction between the French *sot*, a dull, sodden fool, drowned in the depths of his own stupidity, and *fat* (*fatuus*), a conceited flippant fool.

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## BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Wonders of European Art.* By Louis Niardot. (Illustrated.) 12mo. pp. 335. New York: C. Scribner & Co.
- The Quiet Miss Godolphin, and A Chance Child.* By Ruth and Edward Garret. (Illustrated.) 12mo. pp. 110. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
- Around a Spring.* From the French of Gustave Droz. 8vo. pp. 150. New York: Holt & Williams.
- German Conversation-Tables.* By Augustus Lodeman. 12mo. pp. 36. New York: Holt & Williams.
- Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s American Newspaper Directory.* New York: G. P. Rowell & Co.
- Companions of My Solitude.* By Arthur Helps. 12mo. pp. 276. Boston: Roberts Bros.
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## THE GREEN TABLE.

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I THINK it proper to state that the singular narrative which follows is in all respects the exact truth; and in so saying I am not availing myself of a trick common among writers of fiction. The events, just as I have detailed them, were related to me by the chief actor, whose friendship and confidence I am so fortunate as to possess. Could we trace the occult laws by which dreams are produced, we might be able to account for the extraordinary coincidences here related; but as it is, any solution would be merely conjectural, and I prefer to let the reader solve the mystery in whatever way may be most in accordance with his habits of thought.

M. de V——, a gentleman of French birth, but a naturalised American citizen, was residing in New Orleans at the time when Lopez, the Cuban patriot, visited that city for the purpose of enlisting volunteers for the expedition which ended so disastrously, and an acquaintance sprang up between them. As Lopez spoke only Spanish, and M. de V—— spoke English and French, as well as the former language, with perfect fluency, the services of the latter were frequently in request as an interpreter, which gradually led to more confidential relations. M. de V—— conceived an admiration for the character of Lopez which grew to an enthusiastic attachment; and the Cuban general placed the fullest confidence in his young, but ardent friend. He initiated him into his plans, and finally intrusted to him an important part in carrying out his great design.

M. de V—— was sent over to Cuba, when all the arrangements had been made, charged with the delicate and perilous task of putting himself in communication with the chiefs of the insurgent party in the *Vuelta de Abajo*, or south-western slope of the island, and there setting on foot a series of smaller risings, or a sort of guerilla warfare, which could be protracted long enough to draw most of the forces from the other slope to assist in putting it down; and the plan of Lopez was to land with his volunteers on the opposite side of the island thus left comparatively undefended.

On reaching his destination, M. de V—— at once placed himself in communication with the leading patriots, to whom he was duly accredited, and commenced arranging the plan. Once or twice he was arrested by the officials, who noted that he travelled about suspiciously, and that his acquaintance seemed to be almost entirely with suspected persons; but as he showed his American passport, and planted himself boldly on his American citizenship, he was quickly released, but closely watched. They knew that a plot was concocting, and had little doubt that he was connected with it; but they had no positive proof; they were very desirous to keep everything as quiet as possible, and were especially solicitous not to embroil themselves with the United States, whose Government, as they fancied, secretly favored Lopez and only wanted a plausible excuse to espouse his cause openly.

At last the plot was all ripe: the leaders had all been conferred with, and two men of great local influence had undertaken to head the first rising. One of these was the *Teniente del Partido*, a sort of sub-prefect, who could control a number of soldiers and other functionaries; and the other was an old gentleman, Don Manuel G——, of great wealth and vast landed possessions, who was looked up to by a great part of the rural population as their "patroon," whose lead they would follow anywhere, asking no questions. The first outbreak was arranged to take place on a festival day at the village of M——, at which time a large concourse of people could be assembled without exciting suspicion.

A day or two before the appointed time, Don Manuel sent word that it would be impossible for him to attend on the day named, but pledging himself to another day, not much later. Here was a blow to their plans! M. de V——, ardent and enthusiastic, was for making the attempt at all hazards; but the *Teniente* strenuously opposed this, saying that it would be utterly futile and suicidal to attempt a rising when not seconded by Don Manuel's presence and influence, and that the latter was a man above all possibility of suspicion. M. de V—— still urging, was at last silenced by the officer's frank declaration that if they undertook to act without Don Manuel, they must not count upon *him*—which of course decided the matter.

Before the day fixed by Don Manuel had arrived, M. de V—— was again arrested and taken before the local Governor, when he underwent a strict examination. As before, he took high ground, declaring himself an American citizen travelling for business and pleasure, threatening the condign vengeance of the Great Republic if they dared to offer outrage to the person of one of her citizens, and insisting upon being carried before the United States Consul-General at Havana. The Governor was a man very haughty in bearing, under which he concealed much stupidity, and excessive moral timidity. He felt that this was a matter requiring delicate handling, and was in secret terror lest he should commit some blunder or incur some heavy responsibility. M. de V——'s demand opened a door of escape for him; and glad of the chance of shifting the responsibility to other shoulders, he sent him under arrest to the Captain-General at Havana.

Now though M. de V—— had demanded this disposition of his case with great audacity, it was precisely the last thing he really wished. For he very well knew that in Havana he would be recognised (he was travelling under an assumed name), and that there were many persons there who could testify to his association with Lopez in New Orleans. If any hesitation on the part of the Government led them to delay his sentence, he knew that Lopez would soon make his attempt, and then his doom was sealed. So feigning a satisfaction which he was very far from feeling, he set out, guarded, on the journey which, as he thought, led straight to the garrote.

His examination before the local Governor had lasted several days, during which time he had been confined in prison, in the same cell with one of his fellow-conspirators, arrested with him. This man was exceedingly melancholy and dejected at the thought of his approaching fate; and M. de V—— used every means in his power to cheer him up, feigning the utmost confidence in their ultimate escape. One night, however, M. de V—— was heard sobbing aloud in his sleep, and was awaked by his companion, who inquired into the cause of his distress. He said that he had had a dreadful and heart-rending dream, but refused to tell it. The whole of the following day he exhibited such deep depression of spirits that his companion undertook in his turn the part of comforter. M. de V—— confessed that though not superstitious, and though his dream was not an unnatural one under the circumstances, yet it had filled his mind with fearful forebodings that he could not shake off. After much urging he related his dream. It was this: he thought he was travelling through a wood, when he came suddenly upon a singularly wild and secluded glen, in which was a party of men. These men, *fifteen* in number, were sitting or lying upon the ground. Their clothes were ragged and dirty, their looks haggard and famished, and everything about them indicated exhaustion and despair. At a little distance from them was standing a man in an officer's uniform, gazing at them, in whom the dreamer recognised the noble form of Lopez. With a loud outcry the dreamer rushed to meet his beloved General, but the latter, turning on him a face pale with the paleness of death, and wan with unutterable despair, drew himself up, and sternly asked, "How have you fulfilled the mission I entrusted to you?" The dreamer briefly recited the events we have recorded,



upon which Lopez opened his arms and clasped him to his breast, saying, "I knew you had not betrayed me: I knew you would be faithful!" Presently he added: "But others have betrayed us. This is all that is left of the Army of Liberation; and we are doomed men beyond all hope!"

It was at this point that the dreamer, his heart torn with anguish, broke out into loud sobs, and was awakened. So vivid was the impression produced that he remembered not merely the general features of the scene, but every rock, every tree, and the posture of every one of the men.

Before his departure to Havana, M. de V—— received a secret communication from his friends, asking him if they should attempt to rescue him. He responded by the same channel that he could not advise them to attempt it. "But," his letter continued, "there is one thing I have to say to you. I do not question your fidelity; but you must remember that I hold all your lives in my hand. Lopez will soon be here, and his arrival will fix my doom. But I shall, even in prison, hear of his landing and how you have received him. If you are faithful to him, your secret is safe with me. But if you fail to keep your pledges, I shall know it. And I will then give to the priest who confesses me a list of all your names, to be handed to the Captain-General *after my death.*"

The last stage of the journey to Havana, M. de V—— performed in a railway carriage, of which he and the officer who had him in custody were the only occupants. On reaching the Havana station, they found it filled with an excited crowd, gesticulating violently. Evidently some startling news had been received, and they soon found out that it was the landing of Lopez. A battle had been fought, they said, a Spanish general killed; Lopez was in full march upon Havana, rolling up an army as he marched. The officer, seized with the general excitement, sprang from the carriage and began to inquire particulars of the news. M. de V—— seeing himself alone in the car, made a private signal. It was presently answered by a man in the crowd, who looked at him fixedly and then began to move toward the gate of the station. M. de V—— quietly followed him. There was nothing about him to indicate that he was a prisoner, and the crowd took no notice of him. When the stranger reached the door of the station he turned round, and seeing M. de V—— just behind him, sprang to him and seized his hand with every mark of delighted astonishment—"My dear José! how are you? I had no idea you were on the train. And how did you leave them at home? And how is your mother, and your sister, and Señor A——, and Señorita B——,"—pouring forth a torrent of rapid Spanish, to which M. de V—— could only reply by "all well—all very well indeed!" while the other, not ceasing his rattle for a moment, took his arm and hurried him into the street. Here they hailed the first *volante*, jumped in, drove off a square or two, got out and dived through a maze of streets, then took another *volante*, and when they thought pursuit was fairly baffled, walked to the gentleman's house, where M. de V—— was soon disguised beyond recognition.

His various adventures in Havana, we omit. Suffice it to say that while in the city he heard of the disastrous failure of the expedition, and the fate of its unfortunate leader. M. de V—— then left Havana, and took passage for his native France, resolving in his mind never again to set his foot on the shores of the New World. While in France, he repeatedly thought of his dream; and as the extraordinary distinctness of the details still remained in his memory, he one day made a careful sketch of the scene in a little album which he usually carried with him.

Years passed, and again he found himself in New Orleans. While residing there, he heard of the arrival of a nephew of Lopez who had been captured with him, but had either escaped or been released. He sought him out and brought him to his house, where for the first time he learned the exact particulars of the capture of Lopez.

It appears that hardly a fourth of the volunteers who had pledged

themselves to join him, kept their word; yet with this small force he made the attempt. His first success and subsequent failure we need not repeat here. At last, utterly routed and broken, he sought refuge, with a mere handful of men, in the hill-country. Finally he found himself, with the last remains of his followers, worn out, starving, in a little valley, not knowing what next to do. Suddenly a man came upon them, whom Lopez recognised with an exclamation of joy. It was a young man whom he had once greatly befriended, and who had always professed unbounded devotion to him. The young man, who owned large estates in the neighborhood, told him that he had come to save them. "I can not now take you to my house," he said, "for there are soldiers in the neighborhood; but they are going away before nightfall. In the meantime I will take you to a place where you will be perfectly secure. In an hour or two I will bring you food and drink; and when the soldiers have gone, I will take you to my house. We have plenty of friends all through this country; I will rally them, and we can make a good stand yet." He then conducted them to a wild and secluded ravine, the entrance to which was so masked by thickets that none but one thoroughly familiar with the ground could have found it. Here he left them, promising speedily to return with food.

Hours passed away, and he did not come. They concluded that he had been arrested, and again sank into despair. The men threw themselves down on the ground, exhausted with hunger and fatigue. But their guide came again — came with a company of Spanish soldiers, who took them all prisoners — and thus he earned the thousand ounces of gold that had been set upon Lopez' head.

After recounting these particulars, the nephew fell to pacing the room while recovering from his agitation. He saw the little album on the table and began turning its leaves. Suddenly he uttered a cry of amazement — "Great Heaven!" he exclaimed, "where did you get this picture? Did you ever see that place?" "Never — at least with my bodily eyes," said M. de V——, and told him of his dream. "You have drawn every rock — every tree!" he said. "In this clump of bushes was the entrance — Lopez stood just there where you have drawn him. There am I, with my hand on my musket. And there were just fifteen of us!" W. H. B.

IN the *Green Table* of our April number we quoted Uhland's beautiful epitaph on an infant, which was once pronounced by a critic in *Blackwood* to be untranslatable. The following version, attempted many years ago, is perhaps rather a paraphrase than a translation, and yet it follows pretty closely the words as well as the spirit of the original:

Thou art come and gone with footfall low,  
A wanderer hastening to depart;  
Whither, and whence? we only know  
From God thou wast, with God thou art.

Better than this in spirit, by all that makes Christian faith and hope better than vague questioning, and fully equal to it in poetic merit, is the following by F. T. Palgrave:

Pure, sweet and fair, ere thou could'st taste of ill,  
God willed it, and thy baby breath was still;  
Now 'mong His lambs thou livest thy Saviour's care,  
Forever as thou wast, pure, sweet and fair.

Another infant epitaph is striking in its simplicity and very solemn in its teaching:

Beneath this tomb an infant lies,  
To earth whose body lent,  
Hereafter shall more glorious rise,  
But not more innocent.

When the archangel's trump shall blow,  
 And souls to bodies join,  
 What crowds shall wish their lives below  
 Had been as short as thine !

The theme is a suggestive one, and has filled many hearts and employed many pens. Few of Keble's stanzas are more touchingly beautiful or show better how great a poet he was, than those upon the Holy Innocents, which have breathed consolation to many mourners. They are too extended for quotation here, but we cannot refrain from referring to the exquisite lines, of which they remind us, by an early Christian poet, Prudentius, upon the same subject :

Salvete, flores martyrum . . . .  
 Aram ante ipsam simplices  
 Palmâ et coronis luditis.

How tender and beautiful is the thought of the martyrs' palms held as playthings in baby hands, and of the innocent joyousness of infancy still continuing in that higher world !

S. C. C.

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### JUNE.

#### I.

Within the pink ear  
 Fall sweet, whispered things ;  
 But her blue eyes are clear,  
 And clear her voice rings.  
 His step is like snow,  
 He is graceful and gay,  
 But the Breeze does not know  
 How to woo pretty May.

#### II.

Upon the pink palm  
 A fervid hand lies,  
 And she loses her calm  
 Under bright, eager eyes.  
 And naught the Sun said,  
 Yet their hearts beat in tune,  
 For she dropped her proud head  
 And flushed into June.

MARY CARROLL.

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WE are inclined to think that there is a genius for blundering, as for music or painting. Hasty, thoughtless, or ignorant writers may occasionally blunder, but nothing short of genius could, we think, have produced such a conglomeration of blunders as are found in the following two sentences from a really intelligent and meritorious writer. The author is speaking of the musical acquirements of Frederick the Great :—

“ Having disobeyed the injunctions of his tyrannical father in marrying the daughter of Count Le Catt, he was upon the point of being executed with the Count, when he was rescued by the populace from the scaffold, and his sentence commuted into some years' imprisonment in a dark cell. In this place he learned the fife of a boy who had access to him.”



VALEDICTION.

I am afraid to say good-bye, afraid, afraid :  
 I am afraid of time.  
 So much is in a year ! . This said, then all is said :  
 No need for further rhyme  
 Remains ; we are so used to forms of speech,  
 We do not travel half the distance that they reach.

Yet words are things, dead things sometimes ; but we  
 Who only have an hour  
 Against a year, must quicken our capacity,  
 And make our words a power  
 To live through these twelve months, and be  
 Embalmed thereafter in the myrrh of memory.

But even so, to say good-bye I am afraid.  
 I had a friend —  
 Two friends, who, parting from each other, said :  
 "This is the consummation and the end  
 Of all intruding things ; henceforward we  
 By naught that can arise shall separated be."

And were they parted more ? *Yea, evermore.*  
 Thus sometimes farewells glide  
 Into eternal distances. I am afraid, therefore,  
 Lest thou also abide  
 Ever away ; and thy step vanish in the tread  
 Of the departed, whom we mortals call "the dead."

Therefore I am afraid to say good-bye. To my sight,  
 This friend that I love  
 Grew years in the space of one day and night.  
 Dear Father above !  
 Let us grow old slowly, day after day,  
 And not in this wise have our lives wrenched away.

Therefore I am afraid. Ah, do not, do not go !  
 Or if this parting be  
 Inexorable, then, beloved, place thy two hands, so,  
 In mine, that speedily  
 Comfort from thy cool and ever tender touch  
 Ascend into his heart who loves thee overmuch.

And say (thy breath, thou art so sweetly near,  
 Is on my cheek,  
 Yet beateth so thy heart I scarce can hear  
 If thou dost speak) —  
 And say — thou knowest, dearest, what — then rest,  
 Thus, with closed eyes, one moment on my breast.

And now good-bye, good-bye ! Words seem like vain  
 False friends that fail  
 In time of trial : but is it not that in our pain  
 We cannot well avail  
 Ourselves of them aright, and thus they die,  
 Dumb things upon our lips ? Alas ! good-bye !

MARGUERITE E. EASTER.

VARIOUS and ingenious were the expedients devised during the siege of Paris, for keeping up communication between the beleaguered inhabitants and their friends and families in the provinces. After the service of balloons had been thoroughly organised, communications from Paris were tolerably well sustained ; but despite the service of pigeons carrying thousands of micro-photographed cards on a single slip of *papier pelure*, the means of getting letters into Paris were far from supplying the demand. At an early part of the siege advantage was taken of the current of the Seine to send letters down it in water-tight boxes or kegs ; but these were intercepted by nets and seized by the Prussian guards.

One ingenious individual contrived a hollow globe of sheet zinc, which, after filling it with letters, he weighted until its specific gravity was but a little greater than that of water, and then launched into the water to roll along the bottom in the centre of the current. We believe that this contrivance succeeded, and that the ball was secured by persons previously advised of its coming.

But this genius must yield the palm for originality to the inventor whose device we shall next record. A Mr. R—— had made for himself a box or case of papier mâché of peculiar form, which he filled with letters, then closed tight and coated with gutta-percha varnish. This done, he took it to a painter and had it painted in oil according to minute directions. When it emerged from this artist's hands it presented a hideously faithful resemblance, both in form and color, to the carcase of a dog in an advanced state of decomposition.

Mr. R——, having taken the precaution to commit to the river occasionally a few genuine *cadavera*, in a highly objectionable state, so as to familiarise the sentries with their appearance, finally launched his mail-packet, and watching its course with a telescope, had the satisfaction of seeing the sentries energetically resist its landing at every point, pelting it out into mid-stream whenever it seemed disposed to put in to shore. A few days later he received answers to his letters.

In the paper in this No. entitled *Adventures in North Carolina*, our contributor gives a plain, unvarnished account of the state of affairs existing on the border, when society was broken up by war. If such a narrative had been found in some old chronicle, it would be studied with avidity ; nor can we think that it possesses any less interest from the fact that it describes a condition of things which existed but a few years ago, and almost under our eyes.

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SPIDER'S-WEB PAPERS.\*

II.

IN selecting subjects from the captives of our web, we must of course use a sound rhetorical discretion. In our first paper we naturally gave preference to the pen ; and now, just as naturally, we will speak of the sword. The soldier's career is one of which all of us have recently had actual experience or a full chance of observation. I therefore speak to those who have intimate knowledge, and who can correct me when I am wrong ; for I intend to speak of the soldier as we know him, and not either in the general, or as he may be in foreign countries. But to get a good picture, the whole subject must be in the focus ; and as that cannot be if the objects be numerous, unless they be very small, we must not attempt to cover too much ground. The best way, I think, will be to chat along quietly without attempting any formal headings or divisions of our discourse. One feels hampered by such rigid orderings of thought ; and I am sure that to the hearer a chat is more pleasant than an oration or an exegesis ; unless the subject be sublime or abstruse, which our subject certainly is not. Nor has it anything comical in it, nor anything fanciful. On the contrary, it is as grave and as real as sin and misery. All my pleasant thoughts hide themselves in its

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\* Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1871 by John Saunders Holt in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.



presence ; as I imagine must be the case with one who finds himself visiting a graveyard, and who does not believe in the resurrection.

The first thing I would call your attention to is the fact that though the soldier of modern times is still "full of strange oaths, and bearded like a pard," he is no longer, as a necessary part of his character, that creature "jealous of honor" which used to be the admiration and fear of his enemies ; but may be, on the contrary, rather the fear of the Government, and of the individuals who may have money or money's worth in his control. In the good old times when men fought body to body with swords and bayonets, and had a chance to get angry, the soldier represented the courage and temper of his country and his race. There were Dalgettys then and free-lances who delighted in plunder, but who submitted to hard knocks in order to obtain it. But the invention of the long-range rifle and the firing of the first rifled cannon completely changed the method of fighting, and consequently allowed other human qualities and faculties to come to the front. Nowadays, when they stand off and take aim through telescopes, or shoot by the compass, or, as a blind snake strikes, at the sound, there is no chance for passion, and soldiers may represent the cunning and prudence of their country and race instead of their temper and courage. And as prudence and cunning apply themselves to other things besides fighting, and distinguish themselves in other things even more than in fighting, so it is to be expected that the true soldier-representative of his country's prudence and cunning, while he may expend part of his gifts in fighting and destroying his enemies, shall also display those qualities in bettering his own condition. He would nowadays be but a poor representative leader of soldiers in a popular war who could not, with all his chances, make the thousand-fold increased hardships and dangers of two or three campaigns over the risks of a quiet, honest private life, pay a corresponding thousand-fold increased profit in money over what could be made in the same time in a quiet, honest private life. Even the professional soldier has more leisure and opportunity to encourage his greed, and is thrown into much temptation to accumulate during the war or at its close.

I beg you to know that I am not referring to only one or two of the gallant Generals who recently volunteered in order to enrich themselves by despoiling both Jews and Egyptians of all they could borrow or lay their hands on, but to a class—numerous enough to be a class, and to give a character to the popular officer of soldiers. One or two may have shown a greater and bolder genius than all the rest in this respect ; but they were only the most brilliant of many brethren, and their success and subsequent public favor show that they were honorable in the eyes of their countrymen. There were hundreds who were jealous of that kind of "honor."

The tendency of commerce and what is called civilisation to diffuse their spirit throughout the mass of a crowded people is very powerful, and though natural and constantly seen, is in some of its results very curious. There have in all ages been avaricious commanders, and in all ages soldiers have been called robbers as well as murderers, so that I do not for a moment pretend that any new

traits of character have been developed of late years, neither do I set it up as a novelty that any kind of spirit should diffuse itself among a mass of people. So common an occurrence, indeed, is this latter phenomenon, that we may hold it as not impossible that a spirit of genuine piety may some time become epidemic, as we may term it; just as it certainly has happened that cant and hypocrisy, and violence under the colors of hypocritical cant, have raged and brought desolation. What I wish to bring prominently into view is the fact that commerce and civilisation have, in this country at least, diffused their particular spirit; and it is for me to explain what I call their spirit. And this I may best do in my own discursive way.

Without dwelling upon the greediness shown by all the lower animals, birds, insects and fishes, the hoarding up practised by some of them, the development of cunning and cheaterly to accomplish these ends by the ape, and the addition by man to all these of the culmination and perfection of all, the system of exchange which we call commerce, and the subordination of all his hopes, desires, appetites, passions, and designs to commerce, which we call civilisation, let us take a more narrow and practical view, and confine ourselves to one or two of the particular accidents of these perfections.

In the first place, system is a peculiarity of both commerce and civilisation; and it may be said of every kind of virtue or vice that it becomes truly effective or formidable only when it becomes systematic. Before the war, for instance, there were defaulting sheriffs and clerks and tax-collectors, and other public officers; but the cases were so rare as to make people stare, and to make the community in which the fault occurred feel disgraced, although the treasury was protected from loss by heavy bonds well secured. But since the war this particular vice of public robbery has become systematised here in the South. All the most trustworthy native or adopted citizens having been excluded by law, or by the operation of law, from holding the offices, strangers for whose benefit the law was made, and venal men who, lost to honor and good feeling, have been willing to evade or to take advantage of the law, have been appointed; and either giving straw security or no security at all, have pocketed the public money confided to them, and have escaped to enjoy it. The consequences have been that larger taxes have been levied both to make up the deficit and to increase the measure of gain to the next successors in the offices, and so on. It has been reduced to a system, you see; and instead of here a town and there a county, our whole people suffer on account of it.

So, too, when the late popular war reached its full, vast proportions, and there were men enough in the field to make confusion in movements and accounts, and they had by force of overwhelming numbers and unlimited resources penetrated here and there into our country, and opened up a wide field for shirking danger and for plunder and speculation, there came along a great number of speculators (it is perhaps worth noticing that the Greeks called a person in actual military service *σπεκουλάτωρ*, a speculator, and perhaps that is the true origin of our word; but I'll not discuss it, though it awakens many remembrances and humorous ideas). At this time, I

say, there came along many of these speculators, who had by various means procured appointments to office, and who reduced shirking danger and the pursuit of plunder and speculation to a system.

When the burglars of a city or district of country have their officers, workshops, offices, spies, pass-words, and assistants, and keep a regular set of books, it may be imagined that no house is secure, and that no quality of goods is beneath notice. So it was with our military commander over each petty district, whether he represented the army, the Quartermaster Department, the Commissary Department, the Treasury Department, or the Freedmen's Bureau, or, as many did, all of these branches of power together as commander of the post. The plan of each was to employ upon his personal staff, and as his Provost-Marshal, Commissary, Quartermaster, etc., the most skilful and ruthless men he could find; he and they forming a gang by means of whose united efforts they could squeeze the hoards of those who had any money in reserve, could exhaust the credit of all who could bear any exaction, and could strip the land of all the cattle, mules, horses, furniture, plate, fine shrubbery—in short, of all the portable property which could be appropriated as wealth or sold for money. And they kept among themselves a strict account of their gains and distributions, to the neglect and confusion of their accounts with the Government.

As I never heard of an exception in our town during the war, and of only one exception since the war, I think that I am sufficiently charitable to lay this down as the rule. But let me be more specific, and while I confine myself strictly to facts, take some particular officer, say Brigadier-General Tuttle or Brigadier-General Brayman, or any name you please, as an example. There were officers of those names, and they did command a post, as I will describe; and while nothing I can or will say can do them wrong or injury, it will be more just to the service to mention an individual name. The men like, for instance, General Brayman in his service were almost numberless, but at the same time there were men in that service not at all like him; and I can even imagine a Confederate in his position just as destitute of principle and acting to just as venal an end—but with different details, certainly with less system, for we lacked in some degree the transcendency of the spirit of commerce and civilisation. We had almost all the virtue on our side, truly; but most assuredly the enemy did not have all the meanness and rascality on their side. I flatter myself that I have no unreasonable prejudices.

The skies do not change souls. It would be foolish to claim that the Southern people have not exactly as other people the appetites, passions, and frailties of human nature. At the same time it would be unjust not to perceive and admit that their nature has been under influences vastly different from those affecting any other people, and much more strongly calculated to keep appetites and passions in check, to develop magnanimity, and to strengthen individuality in mind, morals, and conduct.

This is not exactly the place in which to enter into a full discussion of this matter. It is sufficient to remark that there must be great healthfulness in the moral atmosphere in which the germs of free-



loveism, radicalism in politics and religion (meaning by radicalism in religion that spirit which casts itself loose from faith and clings only to human reason), and all the other germs borne by moral malarias, die as soon as they enter it ; much nobility in the people whose divorce laws were suffered to become almost obsolete by non-use ; who regarded their women as little less than angels in respect of purity and worth ; who looked upon personal honor as the most precious of all things, of infinitely greater value than money or life ; and who correspondingly despised all meanness of spirit or conduct. And that this was the tone of our society I appeal to every one who knows what he speaks of, and who is ashamed not to speak truly.

Besides this, there was with us little chance to shirk danger, and our scoundrels in the army were violent rather than cunning and cautious scoundrels. The same qualities which made a Brayman, kept our men like him out of the service upon whatever excuse they could invent, even to the maiming of themselves, or by dint of fleeing as birds to the mountains. They could not hire two or three hundred thousand foreigners to go to the front while they pillaged in the rear.

But I admit that, as we are human, we might have produced under favorable circumstances just as great a villain as has ever lived, though not exactly such a specimen as Brigadier-General Brayman. As a philosopher I should be ashamed not to declare that we had and have the makings of as pretty a set of wretches and scoundrels as has ever gone unhung or been stretched by the neck. It would show that I do not fully appreciate the grand diversity of my own people, and that I have not the knowledge to be thankful that we have been preserved from many of the temptations and fortified against many of the evils which at the same time attract other people and make them weak to resist.

Our Brigadier-General, though never seen in public out of his full uniform, which always looked new, was a lank-haired Baptist preacher of sanctimonious manners. As holiness has time out of mind been used to excuse military violence, so military achievements have often been employed to set off holiness ; as in the case of the Bishop of Beauvais, who, at the battle of Bouvines, "reduced several of the enemy to his mercy, whom he delivered over to the first gentleman he met, either to kill or to receive them to quarter." There is no lack of instances in either heathendom or Christendom. Indeed, the incongruity of a fighting parson has a peculiar zest to the sanctimonious and the unsanctified ; and few are there so holy as not to relish that strong spice of the devil which the title implies. But the cowl does not make the monk, nor does the military dress always make the parson a fighting parson under the modern mode of warfare. Our General was as true a sheep as ever put on wolf's clothing, and as vile a wolf as ever put on sheep's clothing. No one felt more keenly than he the perils of danger, and no one knew better how to raven.

He came from the mighty West, which now glories in many men and things it will some day be much ashamed of. How he got his position I do not know, but I am sure that there was fraud connected

with its attainment ; for while it is certain that he never fought for it, it is equally certain that whether he were appointed as the servant of the Government or as the agent of his party, his only object was to serve himself at the expense of the money and fame of the one and the reputation of the other. But however he attained it, when he came to our little town, in the rear and out of the sound and reach of all probable danger, and assumed the position of commander of the post, his plan of action showed that he either had great natural genius or had had much former practice. From his skill and thoroughness it is probable that he was one of the few so blessed as to have both the gift and the opportunity.

The place had for some months been occupied as a post, the headquarters of a district, and the alarm which at first broke up all the Sunday schools and public religious services had allayed its confusion ; and while the General was organising his band of adherents and assistants, and viewing the ground they had to explore and work, though he held himself aloof from the public in general, and strictly preserved the dignified reticence and conduct becoming his position, he amused himself by taking great interest in the Sunday schools and in the preaching at one or two churches. No one was so ready as he to exhort the children or to lead in prayer ; no one carried in all his walk and conversation a more devout appearance. Religion can be performed infinitely better by a man destitute of principle than by one who has ever so little ; just as one shoots more skilfully at a lifeless mark than at a man who also has a loaded pistol in his hand.

Having perfected his organization and his first plans, the General began to act. He had as his provost-marshal a man named Townsend. I take his name, as I did that of Brayman, because there was a man of that name in that office, and nothing that I could possibly say could injure him or even do him justice. He was handsome, and as complete a sunshiny sinner as his master was an anxious saint. I cannot pretend to follow the order or the details of their conduct, but it may be imagined that a piece of property had to be valueless indeed, and protected by some supreme power, which did not please the taste of one or the other of them, and could not be obtained by their combined talent.

It must be borne in mind that as commander of the post and sub-district, Brayman had uncontrolled power so long as he should not set himself against his superiors, who were far off from his field. It was, then, neither to be resisted nor openly complained of when one day a seizure was made of every horse, mule, cow, ox, and sheep belonging to the citizens which could be discovered in the town and surrounding country, and all were driven by the Provost's details to the Government stock-yards. "What's this?" said the plundered people to each other, and loud were the complaints among themselves. The nabob's splendid carriage-horses and fine Devons and Ayrshires, and the poor man's mule and steer, were in the same lot ; and General Brayman was not to be disturbed, as he had received important despatches, and had pressing Government business on hand ; and the provost-marshal, who could be seen, could give no redress. He looked pre-occupied ; and as he busied himself in his office, smiled

sadly upon each applicant. He regretted that so sweeping an order had come from the headquarters of the army, and was sure that General Brayman was equally heart-broken, but so it was ; the Government was in a great strait, and private interests had to submit. The greatest and most demoralising evil of war was that the soldier had to obey orders though it tore the tenderest fibres of his heart. And it was most unfortunate that this order had come just at this time when he was still hardly known by the people, for the General would himself be subjected by the ignorant to the odium of a violent measure. It was a great pity all around. Possibly it might be arranged that some of the animals, such as would be of the least use to Government, might be redeemed ; but it would have to be done very soon, before they were turned over to the departments, and, to whisper in your ear, very, very privately, for there was a set of d—d low scoundrels around ready to report every slip and everything which looked like favoritism. That thing of favoritism he would tell the person with a frank laugh, but as though he were afraid of being overheard, was the very rankest of offences in the eyes of some of these bigoted creatures, whose only idea seemed to be : Slay and spare not. As for himself he had many friends in the South, and in fact a good many of his kin lived in the South, and that fact had already subjected him to much suspicion and ill-will. But he didn't see the use of running things into the ground in this way, and yet what would be the use of anything *he* could say ? Nevertheless he would see in this present instance what could be done, and would do all he could if they broke him for it. Had the person spoken to Folling about the matter ? He was a man who could approach the General ; and besides that, he knew the Quartermaster and the Commissary well. He had better be tried ; he might be able to do something.

The person would of course apply to Folling (who is now our Postmaster, as I related in one of our sketches of Our Local Great Men), and the result of this haul by the General and his assistants in speculation was that they received either from the Government a large price, or from individuals a good large fee for almost every domestic animal owned by citizens in the town and surrounding country ; for all those turned over to the Quartermaster Department were as undoubtedly sold by the crew to the Government, as those reserved for their own use were stolen, and those remitted to their owners were subjected to large fees. There were no vouchers required except for those sold to the Government, and there is nothing more simply arranged than vouchers. Many a home-staying Confederate was willing if he sold one ox to sign a quartermaster's receipt for fifty, as one of the surest ways of exhausting the enemy's treasury. For my own part I have no doubt that the splendid pair of horses, the property of one of our old citizens, which the General henceforth drove in his fine carriage (also seized for Government) was sold by him (the General) to the Government at a large price, and that he thus solved the problem of eating his cake and having his cake, which in common life is said to be a thing not to be done.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the General was at all partial between negroes and whites in his levies ; he was too high-minded



and too just for that. It was for the negro he was fighting. That fact was fully impressed upon the negroes themselves, thousands of whom were collected in the town, and in the corral, as it was called, in the suburbs, where they were placed for convenience in many respects.

As some of my hearers may not know what a corral of negroes was, and as I am relating history, I will describe the principal one established here.

It was in the bottom just north of the town; a low, damp place, not at all desirable in any way as a place of abode for human beings. But soon after the troops took possession, the town was crowded with negroes, men, women, and children; in fact, every negro from the plantations within twenty miles who was not prevented by old age or other infirmity, came to the town in search of ease, happiness, and glory. Every shed, warehouse, and out-house was filled with them, and hundreds would sleep at night, or generally in the day-time, in the streets, or under the trees in yards, or wherever else they could get a spot to lie down undisturbed. It was a high carnival with them, a mixture of Christmas and the general resurrection. At night their banjos, fiddles, tambourines and triangles could be heard on every street, and they gathered around the music in little knots, with here and there a white soldier amongst them acting as master of the revels, and calling for a dance upon the sidewalk or in the street, or else silently amusing himself by watching the pigeon-wings, double-shuffles, and compound back-steps of some sable dancer, as he, half-clad and barefooted, stamped, shook, and jumped in accurate time to the music. And by day and night could be seen small crowds here and there upon the streets surrounding some white sergeant, corporal, or private, whose glib tongue narrated to them all the miseries they had endured, unconsciously, from the hands of their owners, and described the joys of freedom, and the delights they were now to enter upon by means of the heroic army of deliverers. Every soldier was to them an angel in a celestial coat, and the commanding General was an archangel in command of that outlying division of the army of heaven. If a quartermaster-sergeant or a wagon-master wished any heavy work done at the moment, there were a hundred eager volunteers for the job, and each would put forth his utmost strength and activity to earn a word of approval from the good and great being. To the poor ignorant, excitable creatures it was as though they had risen from the dead and had reached the outskirts of heaven and a band of the scouts and pickets of the heavenly host, while the full fruition of the promised land was speedily to be attained. Even the bad whiskey they got, the profanity and obscenity they heard, and the brutality they often saw and experienced, did not for a long time dispel the delusion of any of them; and their humility and obedience to their heavenly visitants, every one of whose commands was regarded as an honor, were most pitiable to a man who had a knowledge of the facts, and a spark of human sympathy.

But I must not wander too far in my description. It was absolutely necessary to establish some order in this crowd of negroes,

both for the purpose of serving them with rations and to keep them under surveillance. So, as there were already several frame shanties in this bottom, where had formerly been a farm settlement, it was determined to congregate them there, and they were made to erect other huts and shanties for their own accommodation. Nails and tools were furnished them, and wagons to assist in hauling materials from wherever they could rob or purloin them — but at a prodigious cost to the Government for new lumber. The board fences, the hen-coops, the unused out-houses in the suburbs, soon disappeared from the view of their owners and were built into huts in the bottom; erected without any order, but on the spot and in the style chosen by the builder. It was a capital plan; and soon were gathered here into this corral several thousand negroes, forming, I venture to say, a village quite as wretched, inhabited by a population quite as idle, aimless, and squalid as any which Dr. Livingstone has met with in the centre of Africa. Here they lived, subsisting partly upon Government rations, and for the rest, as luxuries, upon mud-catfish, stolen hogs and poultry, and all the vegetables they could steal from the gardens far and near. They lived aloof from law, squabbled and fought among themselves, and often killed each other when crazed by the vile whiskey bartered for at the price of Tokay with the portable property they could purloin. All the labor they did was that expended in stealing; and not a chicken, hog, sheep, corn-crib, or garden in the surrounding country was safe from them for a single night. And the nights brought other terrors besides this; for more than one expedition was planned here and in the town, and proceeded from here to neighboring plantations, from which, after robbing and rioting, the planters, generally the most inoffensive to be found, were rudely taken from their terrified families and hurried off through the darkness to be murdered in some ravine or other rarely visited spot.

Here in this corral they lived, and thus they lived; crowded in the little huts along this malarious bottom in the sweltering heats of summer, sickening and dying with the diseases engendered by their food, drink, and mode of life; shivering and miserable in the rains and bleak winds of winter, sickening and dying with pleurisies and pneumonia; sickening and dying from the small-pox, from poisonous liquors they could procure, and from the loathsome diseases brought amongst them by vile white men; sickening and dying by tens and twenties a day, and no care taken either for each other or by others for the sick, and no note made of the dead. They had returned to savagery again, or rather to the condition of brutes; for mere savages do not die so tamely, or so unnoticed by each other before and after death as did these poor wretches. A hole in the ground anywhere was a sufficient burial; and their funeral sermons are yet preaching every Sunday of the year in the various plantation and town congregations over the State. Few negroes who have died within memory and are remembered have not had their "funeral sermons" preached by the black shepherds since 1865. Some of the most religious have the funeral sermons of their great-grandparents preached, and invent their names or imagine they know them. The sermon, I suppose, answers for masses for the repose of their souls;

and nothing is more certain than that the living had great-grand-parents. And here let me remark, as a part of history, that the chief doctrine preached by these sable shepherds is that "Two clean sheets cannot soil each other; two lambs washed white cannot dirty each other"—whatever the doctrine may mean.

When the General cast his eyes upon this population he did not waste his time in vain regrets that he could not make them useful to his purpose. They had but little, but still they had some money, and he could make a more civilised use of it than they; and he was never so strong as when he had such a problem to solve as was here presented to him. Shut your eyes and I will give you a hundred guesses at how he solved it.

Some six miles west of the town, at the ruinous quarters of a deserted plantation, among dry and most cheerless old fields, he established a penal corral, and thither he sent a guard to enforce the law that no negro sent there should by any means be permitted to leave and to return to town. To this corral he sent at first the drunken and a few of the most disorderly negroes, and those convicted of trivial misdemeanors; and it was a grievous punishment to be cut off from their liquor and from all the delights of their dear society. Then, when the reputation of the place and scheme had become sufficiently infamous, there came an edict that, for good sanitary and military reasons, all should be removed there, bag and baggage. But it was mercifully added those might remain a week longer in town and corral (which, as I have said, adjoined the town) who should make application in due time and receive a certificate from the Provost-Marshal, which, though it occupied his time and labor, would cost only a dollar, and which might be renewed from week to week upon a like application and payment. And when the rule began to be enforced, and it was discovered that every road leading to town was so picketed and every street so patrolled that there was no getting back to town after leaving it, and no remaining in it without a certificate, the dollars were found, and the harvest was plentiful; and until it ceased to afford remunerative gleanings, the rule was held to be in force.

This, I candidly admit, was a stroke of genius, and no reasonable man can begrudge the success it met with. But genius is one of those expansible and protean qualities which changes its form at will and exerts its greatest force where there is the greatest resistance, so that there is no telling what it will not or cannot do. The next effort of the General's genius was still more bold, quite as unlooked for, and vastly more successful, or rather more bountiful in its success.

I omit all mention of the taxes on sidewalks, dogs and other luxuries which white and black were forced to pay for sanitary and military purposes; for I am not sure but that it was the Freedmen's Bureau which levied most of these. Also I omit the claiming possession of all the rented houses belonging to the citizens and receiving their rents, for I think it was the Treasury Department officers who did that; and a very pretty speculation it was, for the rents were generally raised and were paid to them with exemplary promptness—



to the envy and revengeful gratification of many a landlord who had dilatory tenants.

I confine myself to the speculations which especially show the genius of our General, whatever share he may have had in the profits of these others, and of many like them. And in order to do full justice to his remarkable ingenuity it will not do to dwell with too much emphasis or length upon his regulation of the shipment of cotton, for a man of only ordinary parts could have invented that or would have stumbled upon it. Cotton was then selling at from a dollar to a dollar and a half a pound, and a bale brought from four hundred to six hundred dollars; and it was the motto of all the adventurers of whatever grade or department: with all thy getting, get cotton! The General, of course, encouraged by every means the shipment of cotton from his district to a market; and it mattered not whose cotton it was, or how it was obtained, all could get clearance papers by paying him a round fee of twenty dollars a bale, only from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 5 per cent. upon its market value. Not, as I understand, that he ever demanded even that moderate sum, but it was only understood that that was what he expected; and as he was one who could not bear disappointment, by the kind consideration of his officers no clearance papers were ever granted unless his expectations were gratified. As several thousand bales were shipped from here, the small percentage amounted to a sum not so insignificant as to be despised by a speculative philosopher.

But speaking of this regulation of the shipment of cotton naturally brings us to the consideration of the grand plan by which the General often got into his hands the cotton itself, or a large sum of money in place of it. He was fully impressed by the fact that if the supply of cotton should be cut off the commerce of the world and the prosperity of his country would be most materially damaged, and his philanthropy and patriotism were both aroused to a high pitch. It mattered not who sold the cotton, or whence or how it was obtained, it must be thrown into the market; for it was to civilisation more precious than gold or diamonds, because, while it gave employment and bread to hundreds of thousands, it clothed millions, and was in numberless ways essential to man's comfort, effectiveness, and progress.

In fact, it will not do to look too narrowly for, or to lay too much stress upon the motives which govern our bitterest enemies or the most lawless offenders; and therefore, as soon as a man's acts pass the bounds of decency or law, the rule "Put yourself in his place" is dangerous to be used, because when we put ourselves exactly in his place we are apt to find justification, and even commendation, for a course of conduct which to all the world else, and to the law, the perfection of reason, is an abomination of mean wickedness. But let us try to view the acts of the General partly, at least, in the light in which he perhaps saw them. I imagine that it is because our Northern (I declare I do not know what to call them; it would be offensive and unconstitutional, or uncongressional, which is the more meaning term, to say enemies: they, unless they have a point to gain, as well as we, repudiate the appellation of brethren, and as we have

nothing to do with the government of the country, they are certainly not associates. Since they are bound eventually to suffer with us, let me, by anticipation, use the term yoke-fellows). It is, then, because our Northern yoke-fellows can judge the matter by the "Put-yourself-in-his-place" rule that they have conferred great applause and public honors upon Generals beside whom General Brayman was a mere common sneak-thief. And putting ourselves in his place as well as we can, how do we find the case?

"Here is a community of rebellious wretches whose very lives are justly at the mercy of the best government the world ever saw. And they (mysterious dispensation of Providence!) are the producers of, and have in their possession, the very article which gives the motive-power to commerce, and with it to civilisation, and consequently to religion. It would be an outrage upon the whole human race if they should be allowed to withhold from the world this essential good; and if they will not part with it willingly, upon the high motives of philanthropy, or even for their own benefit, they must be made to part with it. And not only so, but what rights have they which a loyal man is bound to respect? Some of them have hoards of money earned by the sweat of their slaves, and to which their only title is superior force; a force still greater than theirs has a better title. And, in fine, to allow them to possess money or what may bring money, is in reality to strengthen the power of hideous rebellion. And the officer who neglects to deprive them of all such power of evil is guilty, to all intents and purposes, of giving aid and comfort to the public enemy."

It is possible that there may be objections to such a mode of reasoning; but where a man is zealous it leads him far, and it is the one-sided kind of put-yourself-in-his-place reasoning which has recently become fashionable in the newspapers and criminal courts. The thief tells us that it was not his intention to break the law, but only to take the property, because he was in great need of it for his own uses; and, besides, property is only conventional, and he has long been conscientiously convinced that all things should be in common. The murderer, also, declares that he did not intend to break the law, but only to kill the man: he has the highest respect for the law, but his passion crazed him, and he could not at the moment reflect upon the law's majesty. And if you put yourself in his place and contemplate his weaknesses and his provocation, you will be bound to clear him.

I suppose that such pleas have always been made to conscience since man has desired that which it is not lawful to him to have; and it is only to be expected that a transcendent people should recognise the sublime beauty of judging with the mercifulness of God, and should have the ambition to know as He knows.

At any rate, whether he thus argued to himself or merely consulted his genius to attain his desires, it is certain that the General took a most efficient mode to get both cotton and cash; a most hopeful way too at the same time to cripple the Confederacy and do good to mankind. Judge B., Mr. F., and Messrs. A., C., D., and so on through the alphabet, owned cotton inside or outside of the traversable

limits of his district, or had money, or else their credit was good and their friends had money. The General's provost-marshal went himself in any of these cases or sent a guard; and the gentlemen were, as they became suspected, one by one arrested, brought to town, and put in the common jail. At one time there were as many as eighty citizens in jail at once, many of whom were there as hostages to the treasury of the General. And in their particular cases there was little excessive roughness shown. As they knew of no offence committed by them, they were encouraged to think that they were in honorable durance as martyrs to their cause; and day after day passed in thus consoling themselves, and waiting anxiously for the charges and specifications to be formally brought which should give them a glorious opportunity to bear witness to the faith that was in them.

It will be well, perhaps, to take a single case as an example of the mode in which the General accomplished his purposes. Suppose we take that of Judge Bolling.

The Judge was now about fifty years of age; a man eminent by his integrity, knowledge, and eloquence, joined to a strong will. He had not been originally a secessionist, but when his State became engaged in the struggle he could not remain indifferent. He had all the enthusiasm and self-denying courage of a true patriot; and though all his actions after the occupation of the town were characterised by wise prudence, it was impossible that such a man should not be especially noted and watched by the military authorities. But the Judge, it was suspected, had cotton; at any rate he had money, or his friends had money, and his credit was good; and cotton or money had to be obtained. On account of his eminence and peculiar surroundings, having influential Northern friends, the proceedings against him had to be gradual and cautiously taken. As it was known that he would not take the oath of allegiance to the United States, the oath was tendered to him; and upon his refusal to take it, he was ordered to leave and go without the lines within twenty-four hours.

This was a telling blow; for if he left his wife and young daughters alone they would be exposed to outrage, and if he took them with him, his well-appointed house with its paintings and articles of taste, the choice collection of years of travel in foreign lands, would be pillaged and ruined. But by means of his Northern friends, and by the intervention of the convenient Folling who bore the terms, and then the money which was ostensibly to be used in feeing some convenient third person who was all-powerful with the General, the order was countermanded.

After a few weeks it was discovered that the Judge's residence was absolutely necessary as the abode of certain high officers who, for military reasons, could not live elsewhere, and the Judge was ordered to take his family, leave his house in precisely the condition in which it was, and find some other dwelling-place. This too was averted by means of Folling, and large fees to the same convenient third person. In this the Judge was more fortunate than many others who found themselves turned out neck and heels, or confined to some corner of their house to give place to some great or sub-officer and his wife or mistress.



Then, after a decent time, came upon the scene Major Townsend, the provost-marshal, who met the Judge in the street and took occasion to arrest him and deliver him for safe-keeping at the jail. He regretted very much that so severe a duty was placed upon him, but such was the order, and he had to obey it. He did not know the charges against the Judge, for those were matters belonging to another department, but he hoped they were light; though, from the emphasis with which he received his order, and the appearance of concern in the General when he gave it, he feared they were grave. He would have a note conveyed to Mrs. Bolling, certainly! He would do everything not strictly against orders; indeed, for the Judge he would be willing to run some risk. The note must be open; the Judge would understand that, of course; and Mrs. Bolling could not see him until the military formalities were adjusted, for political or military prisoners were only allowed to see their counsel up to a certain time anyhow. Perhaps an exception might be made in the Judge's case; but the General had already been hauled over the coals for his leniency, and was a little sore upon the subject, and did not like to venture even if he should dare do so. "Here is your place, Judge; I will give orders that you shall have every attention allowed to prisoners, and I hope you will not be here long."

But day after day passed in wretched loneliness or still more wretched society, and the Judge could get no copy of the charges against him and no clue to what those charges were, until, getting a chance to speak to Major Townsend, who came to the jail for some purpose, he was advised to send for Folling, who should receive a special order to be admitted to see him.

When Folling came, he shook his head and said that he didn't know what it was all about, but they were writing and telegraphing every day to the headquarters at Savannah. For his part he would advise the Judge to see Mr. Lusk at once; he was a lawyer who had come here from the General's town in the West, and he was "up" in all the crooks and turns of this military law, besides being very intimate at headquarters.

So the Judge did send for Mr. Lusk, who, when he came, without special order, but as one at home in the place, also shook his head and looked grave. He said that he did not know what the charges were, though the case was very much talked about among the officers, and they appeared to think it most serious. If the Judge employed him he would of course try to get a copy of the charges and would do the best he could, though to all appearances it was going to be a difficult affair. He couldn't tell, really, what his fee would be until he knew the whole case; but he certainly would not charge more than his services were worth. He would try by the next day to communicate as many of the particulars as he could gather.

The next day the prisoner was cheered by hearing the voice, usually loud, but now meek, of his Northern friend Mr. Dalton, who presently entered the room. This gentleman was a Southerner who had for many years resided in a Northern city; and as he had large Southern wealth (which he had come to look after), and Northern ideas of his wealth, he was more or less a snob, and in conversation

with a brother rich man, treated thousands and tens of thousands as mere bagatelles, not worth his careful thoughts. But he was a sound man at the core, and fit to be a friend to any one not in too much trouble.

"Hillo! Bolling!" he exclaimed as soon as he entered, but in a subdued tone as though he were in an awful place, "this is a h—ll of a business! Hope you're well. I met that Yankee lawyer just as I was coming here and he asked me to give you this letter. I've been trying to get to see you for two weeks, ever since they put you in here; but devil a step would they let me come till to-day. Come, read your letter, and then let's talk."

I will not give the letter in full, for the very good reason that I never saw it, though I know its contents. The Judge read it aloud to his friend. Mr. Lusk assured him that he was doing all in his power, but that he had not yet succeeded in getting a copy of the charges in the case, as the Judge-Advocate was absent, and they had not been put in form. He had learned enough, however, to know that they were of the gravest character, and it would be a costly matter to get off without a trial, which, if it took place, would be very apt to result in a still more serious cost. Among other things it was said that he (the Judge) had a son in the Confederate army with whom he corresponded through the lines; that he had contemptuously refused to take the oath; and that he had once taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, which he had flagrantly broken by giving countenance, aid, and comfort to the enemies of that Constitution.

"What infernal nonsense!" exclaimed the Judge when he read this. "There is not a court in the world which would listen to it for an instant."

"But you must recollect that you will be tried by a military court, Bolling," said Mr. Dalton; "and you'd better pay the money and be done with the business."

"Pay the money!" exclaimed the Judge with some heat; "I have very little of it in the first place, and besides that I don't like to be swindled. Do you know how much those fellows have got out of me already?"

"Well, it *is* d—d bad," rejoined Mr. Dalton; "but what can a fellow do? Your family are in great distress about you; and what do you care about the money?"

"But why should I pay?" asked the Judge. "They cannot possibly prove any criminal fact against me, and their law is a pack of nonsense."

"Prove!" exclaimed Dalton, in a tone of despair, "why the d—d scoundrels can prove just what they please! I tell you, Judge, you stand no chance. Money is what they're after, and money they will have; and you had better give it to them without any more words. I wouldn't stay in this hole a single week for fifty thousand. Send for the lawyer fellow, and find out how much it will take."

After Mr. Dalton's departure the lawyer was sent for. He would ask only five hundred dollars for himself as a retaining fee, but it would take every cent of seven thousand, and perhaps ten thousand

dollars, to get the case disposed of. There were witnesses to be dealt with, and goodness knew what other expenses. He admitted that there was a great deal of corruption about, and he regretted it, for he had a great many Southern friends, and had been able to render them much service. There was a great deal of sly work going on, but he had found it the best plan to take the world as it came.

In vain the Judge declared, and declared truly, that he had not so much money in the world. In vain he protested and showed the true law governing the subject. The lawyer said he might be able to get it off a little cheaper by hard work, but for the ten thousand dollars he had mentioned he could pledge himself that the case would be disposed of at once. A little money could sometimes work wonders.

To make a long story shorter, within a day or two, as negotiations were opened, and Mr. Dalton and other friends could intervene, some of them saw the General, who told them that he knew nothing of the particulars of the case, as it had not yet been put in form, though he understood that it was very formidable. One thing he *could* say: as the case was in the hands of Mr. Lusk, they might depend upon all that he said. He (the General) had known him for years; an honest, straightforward, high-minded, hard-working, able man, in whom he had the utmost confidence; so much confidence, indeed, that he would be willing to go bail that all Mr. Lusk promised would be performed.

There was a great deal more palaver, at the jail, at headquarters, in the street, at Mr. Lusk's office; and in two or three days more Judge Bolling was released, poorer by several thousand dollars, which were advanced for him by some of his friends.

I fear that you are getting tired, my dear hearers, but I *must* tell you of another case, which to my mind gives the crowning touch to the genius, and consequently to the glory of the General; and I will tell it so briefly that you will be sorry for your present impatience.

Some thirty years ago there came to our town a tailor, who, with his young wife, settled in the front and back two rooms on the first floor of a house on Commercial Row. He was a foreigner, from Alsace, and so was neither German nor yet French—at any rate in language. He seemed to have come hap-hazard, without an acquaintance or a letter; but his honesty and skill, and their industry in snipping and stitching to make both ends meet, for she did almost as much sewing work as he, were soon well worth all the recommendations they could have brought; and gradually they could employ one or two, and then six or eight journeymen, and as the children came they could enlarge their bounds to the whole house, which he purchased. And when the war began he was a wealthy man; owning not only his large wholesale and retail establishment as a merchant tailor (as, I believe, the highest class of the trade is called), but also the proprietor of several houses and of other real estate in town and county. Their children were healthy and well educated, and were remarkable for their propriety of conduct and freedom from that vanity which so often leads persons of their class and circumstances to ape the manners and vices of those they naturally esteem their superiors.

Now it was impossible for General Brayman to invent an excuse



for arresting Mr. Vallant for either political or other offence ; and yet the honest man had money, a share of which must by all means be obtained. Although Fred Vallant, the eldest son, was in the Army of Tennessee, his father was too evidently a foreigner, too prudent in his speech (even if he could be perfectly understood), and too indispensable for the comfort and decoration of the officials, to be seized and confined ; and, besides, his solid obtuseness did not promise much to the agency of the enterprising Lusk, Esq.

But to the wise and energetic few things are impossible ; particularly when the wisdom has genius for a handmaid. General Brayman had a female emissary in the person of a Mrs. James, who had recently come to the town in her wanderings ; a prudent but enthusiastic secessionist who kept aloof from the Yankees, from morning till night at least, spoke violently against them, and speedily made the acquaintance of many of the ladies who felt in reality all that she expressed and pretended to feel. In due time she busied herself in preparing for a secret expedition through the lines, and would cheerfully take charge of any very small contraband packages or any letters which the ladies might wish to send to their friends in the Confederacy. And among others who trusted her was Miss Ernestine Vallant, who took the occasion to write a long, affectionate, and entirely domestic letter to her brother. Mrs. James was unfortunately arrested, and this letter, together with letters written by several other ladies against whom or against whose friends the General had his plans, fell into the hands of the authorities.

I must not stop to describe Ernestine, who was now about eighteen years old, and was universally allowed to be one of the brightest, most beautiful, modest, and charming girls far or near. Nor must I enter into the details of her arrest ; of the fright and tears of her mother and younger sisters and brothers ; the silent indignation and alarm of her father ; of her pallor as she proceeded, closely veiled, followed by two soldiers with fixed bayonets, and in the immediate charge of the handsome Provost-Marshal, whose arm, in her state of confusion, she took — an act she loathed when she remembered it, and for which no arguments could ever afterwards prevent her blaming herself and feeling humiliated. Let these things be imagined.

She was placed in one of the large upper rooms of the court-house, set apart as a prison for women, where she found two or three ladies of her acquaintance already that day arrested by means of Mrs. James's misfortune. Mrs. James herself was not there, and it was said that she had been hurried off to Savannah as a desperate offender who could be dealt with only by the highest authority. When shown her letter the ingenuous girl never dreamed of denying its being hers, and it puzzled her youthful brain to discover the criminality of sending it.

It was now November, and the nights had begun to feel very damp and chilly ; and you can imagine the discomfort, the loneliness, the alarm, the utter misery of these tenderly nurtured women upon their pallets in the vast gloomy room of the isolated court-house, surrounded only by rude men, their enemies. And Ernestine, in her loveliest and most sensitive age, was unfortunately in a peculiarly

impressionable condition. It was a night of horror and sleeplessness, succeeded by a day of great physical pain to her; and the next night when, just at dark, some three or four half-drunk Yankee soldiers were by mistake or design thrust into the same room as prisoners, and began to undress themselves before the ladies, there was outrage added to the wretchedness, and she fell fainting upon the floor. Her unfortunate companions cared for her as well as they could, but of course all this exposure and agitation had produced a violent physical shock, and strong hysterics, with convulsions, ensued. Her screams and raving alarmed the Provost-Marshal, whose office was down stairs, and he rushed up, cursed and damned the soldiers and drove them out, and looking around to see the cause of the disturbance, ought to have felt some compunction when he saw the lovely, delicate, sensitive girl of the day before lying there pale and raving, held down by the united strength of the poor, trembling, cowering ladies, her companions, who joined their incoherent persuasions to their efforts at restraint. By eleven o'clock at night her violence was so great as to annoy the more nervous companions of officers lodging in the neighborhood, and General Brayman was aroused and induced to send an order to the post-surgeon:—"Dr. —, you will give the prisoner Ernestine Vallant your professional services, and shut her mouth if you can." After signing which he returned to his bed to sleep the sleep of the just. The doctor came, and by use of chloroform, and then, as soon as he could, an anodyne narcotic, she was composed to sleep.

It is not for me to enter into the minutiae of her attack and of the doctor's remedies. It will be sufficient to say that by the second day, though the most distressing symptoms had ceased, she had high fever, and complained of acute pains in her knees and ankles, which were violently inflamed and swollen and exquisitely tender to the touch; that on the third day the pain suddenly ceased in these parts, and was immediately succeeded by inflammation in the right shoulder-joint and intense pains in the cardiac region, with great distress and anxiety; that, in short, her attack developed itself into a severe case of metastatic inflammatory rheumatism.

Every doctor knows that this would lay the foundation for an organic disease of the heart, which but waits for the word from death to give the fatal pang. The post-surgeon knew that she might die at once if she remained there in confinement; and he was a good sort of man, that is to say was one whose professional instincts in a very serious case could get the better of prudent personal considerations. And as in the meantime Mr. Vallant had put Folling's services in requisition, the authorities were a little disposed to yield to the doctor's recommendation to let the young lady be taken to her own home, though the suddenness and violence of the case had prevented their gaining all they hoped for. But a guard was posted upon Mr. Vallant's premises as a sort of protest against a damaging precedent of humanity, and a lingering hope still to achieve their design, though it was finally frustrated by the sudden removal of the General.

Now, my friends, you do not often find a three-volume novel condensed into so short a space. If it had been my intention to illustrate

brutality I could have dwelt upon the story, and could have brought many other and worse stories to keep it company. Indeed, it was for the times so unremarkable a case that it was registered along with the others in the minds of our people ; and I doubt if the gentle and lovely young woman in her life-time ever knew the outrage upon law and humanity of which she had been the victim, or when in 1869 she came to die of the organic heart-disease, ever gave a bitter thought to General Brayman or to his emissaries and assistants.

My only object has been to illustrate the genius of General Brayman to "seethe a kid in its mother's milk ;" and I have wished to render clear the character and qualities of the soldier as modified by the spirit of his age and country : nothing more. A court of inquiry appointed by an honest authority could bring forth facts which would illustrate my points more forcibly, though at very much greater length. As for myself I can look upon the past with that faith and philosophic spirit which is contented to leave vengeance in the hands of God, while it calmly contemplates the heinous deeds and tries to analyse the hearts of my fellow-beings. And I am proud to say that a living dog is also my fellow-being, and that I am possessed of the power to judge of his character by his actions, and of his acts by his character.

I have not forgotten, my dear reader, that I began these papers in the character of a learned spider. But I find it tiresome and frivolous to attempt to treat all our subjects in the manner of such a character ; and, with your permission, I will hereafter retain my own entitlement, as the negroes call it, John Capelsay of Georgia, writing by means of my amanuensis. Our next paper shall be more interesting unless I have lost my power, or my assistant, worried by his own trivial affairs (for he is no philosopher, poor fellow) shall disappoint me.

JOHN S. HOLT.

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## A BIT OF SECRET HISTORY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

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**A**MONG the papers found at the Tuileries after the surrender of the Emperor Napoleon III., and recently made public by order of the Republican Government, perhaps the most curious is the memoir of which we give below a translation from the original as published by the Lavertujon Committee. This committee, though accused by some persons of partiality in the selection of papers for publication, has never, to our knowledge, been charged with garbling or falsification of documents.



Statements, more or less positive, have been made at different times by historians of the First Empire, to the effect that Napoleon I. in the latter part of his reign caused a large amount of bank-bills, both English and Russian, to be forged and thrown into circulation in those countries, with both of which war was either actual or imminent, for the purpose of injuring their finance, commerce, and credit. In a volume published in 1825, under the title of *Chronique Indiscretè du Dix-neuvième Siècle*, there is a declaration by a certain Joseph Castel, to the effect that he had been employed at Hamburg by a French General to negotiate English bank-bills amounting to several thousand pounds sterling, which afterwards proved to be counterfeit. A rumor was also afloat during the reign of the late Emperor that he had bought up documents which contained incontestable proof of this discreditable affair. There can be little doubt that the papers here presented are the documents in question, which form a curious bit of secret history.

*Letter of the Duc de Bassano to an Unknown Correspondent.*

MONSIEUR: I have to make to you a communication of a rather singular character. You will judge if it deserves to be brought to the knowledge of the Prince-President. This is the matter in question:—

It seems that in 1810, and later, in 1812, before the Russian campaign, H. M. the Emperor ordered a considerable quantity of counterfeit bills of the Bank of England and the Bank of Russia to be fabricated. This fabrication, directed by the Ministry of Police, was enveloped in the greatest mystery; and the engraving the plates was entrusted to a Sieur Lale, a skilful engraver of the *Dépôt-Général de la Guerre*. At a certain period which has not been exactly determined, the Sieur Lale addressed to one of the brothers of His Majesty a circumstantial account of the share which he had had in this operation: he headed it—"Extract from the journal of the engraving-work which was entrusted to me for the special service of the secret cabinet of H. M. the Emperor."

At his death, the original manuscript of this recital was among his papers, as also a letter of the Duc de Rovigo and another of the *Sous-directeur du Dépôt de la Guerre*, both having reference to the circumstances which I have just mentioned. One of the heirs of the Sieur Lale, Mademoiselle de Montaut, his niece, finds herself in the possession of these three papers. Notwithstanding the scrupulous silence which she has observed in relation to them, their existence has not been kept entirely secret. Certain persons inimical to the glory of the Empire have repeatedly offered her considerable sums if she would consent to place these papers in their hands, their intention being to give them publicity. But inspired by a sentiment of probity and loyalty which does her honor, Mademoiselle de Montaut has steadily refused to lend herself to these perfidious designs, notwithstanding the tempting offers which were made her and the straitened circumstances in which she was living.

She resolved never to part with the documents which a fortunate

chance had placed in her hands, unless it were some day to restore them faithfully to the heir of the Emperor. She now desires to fulfil this self-imposed duty, and has requested me to transmit these papers to the Prince.

I now acquit myself of the mission confided to me ; and I herewith send you, Monsieur, the three documents referred to. If you have time to glance over them, you will be convinced that it is undesirable that the revelations which they contain should fall into the hands of the enemies of the Prince and of H. M. the Emperor.

Mademoiselle de Montaut does not think of affixing a price to the delivery of these papers : she has not made the slightest allusion to anything of the kind ; but I think it my duty to let you know her position. She is absolutely without fortune, and has no means of support but her own labor. At present she is governess to the children of the Prince of Chimay. She is a person *très distinguée*, and very meritorious in all respects.

Receive, Monsieur, the assurance of my most distinguished and devoted sentiments.

DUC DE BASSANO.

BRUSSELS, *March* 20, 1852.

Then follows a letter of Colonel Muriel, Sous-directeur du Dépôt Général de la Guerre, to M. Lale, dated Paris, August 12th, 1812 [qy. 1810?], in which he states that he cannot permit him to be absent from his duties for the purpose, as alleged, of executing secret work for the Government, unless he, Lale, can give satisfactory proof that he has received orders to that effect.

To this is annexed the following certificate of the Duc de Rovigo :

"M. Lale, having been charged with the preparation of very secret maps [cartes] for the cabinet of His Majesty, is forbidden absolutely to communicate with any person whatever, except the artists necessary for the execution of the work.

"If, on any motive whatever, any officer of the civil or judiciary police should present himself to M. Lale, bearing orders of any nature, M. Lale is instructed to show them this authority ; and it is expressly forbidden to such officer of police to enter the place where the work is carried on, or to make any questions or investigations relative or dangerous to its secrecy ; but on the contrary such officer is commanded to return at once to the authority that sent him, who shall refer the whole matter to his Excellency the Minister of Police, undersigned, and take his orders thereupon.

"Done at the Hotel de la Police Générale of the Empire, the first of August, 1810.

LE DUC DE ROVIGO."

#### MEMOIR OF THE SIEUR LALE.

It does not pertain to me to fathom the views of the Government at this period, nor to judge the motives which forced it to adopt such a course, designed to deal its numerous enemies a blow which should bring complete ruin upon their financial resources, should in time paralyse the military operations of their armies, and force them to respect the independence of France, to procure for the latter country

a durable peace, acquired by the valor of her numerous warriors, then commanded by the greatest Captain of Europe, the Emperor your august brother.

My own position at this time required me to obey the orders of the Government, and to repel with indignation all proposals having for their object to inform the enemies of France of the means which were being employed against them.

The enemies of the Emperor were France's enemies and mine, and I believed therefore that it was part of my duty to obey the orders of the Government and remain silent; and despite the unhappy circumstances which have spread desolation over all France, my pen has never yet been in the pay of her enemies. I preserved my calmness and discretion in the midst of the tempest: my conscience reproaches me with nothing.

I now pass to an account of the various works of engraving which were entrusted to me in my capacity of Directing Engraver of the work ordered by the Government.

#### JOURNAL.

At the beginning of the year 1810 I was employed in the capacity of first engraver of writing at the General Dépôt of War; I was under the orders of General Samson, Superintendent of that establishment. Like all the other engravers employed, I worked for the city mornings and evenings, when not occupied with the work of the dépôt.

One day I received a visit from a stranger who proposed to me the engraving of a plate which offered very great difficulties in the execution. The original, engraved with the utmost skill in London, formed part of a copper-plate text, most carefully executed; and he said that the work had passed into the hands of a bookseller in Paris who desired to have it completed; and that several of the plates having been mislaid or lost, it was necessary that the imitation of the original should be most accurate. I undertook the work, and in a fortnight exhibited to my visitor the proofs of the plates, with which he expressed himself much pleased. He paid me, and went away.

In a fortnight he returned and requested me to accompany him to the bookseller who owned the work. I went with him, and to my great surprise he led me to the Hotel of the Minister of General Police, and in a friendly way requested me to follow him in. We entered on the Rue des Saints-Pères: in mounting the stair which led to the bureau of the Chief of Secret Police, my heart beat violently, and I became extremely agitated. I was ushered into a small room, where my companion left me.

Here I remained alone for about an hour, meditating upon what might be intended for me. I ransacked my memory, but found nothing in my conduct to alarm me: I idolised the Emperor, and had never opened my lips to speak anything but good of him. First engraver of the Dépôt of War, my situation compelled me to be friendly to the Government; but I had been its friend far more from conviction than from self-interest, as I have since proved in the most trying circumstances of my life.



While occupied in these reflections, I heard a door open, and a General officer entered, holding by the hand a person of very distinguished appearance, whom I took to be the Minister Fouché, whom I had only once seen at the Tuileries when I was on guard at the château. I rose and respectfully saluted these gentlemen, and awaited patiently the time when it should please his Excellency to summon my attendance, so little was I acquainted with Ministerial etiquette.

Presently a bell rang sharply, and I was called by name. I passed through several rooms and found myself in the cabinet of the First Chief of Division of the Secret Police. I recognised in its occupant the same person whom I had seen with the General officer. I saluted him profoundly, saying, "Monseigneur, I am at your Excellency's orders: may I inquire for what purpose I have been brought here?"

The Chief smiled and said, "I am not the Minister, but I have been directed by him to summon you to my cabinet that we may consult together about a work which will be entrusted to you, and which demands the greatest discretion on your part. You alone will have charge of it, and you will be responsible for its execution. I have had inquiries made," he added, "as to your character, and have omitted nothing that could tend to satisfy us that you possess the necessary qualifications for undertaking the task which the Government is about to entrust to you. You are about to be the depositary of a great secret of State; and you must be on your guard against any who may endeavor to pry into it, and report the attempt to us at once. You will have to display much disinterestedness, and not sacrifice the interest of the Government to the advantage of its enemies, who would not fail to deceive you with alluring promises, and to abandon you as soon as you were called to account for your treachery."

"I thank you, Monsieur, for your advice. Be pleased to let me know what is the work to which you refer."

M. Desmaret (for this was his name) drew from his desk a bulky package of bills of the Bank of England: he placed upon his table a proof of the plate which I had engraved, and beside it the original: he then said that the Minister had seen and carefully examined this work of mine, which was a perfect counterpart of the original. "We are therefore convinced," he proceeded, "that you can imitate these bills: they are engraved upon copper, and seem to present less difficulties than the page which you have already engraved," — in which he was quite right.

"This work," he continued, "will last a long time: it is but the commencement of an operation which will be followed by others; you alone will have charge of all the engraving of the secret cabinet of His Majesty; and to prove how great confidence we repose in you, we request you to select for us a copper-plate printer who shall possess all the qualities, both of technical skill and of moral character, justifying his association with an undertaking of this nature."

I thanked M. Desmaret for his flattering remarks, but pointed out to him that I should have to be placed out of any apprehension of being disturbed during the execution of the work; and that I must also have General Samson's authority for absenting myself so long from the Dépôt, where it was all-important to me that I should retain

my situation. M. Desmaret assured me that all had been arranged ; that I might request leave of absence at once, and that it would be granted me. And on my going to the Dépôt on the following morning, Col. Jacotin, chief of my division, said to me at once, without any preliminary remarks,—“M. Lale, the General authorises you to be absent as long as His Majesty’s service may require.”

I at once returned home and commenced my preparations ; I picked out a copper-plate engraver who worked on his own account, and had an excellent reputation ; he was a Savoyard, an industrious man, of a reticent disposition, of very regular habits, and a devoted friend of the Government. I introduced him to M. Desmaret, who conferred with him in private.

Three days later, at eight in the evening, the *Sieur Malo* called upon me, accompanied by M. Terrasson, a commissioner charged specially with the superintendence of this work. He chose a cabinet placed alongside the little room which I had selected for my work-room. The next day a press was brought, and they secured the arms of the press with a chain fastened by a strong padlock, of which *Malo* took charge of the key. This press was intended to take off proofs from the plates as I engraved them, thus avoiding loss of time in making the necessary corrections.

I occupied a small house in the faubourg St. Jacques, consisting of two storeys, with a garden, I being the only tenant. The first story had three windows facing the *Rue des Ursulines*, and was not accessible to any of the neighbors. The antechamber and my bed-room looked upon the garden which adjoined that of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. The second story exactly corresponded with the first ; the same outlook and the same isolation : my lodging was perfectly suited to the work I had in hand.

I set actively to work engraving the first of the plates ; and after all corrections had been made, the agent Terrasson took the final proofs and presented them at once to the Minister Fouché, who expressed his entire satisfaction, as did also, I was told, the Emperor, to whom they were shown the next day. I was ordered to press on the work as actively as possible.

I confess that I did not feel myself in perfect safety while engraving these plates : I had not yet received a written authority from the Minister, though I had more than once asked for it, knowing how important such a credential was both for my present and future safety. I continued urgently to press for it, finally refusing to continue the work without it ; and *Malo*, who quite agreed with me, for his part importuned M. Terrasson to obtain it for us. At this time the Ministry of Police was given to General Savary, who, after informing himself about the work, gave us an authorisation under his own signature. It was to the effect that the Government wishing to have engraved certain maps which required to be kept secret, had entrusted their execution to the *Sieur G. D. Lale*, and that all officers and persons in authority were forbidden to enter the place where the maps were engraving, nor, though having a signed order from the Minister, should they venture to enter the door without authority from the Minister of General Police.

I was at work on the sixth plate when I received the first visit from M. Desmaret: he examined the house, and found it admirably suited to the work in hand. Several days later, the agent of the Government called on me: it was nine o'clock at night. He directed me to place the six finished plates in my portfolio, and come with him.

We took our way toward the boulevard du Mont-Parnasse; the night was a dark one, and I remarked to him that the boulevard was very little frequented at this hour, adding—"What if evil-disposed persons were to attack us and carry off my portfolio?" "Have no apprehension," he said; "we have three active fellows (*lurons*) close at hand to help us if we need them. Do you suppose that I would venture here at this hour if I were not guarded?"

We arrived at No. 25 of the boulevard, near the Rue de Vaugirard, when M. Desmaret remarked, "Take notice how I ring at this door." He pulled the bell strongly twice, giving each time two sharp jerks with an interval between; then kept a steady ringing for about ten minutes. A man of large stature then admitted us, closing the door quickly behind us. We proceeded to the end of a long passage, where a similar precaution was observed. The door opened, and we crossed a little garden and entered a large room on the ground-floor, where there was a small private cabinet for the Director, M. Fain, brother of the Emperor's Secretary.

M. Terrasson presented me to the Director, who received me with much politeness, and invited me to accompany him to the printing-room. This room served as a dormitory for the printers, as well as for the other employés of the house: it was furnished with turn-up beds which seemed arranged to be shut up in closets. We then entered another room where I was much surprised to see Malo, who had just finished setting up the presses that were to work the next day. He had observed strict silence, and had not mentioned even to me his new residence: he was a man whose discretion was proof against anything.

After placing my coppers on the table, I was conducted again to the Director's office, who made me known to the porters of the house, and ordered them to let me enter at any hour of the night, advising me at the same time to fix the signal well in my memory, or I would not be admitted. The profoundest silence prevailed in this house, and the greatest caution was observed by all who were employed in it. Finally I took leave of these gentlemen, and reached my own lodging after midnight, accompanied all the way by M. Terrasson, and, I have no doubt, by agents ordered to guard us.

I was just finishing the twelfth plate when my wife came to tell me that a carriage had stopped at the door of the house, and at the same time the bell was rung sharply. My wife recognised in the person at the door, M. Desmaret, whom she had seen several times. He was accompanied by the Minister of General Police. His Excellency entered my room and took a seat at the table, where he made me show him the finished plates and those that were nearly finished.

"How many impressions," he asked, "do you think a plate will give?"



"Five or six thousand."

"That is a small number compared with ordinary types."

"True, Monseigneur; but there is a great difference between copper-plate engraving and letters in relief. These plates can be retouched, and give a large additional number of impressions." I here showed him several bills of the Bank of England which had been retouched, and assured him that by means of retouching, the plate could give ten or twelve thousand more impressions. After having examined the place, he recommended me to redouble my zeal and activity, observing to M. Desmaret and myself that the Emperor was growing impatient. He left me with an expression of satisfaction at the execution of the work and its perfect resemblance to the originals.

Some days afterwards I happened to meet the commissary of police of my quarter, who had known me from childhood. "Several days ago," he said, "I saw two persons get out of a carriage having on its panels the arms of the Minister of General Police, and enter your house: you have some relations with His Excellency, it seems?" "You are not mistaken," I said; "it was His Excellency himself. In his capacity of President of the commission charged with the history of His Majesty's campaigns, he is accustomed to visit those engravers attached to the Dépôt Général who carry on their work at their own houses, to see if they are faithfully and accurately carrying out their instructions." We then spoke of other matters, nor did he come to my house to assure himself of the truth of what I had told him.

Not long after the visit of the Minister, a very unpleasant and serious incident happened at the printing establishment on the boulevard Mont-Parnasse. The commissary of police, Maçon, passed at this time for a man of especial dexterity in surveillance; he had charge of the police of the markets, where he was much feared by the dealers.

Now for several days persons had been seen lurking round the garden of the printing establishment, and the fact had been reported to the Ministry, where measures of precaution were taken with the end to baffle any attempt on the house. But the commissary Maçon had been informed by his spies that there was a suspicious printing-office at No. 25 of the boulevard; that persons who, by their dress, seemed to belong to the wealthier class, were frequently seen to enter the building; that others had been admitted who carried Minister's portfolios under their arms; and that at various times in the day provisions were received in quantity altogether disproportionate to the small number of persons who were observed going in and coming out of the said house. On the strength of these statements the commissary thought it his duty to surround the house and arrest all its inmates.

One Tuesday, at two o'clock in the morning, the preconcerted signal was heard on the bell, and the porter, according to orders, opened the door instantly. He was at once seized by the throat, but resisting violently and shouting for help, aroused all the workmen, who caught up whatever lay to hand and hurried to his assistance. When they reached the inner door, they perceived that two men had got in by

breaking through a small window which opened on the passage, and penetrated to the kitchen, in which was a little back-staircase leading to the printing-rooms ; they were at once seized and overpowered by the workmen who had come down this little staircase.

M. Fain, hearing a furious battering at the inner door, ordered it opened, which was no sooner done than he was clutched by the throat by the commissary Maçon, who choked him until he could scarcely speak. He strove to get Maçon to read the paper which he held in his hand, but the commissary would listen to no explanations, and kept shouting to his men to call in the armed force which he had stationed around the garden-walls and at the front-door.

The besieged made a valiant resistance, and disputed the ground foot by foot: the agents of police fought savagely with their clubs, and the workmen with cooking utensils which they had caught up in the kitchen. Several were severely wounded on both sides, and the floor of the kitchen was running with blood. At last the commissary took a look at the safe-conduct ; and no sooner had he recognised the signature of an august personage and that of the Minister, than the whole position of affairs was changed. Pale and trembling, he surrendered at discretion, becoming at once the most pacific of men, and offering the humblest apologies to M. Fain. He rallied his men, called together his armed escort, and beat a hasty retreat to the prefecture of police, from which he had had no business to set out without the order of the prefect. He had his wounded taken up by their comrades and driven off in the vehicles he had brought to carry off his prisoners.

I arrived on the spot two hours after this adventure. I found there MM. Desmaret, Fain, and Larrey, professor at the Lycée Imperial. This was the first time that I had seen the last-named gentleman in the printing-office ; but I learned later that he had charge of the foreign correspondence, that he was an intimate friend of M. Desmaret, and possessed the full confidence of the Minister. He was a man of much intelligence and distinguished literary acquirements.

The whole place was in commotion when I arrived: two workmen, severely wounded, were lying on the floor. A *procès-verbal* was being drawn up, which I heard read. I afterwards learned that in the morning the commissary Maçon was summoned to the General Police, and came very near losing his place.

A fortnight after this affair — which was not mentioned in any of the papers, so rigid was the censorship of the press — M. Desmaret sent for me. I went to the Ministry at eight in the evening. There was a great reception there, and I saw a large number of officers wearing orders, and several generals, come out of M. Desmaret's cabinet. I did not then know that the Minister extended his surveillance over the army, which brought him into relations with a great number of the superior officers.

As soon as this audience was over, I was admitted into the cabinet, where M. Desmaret took from a portfolio a bundle of small notes of the Bank of Prussia. They were about the size of a playing-card, and somewhat resembled the *corsets* [?] of the Republic ; their backs were of a light blue color, glazed with white. I noticed the name of

Dancillon signed at the foot, but have forgotten the other signature. The text was in movable characters rather poorly formed, and the bill had a light border which had been cast for the purpose.

While examining these bills, I felt considerable disturbance of spirit. Prussia was then at peace with France. Remembering this, I resolved not to undertake any such work. I asked M. Desmaret to let me have one of these bills that I might give it a careful examination, to which he consented, asking me to make a detailed report to him upon the processes necessary. I left him at ten o'clock.

The next morning I went to see my brother-in-law Pauquet, who was a quite distinguished artist, and had in charge the engraving of the Coronation of the Emperor, to whom he was thoroughly devoted. He excelled in etching, and had previously been employed by the Committee of Public Safety to make an etched fac-simile of the manuscript found at Calais in the handwriting of the English Minister Pitt, which he accomplished with such skill that the English Minister was himself deceived, and took the copy for the original.

He examined the bill I showed him. He could have done the work had he chosen, but his view of the matter was the same as my own. "My dear Lale," he said, "you are right in this matter. Prussia is at peace with us; and I would rather let my hand be cut off than do such a piece of work for the Government." So we agreed that I should report the work as impracticable in view of the danger which would result from employing a large number of persons in its execution, among whom there might be some who for the sake of reward would reveal to the [Prussian] ambassador at Paris what was passing in the Government work-shops; and that the consequences of such a step would be most grave, on account of the injury which its execution would entail upon the credit of this power as well as our own. My report was favorably received by His Excellency, and the project was dropped.

I resumed my work, and proceeded with it as far as the twenty-fourth plate. The printing went on day and night. Two sworn experts, employed by the Minister, executed the imitation of the signatures, at which they had acquired such dexterity in a month of practice that they could affix more than a thousand signatures in a day. After being signed, the bills were thrown on a dusty floor, and brushed about and turned over and over with a broom, by which process they were crumpled, acquired a dingy tint, and seemed to the eye to have been much handled. Then they were tied up in bundles and despatched to the Ministry, whence they were forwarded to various ports where the agents of the Government introduced them into England. Four of these agents were arrested and executed.

The wages of the printers were nine francs a day and their board: they were married men of good character, and for the most part well advanced in years: Scarcely the tenth of them are now surviving. I know that there was never any unfavorable report of them received.

For my own part I was quite satisfied with the payment I received from the Minister, which amounted to double the ordinary wages which I received as first engraver of the War Department. There was also a gratification promised me which I never got, owing to the



unfortunate circumstances which followed close upon the completion of the work.

The engraving of these plates was well advanced when it was rumored in the printing-office that a great personage was expected. Business took me to the house at this time, and I met a workman walking in the garden who told me that the evening before, at about four o'clock, an order had been received that the employés of the establishments were not to quit the printing-rooms, and all the rooms were carefully swept. At about eight o'clock they heard the doors open, and M. Desmaret arrived, accompanied by MM. Fain and Larrey, who first went through the printing-rooms, and then went together to the Director's office. That immediately afterwards two persons entered, whom they could not recognise: one a tall man, the other much shorter, wearing a round hat which covered a large part of his head. I asked the workman if these persons went up to the printing-rooms. He replied that they did not, but that M. Desmaret came up and took away some of the plates, which he brought back not long after.

This mysterious visit only lasted a few minutes, and after the visitors had been heard to depart through the garden gates, the injunction was taken off the workmen. I was afterwards told that these visitors were His Majesty and General Duroc; but I was cautious not to ask M. Desmaret any question on the subject, as so much importance was attached to the secrecy of everything pertaining to the establishment.

Not long after this nocturnal visit, I was ordered to engrave no more plates, and to stop work on the one that was in hand. I returned a bundle of Bank of England bills which M. Desmaret had entrusted to me; and they took away the press with its chain. I then returned to the Dépôt, where no questions were asked me, and I was very kindly received by General Samson, the Director, as well as by Colonel Jacotin, chief of my division.

I arrived at a very good time: His Majesty had ordered the great map of the Academy of St. Petersburg to be engraved; and the work which had cost the Russian Government six years of labor had to be accomplished in three months. But General Samson was a man of great energy, and let nothing baffle him when carrying out the Emperor's orders. All the engravers of Paris were set to work by day and night; and two months after the orders came from Saint Cloud the map was more than half done. The finished part was used at the opening of the Russian campaign.

Vague rumors were already afloat of a possible war between France and Russia; and the activity that was employed in engraving this map, the frequent meetings of many superior officers at the War Department, and the presence of General Jomini at the Council, all confirmed the suspicion of the projects of the Government.

I was soon again summoned to the Ministry of General of Police, with which I had had no relations for more than four months. I knew that the printing from my plates went on for several months after the cessation of the war.

On presenting myself at the Ministry, M. Desmaret addressed me

several questions in relation to the work going on at the Dépôt ; but on this point I kept on my guard, as the Dépôt not being within the jurisdiction of the Minister of Police, I was not bound to give him any information about it. M. Desmaret was a man of much knowledge, and of very distinguished manners : he had a piercing eye, and would look fixedly in the eyes of the person to whom he was talking while he pressed him close with questions.

"I see, M. Lale," he said, "that your discretion is proof against every test, however severe, and I congratulate you upon it." After adding some other polite expressions in reference to myself, he came to the point :—"Here is the matter for which you have been sent for. You are about to be again entrusted on behalf of the Government with an important undertaking which requires quite as much discretion on your part as did the former. This work will be more complicated than the other, but it presents this advantage that it can be parcelled out and divided in such a way that those who have it in charge under you can not divine its nature. And this is the business : you know the rumors which are circulating : they are more or less founded,—that is no affair of ours ; but I have orders from the Minister to have the assignats and the bills of the Bank of Russia counterfeited, and we are about to put the business in hand at once. You are charged specially with the imitation of the signatures, which are very complicated : the rest will be engraved in movable characters, for which purpose we have chosen one of the best punch-cutters in France, who was brought to our notice by a Councillor of State. I can count upon his discretion."

(I afterwards learned that this Councillor was M. Lelorgue, who had in charge the department of foreign statistics. He got me to engrave thirty plates for the forms which were sent to the various agents residing in the garrison-towns of foreign powers, who were specially charged to report the effective strength of the regiments stationed there, as well as any movements of these troops toward the frontiers. M. Lelorgue was a man of great industry : he went to bed, like the Emperor, at midnight, and usually rose at four in the morning.)

"Here are the notes I refer to," continued M. Desmaret ; "they present less difficulties in engraving than the English and Prussian bills."

These notes were printed on tinted paper, and I considered them badly engraved. The lettering was ill-formed, and there was no water-mark in the paper. The signatures, which were very complicated, could be easily and speedily imitated by etching.

"We shall need," M. Desmaret went on, "eight or nine hundred copper plates, which you must purchase. Order large plates which you can cut up with the burin : in this way the plate-maker will have no suspicion from the size and form of the plates. The impressions you will carry to M. Fain, type-printer. A cover will be placed over the signatures, and the pressman will print off the text without seeing them. An agent will supervise the composition and printing. I have explained my plan to His Majesty, and he has approved it."

I took the liberty of observing to M. Desmaret that I could not

possibly execute so complicated a work single-handed; and that I should be obliged to associate with myself my brother-in-law Pauquet, whom I asked to be allowed to present to him. He readily consented to my proposal, and I brought Pauquet to see him the next day. Pauquet exhibited to M. Desmaret the sole proof existing of the plate he had formerly engraved for the Committee of Public Safety. This proof was handed to the Minister who showed it to the Emperor. His Majesty ordered that the plate, which had been deposited in the Archives of the Empire, should be brought him, but it could not be found.

For this new work I established my engraving-room in the house of my brother-in-law Pauquet in the Rue Neuve Saint Etienne. He owned the house and was its only occupant. It was surrounded by gardens, and the only neighbors were a convent of Benedictine nuns, who were never visible. We both went actively to work, and sent out ten engraved plates every day, which were taken to the printing-office of M. Malo, 26 Rue de Vaugirard. This was a very large building which the Ministry had rented, and set up in it twenty-three copper-plate presses, which were kept running every day till eleven at night. The type-printing establishment of M. Fain was quite near, on the Boulevard de Mont-Parnasse.

I know that more than seven hundred plates were engraved by my brother-in-law and myself in less than three months. They were first carried to the copper-plate presses, and then to M. Fain's establishment. The signatures on each of the impressions were covered with a flap; and one person was charged to lift this flap and pass each impression under a cylinder, after which they were tied in bundles and sent forthwith to the Minister's.

The quantity printed must have been considerable, as the work went on up to the time of the French reverses in Russia. The question of Spanish bills was also mooted, but nothing came of this project, which was never seriously entertained. The Russian business occupied all attention; and I allowed myself so little rest that I was near falling ill. MM. Fain and Malo had far less laborious work than I, and their profits were not slight.

My connection with the business terminated suddenly. I handed over the plates, both engraved and blank, and the bundles of bills of all colors which had been delivered to me.

M. Terrasson came to see me very frequently during the campaign. At every success of the enemy my anxiety increased, and I grew very uneasy about the future, and this it was that determined me to draw up a plain journal of my proceedings. I might at any moment find myself dangerously compromised, and the least indiscretion would inform the Allies of what had been going on. I might be arrested: my co-laborers had all fled, and I alone remained in Paris when that city was taken. Those who had made the most profit out of the affair had slipped away, and I who had had the direction of the two operations, remained among strangers and enemies who might at any moment lay hold of me and send me to engrave in Siberia. So I gathered up all my papers [*bucoliques*?] and put them in a safe place where I could find them when I wanted them.



Two days after the capture of Paris, I was coming from the Rue de Bourgogne, where I had been to see M. Jomard, Director of the Egyptian Commission, when the fancy took me to go in the Dépôt de la Guerre. The door was closed, so I rapped, and the porter Dommier opened. What was my surprise to find the great court occupied by Russian soldiers who were acting as escort to a number of officers of the same nation belonging to the Staff of the Engineers. I had scarcely entered when a young officer who stood near the door took me by the hand and asked who I was. The porter answered: "Monsieur is one of our engravers of writing: he has been ten years in the service of the Department." "You are welcome," said the officer. "I will present you to the General."

Thereupon he led me to the peristyle, where the General was standing, surrounded by a number of superior officers. "Monsieur," said the General, "you ought to know something about the disappearance of various articles which were here before the siege of Paris. I have been assured that they were taken away no longer than five days ago. I was in Paris some five years since, and visited the Dépôt when there was a large number of very valuable drawings, engraved plates, and a very fine library. All these things have disappeared. Have the goodness to give us the information we want: we need maps on a large scale, and must have them at any cost."

I assured the General that he had been misinformed; that the greater part of the drawings and the plates had been sent beyond the Loire several months before, at the time of the first movement of General Blücher on the plains of Champagne, a little before the affair of Champaubert. But that as for the maps he wanted, he would find them at the house of M. Piquet, near the Institute. The General took me at my word, and asked me to march at the head of his escort: I had very much the air of a prisoner. Before he mounted his horse he asked me—"You were only employed in the Dépôt in engraving the lettering on maps?" "That was all, Sir." "I invite you, Sir, to come to the Elysée-Bourbon this evening at four o'clock. You will be well received," he added, "and I will present you to the General in Chief; but you must change your cockade." "General," I answered, "I must await the order of the day: I am sergeant of grenadiers of the 12th legion"—at which he smiled. After showing him M. Piquet's store I slipped away, and took care not to go near the Elysée-Bourbon that evening. This adventure frightened my wife almost out of her wits: she told me that she had thrown my journal into the fire, and I believed her.

The information which had been given the General was quite correct: three days before the attack of Paris all the drawings, plates and books had been packed in cases covered with water-proof canvas, and placed on two Marne boats which were at the St. Nicholas port. General Dabbe, Director of the Dépôt, had arranged the whole affair so well that in less than three nights all the objects of value in the Dépôt were packed up and stored on the boats. These boats had valves in their bottoms, which was very fortunate, as otherwise had they been overhauled by the enemy he would have obtained possession of the whole.

While this was going on, M. Terrasson came on behalf of M. Desmaret to learn what arrangements were making for sending away these valuables; and I reassured him, and told him how General Dabbe, by his presence, was urging on the men who had the shipment in charge. And on the day before the attack of Paris I notified him that the last shipment had left.

The geographical engineers had left by way of the Loire, and the boats were despatched for the city of Rouen. Two hours later they were within the grasp of the enemy who had occupied Les Vertus; but at five o'clock in the evening before Paris was captured, the precaution was taken to send away the boatmen and persons detailed to escort the convoy, who were conducted to Tours guarded by the gendarmerie.

I knew what had happened, and I was trembling lest I should hear of the capture of these costly scientific treasures; but thanks to the activity and foresight of General Baclère-Dabbe, our Director, no such misfortune happened. After the departure of the Allies, the Government found everything that had been sent away, in perfect order; not an article being missing or damaged.

. . . . .

After I was pensioned off, M. Dentu the elder, bookseller and printer of the paper called *Le Drapeau Blanc*, and one of its proprietors, whom I knew very well and had had dealings with before, called upon me. Dentu was a political chameleon, who had become a stronger royalist than the King himself.

"You have an opportunity now," he said, "to indemnify yourself for the loss of your place. Draw me up an account of your operations in engraving during the time that you were employed in the service of Bonaparte's secret cabinet: I will buy it of you and give you an interest in the proceeds of the sale. It will have a prodigious run. You can regain your place at the Dépôt. I have friends in high quarters, and can guarantee the success of the affair."

To this I replied that I was not a literary man. "I will procure you the assistance of a good royalist writer who will help you in putting your memoir into shape." "But, Monsieur, such a memoir would obtain no popularity, for this reason: the work that was done for the cabinet had reference only to the strategic operations of the army, and none but military men would see its value or take any interest in it. Besides, what is there to write? Such a memoir would hardly cover six printed pages."

I held firm to my resolution not to give him the memoir he wanted; and he retired, confused at not having succeeded in his design of attacking the Imperial Government in the person of the Emperor, and of piling up calumnies against the latter to ruin his reputation with the people.

. . . . .

Neither the loss of my place, nor the persecutions which I endured at the hands of the reactionary party, have at any time made me deviate from my resolution never to reveal what I know of the

engraving that was done for His Majesty's secret cabinet. Despite the personal advantages that I might have derived on various occasions from this knowledge, I have preferred to await the time when I should no longer be able to support myself by the exercise of my profession. This time has now arrived: my hand has no longer the steadiness necessary for engraving, and my sight is growing dim: my advanced age warns me that my course is drawing to a close. Therefore I find myself, though with regret, compelled to bring this memoir to the knowledge of the family of the late Emperor, from which they may learn the extent and value of my discretion and devotion to the person of His Majesty.

Should this disinterestedness and discretion have no value in their eyes, this memoir will return to the place which it has occupied for twenty-six years, and shall never be betrayed by me to the enemies of the Emperor and of his illustrious family.

And in any event, posterity will not hand down to future generations the history of a proceeding which should be buried in eternal oblivion, since its aim and object was to ruin nations for the sake of impoverishing their kings.

W. H. B.

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## QUIA MULTUM AMAVIT.

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A GIDDY maze, a whirling rout  
Of forms that mingle, mix and flee;  
A subtle spell breathed round about,  
A charm that trances me;

A tender strain that swells and dies,  
And pulses under quivering feet;  
And murmured words, and soft replies,  
And laughter low and sweet;

Sea-odors through the lattice blown,  
Sea-blooms on yonder pallid beach,  
Where the white Moon hears all alone  
The ripples' whispered speech.

Here, in the oriel window, I  
Sit half within and half without,  
As one who stays, he knows not why,  
And wrestles with a doubt.



The moonbeams part the lilac-boughs  
Between with timid fingers white,  
And pour upon my tired brows  
The stillness of the night.

Within, through all the whirling throng  
One only form in perfect grace,  
The echo of a wordless song,  
The shadow of a face ;

Without, a reach of foam-fields wanned  
Into white rest by the still Moon  
Low couched ; around, above, beyond,  
The midnight's utter swoon.

Between, I sit and muse upon  
This old romaunt that charms me so,  
Of how the good knight loved and won  
So very long ago.

*And so the ladie bowed her head,  
"With all my soul I trust to thee,  
My trew knight,"—and they twain were wed,  
And lived right loyallie.*

*And when God's angel calm and just  
Sealed each pale brow with tender touch,  
Men wrote above their mingled dust,  
"Rest well, ye lovèd much !"*

I said : Her heart is glad withal  
While I sit here and puzzle out  
Dark thoughts, which all my soul enthral  
And snare with restless doubt.

And does she love ? Ah, what man knows  
A woman's heart ? And must I wait  
So long, so long, while onward flows  
The changeless stream of Fate.

The moonbeams filled the curtained nook,  
The sea's deep heart beat loud and long ;  
Soft, unseen fingers closed the book  
And hushed the tender song.

And, traced in living light above,  
"Rest well, O faithful heart !" I saw,  
"For thou too lovest much, and Love  
Fulfil the perfect Law !"

And so I doubt no more, but wait  
 The hour that gives her life to mine,  
 Knowing it shall come soon or late  
 By that strange law divine ;

Knowing the purest dew's of Heaven  
 And all best gifts shall be to such  
 As hear the voice : "Ye are forgiven,  
 Because ye lovèd much!"

BARTON GREY.

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## THE NOVEL AS A WORK OF ART.

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THE three constituent ingredients of a novel are plot, character, and pictures of life, and the chief of these three with most readers is the plot or story. The great aim of the novel being to amuse, and the generality of readers finding more amusement in the development of a complicated plot and the recurrence of exciting incidents than in those refined and artistic touches that give such exquisite pleasure to cultivated minds, it becomes the main consideration with writers who merely aim at popularity, to weave exciting stories for the many, regardless of those finer touches which appeal only to the few. Hence it is that some novels, altogether worthless in an artistic point of view, often possess considerable ingenuity of plot, though their ingenuity fails to interest a cultivated reader, for the same reason that the ill-arranged finery of a country belle fails to please a practised eye. Many of our modern sensational novels, such as Miss Braddon's adulterous romances, and the mean stories turned out by third-rate magazines, while utterly devoid of artistic merit, and offending good taste on every page, display a fertility of inventive ingenuity (not genius) that is often lacking in better works. The two most finished novels in the English language, *Ten Thousand a Year* and *Vanity Fair*, have not plot enough to fill a single chapter in a third-rate magazine story, the superiority of the former consisting in the artistic skill with which the author's conceptions of life and character are carried out.

But though a novel may be a highly finished work of art without much plot, it cannot be a complete one ; and the writers that have attained the highest perfection are those who, like Scott, have had the

genius to combine well-drawn pictures of life and character with a story of fascinating interest. There is a great difference between an ingeniously-conceived plot and a well-sustained one, the latter requiring a great exertion of artistic skill. One essential quality of every good plot is not possibility merely, but probability. Improbability in a story has much the same effect as false coloring in a picture. Common sensational writers disregard this fact; they have too much plot, they pile incident upon incident and agony upon agony in a way that outrages reason and satiates the mind with artificial excitement. The incidents in a natural, healthy story, though removed from the trite and commonplace, should always be such as might very naturally occur in real life. Hence it is safest to build romance on a foundation of fact, in order to guide the imagination of the romancer and restrain it within the bounds of nature. We know that Scott's novels, the best in the English language, are most of them sustained by this backbone of fact, which is no doubt the reason why his stories, though exciting and intricate in design beyond even the professed sensational school, verging often upon the supernatural, yet never seem far-fetched or unnatural. We know also that real life furnishes a richer fund of romantic incident than the most vivid imagination can draw from its own unaided resources, and the greatest authors please us best when they draw most largely, not from their own fancies, but from the actual world around them. George Eliot is delightful — not when carried away by the humanitarian visions of her own brain, for the sake of a fancied originality, she outrages nature and probability alike by making a fascinating and elegant woman discard a high-minded, chivalrous suitor for a low-bred, vulgar churl that ought to be kicked out of decent company; but when, guided by nature, the pilot that never errs, she embodies the results of her own observation and experience of mankind in the inimitable characters of Mrs. Holt and Rufus Lyon.

The best novels are all, no doubt, largely composed of scenes and people transferred to paper. Scott plainly tells us that this is the case with his romances, and the works of Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot bear strong internal evidence of having drawn as largely upon the observation as upon the imagination of their authors. I have seen it stated somewhere that Dickens got the characteristic names with which his novels abound by searching through old church registers and country records; and a living writer of some popularity spends a good deal of time in the office of a country lawyer, listening to the consultations of his poorer clients in order to catch the turns of expression and phraseology peculiar to the lower classes. In that country lawyer's office perhaps enough hidden romances are unveiled to stock a whole library of choice fiction, if properly worked out and embellished by the imagination. It seems to me that the office of the imagination in the class of works now under consideration is not creative but constructive; it must work with the materials nature has furnished — embellishing, beautifying, enlarging — building a shapely structure with materials that Nature has provided, and upon a foundation that she has laid. Novel-



writing, like painting, is an imitative art, with the only difference that one paints in colors, the other in words, truth to nature being the crowning excellence of each. As the painter takes his first draughts from nature, and combines them into an ideal picture, so the novelist makes his observations from life, and combines them into an ideal representation of life. Without losing sight of his model, each aims at producing striking effects by original combinations of natural objects. As the painter improves upon nature in his ideal landscape by leaving out unsightly or ineffective objects, and substituting more striking or effective ones from other actual scenes or from his own fancy, so the novelist sorts the incidents and characters with which his observations and experiences of life have made him acquainted, investing the marked people with marked histories, and leaving out altogether such as are commonplace and uninteresting. Sometimes he produces a striking character by fitting upon one of his ideal beings the oddities and eccentricities of two or three different inhabitants of the actual world, and his descriptions of places and scenery are all of them no doubt, even when professionally ideal, tinted more or less from pictures of actual scenes lurking in his memory.

Originality is another important element in a good plot. Absolute originality is perhaps unattainable at this late period of time, when everything that can be experienced by man has probably been felt and written about many times over. Love, adventure, money and crime are the four pivots upon which the plots to novels turn; and I believe no writer has yet succeeded in making a story whose chief interest did not depend upon some one of them. Stories of pure adventure, that is good ones, such as *Robinson Crusoe*, *Redgauntlet*, and *Midshipman Easy*, are extremely rare; tales of crime are more abundant, but as these generally have love or money at the bottom, the subjects for novel plots are practically reduced to two. But the want of originality of outline renders some novelty of combination and arrangement all the more important. An experienced novel-reader soon becomes very expert at detecting the author's design, and unless the latter disposes his materials very adroitly, the mystery which forms the leading feature of every well-organised plot will leak out prematurely, and thus one strong hold upon the reader's interest is lost.

Some writers have a trick of affecting originality by changing their plots at the eleventh hour, and bringing about unexpected *dénouements* by making their characters commit the most unreasonable and extravagant freaks; but this is mere stage-trickery and clap-trap, not legitimate art. Miss Alcott, for instance, in her pleasant story, *Little Women*, after leading you to suppose through half the volume that her heroine is destined to marry a fine young fellow who is apparently put into the book for that express purpose, suddenly, and with the gratuitous intention apparently of playing a smart Yankee trick upon the reader, makes the capricious lady reject the young, handsome, fascinating and every way eligible suitor for an ugly old bear of a German schoolmaster. So far as Miss Jo herself is concerned, it is a comfort to reflect that her bad taste merited no better husband than she got; but it is aggravating to have one's own sense of fitness and

propriety outraged. It seems to be a pet affectation with popular female authors of the modern humanitarian school to make their heroines commit the most disgusting matrimonial *mésalliances*, a practice which is clearly traceable to a milder phase of the same morbid feeling that makes Boston women advocate miscegenation, and caused a Massachusetts paper to boast not long since that eleven white females in that State had married negro husbands. The most careless observer of human life must admit that it is not common nor natural for women of culture and intelligence deliberately and of malice aforethought to reject men of their own station in life, of elevated character and culture and rare personal endowments (except when influenced by the most obvious mercenary considerations), for a vulgar boor or a rusty prosaic old codger as did the heroines of *Felix Holt* and *Little Women*. Such pictures are offences not merely against Southern aristocratic prejudice, but against nature itself; they are the same in kind though not in degree as representing a white woman deliberately choosing to marry a negro; and in my humble opinion not even Shakspeare can make that sort of thing go down without a gulp and a wry face. It is the nature of women to look up to the other sex, especially in their conjugal relations with it; and their own shallowness of aim and superficiality of culture lead most of them to place the superiority they reverence in mere adventitious circumstances of social or other artificial advantage, so that the very weaknesses of ordinary well-bred women tend to shield them against a species of degradation from which the best specimens of the sex are secured by higher motives. We all know that refinement cannot prefer coarseness; it is against nature, reason and experience to pretend that women of high character and culture will not, other things being equal, naturally prefer men of a like stamp; and it is evidence not of elevated and independent character, but of a morbid and perverted state of feeling when they deliberately pass by the best men of their own class to mate with their inferiors. True art does not seek to reproduce the morbid and exceptional, but the wholesome and natural.

The best security against being forestalled by the penetration of readers is to avoid those trite, hackneyed plots that form the chief stock-in-trade of commonplace professional Bohemians. We all know the story that turns upon a disputed will, or upon the freaks of two exasperating lovers who persistently misunderstand each other in the face of reason and common-sense, so well that we are sure to be bored with it unless it is set off with great originality of style and character. Any plot that turns upon litigated property and conflicting pecuniary claims must be managed very skilfully to avoid partaking of the dryness of legal detail. Pecuniary difficulties in a novel, though not necessarily detracting from its artistic merit, I must confess to a sneaking prejudice against, because most of us have so many of them in real life that we are glad to escape from duns and debts when we enter the world of fiction — the only regions where some of us ever do escape them. Since one main object of the novel is to amuse and refresh the mind by diverting it from the petty worries of every-day life — and pecuniary difficulties make up the bulk of these

worries to most of us — it is rather monotonous to have them dinned at us in novels. Disappointments in love most of us learn to bear with tolerable equanimity by the time we are twenty-five, and of sentimental troubles generally we plain work-a-day people have few experiences, so that there is a freshness and romance about fictitious pictures of them which interests and excites us without causing that feeling of worry and anxiety with which we rise from the perusal of Mr. Aubrey's embarrassments. I must confess, too, to sharing the common prejudice against tragic novels, although tragedy is not only consistent with but often conducive to the highest artistic finish, since in real life things go oftener awry than aright, and the highest merit of the ideal in art is to reflect truly the real. Still it is not the letter but the spirit of truth which it is necessary to preserve in artistic fiction; and since however unusual it may be it is by no means impossible or improbable for things to come right in real life, it is perfectly natural and therefore perfectly artistic to make them come so in fiction; for opposite in meaning as the words may sound, nature and art are closely connected as model and copy, master and pupil. A painter in copying the face of a beautiful woman for a Madonna or a Venus, would not think it necessary to transfer to canvas any little imperfection that might exist in his model, yet his work would be none the less true to nature for the omission, at the same time that it would be a more perfect work of art. The happy ending of a novel must, however, be brought about in the natural course of the story, and by means entirely consistent and probable, as any appearance of effort and straining, either to wind up or to carry on a plot or to bring about the required *dénouement*, is like a hitch in the stage fixtures at a play. In that popular and really entertaining Southern novel, *Valerie Aylmer*, the heroine is made to quarrel with her lover most unnecessarily and unreasonably immediately after a highly satisfactory courtship, plainly just because matters had come to such a pass that a fresh entanglement was necessary to keep the story from winding up sooner than the author had intended. The best plan in such cases is always to let a story wind up when it has reached such a point that winding up is the most natural thing to do, even at the expense of two of the conventional three volumes. Any effort to continue after a good stopping-place has been reached, affects one like the dry preacher who takes a fresh start by saying "In conclusion, my brethren." It makes a story stiff and unnatural, and if an author has not wit enough to avoid such stumbling-blocks, no ingenuity of art can remove them from his path.

Still, though not less true to nature than other works of equal force and power, the tragic novel leaves the mind with an uncomfortable sense of something lacking, something gone amiss. It fails to satisfy that natural longing for a more perfect adjustment of human affairs which is one of the strongest evidences in favor of the Christian doctrine concerning a hereafter. George Eliot's admirable novel *Romola*, one of the most perfect works of art in the English language, and one of the most powerful in its moral teachings, while inspired by a genius that commands our homage, and executed with an artistic skill that baffles criticism, yet leaves the mind of the reader with that



uncomfortable, oppressed feeling with which we wake up in the morning after having slept all night on bad news. The tragic ending was necessary to carry out the moral purpose the author had in view ; and though without it the book would have been incomplete as a work of art, the general intent of the novel to distract and unburden the mind is defeated, for that which weighs upon and oppresses us can hardly lighten and relieve. When we are wearied or overworked and seek mental relaxation, what we want is not that excitement of high emotion, almost painful in its intensity, which it is the glory of tragedy, whether in epic, dramatic, or romantic composition to produce, but the less vehement stimulants which we find in the pages of a good, honest, routine novel, where everybody gets married at the end and lives happily forever after. One of the pleasantest books I know for mere relaxation and amusement is that charming little story *Dorothy Fox*, a work which, though it bears no marks of extraordinary genius or elaborate artistic finish, yet produces a pleasanter effect on the mind than many that lay claim to both. It reverses the rules upon which such writers as Wilkie Collins, Miss Braddon, and the author of that coarsest and vulgarest of English fictions, *Cometh Up as a Flower*, usually proceed, for there is not a crime nor a bit of indecency, nor even an impure suggestion in the whole book. Nobody is very poor, nobody is very miserable, nobody is very wicked, yet there is incident and excitement enough to keep up the interest to the very last page, and then one lays the book aside with the same feeling of inward satisfaction experienced after an evening spent in the very best company, without a single *faux-pas* or *contretemps* to mar the recollection of it—the only regret being that it is ended.

The novel is frequently used as a medium for conveying instruction, teaching moral lessons, or for setting forth the author's own views and opinions. George Eliot's novels all convey some powerful moral lesson which greatly enhances both the interest and value of the story. A strong moral purpose running through any story increases its merit, even in a purely artistic sense, by giving it backbone and moral unity as well as by adding to the sources of interest. What we mean by a *powerful* novel is one that conveys some great moral lesson in a forcible and impressive manner. The moral purpose, however, must not appear too much upon the surface, as though the book were written with the express intention of conveying it, but should rather suggest itself as the natural inference to be drawn from the story. The moral lesson in such works as *Felix Holt*, *Romola*, *The Scarlet Letter*, etc., is more striking and impressive than in the professedly moral stories of lesser writers ; but their morality never palls upon one as in Mrs. Craik's and T. S. Arthur's goody stories, because it is so artistically, or in other words so naturally interwoven with the story. As the incidents and characters in a novel must never be strained or artificial to carry on the plot, so the plot should never be twisted out of its natural course to fit the moral, but the two should flow together as one, the moral proceeding out of the story as naturally as the conclusion from a logical argument. Any formal attempt to point out the moral, or in other words to "moralise," is obtrusive and impertinent, because entirely unnecessary in a story where the lesson is

properly put, and it affects one like the superfluous explanations of a professional cicerone. One reason why professedly religious novels are so apt to be tiresome is because the writer is perpetually obtruding his morality, and direct moral reflections are almost always tedious and impertinent in a story. Moral and religious in the highest sense every good fiction ought to be, but we don't like to be preached at in novels; and if we detect a deliberate and premeditated intention to instruct and edify lurking under a professed engagement to amuse, we feel very much like an injured urchin who discovers a wholesome pill surreptitiously mixed with his tea. We may appreciate the propriety of taking the pill, but it irritates us to be treated like children and have it offered to us in the disguise of a sugar-plum, and we naturally end by loathing the plum for the sake of the pill. Mrs. Craik's and T. S. Arthur's namby-pamby heroines are fair specimens of the effect produced by over-doses of morality and edification; though perhaps it is unjust to class Mrs. Craik with the prosy American, for her fault is rather an obtrusion of mawkish sentimentality than of maudlin morality. Her books are at least up to the level of school-girls and sentimental old maids, but I suspect that half the people who go into raptures over *John Halifax* have not looked into it since they were out of their teens. Mrs. Craik's novels are frequently placed in the hands of the young as safe and harmless reading, on account of the strict correctness of their moral teaching; and this is no doubt one great secret of her reputation and popularity, for our first novel is always delicious, and makes a pleasant impression that is never effaced unless we read it over in after-life with more critical eyes. It is hard too to criticise Mrs. Craik without a qualm, for though her books are tedious and overdone as to sentiment, they give the impression that the writer is a most excellent, tender-hearted and affectionate old lady.

But if obtrusive morality is impertinent in a story, much more so must be the obtrusion of an author's private opinions and prejudices. These will always betray themselves more or less in the course of a story, leaking out naturally, and therefore inoffensively, as the Toryism of Scott and the Radicalism of Dickens; but when a man writes a novel for the express purpose of galloping his hobby through it, he is certain to make stuff of the book, as Bulwer did of his *Strange Story*. Auerbach in *The Country House on the Rhine* spreads his humanitarian theories and his notions about the education of youth till it is hard to say which is the greater drawback upon an otherwise interesting story. Fiction, though a fine vehicle for illustrating and impressing acknowledged truths, is not a proper medium for arguing disputed points or proving what is doubtful. There are only two ways of arguing in a novel: either by making the characters discuss a question among themselves, which is apt to be tiresome, or by causing the *dénouement* of the story to illustrate the point in question, which is worthless for purposes of argument, for though fiction may illustrate and impress received truth, as already remarked, truth cannot be proved by fiction. No one, after reading such absurd, and it seems to me sacrilegious works as *The Gates Ajar*, *The Gates Wide Open*, and others of the same class, feels that anything has been proved concerning the future state.

Another mistake that moral novelists often make is in attempting to inculcate morality by a mere system of rewards and punishments. Their object should be to show the inherent wickedness and ugliness of vice, not merely the probable unpleasant consequences ; to make us not only fear it, but hate it. It seems to be an established rule with conventional moralists that vice must be uniformly punished and virtue rewarded at the end of every orthodox story. Now this we know is not true to nature, for in real life virtue just as often gets the worst of it as vice ; and even if this were not the case, an argument for virtue on the "honesty the best policy" principle, appeals to a low, selfish motive, very different from that innate perception of right and wrong, that high moral sense which is the distinguishing trait between men and brutes and the corner-stone of every sound moral structure. To recommend virtue because it is likely to succeed in the long run, and to preach down vice for the opposite reason, is not pure morality ; it is the same principle on which we train a dog, by teaching him that he will get a bone if he does this or a beating if he does that. This sort of teaching, too, very often overreaches itself by punishing the villain too severely, and thus creating a revulsion of feeling in his favor. In a story not designed to convey any moral lesson, it may not be *inartistic* to create sympathy for a villain ; but in a professedly moral tale, abhorrence should be the predominant feeling towards him, so that a profane novelist may really be harder on his villain than a moral one. The human heart is so constituted that suffering, whether merited or not, excites compassion, and seems in itself a sort of atonement for guilt. In a recent murder case in Georgia, the jury wept when the judge pronounced sentence upon a notorious criminal whom they had themselves convicted of his *third* brutal murder, and almost every one of the twelve afterwards signed a petition to the Governor for his pardon. They were perfectly satisfied of the truth of the verdict and the justice of the sentence, and probably remain so to this day, but the feeling of mercy holds even sway in the human heart with the sense of justice. Thus it is that if a too fearful retribution overtakes the villain of a story, a revulsion of feeling ensues, and we are overcome with compassion for him, as the Georgia jurymen were for the criminal they had condemned to death. I think we hate vice most when triumphant, and love virtue best when unfortunate : its moral strength is then most impressive. Of course I do not mean that vice should come out triumphant and virtue defeated at the end of the story, because this, while not necessarily interfering with good morality, as many honest people suppose, produces the unpleasant impressions already ascribed to the tragical novel, besides leaving our sense of justice unsatisfied, and destroying the artistic finish of the story by a want of completeness. What I mean is that the punishment should be of such a nature as not to sink our horror of guilt in the horrors of its punishment. It is a little singular that the moral punishment of guilt, while far more awful and impressive than material retribution, does not excite in us the same blind compassion, and the most effective representations of the fearful consequences of vice are those which depict with graphic power the inward tortures endured by the criminal. One of the most impressive things of this kind is to



be found in Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*. Of course if your villain is a hardened cut-throat, incapable of repentance or remorse, or even of superstitious fears, there is nothing else to do but kill him out of hand, or send him to the penitentiary for life as soon as you are done with him.

Style is another important element in the novel as in all literary works of art, though perhaps it is not such a paramount consideration here as in other productions of purely light literature. There are many other points of superior interest about a story which cause style to be overlooked by the reader and often disregarded by the writer. English novels are as a general thing rather deficient in style, our two great models themselves not being above criticism in this respect. Scott frequently indulges in tedious prolixity, and Dickens too often descends to flippancy and affectation; indeed, he has given currency and popularity to a certain far-fetched and artificial mode of expression that has not been beneficial in its influence upon the literature of the day. These faults are more particularly to be noticed in his later works, where there is a constant straining after originality of expression. He seems to be always doing something for effect and then looking round to see what people think of it, like the harlequin in a pantomime who, after performing some unexpected feat, straightens himself up with a consequential air and looks at the audience to enjoy their surprise and approval. He writes like a man who feels that he has acquired a reputation for saying striking and effective things, and would fain sustain it by a continual straining after effect. With a man of Dickens's genius such efforts must be often successful; but not even a Dickens can be always striking and original — the very meaning of the words forbids it.

Character-painting is the great field for artistic success in novels as in the drama, and it is his skill in this which will ultimately decide the stand a novelist must take in his profession. Some of Dickens's very best works have not plot enough to stock a single instalment of a newspaper story, and yet they rank among the very first productions of the novelist's art. Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller, Mr. Micawber, and Mrs. Gamp have immortalised them. Any novel is doubtless the better for a good plot, but without character the most elaborate plot is a mere puppet-show. Vivid and life-like characters have an interest independent of the story, and indeed with cultivated readers they form the chief objects of interest. A good artist can invest the ordinary scenes of every-day life with a dramatic interest surpassing that of the most elaborate inventions of the mere conventional storyteller. In art it is the vividness of the representation that impresses us. The thing portrayed may be ever so grand in itself, but if the picture be a poor one it is still a failure as a work of art, and the greater the object aimed at the greater the failure is likely to be. Unless a writer possesses like Scott such vivid powers of description and representation that he can make his readers enter into all his conceptions and fully realise whatever he places before them, it is better not to venture upon scenes too remote from common experience, for our sympathies are more readily engaged by people and things that we know than by those that are far-off and strange to us. One

great charm of Dickens's novels is that they deal with our common every-day life, and in each of his characters we recognise an acquaintance, generally a humble and not very respectable one, it is true, but still an acquaintance. Historical novels I never fancied much except in the hands of Scott, whose genius, like Shakspeare's, is not to be measured by the rules that apply to ordinary mortals. Historical characters are too well-known, and cannot be heroes and heroines to us, on the same principle that no man can be a hero to his valet. Scott seems to have remarked this fact, for though he often introduces prominent historical personages into his stories he never makes them the heroes or heroines, or causes them to be the chief claimants upon our sympathy. King James I., Queen Elizabeth, that witty vagabond Charles II., and even Mary of Scotland and the young Chevalier, round whom the softening hazes of romance and misfortune have gathered so closely, are but secondary personages in their claims upon our sympathy to Amy Robsart, Nigel, Julian Peveril, Flora and Fergus McIvor, or the young lovers Roland Graeme and Catherine Seton. He had the sagacity, too, to connect his historical romances with personages who flourished at sufficiently remote periods of time to remove them somewhat beyond the obtrusive glare of historic fact, except those relating to the heroic uprisings of the "15" and "45," events which contained in themselves so many of the elements of romance, and appeal so strongly to every noble and chivalrous feeling of the heart, as to need not the obliterating influences of time and tradition to mellow them down into romance. Louise Mühlbach, on the other hand, with the temerity of a lesser genius, has not hesitated to weave into romance characters that stand out in the full blaze of historic light, surrounded by hosts of irrepressible facts that stare the coy damsel Romance quite out of countenance. She has even ventured to make a tough old veteran like Frederick the Great the hero of a dozen love scrapes, and imaginative rashness can no further go. It is a humiliating fact that human nature in its unvarnished state never fulfils our ideal. The comic characters, the villains, the stock-roll of a novel, may be drawn pretty accurately from nature, but the hero always has to be liberally embellished and set off by the imagination before he can lay claim to our sympathy and approval with any chance of success. Another reason why conspicuous historical characters will not do for heroes of romance is that they belong to a sphere too far removed from common experience, and therefore enlist our sympathies less ardently than those of like fortunes with ourselves.

Second and third-rate novelists reproduce continually a set of conventional characters that have no individuality of their own, but are mere types of a class. Among these the most common are the independent old maid, generally a weak dilution of Betsy Trotwood, who does the genteel comedy for nice young lady novelists; or the testy old gentleman fashioned in a dim far-off way after Squire Western or Sir Anthony Absolute, who figures in works of the same calibre. Some novelists, like the authors of *Guy Livingstone* and *The Schönberg-Cotta Family*, go on reproducing their own characters indefinitely with slight changes of scenery and incident. If you turn from *The*

*Schönberg-Cotta Family* to *Kitty Trevelyan*, or *The Draytons and Davenants*, you find exactly the same people set down in different places, and thus characters that might have ranked as original creations are diluted and generalised by repetition. It takes a master-hand to paint an ideal character with the distinctness, the personality which marks the individual in real life as distinguished from the class or type of character to which he belongs, and from other individuals of the artist's own creation. Miss Jenkyns and Miss Pole, in Mrs. Gaskell's charming little story of *Cranford*, are merely very clever delineations of certain classes of old maids; but Mrs. Holt and Betsy Trotwood are separate and distinct personalities, marked by their own individual characteristics, with as separate and independent existences as any Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones of real life. Any writer of fair genius can paint a whimsical old woman, a simple-hearted country parson, a faithful old family-servant, or any mere type of a class, but it takes the genius of a Dickens, a George Eliot, or a Scott to create a Mrs. Gamp, a Rufus Lyon, or a Caleb Balderstone.

ELZEY HAY.

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### THE CAPTURE OF THE "MAPLE LEAF."

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MUCH of the wonder of fiction and poetry of romance (as your once soldier readers well know) attaches to many of the most real and tragic occurrences of the late war. And these are by no means confined to scenes occurring during the progress of a great battle, in which vast armies were the actors and a world the audience; nor yet in the heat of some decisive and climacteric action which sealed the fate of a campaign or marked the doom of a nation. Material rich and abundant for the narration of such great events as have changed the destiny of nations and shaped the fate of a continent, will be ready and abundant when the historian of the war between the North and South begins to recount the story of that gigantic struggle. But the personal history of the contest (if it is ever written, and it is now being compiled in the pages of the *SOUTHERN MAGAZINE*) must tell the story of many a hair-breadth escape by field and flood, of acts of individual prowess, self-sacrificing heroism, and daring courage which will largely swell the list of now nameless and unnumbered heroes and heroines. To add his contribution to this collection the writer transcribes the following memoranda of *facts*, pencilled on the leaves of a mouldy Confederate note-



book, which has a history of its own in that it shared the fate of its owner through years of war, exile, and imprisonment. To preserve whatever interest which by reason of the surroundings under which they were written may pertain to these entries (made either during a somewhat eventful cavalry campaign, in prison, on the eve of battle, while a prisoner at sea, or at night upon the field), they are transferred to these pages almost literally from the notes mentioned.

The 2nd of June 1863 will long be remembered by a small band of Confederate prisoners who were shipped from New Orleans that day on board the steamer *Cahawba* for Fortress Monroe. To prevent a demonstration in favor of the Southern cause, and the open expression of sympathy with the prisoners, orders had been issued by the Federal commander, General W. H. Emory, to move these prisoners with secrecy and despatch from the Custom-House to a small tug lying at the foot of Canal Street, ready to convey them at once to the *Cahawba* at the lower cotton-press landing. Invoices of our number were regularly made out, and on our arrival on board the *Cahawba* the roll of prisoners was called, and some forty-seven Confederate officers answered to their names. After all the boasting and bragadoccio, after all the bulletins and "extras," after all the congratulatory orders from Major-General Banks of the "great victory on the Teche" and capture of prisoners, but forty-seven officers could be found in the Department of the Gulf to gratify the North and help fill Northern prisons. The *Cahawba* swings clear of the wharf and sweeps down the Mississippi just as the dying sunlight gilds the spires of church and chapel.

As I pace the deck of this staunch ship, catch the fresh breezes of the Gulf, and look out upon the bright sunlight again, my lungs fill, my head clears, and the effects of a long fever which has prostrated me for weeks begin to pass away. I share these sensations with most of my fellow-prisoners, and the fire returns to many an eye that had grown dull and dim with confinement. We had heard that the regiment which had already embarked was the notorious 6th New York Zouaves, commanded by Col. Wm. Wilson (better known as "Billy Wilson"), and the six hundred hard-fisted, rough-visaged and sunburnt soldiers who received us on deck seemed well capable of guarding the handful of broken-down and exhausted "rebels" committed to their care by General Banks, for delivery to Major-General Dix, commanding at Fortress Monroe. The unenviable reputation which had preceded this regiment and its colonel led us to expect neither mercy nor consideration, and a cold chill ran down many a back when the name of our guardians was announced. How unjust this charge and how unwarranted our fear was the sequel will show; but I will take this moment to say that so far from being ill-used by this command, the kindness and courtesy of Col. Wilson, his officers and men of the 6th New York, were characteristic of brave men and gallant soldiers. The term of enlistment of the 6th New York Zouaves had expired, and they were *en route* to New York City to be mustered out of service.

*On board the Cahawba at Sea, June 3, 1863.*—The gray and purple

streaks of morning tinged the east and cast a soft and mellow light over the waters of the Gulf and great river as we crossed the bar and put to sea. The day is fair, the wind favorable, and the sea calm and placid as an inland lake ; there is only an easy and regular swell of the waves, and no noise but the splash of the dolphins that follow in our wake.

This morning I had some conversation with Col. Wilson, Lieut.-Col. Cassidy and Major Burrows of the 6th. Of course they consider our struggle hopeless and look upon our cause as doomed ; they see no possible chance of the success of the South except in division at the North.

My fellow-prisoners represent almost every grade and branch in the service, and had gone to battle when the drum first beat to arms ; some of these were captured at Manassas, some had fought at Camp Bisland and Irish Bend, and some had held commands at Port Hudson. There were representatives here from Magruder's horse marines who had ushered in the new year with the recapture of Galveston, the destruction of the Federal fleet, and the seizure of the *Harriet Lane* ; there were others who had followed the red flag from Arizona, planted it on a victorious field at Glorieta, and waved it triumphantly at Valverde in New Mexico ; and others who had fleshed their swords at Corinth, and sounded the notes of victory on the banks of the Tennessee.

*At Sea, June 4, 1863.*—Clear and pleasant with light wind. Entertained by the antics of the pet of the regiment (a fine goat brought from New York, and with the regiment during their travels and marches) ; "Billy" seems to take equally to sugar or tobacco, whiskey or salt water. The *Alabama* is reported in the Gulf, and we strain our sight to see her. Not a long mast or a low rakish hull appears but we follow it with the glass and try to make out the cruiser's colors. Making ten knots all day.

*Hampton Roads, June 8, 1863.*—At noon entered Chesapeake Bay and dropped anchor under the guns of Fortress Monroe. At once disembarked from the *Cahawba*, when she put to sea and steamed for New York. This was a gloomy day, full of apprehension and uncertainty, mingled with regret at parting with soldiers whose consideration for prisoners was in striking contrast to that hitherto experienced or expected. We are now confined on lower deck of U. S. transport *Utica*, anchored under the guns of the fortress. There is great activity in this harbor, and a large fleet of gunboats and iron-clads and foreign war-steamers are riding at anchor beyond us. This, then, is the great fortress whose early seizure by the civil authorities of Virginia was so earnestly counselled, but unfortunately in vain ; here is a mighty stronghold and magnificent harbor where a country's fleet might float secure from wind or foes.

*Hampton Roads, June 9, 1863.*—Transferred to steamer *Maple Leaf* this morning. Got under way and ran up to Norfolk, when we dropped anchor opposite the prison jail.

*On Steamer Maple Leaf, off Fortress Monroe, June 10, 1863.*—Lieut. Dorsey and escort, of the 3d. Pennsylvania artillery, went ashore at daylight to report to Major Weidman, of the 173d Pennsylvania,

commander of this post. Major W. was a chum of mine at Princeton, and hearing of my presence on board, sent me a basket of substantials and a little "old Otard," from which I made the first square meal since we left the *Cahawba*. At 10 o'clock ran up to city wharf and shipped fifty prisoners from city prisons, mostly invalids and cripples from North Carolina and Bragg's Army of Tennessee, which had suffered so much at Murfreesboro'. Returning to Fortress Monroe, came to anchor. Lieut. Dorsey landed for later instructions and soon returned, when the anchor was weighed, and the *Maple Leaf*, under full headway, swept down the Chesapeake and put to sea.

It was said we were destined for Fort Delaware, to be sent thence to Johnson's Island. A certain number of our party had canvassed an escape, and it was determined to make the attempt whenever the same should give promise of success. Our guard now consists of sixty men of the 3d Pennsylvania artillery under the command of Lieut. Dorsey. Our opportunity was at hand. We would soon be at sea; the wind was increasing and a thick mist was already rising; at midnight, when the storm would probably be at its height, a sudden and vigorous attack upon our jailors might overpower them and capture the ship. This would be done in good earnest when the signal agreed upon (a single tap of the bell) sounded. It was now four o'clock in the evening. Five o'clock came, and it was deemed rash to delay, and an immediate attack was determined upon, with a view to prevent the possible discovery of the plot, and to take the ship while there was yet light to alter her course without difficulty or danger. Action soon followed deliberation, and at 5.30 P. M. the bell sounded the signal; a sudden and violent attack upon the guard was made, sentinels were disarmed, muskets seized, the whole company captured and soon forced to the rear of the ship, and placed under guard of three Confederate officers who stood in their immediate front with guns charged and bayonets fixed. At the moment of the attack the attention of Lieut. Dorsey was engaged by one of our number. Sentinels were placed over the engineer with orders to keep engines going, and two of us took charge of the pilot and directed his movements. It was quick work to reverse the engines and steer a southerly course. The stars and stripes were run up, and the boat's flag (a white ground with red 19) was flying on the jack-staff, but the *Maple Leaf* was a Confederate prize, captured in Federal waters, almost in sight of Fortress Monroe, by a squad of lean, hungry "rebels." We soon made the coast of Princess Anne, and hugged the Virginia shore until nine o'clock. As soon as the capture was complete and the guards all set, a descent was made upon the bar-room and pantry, which were soon emptied, and a feast was spread upon the long cabin table, where the half-starved "rebels" ate their fill and slaked their thirst. It soon became evident that the liquor was circulating too freely among our own men, and as the consequences might be serious and even fatal to our escape, the bar stores were placed under guard and only issued to applicants in moderation. At nine o'clock ran close in to the surf; came to, lowered small boats and commenced landing. Capt. Dale of the steamer, and Lieut. D. were taken ashore in the first boat. In thirty minutes seventy-two Confederates had landed with arms and



ammunition in Princess Anne county, Virginia; our remaining comrades were either wounded or sick officers, and as the barren beach afforded no shelter or hope of escape for them, we left the *Maple Leaf* to them. This deterred us from burning her as we had intended. Before leaving the steamer a consultation was held and a proposition was made to run for Nassau, but upon examination we found but one day's coal in the hold. Wilmington, N. C., was then suggested, but the attempt to get into that port without a pilot or a navigator, and without any knowledge of the bar or of the position or strength of the blockading fleet, was considered too hazardous, and it was abandoned. The object in making this capture was to make our escape from Yankee prisons and Yankee cruelty, and could we succeed in effecting this we would be well repaid. All the arms and ammunition were brought ashore with us, and Lieut. Dorsey and his men were paroled, after taking an oath to hold the *Maple Leaf* after our departure to her course for Fort Delaware and not to return to Fortress Monroe.\* By request of Lieut. Dorsey, the following letter was written before leaving the steamer and addressed to General Dix, exempting him (Lieut. D.) from participation or connivance, and signed by the thirty captors:—

"Confederate States (late United States) Transport "*Maple Leaf*,"  
At Sea, June 10, 1863.

Major-General DIX, *Commanding Fortress Monroe and adjoining District:*

*General:*—We, the undersigned officers of the Confederate States, while being held as prisoners of war, did forcibly seize and take possession of steamer *Maple Leaf*, guard and crew.

Lately yours, with regret,  
(Signed by the principal actors in the attack) \* \* \* \* \*

*Princess Anne County, Va., June 11, 1863.*—Organised ourselves into a company, and selected Captain O. S. Semmes as captain. Found a fisherman on landing and offered him one thousand dollars to pilot us, and hanging if he refused or betrayed us. He was not long in choosing, and we commenced our march to Dixie at 10 last night; marched all night and suffered for water, walking thirty miles in heavy sand along the beach without a drink. During the last hours of our march filled our mouths with tobacco or bullets to relieve them. It was 10 o'clock this morning before we reached water at the hut of a wrecker on the coast, and great was his surprise to see us. Built of pieces of wreck, and ornamented with fantastic figure-heads that had drifted ashore from many a doomed ship, and nearly covered by banks of white sand, this modest dwelling was very welcome to our sight, and we looked with real pleasure upon the pretty daughter of the grim fisherman. It was but the work of a few minutes to drink all the water in his little well, and we continued our march.

*June 12, 1863.*—Slept on the beach last night; weather clear and night cool. Reached salt-works on Currituck Sound at noon; halted there and sent out a detail to procure boats to cross the Sound. Our feet began to swell, and we took off our boots and shoes and waded

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\*This oath was violated, and the *Maple Leaf* immediately put back to the fortress and informed General Dix of our escape.

in the surf as we marched to cool them. Made a meal on bacon and bread given us by the salt-workers. Lay down on the sand and enjoyed a good nap.

*June 13, 1863.*—Crossed Currituck Sound last night in open sail-boats under three reefs; high sea running and heavy wind; waves breaking over us wet us to the skin and chilled us through and through. Landed in Currituck County at midnight, made a big fire in the pine thicket, dried our clothing, warmed our chilled bodies, lay down with feet to the fire and slept soundly till daylight.

*June 14, 1863.*—Our guide pilots us to the house of a guerilla; we tell our story and enlist him at once; he provides bacon and meal for us, and we renew the long and dangerous march toward our lines after nightfall, walking Indian file along the grassy edge of the roads or by the by-paths through the forests. At midnight halted in the woods half a mile from Pasquotank River, while our guide and two of our number advance and reconnoitre. They return very hurriedly and report that the Yankee cavalry have intercepted us; they have captured the boatmen who had been engaged to cross us, destroyed the boats, and are guarding the ferries. We retrace our steps at once and penetrate still further into the Dismal Swamp, and conceal ourselves in an almost impenetrable thicket called the Wild Cat Swamp.

*Dismal Swamp, June 15, 1863.*—Spent a day and night in retreat at Wild Cat Swamp; hearing that the enemy have been informed of our whereabouts, moved at dark, and penetrated farther into this Dismal (but to us welcome) Swamp. Day was just breaking when we reached this point, a small circular ridge rising in this wilderness of weeds, mud, and water. Tradition says a runaway negro was concealed here five years: I don't wonder.

*Dismal Swamp, June 17, 1863.*—It is now three days since we pitched our imaginary tents here, which in compliment to our feelings we have called Camp Suspense. During this time we have nearly exhausted our commissariat, which consists of bacon and meal brought with us when we entered this part of the swamp. This would not last much longer, and a move would soon be necessary; but *when* could we move, and *where* could we go? The Federal cavalry (consisting of a detachment of Col. Dodge's New York regiment) still guard the Pasquotank, and a U. S. battery with infantry support came down yesterday from Norfolk to intercept us at other points. A consultation followed and the situation was discussed. It was no easy matter for seventy-one men to cross a river seven miles wide, closely guarded by overwhelming numbers of the enemy's cavalry; such a river so guarded was between us and liberty; behind us the prison cells of Norfolk, the casemates of Fortress Monroe and the bastilles of New England. Different counsels prevailed, and as we had two guides a division was made. Col. Burroughs, of Arkansas, and thirty others would leave the main body to-night, and make an effort to reach the Confederate lines by striking a trail through the swamp and heading the waters of the Pasquotank. We bid them good-bye and wish them a God-speed. The writer remained with the main body.

*June 18, 1863.*—Another night in the Dismal Swamp. Listened

last night to the adventures and escapes of an old Californian (Judge McGowan), whose chequered career and hair-breadth escapes would fill a volume; we are encouraged by his tones and profit by his experience. The stars shine brightly, but the dew falls like rain, and we drop asleep, tired, exhausted, and shivering with cold.

*June 19, 1863.*—The lessons of the last twenty-four hours and the advice of our guide recommend a change of base, and we commenced a retrograde movement last evening at dusk, following our guide through the mud, over logs, and into bamboo as best we could. An hour's marching on such footing well-nigh exhausted us; but the incentive was great, and we struck out manfully, until we reached an unfrequented corduroy road where there was some bottom. We had not entirely forgotten the maxims of war, and would not therefore do what the enemy expected us to do; on the contrary, by a long and rapid march through swamps and by-paths we retraced our steps, and returned to a new hiding-place near the banks of Currituck Sound.

*Afloat, June 20, 1863.*—Took small boats at sundown yesterday and sailed to a canal two miles long, which connects the waters of the Sound with North River. Cordelled through this canal and entered the river at 9 o'clock in the evening, when we again set sail. At midnight a heavy squall and thunder-storm, that came near swamping our boats, forced us to lower sails and come to anchor.

*Little Broad Creek, near mouth of North River, June 21, 1863.*—At daylight ran some distance up this creek and into the high grass to conceal ourselves and boat. Wet to the skin from last night's rain. Our boat (the *General Armstrong*) was separated from the others during the storm, and we have seen nothing of them since. Nothing to eat to-day. Fired at two does at a great distance but missed both.

*Yeopan Creek, June 22.*—The other boats hove in sight at sundown, and we immediately set sail and joined them; our little fleet crossed the bar of North River just at dark. The cry of "Yankee gunboat ahead!" alarmed us very much; but it proving false, we kept on our course. Saw the lights of Roanoke Island, passed the mouth of the much-dreaded Pasquotank, made Wade's Point light-house about midnight, and ran up Albemarle Sound with a stiff breeze and fair wind. Daylight disclosed a Yankee cutter some miles off our starboard quarter, and we put into this creek and landed.

*June 23, 1863.*—Breakfasted at ——'s, and rested there until two o'clock P. M., and then resumed our march as far as the Chowan River, which we reached at 10 o'clock at night in a heavy rain. Crossed the Chowan (six miles wide) at daybreak, and were treated to a sumptuous breakfast at Mr. ——'s handsome and hospitable house. Passing through Currituck County we were amused and entertained by the originality and primitive character of the population of that section. Settled more than 200 years ago, and cut off in a great measure from the outside world, these people have a language peculiarly their own, and a dialect more agreeable to Yorkshire than America.

It was with regret we heard here that Longstreet had "vaccinated"



(evacuated) Suffolk. Union men are "buffaloes" and Confederates are "raccoons." Behind a rough exterior these people have noble, gallant hearts, and we shall never forget their good service and kindness to us.

*June 24.*—At 4 o'clock yesterday evening reached Bethel Church (a modest place of worship in the midst of the forest), where all the women of the neighborhood waited to receive us. Many brought provisions, delicacies, and flowers, and the more prudent old farmers dispensed most excellent peach brandy to the faint and weary. After partaking of the substantial and liquids we entered the church, sang a hymn and prayed; and the hearts of all present went up to God in honest thanksgiving and praise from that low-roofed chapel in the wild woods.

*June 25.*—Passed through Coleraine early in the evening and reached the first Confederate picket at 6 o'clock; passed the pickets and entered the camp of Major Wright's North Carolina battalion about sunset.

*June 26.*—The feeling of security which we now enjoy cannot be described; and the pleasing and exhilarating effect of a sense of liberty after long confinement must be imagined. Passed through Murfreesboro' at 9 o'clock A. M., and reached Boykin's Station on the Roanoke and Seaboard Railroad in time for the three P. M. train. Arrived at Weldon at 5 P. M.

*Richmond, Va., June 27.*—Left Weldon, N. C., last night at 8 o'clock, and arrived here at 9 o'clock this morning. Breakfasted at the Spottswood Hotel, and reported to the Hon. Secretary of War, James A. Seddon. We entered the Confederate capital a dirty, fagged out, used up, but as happy a set of "rebs" as ever wore the gray; and the wondering spectators on the crowded thoroughfares might have readily mistaken us for wild men of the forest, for such our unkempt locks, sun-browned visage and tattered covering bespoke us. In his search for comfort the writer had reversed the general order of things, and was wearing what was left of his pantaloons next to his skin, and over them his under-garment.

Colonel Burroughs, of Arkansas, and party arrived here on Tuesday, and the seventy-one Confederates who stepped from the deck of the *Maple Leaf* on the night of the 10th inst. will rest in peace and security to-night under the protecting folds of the "bonnie blue flag."

A. P. M.,

*Late Maj. and Ass't Insp'r-Gen'l C. S. A.*

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## LORD KILGOBBIN.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### ON A VISIT AT KILGOBBIN.

**B**EFORE Kearney had risen from his bed the next morning, Donogan was in his room, his look elated and his cheek glowing with recent exercise. "I have had a burst of two hours' sharp walking over the bog," cried he, "and it has put me in such spirits as I have not known for many a year. Do you know, Mr. Kearney, that what with the fantastic effects of the morning mists as they lift themselves over these vast wastes—the glorious patches of blue heather and purple anemone that the sun displays through the fog—and, better than all, the springiness of a soil that sends a thrill to the heart like a throb of youth itself—there is no walking in the world can compare with a bog at sunrise! There's a sentiment to open a paper on nationalities! I came up with the postboy and took his letters to save him a couple of miles. Here's one for you, I think from Atlee; and this is also to your address, from Dublin; and here's the last number of the *Pike*, and you'll see they have lost no time. There's a few lines about you. 'Our readers will be grateful to us for the tidings we announce to-day, with authority, that Richard Kearney, Esq., son of Maurice Kearney, of Kilgobbin Castle, will contest his native county at the approaching election. It will be a proud day for Ireland when she shall see her representation in the names of those who dignify the exalted station they hold in virtue of their birth and blood, by claims of admitted talent and recognised ability. Mr. Kearney, junior, has swept the University of its prizes, and the college gate has long seen his name at the head of her prize-men. He contests the seat in the National interest. It is needless to say all our sympathies and hopes and best wishes go with him.'"

Dick shook with laughing while the other read out the paragraph in a high-sounding and pretentious tone.

"I hope," said Kearney, at last, "that the information as to my college successes is not vouched for on authority."

"Who cares a fig about them? The phrase rounds off a sentence, and nobody treats it like an affidavit."

"But some one may take the trouble to remind the readers that my victories have been defeats, and that in my last examination but one I got 'cautioned.'"

"Do you imagine, Mr. Kearney, the House of Commons in any way reflects college distinction? Do you look for senior-wranglers and double-firsts on the Treasury bench? and are not the men who carry away distinction the men of breadth, not depth? Is it not the wide acquaintance with a large field of knowledge, and the subtle power to know how other men regard these topics, that make the

popular leader of the present day? and remember, it is talk, and not oratory, is the mode. You must be commonplace, and even vulgar, practical, dashed with a small morality, so as not to be classed with the low Radical; and if then you have a bit of high-falutin for the peroration, you'll do. The morning papers will call you a young man of great promise, and the Whip will never pass you without a shake-hands."

"But there are good speakers."

"There is Bright—I don't think I know another—and he only at times. Take my word for it, the secret of success with 'the collective wisdom' is reiteration. Tell them the same thing, not once or twice, or even ten, but fifty times, and don't vary very much even the way you tell it. Go on repeating your platitudes, and by the time you find you are cursing your own stupid persistence, you may swear you have made a convert to your opinions. If you are bent on variety, and must indulge it, ring your changes on the man who brought these views before them—yourself, but beyond these never soar. O'Connell, who had variety at will for his own countrymen, never tried it in England: he knew better. The chaw-bacons that we sneer at are not always in smock-frocks, take my word for it; they many of them wear wide-brimmed hats and broadcloth, and sit above the gangway. Ay, Sir," cried he, warming with the theme, "once I can get my countrymen fully awakened to the fact of who and what are the men who rule them, I'll ask for no Catholic Associations, or Repeal Committees, or Nationalist Clubs—the card-house of British supremacy will tumble of itself; there will be no conflict, but simply submission."

"We're a long day's journey from these convictions, I suspect," said Kearney, doubtfully.

"Not so far, perhaps, as you think. Do you remark how little the English press deal in abuse of us to what was once their custom? They have not, I admit, come down to civility; but they don't deride us in the old fashion, nor tell us, as I once saw, that we are intellectually and physically stamped with inferiority. If it was true, Mr. Kearney, it was stupid to tell it to us."

"I think we could do better than dwell upon these things."

"I deny that: deny it *in toto*. The moment you forget, in your dealings with the Englishman, the cheap estimate he entertains, not alone of your brains and your skill, but of your resolution, your persistence, your strong will, ay, your very integrity, that moment, I say, places him in a position to treat you as something below him. Bear in mind, however, how he is striving to regard you, and it's your own fault if you're not his equal, and something more perhaps. There was a man more than the master of them all, and his name was Edmund Burke; and how did they treat *him*? How insolently did they behave to O'Connell in the House till he put his heel on them? Were they generous to Sheil? Were they just to Plunkett? No, no. The element that they decry in our people they know they have not got, and they'd like to crush the race when they cannot extinguish the quality."

Donogan had so excited himself now that he walked up and down the room, his voice ringing with emotion, and his arms wildly tossing



in all the extravagance of passion. "This is from Joe Atlee," said Kearney, as he tore open the envelope :—

"DEAR DICK,— I cannot account for the madness that seems to have seized you, except that Dan Donogan, the most rabid dog I know, has bitten you. If so, for heaven's sake have the piece cut out at once, and use the strongest cautery of common sense, if you know of any one who has a little to spare. I only remembered yesterday that I ought to have told you I had sheltered Dan in our rooms, but I can already detect that you have made his acquaintance. He is not a bad fellow. He is sincere in his opinions, and incorruptible, if that be the name for a man who, if bought to-morrow, would not be worth sixpence to his owner.

"Though I resigned all respect for my own good sense in telling it, I was obliged to let H. E. know the contents of your despatch, and then, as I saw he had never heard of Kilgobbin, or the great Kearney family, I told more lies of your estated property, your county station, your influence generally and your abilities individually, than the fee-simple of your property, converted into masses, will see me safe through purgatory ; and I have consequently baited the trap that has caught myself ; for, persuaded by my eloquent advocacy of you all, H. E. has written to Walpole to make certain inquiries concerning you, which if satisfactory, he, Walpole, will put himself in communication with you as to the extent and the mode to which the Government will support you. I think I can see Dan Donogan's fine hand in that part of your note which foreshadows a threat, and hints that the Walpole story would, if published abroad, do enormous damage to the Ministry. This, let me assure you, is a fatal error, and a blunder which could only be committed by an outsider in political life. The days are long past since a scandal could smash an administration ; and we are so strong now that arson or forgery could not hurt, and I don't think that infanticide would affect us.

"If you are really bent on this wild exploit, you should see Walpole, and confer with him. You don't talk well, but you write worse, so avoid correspondence, and do all your indiscretions verbally. Be angry if you like with my candor, but follow my counsel.

"See him, and show him, if you are able, that, all questions of nationality apart, he may count upon your vote ; that there are certain impracticable and impossible conceits in politics — like repeal, subdivision of land, restoration of the confiscated estates, and such like — on which Irishmen insist on being free to talk balderdash and air their patriotism ; but that, rightfully considered, they are as harmless and mean just as little as a discussion on the Digamma, or a debate on perpetual motion. The stupid Tories could never be brought to see this. Like genuine dolts, they would have an army of supporters one-minded with them in everything. We know better, and hence we buy the Radical vote by a little coquetting with communism, and the model working-man and the rebel by an occasional jail-delivery, and the Papist by a sop to the Holy Father. Bear in mind, Dick — and it is the grand secret of political life — it takes all sorts of people to make "a party." When you have thoroughly digested this aphorism, you are fit to start in the world.

"If you were not so full of what I am sure you would call your "legitimate ambitions," I'd like to tell you the glorious life we lead in this place. Disraeli talks of "the well-sustained splendor of their stately lives," and it is just the phrase for an existence in which all the appliances to ease and enjoyment are supplied by a sort of magic that never shows its machinery nor lets you hear the sound of its working. The saddle-horses know when I want to ride by the same instinct that makes the butler give me the exact wine I wish at my dinner. And so on throughout the day, "the sustained splendor" being an ever-present luxuriousness that I drink in with a thirst that knows no slaking.

"I have made a hit with H. E., and, from copying some rather muddle-headed despatches, I am now promoted to writing short skeleton sermons on politics, which, duly filled out and fattened with official nutriment, will one day astonish the Irish Office, and make one of the Nestors of bureaucracy exclaim, "See how Danesbury has got up the Irish question."

"I have a charming collaborateur, my lord's niece, who was acting as his private secretary up to the time of my arrival, and whose explanation of a variety of things I found to be so essential that, from being at first in the continual necessity of seeking her out, I have now arrived at a point at which we write in the same room, and pass our mornings in the library till luncheon. She is stunningly handsome, as tall as the Greek cousin, and with a stately grace of manner and a cold dignity of demeanor I'd give my heart's blood to subdue to a mood of womanly tenderness and dependence. Up to this, my position is that of a very humble courtier in presence of a queen, and she takes care that by no momentary forgetfulness shall I lose sight of the "situation."

"She is engaged, they say, to be married to Walpole; but as I have not heard that he is heir-apparent, or has even the reversion to the crown of Spain, I cannot perceive what the contract means.

"I rode out with her to-day by special invitation, or permission—which was it?—and in the few words that passed between us she asked me if I had long known Mr. Walpole, and put her horse into a canter without waiting for my answer.

"With H. E. I can talk away freely and without constraint. I am never very sure that he does not know the things he questions me on better than myself—a practice some of his order rather cultivate; but on the whole our intercourse is easy. I know he is not a little puzzled about me, and I intend that he shall remain so.

"When you have seen and spoken with Walpole, write me what has taken place between you; and though I am fully convinced that what you intend is unmitigated folly, I see so many difficulties in the way, such obstacles, and such almost impossibilities to be overcome, that I think Fate will be more merciful to you than your ambitions, and spare you, by an early defeat, from a crushing disappointment.

"Had you ambitioned to be a governor of a colony, a bishop, or a Queen's messenger,—they are the only irresponsible people I can think of,—I might have helped you; but this conceit to be a Parliament man is such irredeemable folly, one is powerless to deal with it.

"At all events, your time is not worth much, nor is your public character of a very grave importance. Give them both, then, freely to the effort, but do not let it cost you money, nor let Donogan persuade you that you are one of those men who can make patriotism self-supporting.

"H. E. hints at a very confidential mission on which he desires to employ me; and though I should leave this place now with much regret and a more tender sorrow than I could teach you to comprehend, I shall hold myself at his orders for Japan if he wants me. Meanwhile, write to me what takes place with Walpole, and put your faith firmly in the goodwill and efficiency of

"Yours truly,

"JOE ATLEE."

"If you think of taking Donogan down with you to Kilgobbin, I ought to tell you that it would be a mistake. Women invariably dislike him, and he would do you no credit."

Dick Kearney, who had begun to read this letter aloud, saw himself constrained to continue, and went on boldly, without stop or hesitation, to the last word.

"I am very grateful to you, Mr. Kearney," said Donogan, "for this mark of trustfulness, and I'm not in the least sore about all Joe has said of me."

"He is not over complimentary to myself," said Kearney, and the irritation he felt was not to be concealed.

"There's one passage in his letter," said the other, thoughtfully, "well worth all the stress he lays on it. He tells you never to forget it 'takes all sorts of men to make a party.' Nothing can more painfully prove the fact than that we need Joe Atlee amongst ourselves! And it is true, Mr. Kearney," said he, sternly, "treason must now, to have any chance at all, be many-handed. We want not only all sorts of men, but in all sorts of places; and at tables where rebel opinions dared not be boldly announced and defended, we want people who can coquet with felony, and get men to talk over treason with little if any ceremony. Joe can do this—he can write, and what is better, sing you a Fenian ballad; and if he sees he has made a mistake, he can quiz himself and his song as cavalierly as he has sung it! And now, on my solemn oath I say it, I don't know that anything worse has befallen us than the fact that there are such men as Joe Atlee amongst us, and that we need them—ay, Sir, we need them!"

"This is brief enough, at any rate," said Kearney, as he broke open the second letter:—

"Dublin Castle, Wednesday Evening.

"DEAR SIR,—

"Would you do me the great favor to call on me here at your earliest convenient moment? I am still an invalid, and confined to a sofa, or would ask for permission to meet you at your chambers.

"Believe me, yours faithfully,

"CECIL WALPOLE."



"That cannot be delayed, I suppose?" said Kearney, in the tone of a question.

"Certainly not."

"I'll go up by the night mail. You'll remain where you are, and where I hope you feel you are with a welcome."

"I feel it, Sir—I feel it more than I can say." And his face was blood-red as he spoke.

"There are scores of things you can do while I am away. You'll have to study the county in all its baronies and subdivisions. There my sister can help you; and you'll have to learn the names and places of our great county swells, and mark such as may be likely to assist us. You'll have to stroll about in our own neighborhood, and learn what the people near home say of the intention, and pick up what you can of public opinion in our towns of Moate and Kilbeggan."

"I have bethought me of all that——" He paused here and seemed to hesitate if he should say more; and, after an effort, he went on: "You'll not take amiss what I'm going to say, Mr. Kearney. You'll make full allowance for a man placed as I am; but I want, before you go, to learn from you in what way, or as what, you have presented me to your family? Am I a poor sizar of Trinity, whose hard struggle with poverty has caught your sympathy? Am I a chance acquaintance, whose only claim on you is being known to Joe Atlee? I'm sure I need not ask you, have you called me by my real name and given me my real character?"

Kearney flushed up to the eyes, and laying his hand on the other's shoulder—"This is exactly what I have done. I have told my sister that you are the noted Daniel Donogan—United Irishman and rebel."

"But only to your sister?"

"To none other."

"*She'll* not betray me, I know that."

"You are right there, Donogan. Here's how it happened, for it was not intended." And now he related how the name had escaped him.

"So that the cousin knows nothing?"

"Nothing whatever. My sister Kate is not one to make rash confidences, and you may rely on it she has not told her."

"I hope and trust that this mistake will serve you for a lesson, Mr. Kearney, and show you that to keep a secret it is not enough to have an honest intention, but a man must have a watch over his thoughts and a padlock on his tongue. And now to something of more importance. In your meeting with Walpole, mind one thing: no modesty, no humility; make your demands boldly, and declare that your price is well worth the paying; let him feel that, as he must make a choice between the priests and the nationalists, that we are the easier of the two to deal with:—first of all, we don't press for prompt payment; and, secondly, we'll not shock Exeter Hall! Show him that strongly, and tell him that there are clever fellows amongst us who'll not compromise him or his party, and will never desert him on a close division. Oh, dear me, how I wish I was going in your place!"

"So do I, with all my heart ; but there's ten striking, and we shall be late for breakfast."

## CHAPTER XXX.

## THE MOATE STATION.

THE train by which Miss Betty O'Shea expected her nephew was late in its arrival at Moate, and Peter Gill, who had been sent with the car to fetch him over, was busily discussing his second supper when the passengers arrived.

"Are you Mr. Gorman O'Shea, sir?" asked Peter of a well-dressed and well-looking man who had just taken his luggage from the train.

"No ; here he is," replied he, pointing to a tall, powerful young fellow, whose tweed suit and billycock hat could not completely conceal a soldier-like bearing and a sort of compactness that comes of "drill."

"That's my name. What do you want with me?" cried he, in a loud but pleasant voice.

"Only that Miss Betty has sent me over with the car for your honor, if it's plazing to you to drive across."

"What about this broiled bone, Miller?" asked O'Shea. "I rather think I like the notion better than when you proposed it."

"I suspect you do," said the other ; "but we'll have to step over to the 'Blue Goat.' It's only a few yards off, and they'll be ready, for I telegraphed them from town to be prepared as the train came in."

"You seem to know the place well."

"Yes. I may say I know something about it. I canvassed this part of the county once for one of the Idlers, and I secretly determined, if I ever thought of trying for a seat in the House, I'd make the attempt here. They are a most pretentious set of beggars, these small towns-folk, and they'd rather hear themselves talk politics, and give their notions of what they think 'good for Ireland,' than actually pocket bank-notes ; and that, my dear friend, is a virtue in a constituency never to be ignored or forgotten. The moment, then, I heard of M. ——'s retirement, I sent off a confidential emissary down here to get up what is called a requisition, asking me to stand for the county. Here it is, and the answer, in this morning's *Freeman*. You can read it at your leisure. Here we are now at the 'Blue Goat ;' and I see they are expecting us."

Not only was there a capital fire in the grate, and the table ready laid for supper, but a half-dozen or more of the notabilities of Moate were in waiting to receive the new candidate, and confer with him over the coming contest.

"My companion is the nephew of an old neighbor of yours, gentlemen," said Miller : "Captain Gorman O'Shea, of the Imperial Lancers of Austria. I know you have heard of, if you have not seen him."

A round of very hearty and demonstrative salutations followed, and O'Gorman was well pleased at the friendly reception accorded him.

Austria was a great country, one of the company observed. They had got liberal institutions and a free press, and they were good Catholics, who would give those heretical Prussians a fine lesson one of these days; and Gorman O'Shea's health, coupled with these sentiments, was drunk with all the honors.

"There's a jolly old face that I ought to remember well," said Gorman, as he looked up at the portrait of Lord Kilgobbin over the chimney. "When I entered the service, and came back here on leave, he gave me the first sword I ever wore, and treated me as kindly as if I was his son."

The hearty speech elicited no response from the hearers, who only exchanged significant looks with each other, while Miller, apparently less under restraint, broke in with, "That stupid adventure the English newspapers called 'The gallant resistance at Kilgobbin Castle' has lost that man the esteem of Irishmen."

A perfect burst of approval followed these words; and while young O'Shea eagerly pressed for an explanation of an incident of which he heard for the first time, they one and all proceeded to give their versions of what had occurred; but with such contradictions, corrections, and emendations that the young man might be pardoned if he comprehended little of the event.

"They say his son will contest the county with you, Mr. Miller," cried one.

"Let me have no weightier rival, and I ask no more."

"Faix, if he's going to stand," said another, "his father might have taken the trouble to ask us for our votes. Would you believe it, Sir, it's going on six months since he put his foot in this room?"

"And do the 'Goats' stand that?" asked Miller.

"I don't wonder he doesn't care to come into Moate. There's not a shop in the town he doesn't owe money to."

"And we never refused him credit—"

"For anything but his principles," chimed in an old fellow, whose oratory was heartily relished.

"He's going to stand in the national interest," said one.

"That's the safe ticket when you have no money," said another.

"Gentlemen," said Miller, who rose to his legs to give greater importance to his address:—"If we want to make Ireland a country to live in, the only party to support is the Whig Government! The nationalist may open the jails, give license to the press, hunt down the Orangemen, and make the place generally too hot for the English. But are these the things that you and I want to strive for? We want order and quietness in the land, and the best places in it for ourselves to enjoy these blessings. Is Mr. Casey down there satisfied to keep the post-office in Moate when he knows he could be the first secretary in Dublin, at the head-office, with two thousand a year? Will my friend Mr. McGloin say that he'd rather pass his life here than be a Commissioner of Customs, and live in Merrion Square? Ain't we men? Ain't we fathers and husbands? Have we not sons to advance and daughters to marry in the world, and how much will nationalism do for these?"



"I will not tell you that the Whigs love us or have any strong regard for us ; but they need us, gentlemen, and they know well that, without the Radicals, and Scotland, and our party here, they couldn't keep power for three weeks. Now why is Scotland a great and prosperous country? I'll tell you. Scotland has no sentimental politics. Scotland says, in her own homely adage, 'Ca' me and I'll ca' thee.' Scotland insists that there should be Scotchmen everywhere — in the Post-Office, in the Privy Council, in the Pipe-water and in the Punjaub ! Does Scotland go on vamping about an extinct nationality or the right of the Stuarts? Not a bit of it. She says, Burn Scotch coal in the navy, though the smoke may blind you and you never get up steam ! She has no national absurdities : she neither asks for a flag nor a parliament. She demands only what will pay. And it is by supporting the Whigs you will make Ireland as prosperous as Scotland. Literally, the Fenians, gentlemen, will never make my friend yonder a baronet, nor put me on the Bench ; and now that we are met here in secret committee, I can say all this to you and none of it get abroad.

"Mind, I never told you the Whigs love us, or said that we love the Whigs ; but we can each of us help the other. When *they* smash the Protestant party, they are doing a fine stroke of work for Liberalism in pulling down a cruel ascendancy and righting the Romanists. And when *we* crush the Protestants, we are opening the best places in the land to ourselves by getting rid of our only rivals. Look at the Bench, gentlemen, and the high offices of the courts. Have not we Papists, as they call us, our share in both? And this is only the beginning, let me tell you. There is a university in College Green due to us, and a number of fine palaces that their bishops once lived in, and grand old cathedrals whose very names show the rightful ownership ; and when we have got all these — as the Whigs will give them one day — even then we are only beginning. And now turn the other side and see what you have to expect from the nationalists. Some very hard fighting and a great number of broken heads. I give in that you'll drive the English out, take the Pigeon-House fort, capture the Magazine, and carry away the Lord Lieutenant in chains. And what will you have for it, after all, but another scrimmage amongst yourselves for the spoils. Mr. Mullen, of the *Pike*, will want something that Mr. Darby McKeown, of the *Convicted Felon*, has just appropriated ; Tom Cassidy, that burned the Grand Master of the Orangemen, finds that he is not to be pensioned for life ; and Phil Costigan, that blew up the Lodge in the Park, discovers that he is not even to get the ruins as building-materials. I tell you, my friends, it's not in such convulsions as these that you and I, and other sensible men like us, want to pass our lives. We look for comfortable berths and quarter-day ; that's what we compound for — quarter-day — and I give it to you as a toast with all the honors."

And certainly the rich volume of cheers that greeted the sentiment vouched for a hearty and sincere recognition of the toast.

"The chaise is ready at the door, councillor," cried the landlord, addressing Mr. Miller, and after a friendly shake-hands all round, Miller slipped his arm through O'Shea's and drew him apart.

"I'll be back this way in about ten days or so, and I'll ask you to present me to your aunt. She has got above a hundred votes on her property, and I think I can count upon you to stand by me."

"I can, perhaps, promise you a welcome at the Barn," muttered the young fellow in some confusion; "but when you have seen my aunt, you'll understand why I give you no pledges on the score of political support."

"Oh, is that the way?" asked Miller, with a knowing laugh.

"Yes, that's the way, and no mistake about it," replied O'Shea, and they parted.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### HOW THE "GOATS" REVOLTED.

IN less than a week after the events last related, the members of the "Goat Club" were summoned to an extraordinary and general meeting, by an invitation from the vice-president, Mr. McGloin, the chief grocer and hardware-dealer of Kilbeggan. The terms of this circular seemed to indicate importance, for it said—"To take into consideration a matter of vital interest to the society."

Though only the denizen of a very humble country town, McGloin possessed certain gifts and qualities which might have graced a higher station. He was the most self-contained and secret of men; he detected mysterious meanings in every—the smallest—event of life; and as he divulged none of his discoveries, and only pointed vaguely and dimly to the consequences, he got credit for the correctness of his unuttered predictions as completely as though he had registered his prophecies as copyright at Stationers' Hall. It is needless to say that on every question, religious, social, or political, he was the paramount authority of the town. It was but rarely indeed that a rebellious spirit dared to set up an opinion in opposition to his; but if such a hazardous event were to occur, he would suppress it with a dignity of manner which derived no small aid from the resources of a mind rich in historical parallel; and it was really curious for those who believe that history is always repeating itself, to remark how frequently John McGloin represented the mind and character of Lycurgus, and how often poor old, dreary, and bog-surrounded Moate recalled the image of Sparta and its "sunny slopes."

Now, there is one feature of Ireland which I am not quite sure is very generally known or appreciated on the other side of St. George's Channel, and this is the fierce spirit of indignation called up in a county habitually quiet, when the newspapers bring it to public notice as the scene of some lawless violence. For once there is union amongst Irishmen. Every class, from the estated proprietor to the humblest peasant, is loud in asserting that the story is an infamous falsehood. Magistrates, priests, agents, middlemen, tax-gatherers, and tax-payers, rush into print to abuse the "blackguard"—he is always the blackguard—who invented the lie; and men upwards of ninety are quoted to show that so long as they could remember, there

never was a man injured, nor a rick burned, nor a heifer hamstrung in the six baronies round ! Old newspapers are adduced to show how often the going judge of assize has complimented the grand jury on the catalogue of crime ; in a word, the whole population is ready to make oath that the county is little short of a terrestrial paradise, and that it is a district teeming with gentle landlords, pious priests, and industrious peasants, without a plague-spot on the face of the county except it be the police barrack and the company of lazy vagabonds with cross-belts and carbines that lounge before it. When, therefore, the press of Dublin at first, and afterwards of the empire at large, related the night attack for arms at Kilgobbin Castle, the first impulse of the county at large was to rise up in the face of the nation and deny the slander ! Magistrates consulted together whether the high-sheriff should not convene a meeting of the county. Priests took counsel with the bishop whether notice should not be taken of the calumny from the altar. The small shopkeepers of the small towns, assuming that their trade would be impaired by these rumors of disturbance — just as Parisians used to declaim against barricades in the streets,—are violent in denouncing the malignant falsehoods upon a quiet and harmless community : so that, in fact, every rank and condition vied with its neighbor in declaring that the whole story was a base tissue of lies, and which could only impose upon those who knew nothing of the county, nor of the peaceful, happy, and brother-like creatures who inhabited it.

It was not to be supposed that, at such a crisis, Mr. John McGloin would be inactive or indifferent. As a man of considerable influence at elections, he had his weight with a county member, Mr. Price ; and to him he wrote, demanding that he should ask in the House what correspondence had passed between Mr. Kearney and the Castle authorities with reference to this supposed outrage, and whether the law-officers of the Crown, or the adviser of the Viceroy, or the chiefs of the local police, or—to quote the exact words —“any sane or respectable man in the county” believed one word of the story. Lastly, that he would also ask whether any and what correspondence had passed between Mr. Kearney and the Chief Secretary with respect to a small house on the Kilgobbin property which Mr. Kearney had suggested as a convenient police-station, and for which he asked a rent of twenty-five pounds per annum ; and if such correspondence existed, whether it had any or what relation to the rumored attack on Kilgobbin Castle ?

If it should seem strange that a leading member of the “Goat Club” should assail its president, the explanation is soon made : Mr. McGloin had long desired to be the chief himself. He and many others had seen, with some irritation and displeasure, the growing indifference of Mr. Kearney for the “Goats.” For many months he had never called them together, and several members had resigned, and many more threatened resignation. It was time, then, that some energetic steps should be taken. The opportunity for this was highly favorable. Anything unpatriotic, anything even unpopular in Kearney’s conduct, would, in the then temper of the club, be sufficient to rouse them to actual rebellion ; and it was to test this sentiment,



and, if necessary, to stimulate it, Mr. McGloin convened a meeting, which a by-law of the society enabled him to do at any period when, for the three preceding months, the president had not assembled the club.

Though the members generally were not a little proud of their president, and deemed it considerable glory to them to have a viscount for their chief, and though it gave great dignity to their debates that the rising speaker should begin "My Lord and Buck Goat," yet they were not without dissatisfaction at seeing how cavalierly he treated them, what slight value he appeared to attach to their companionship, and how perfectly indifferent he seemed to their opinions, their wishes, or their wants.

There were various theories in circulation to explain this change of temper in their chief. Some ascribed it to young Kearney, who was a "stuck-up" young fellow, and wanted his father to give himself greater airs and pretensions. Others opinioned it was the daughter, who, though she played Lady Bountiful among the poor cottiers, and affected interest in the people, was in reality the proudest of them all. And last of all, there were some who, in open defiance of chronology, attributed the change to a post-dated event, and said that the swells from the Castle were the ruin of Maurice Kearney, and that he was never the same man since the day he saw them.

Whether any of these were the true solution of the difficulty or not, Kearney's popularity was on the decline at the moment when this unfortunate narrative of the attack on his castle aroused the whole county and excited their feelings against him. Mr. McGloin took every step of his proceeding with due measure and caution; and having secured a certain number of promises of attendance at the meeting, he next notified to his lordship, how, in virtue of a certain section of a certain law, he had exercised his right of calling the members together, and that he now begged respectfully to submit to the chief that some of the matters which would be submitted to the collective wisdom would have reference to the "Buck Goat" himself, and that it would be an act of great courtesy on his part if he should condescend to be present and afford some explanation.

That the bare possibility of being called to account by the "Goats" would drive Kearney into a ferocious passion, if not a fit of the gout, McGloin knew well; and that the very last thing on his mind would be to come amongst them, he was equally sure of: so that in giving his invitation there was no risk whatever. Maurice Kearney's temper was no secret; and whenever the necessity should arise, that a burst of indiscreet anger should be sufficient to injure a cause or damage a situation, "the lord" could be calculated on with a perfect security. McGloin understood this thoroughly; nor was it matter of surprise to him that a verbal reply of "There is no answer" was returned to his note; while the old servant, instead of stopping the ass-cart as usual for the weekly supply of groceries at McGloin's, repaired to a small shop over the way, where colonial products were rudely jostled out of their proper places by coils of rope, sacks of rapeseed, glue, glass, and leather, amid which the proprietor felt far more at home than amidst mixed pickles and Mocha.

Mr. McGloin, however, had counted the cost of his policy ; he knew well that for the ambition to succeed his lordship as chief of the Club, he should have to pay by the loss of the Kilgobbin custom ; and whether it was that the greatness in prospect was too tempting to resist, or that the sacrifice was smaller than it might have seemed, he was prepared to risk the venture.

The meeting was in so far a success that it was fully attended. Such a flock of "Goats" had not been seen by them since the memory of man, nor was the unanimity less remarkable than the number ; and every paragraph of Mr. McGloin's speech was hailed with vociferous cheers and applause ; the sentiment of the assembly being evidently highly national, and the feeling that the shame which the Lord of Kilgobbin had brought down upon their county was a disgrace that attached personally to each man there present ; and that if now their once happy and peaceful district was to be proclaimed under some tyranny of English law, or, worse still, made a mark for the insult and sarcasm of *The Times* newspaper, they owed the disaster and the shame to no other than Maurice Kearney himself.

"I will now conclude with a resolution," said McGloin, who, having filled the measure of allegation, proceeded to the application. "I shall move that it is the sentiment of this meeting that Lord Kilgobbin be called on to disavow, in the newspapers, the whole narrative which has been circulated of the attack on his house ; that he declare openly that the supposed incident was a mistake caused by the timorous fears of his household, during his own absence from home : terrors aggravated by the unwarrantable anxiety of an English visitor, whose ignorance of Ireland had worked upon an excited imagination ; and that a copy of the resolution be presented to his lordship, either in letter or by a deputation, as the meeting shall decide."

While the discussion was proceeding as to the mode in which this bold resolution should be most becomingly brought under Lord Kilgobbin's notice, a messenger on horseback arrived with a letter for Mr. McGloin. The bearer was in the Kilgobbin livery, and a massive seal, with the noble lord's arms, attested the despatch to be from himself.

"Shall I put the resolution to the vote, or read this letter first, gentlemen?" said the chairman.

"Read ! read !" was the cry, and he broke the seal. It ran thus :—

"MR. MCGLOIN,—Will you please to inform the members of the 'Goat Club' at Moate that I retire from the presidency, and cease to be a member of that society? I was vain enough to believe at one time that the humanising element of even one gentleman in the vulgar circle of a little obscure town, might have elevated the tone of manners and the spirit of social intercourse. I have lived to discover my great mistake, and that the leadership of a man like yourself is far more likely to suit the instincts and chime in with the sentiments of such a body.

"Your obedient and faithful servant,

"KILGOBBIN."

The cry which followed the reading of this document can only be described as a howl. It was like the enraged roar of wild animals rather than the union of human voices ; and it was not till after a considerable interval that McGloin could obtain a hearing. He spoke with great vigor and fluency. He denounced the letter as an outrage which should be proclaimed from one end of Europe to the other ; that it was not their town, or their club, or themselves had been insulted, but Ireland ! that this mock lord — (cheers) — this sham viscount — (greater cheers) — this Brummagem peer, whose nobility their native courtesy and natural urbanity had so long deigned to accept as real, should now be taught that his pretensions only existed on sufferance, and had no claim beyond the polite condescension of men whom it was no stretch of imagination to call the equals of Maurice Kearney. The cries that received this were almost deafening, and lasted for some minutes.

“Send the ould humbug his picture there,” cried a voice from the crowd, and the sentiment was backed by a roar of voices ; and it was at once decreed the portrait should accompany the letter which the indignant “Goats” now commissioned their chairman to compose.

That same evening saw the gold-framed picture on its way to Kilgobbin Castle, with an ample-looking document, whose contents we have no curiosity to transcribe,—nor, indeed, is the whole incident one which we should have cared to obtrude upon our readers, save as a feeble illustration of the way in which the smaller rills of public opinion swell the great streams of life, and how the little events of existence serve now as impulses, now obstacles to the larger interests that sway fortune. So long as Maurice Kearney drank his punch at the “Blue Goat” he was a patriot and a nationalist ; but when he quarrelled with his flock, he renounced his Irishry, and came out a Whig.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## AN ADVENTURE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

### II.

THE events we have recited occurred on Wednesday. On the following Friday Chapman returned from Murfreesboro', and reached Mrs. Jordan's about dusk. Pritchard had been to Elizabeth City, and had arranged some business for Colonel Hinton, whose command was at that time in Western, N. C. It appears that Mrs. Jordan had promised her sons, who were doing picket duty at



Winton, to give them a "candy-drawing" that night. They came in about 7 o'clock, having been relieved from duty; they had also brought along with them young Smith, a son of Hon. Billy Smith, of Murfreesboro', N. C., usually known in that State as Extra Billy Smith, there being one who bore the same name from Virginia. These young men, expecting to return in a few hours, left their guns at the picket-post. Supper over, the cook, a fine, likely negro woman, came in with a large oven, which she heated at the dining-room fire; she then brought in about two gallons of sorghum molasses. A fire was built in the parlor that evening, which was rather an unusual thing; when but few persons were present they generally remained in the dining-room.

About 10 o'clock that night, as Joseph Jordan, his brothers, Pritchard, Smith, and Chapman were engaged in a lively conversation, waiting for the announcement from the dining-room that the candy was ready for drawing, a shrill whistle was heard at the door that led out of the dining-room to the kitchen. Immediately the door was burst open, and Johnson entered with his men again. He did not this time, as before, come for the purpose of robbing, but seemed bent on revenge or destruction. As soon as he entered the room he said to Miss Jordan, "You have told some damned lies on me and my men; you have accused us of stealing your clothes. Now, damn you, we mean to give you something to lie about." Miss Jordan denied that she had said anything about them, and immediately left the room and went into the parlor; and as Chapman had acted very coolly when these robbers came the first time, she approached him and laid her head on his shoulder and wept bitterly, saying that these men had lied on her. Chapman turned to her and said: "Miss Pattie, for God's sake do not insult those men. You ought to remember Mrs. Spivy, how she lost her life by speaking insultingly to these men; besides, it can do no good. Just please keep quiet this night, for we shall be all killed if you do insult those men." Just then Mrs. Jordan's youngest sons from the picket-post said they were going to get out of the window, for what cause Chapman did not know, but they said afterwards it was to go to Winton to inform the pickets, and also to get their arms. Chapman, however, said to them, "Men, stand your ground;" which they all did. Not one of them had a weapon of any kind; they stood and looked one at the other, utterly at a loss what was best to do. Chapman had prevented their getting out of the window, but now he did not know what course to take. The robbers in the dining-room upset Mrs. Jordan's sideboard, pulled down the clock from the mantel, began to smash up the large mirrors that hung on the sides of the room; they then cut open Mrs. Jordan's bed and emptied the feathers out on the floor and set fire to them. While they were doing this Mrs. Jordan said something to them, and Johnson raised his gun and gave her a heavy blow over the head, and repeated the blow, but the first blow had knocked her senseless; the last blow Johnson aimed at her missed her head or it would have killed her. At this moment Miss Brinkley ran into the parlor and said, "Men, get out of this house as soon as possible; they have killed Mrs. Jordan, and they say they

intend to kill every man in this room." Chapman, seeing it was impossible to render any assistance to the ladies, at Miss Brinkley's request to leave the room raised the windows. As he did so he thought that to stay is certain death, to jump out of the window would be to run the risk of being shot by the Buffaloes in the yard; and even if this is not the case, Mrs. Jordan has five or six very fierce dogs that would be likely to devour him, but there was at least a chance of saving his life. Soon after getting out of the window he ran to the garden fence to get over. The palings were very high, and had been built during the war, when it was almost impossible to get nails, so instead of being nailed they were wattled up over several pieces of plank that had been nailed across the posts for that purpose. Chapman seized hold on one or two of these palings and endeavored to jump over the fence, which was as high as his head; but the palings were very limber, they bent over and then broke, so down went Chapman to the ground. With this noise out came the dogs. Chapman got up again. He saw close to him a crutch that had been driven into the ground for the purpose of holding up a grape-arbor; on this crutch there was a prong that had not been cut off close up to the log. On this prong he put his foot, and in this way got over into the garden. The noise the dogs made, together with Chapman's fall, alarmed the Buffaloes, who, fortunately for Chapman, were either all in the house or on the opposite side of the house. As Chapman ran through the garden some of the Buffaloes hallooed to him to halt, and fired their guns—the negroes afterwards said at him, but whether they fired at him or at some of the men who jumped out at the other side of the house, it is impossible to say. When Chapman reached the garden fence he found it not quite so high as the front fence. He jumped over this fence and made for the woods below, while Mrs. Jordan's sons and Smith ran in another direction.

Soon after Chapman had got into the woods, he came up to a large oak-tree that had been blown down during the summer, and hid himself in its branches for a short time. While there he heard not less than twenty guns fired; this he supposed was at some of the members of the family. As the Buffaloes would be likely to return that way Chapman did not think himself safe in the branches of the tree, particularly as it was a very bright night and a road led close by the tree, so he left this place and wandered bare-headed over hill and hollow for some distance. At last he came down into a hollow where lay an old poplar tree, over which many green briars had grown; a large quantity of leaves had also blown from the surrounding hills and had lodged against this old log. Here Chapman lay down on his face. A thousand thoughts flashed across his mind. The weather was intensely cold; ice was at least three inches thick on the ponds. After a long time Chapman fell off to sleep, but such dreadful dreams as passed through his mind it is impossible to describe. He knew Mrs. Jordan's house had been set on fire, and he thought it likely the old lady had been burnt up also. He did not know but that the Jordan boys had been all killed in an attempt to save their mother; he was afraid to stir for fear of meeting those murderers.

In the morning Chapman got up from his hiding-place, came up to

a small stream of spring water, washed his face and hands and combed his hair, and started in the direction of Mr. Jordan's house. To his great surprise he found the house still standing. Before getting to the house it is impossible to describe his feelings; he did not know who had been killed or what had taken place after he had left the house. At the stables he saw old Uncle George, who was one of Mrs. Jordan's most faithful servants. "George," said Chapman, "was Mrs. Jordan or any of the family killed last night?" Instead of old George answering the question directly, he began to dwell on the destruction of furniture. Said Chapman, "George, do not tell me about such things, but tell me who was killed." "Well, Marster Chapman, I cannot say positively who is killed. Old Mistress was nearly killed by being knocked down by those men; she, however, got out of the house, and she and Miss Pattie and Miss Katie rambled off somewhere in the pine woods, Sir, and none of us know where she is. Master Joe has all the negroes on the place searching for her; they have been riding ever since midnight to the neighbors' houses to see if she had gone to any house; he himself is down into the pines, poor man, looking for his dear old mother." While Chapman and George were talking, Miss Brinkley came walking down the road from the direction of Winton. Chapman was much delighted to see her smiling, for this gave him hopes that she had got safely to some neighbor's house. On inquiring what had become of the old lady, she told Chapman she was at the house of Willey Jones, a free negro, who lived about two miles off in the midst of a thick pine-forest. Soon after this poor Jordan came in and was delighted to hear of his mother's whereabouts and to learn she was living. It appears from Miss Brinkley's account that Mrs. Jordan fell down on the ice and badly crippled herself; this, added to the wound she had received from Johnson, was almost more than she could stand.

Miss Brinkley advised the men to go to the house and get some breakfast, which they did; but such a sight as the house presented it is impossible to describe. There lay the feathers that had been emptied out into the dining-room and set on fire; the oven that contained the sorghum had been upset, and the contents had run over the floor, mixing with the feathers, some of which were still burning. In the parlor the Buffaloes had piled up the furniture with the books and had set the whole on fire, which burned a hole six feet in diameter in the centre of the floor. It appears that after the robbers left, the negroes and Joseph Jordan succeeded in putting out the fire.

After a hasty breakfast had been prepared, Miss Brinkley, Chapman, and old man George started to go to the house of Willey Jones. On reaching the house they found Joseph Jordan with his head in his mother's lap, crying as though his heart would break. She presented an awful appearance; her hair was hanging around her shoulders, which were covered with blood; it had also stained her face and hands, and her dress was a shocking sight to behold. Both Miss Pattie and her mother declared that they never meant to go again into their house but would leave the neighborhood, which they did that evening. During the day she had her beds and clothing put in wagons and sent to a friend's house some eight or ten miles up the country. Chapman and Pritchard accompanied the family.



On the following morning for the first time Mrs. Jordan had her head dressed. There was no doctor convenient, and as Chapman had on one occasion received a severe wound in the head while travelling on the railroad, he undertook to dress it himself. He cut off the hair, washed the sore with Castile soap and water, then bound the wound with a piece of linen cloth that had been smeared with mutton-tallow. Under this treatment she soon began to recover. When Chapman finished dressing Mrs. Jordan's head, he had his horse saddled and went through Murfreesboro' to the house of a Mr. Dordan, where Capt. Heard had taken his wife only a few days before the first trip the robbers made to Mrs. Jordan's. At the same house there were boarding Mrs. Denny and daughter from Richmond; Mrs. D. was the mother of Mrs. Heard. When Chapman reached there all parties were glad to see him, so as to learn what had become of Mrs. Jordan, also to get all the particulars connected with the affair. Only a few nights before this, these same men, or rather a part of the same gang, had gone to old man Dordan's and had taken off all his guns, pistols, and weapons of every description. It appears the old gentleman had been making some boasts in regard to what he meant to do if the Buffaloes should come to his house; so a few days before they served Mrs. Jordan so badly they went to Dordan's house. That night two of Dordan's sons were on a visit to the family, also a Lieutenant Brittan. While they were also asleep these men, only three in number, entered the house. The old gentleman got up and showed considerable courage by making heavy threats, but these men presented their guns to his breast and ordered him to keep quiet, while one of their number shouldered his stock of guns, five in number, and carried them off, greatly to the mortification of the old man. Lieutenant Brittan heard the noise and jumped out of bed, but in the hurry and confusion put his legs into the sleeves of his fine military coat instead of his pants; this got him completely tied up, so that the robbers left before he could get to assist Mr. Dordan. His sons got down too late to help their father, as the thieves left as soon as they learned that there were men in the house.

To such an extent had these Buffaloes carried their robberies that the people began to see that something had to be done immediately, or it was likely they would all be either murdered or robbed; so they set to work in good earnest to have this band of robbers driven out of the country. Some of the citizens went to see General Lee to solicit his aid; others went to see General Butler, whose command was at Norfolk. It was reported that Lee and Butler agreed to send men to that section of North Carolina, and that these soldiers should meet on this neutral territory and put down those desperate outlaws; but before any troops arrived from Butler's command, a body of Confederate cavalry crossed the Chowan at South Quays and entered Scratch Hall district, and in less than ten days they had caught and killed as many as twenty-two of these robbers; the balance left the neighborhood, and everything became quiet about Winton again. Johnson was killed before this body of cavalry got over the river. It appears the Buffaloes had a quarrel in camp soon after they robbed Mrs. Jordan. Johnson was unwilling to allow Capt. Williams to

come in for his share of the spoils, so he and some of his friends left for the purpose of operating near South Mills in the Dismal Swamp, but while on his way he stopped all night at a small cabin near the road. In a few minutes he heard some one passing on the public road, and he and his friend went out to see who it was. The travellers turned out to be soldiers. Johnson seized one of these men, took away his gun, but other soldiers came up and shot Johnson. This happened near Sandy Cross, in Gates county, N. C.

C. F. TURNER.

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## THE BRILLIANT ERA.

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THE closing years of our century bid fair to cluster into an epoch as momentous in the history of the human race as that of the Crusades or that of Columbus's great discovery. They are seeing and are yet to see some strange changes in the relations of man to the earth on which he dwells, and in the relations of man to his fellow-man:—to which we shall have to add, in the face of gallantry and in defiance of the English of the past, in the relations, too, of man to his fellow, woman.

Take, for instance, Africa. It is certainly a wonderful land, in its primitive promise, in its lethargy of ages, in its present promise, and in its speedily ripening future of magnificent work done by mature humanity. Look at its past. The oldest civilisation of which human records tell—for we have not *placed* Chinese chronology yet—wrote its annals in stone around imperial Thebes and Memphis under an African sun. The most solid structures ever reared by man still affront the unchanging skies of Africa. There dwelt the two purple-born enchantresses before whose charms bowed the wisdom of Solomon and the prowess of Cæsar. There dwelt the care-freed Lotos-eaters whose Lethe-dowered country Odysseus visited. There Moses and Plato got their learning. Thence Cecrops drew the fountain of Hellenic arts. Thence Carthage sent her fleets to distant shores, and put forth her might against rising Rome. Thence came that “dirus Afer” who careered through Italian cities,

“Ceu flamma per tedas, vel Euris  
Per Siculas equitavit undas.”

There Hypatia lectured and St. Augustine preached. There the first translation from the Hebrew Bible was made; and thither

Philip the Evangelist's convert carried the seeds of Christianity. Thence passed the great Saracenic race into Europe, to found the flourishing caliphate of the Abencerrages. From it came the most illustrious race of our time, the race of amazing vicissitudes, the race persecuted and kept in bondage by the proud Southerner, to be delivered at last by the magnanimous and disinterested son of the Pilgrim Fathers, and compensated for his tribulations by the poor boon of rule over his old masters. In it the great British Empire performed its last great achievement, trampling into the dust the pomp of the Abyssinian Theodorus, and triumphing over him gloriously. But in it, alas! successive races and faiths, Asiatic and European, Mahometan and Christian, have failed to plant any permanent form of civilisation: till now at last, thanks to the discoverers and to the crusading zeal of the last of them, who goes with war, science, and Christianity all in his train, the Anglo-Saxon race, robustly moral in its ruthlessness, has found a footing there. Meanwhile, the former array of the English in Abyssinia, the march of the Bakers, and of Grant and Speke, to the great Nile lakes, and the gallant wanderings of Livingston, may have prepared the ground for what Sir William is going to inaugurate more thoroughly, under the auspices of the Mussulman prince who has furnished the material aid. Some day, when the inevitable Yankee, in his admirable aggressiveness, shall have put his finger in the pie to pull out all the plums while little Jack Horner is gloating over one, these movements into the heart of the marvellous old continent, with steamship, rifle, cannon, barometer, thermometer, and Bible, may bring fruit in the placing of a great English-speaking empire somewhere south of the Mountains of the Moon.

How are the American harpies to reap their share of this feast of the future? It will not do to colonise with our convicts, for we utilise them in the penitentiaries. It will not do to colonise with the various colored races of this richly heterogeneous land, the citizens of African descent, the native Americans, and the incoming Chinese, for these all form our noblest promise for the future. We cannot afford the risk of monotony from homogeneousness here. Our own wondrous and altogether unique development demands that we keep all our various social and political elements, and import more as fast as we can get them. We want some Japanese, we want some Russians, we want the large infusion of Mexicans which our absorption of that valuable country of theirs will give us. We want all the new and discordant elements we can get.

What then shall we do to furnish a fit contingent as an army of occupation on our behalf in the newly prospering continent? I would diffidently suggest that the Government, with powers now deservedly so great, banish all Southern men suspected of Ku-Kluxing to the empire of the future. It would be a fit retribution to send those who received the African, when he came, in chains and worked him for generations, as convicts to the country from which the African came. Then, when the Anglo-Saxon blood in him, reinforced by the aid of adventurers from higher latitudes, shall have made the Southern man prosper in Africa, and the new empire shall



have become a fit prey for the noble American eagle, let the strong and beneficent Government we live under step in and annex Africa, as it will by that time probably have annexed Great Britain, constitutional monarchy having been first abolished there. Not that the farce of republican forms will then be hampering the energies of our Government at home; for the most fully developed expression of the democratic idea, the Military Empire, will be paternally taking care of the people, in that day, from Alaska to the Antilles, and from the Orkneys to Australia, including India and the new empire in Africa.

Then there is the reign of the Rights of Women. Who can fail to see the magnificent promise to our age in the establishment of this new element in civil order? Woman, once become the political fellow of man, and assuming the same place in the framework of society, is sure to work wondrous changes. As Stuart Mill pathetically says in substance: Too long have we had the hard and mechanical forms of civilisation which the masculine mind is fitted to frame; too long have cold reason and brute force and the stern theory of *quid pro quo* swayed the nations: high time is it for the new sociology to bring a finer element into the structural life of human progress—the subtle, intuitive perceptions, the quicker and larger powers of observation, the tenderer, sweeter, and gentler nature, the more generous purposes, and the loftier enthusiasms of woman. On the hustings and in the parliamentary hall, during the election-campaign and at the ballot-box, we shall have a more devoted partisanship, a more thorough-going zeal, a more resolute concentration of purpose. The women will of course themselves set aside and completely rule out the somewhat startling propositions which Cady Stanton—we will not insult her with the “Mrs.,” that badge of slavery—and others of the more advanced propagandists have put forth, to carry out practically the Darwinian theory of natural selection and not allow some men to perpetuate their imbecile traits. But such views are merely the too exuberant efflorescences of a new growth. The true empire of women will merely regulate and direct the men, not take all power out of their hands; the sedentary life they have led for so many centuries has put Amazonism quite out of the question. But their wise and merciful direction of men will bring about quite a new order of things. The reign of reason will give place to that higher and sweeter process of mind and heart acting in concert, feminine instinct; and, even as in the highest triumphs of civilised jurisprudence equity supersedes law, so will woman’s inborn consciousness of right supersede man’s halting attainment of justice through the medium of the cold, unsympathising, ratiocinative processes. Wise observers in all ages have foreseen that the best results would flow from the supremacy of woman’s peculiar methods of ascertaining truth. To cite only one out of thousands, let the reader note Rogers’s epigrammatic declaration: “Women have the understanding of the *heart*; which is better than that of the head.” It is evident, then, that if this higher form of the understanding shall once obtain paramount sway, the days of brute force are gone, never more to return. Not that it would be advisable for the superior part of creation to make no use at all of the muscular power and the

rough mechanical intelligence of the dethroned order. As tools in the workshop of government, these ruder appliances might still be turned to good account; and the priestesses of the new hierarchy of thought should never forget that occasionally in the history of the human race some peculiarly organised masculine mind has shown no faint traces of possessing feminine endowments also. Therefore it would be well, in cases where the males of the race give evidence of the highest genius, truly hermaphrodite genius, to admit such abnormally constituted males, men predestined to be poets and clergymen, to a share in the government. Great good would be sure to result from judicious selections of this kind. What are we not to expect from an empire so constituted, when at last "the whirligig of Time brings about its revenges"? The late unfortunate Emperor of the French was accustomed to say, with a stereotyped monotony of repetition, "The Empire is Peace." It is perhaps a little superfluous to mention that it was not; no, nor the various and innumerable Republics of France, nor any of the Monarchies, nor in fine anything French. But this Empire of woman, when it comes, will be Peace, a sort of concentration of all the peaces ever patched up or even imagined. And woman, who in times past has been stigmatised as the *teterrima causa belli*, will be known thenceforward as the *Alma Genetrix pacis*. All the bugbears set up by nervous conservatives in the way of this great reform are fit only to be laughed at. They talk about the physical incapacity of the sex for the parts they are expected to assume. Incapacity for what? For war? There'll be no more war. For base-ball? Women will not play base-ball; they have too much sense: what is more, I think it very unlikely that they will allow men to waste valuable time at any such nonsense. For legislation? Did any one ever see a number of ladies assembled in a parliamentary body? Well, I have, and it was an instructive sight. Greatly to my surprise, there was very little talking, and absolutely no expressed opposition to any measure proposed. One or two, who had thought the matter over, managed everything, and unanimous voting was the order of the day. Business was speedily despatched, and there was no long sitting, no nervous tension, no chance given for any strain on the physical system. Admirable legislators, thought I! So it will be in the Woman's Kingdom; not the milk-and-water, sentimental affair of Miss Mulock that was, but the true Woman's Kingdom, which is metaphorically to keep bib and tucker on that childish creature, man, through all his days. There will be the smallest amount of legislation, and that in the plainest English — two great gains.

Then the objection about the wearing of the breeches—does any sane person suppose that women will ever wear an ugly style of dress? Since the time when clothes came in there have been in the dressy nations some thousands upon thousands of different fashions; and did any one ever see a pretty woman in an ugly costume—decidedly ugly now? If there be a man so far gone in effrontery as to make the assertion, show him to me, and as the devil Zortathnom says, I will bite him.

Harry Brougham won himself immortality in a very benighted age

by the sweeping assertion, "The schoolmaster is abroad." It is true that the conservatives of that day might with propriety have commented thus: "Yes, abroad with a vengeance—*all* abroad!" But, right or wrong, Harry Brougham and his fellows were far behind these times. The schoolmaster is, or soon will be, a shattered idol of the past. It is the schoolmarm who looms up now before the ken of the seer as the Deborah of the future. Advanced guard in the march of woman, she will (before so sublime a vision mixed metaphor is the only possible form of language) spread the mantle of charity over the unfortunate, sweep ignorance out of the highways and byways into the gutters and cess-pools, and bring up the masses by hand into the sweet tutelage of the new gynarchy. Could there be a more glorious mission?

It has been said that marriage as an institution will be destroyed by the triumph of woman's cause. Not a bit of it. Women prefer marriage to single life and monogamy to any other form of marriage; and probably the only change in existing arrangements in respect to the marital relations will be that women will be entitled by law to choose their own husbands and compel the men to instant marriage, settling disputed cases, where more than one woman claims the same man, by arbitration; and moreover that the husband will be bound by law to be obedient to the wife, and in all cases of contumacy will be summarily banished to Africa and his late wife married to a properer man. What need then for ten-year matrimonial contracts?

With a Woman Empress of the world and American ideas at last fairly triumphant, the Gobemouchian Ideal of Government,\* with some necessary changes, can then be introduced and made a beautiful, smoothly working reality. Centralisation will then be at its perfection; and the Empress of the future should certainly canonise M. Laboulaye for his brilliant suggestions. The grand ruling principle of her ministry will be to do nothing that has ever been done before, and to leave nothing undone which has heretofore been scrupulously avoided by governments conducted by men, who with invariable certainty must have always gone wrong. All proper names will be abolished, and the people numbered, girls under marriageable age being allowed simply to bear their respective numbers embroidered over the breast, married women adding to their numbers the sign *plus*, and men prefixing to the numbers borne by their wives the sign *minus*. The children will be named in this wise: the eldest daughter of 223 will be  $\frac{1}{223}+$ , the second daughter,  $\frac{2}{223}+$ , and so on; while the eldest son will be  $-\frac{1}{223}$ , the second son  $-\frac{2}{223}$ , and so on, until the daughters are of voting age and the sons are married. But these are small matters of detail on which it would be idle to dwell. The great points are that a completely new and original centralised government composed of the females of all the races will rule over a world constrained to uniformity in all things, having its time and its ways and walks measured out for it by Government regulations; worshipping according to the decrees of the universal Church of the future; speaking the universal pre-Babelite language, by that time built up anew through the researches and the constructive genius of

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\* See *Southern Review*, July 1868.



female philologists ; ballooning into different atmospheres according to the rigor of the season ; publishing laws and literature alike by telegraphy improved into vocal phonetic utterance ; nursing babies by steam, and educating the whole race of minors by object lessons impinged spectroscopically upon the atmosphere. What an era of grand advances into higher and higher forms of civilisation unhampered by prejudice or passion ! What a beatific vision for the enlightened optimist ! What an admirable promise that all things mundane will some day reach the true neutral tint which neither glares nor glooms, which is the symbol of a perfect philosophy, and keeps religion itself within bounds ! Why do not the nations hurry on the coming in of that good time ?

C. WOODWARD HUTSON.

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## GENERAL MARMADUKE'S EXPEDITION INTO MISSOURI, APRIL AND MAY 1863.

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**T**HAT the civilian generally misunderstands the objects of military expeditions, and most frequently censures their commanders, is proverbial. That the non-military man should fail to comprehend the designs of grand military movements is not surprising, for the obvious reason that he is ignorant of the science, and consequently incapable of judging whether the principles are skilfully applied or not. It is astonishing, however, that adverse criticism of the movements of military commanders by this class of persons should be so frequent as almost to be universal ; for it is well known that the officers of an army, even those high in rank and command to the commanding General, seldom, and the subordinate officers and the troops never, are advised of the object of an expedition. Reticence in such matters is necessary during the progress of a campaign to insure success, and an exposé, subsequently, before the conclusion of peace, is often damaging. In the application of all other sciences men are willing to be directed unquestioning by those who are educated in them. Only in the art of war, the most difficult of all arts, does vanity lead men to judge where they cannot comprehend and censure where they cannot appreciate. But the true soldier, conscious that he has performed his duty and accomplished all that could be done with the means at his command, rests satisfied with the approval of his superiors and his Government, until the time arrives when, without detriment to the cause which he served, his motives may be made public.

Of all of General Marmaduke's campaigns, none perhaps has been as much censured as the one which we are about to consider. In order to a clear understanding of the situation and to properly comprehend the movement, a knowledge of the Federal position is necessary. Their main force and grand base for operations in the Southwest and along the Mississippi river was at St. Louis. They had fortified certain strong positions on the southern border of Missouri, from Cape Girardeau on the Mississippi river to Fort Scott, including Bloomfield, Ironton, Rolla, and Springfield, making an irregular line of fortifications across the whole State of Missouri, the country between these forts being covered by a curtain of troops stationed at intermediate points, and with advanced posts in their front. A glance at the map of Missouri will show the length of this "zig-zag."

It was well known to General Marmaduke that the Federal authorities were preparing for a vigorous campaign, to be commenced as soon as the spring was sufficiently advanced to permit general army movements, and he determined to take the initiative and strike them while they were yet unprepared, falling upon their most isolated points with his main force, while he made demonstrations with detachments at various places to hold the garrisons there, preventing reinforcements at the points where he intended to make the attack, and, capturing those places, take possession of the horses, arms, munitions, and such stores as he could use to mount, arm, and subsist his men, and destroy the remainder together with the armament of the forts; and thus breaking through their fortified lines, give battle to such forces as he might encounter where the advantage in numbers or position was in his favor, confuse the enemy, derange his plans, and if possible cause him to withdraw his forces from the Southwest, as well as destroy his communications. Such was the grand design of the campaign; yet there was another object second only in importance to this, and depending for success upon it. His troops were irregularly armed and with inferior weapons; many of them badly mounted and equipped, and twelve hundred, more than one-fifth of the whole force, unarmed, and nine hundred, nearly one-fifth, dismounted. It was clearly understood by General Marmaduke and the commanding officer of the Department that to render these men effective in the coming campaign, the enemy must be made to furnish the *materiel*, for the Confederate authorities had neither horses, arms, nor ought else to mount and equip them; and the probabilities of accomplishing this were greater now, while the enemy was making his preparations for the spring campaign in fancied security, than they would be when he should have commenced his forward movement. Success in the main object, he also knew, would bring to his standard many Missourians who awaited only a favorable opportunity to join it.

In the light of the preceding facts the reader will clearly understand the report of General Marmaduke which follows. That the expedition was not a grand success is not attributable to a want of capacity, skill or wisdom on the part of the commanding officer, but is due solely to circumstances which could not be foreseen and guarded against. The season, the character of the country, rains rendering roads almost impassable, and swelling the streams to such a

degree that it was almost impossible to cross them, and the lack of forage for horses, all militated against success. Moreover, there is evidence of a lack of energy and enterprise on the part of officers who were entrusted with important duties, and of rash impetuosity on the part of others. The report shows this, though the commanding General does not advert to their conduct in a censorious spirit, desiring, it would seem, that blame, if any should attach, might rest upon himself. The failure of Vandiver and McNiell to attack him with their united forces, outnumbering his more than two to one, and possessing great superiority in arms and horses, is conclusive proof that his command was handled most skilfully. And that the commanding officer of the Trans-Mississippi Department was satisfied with his management of the campaign is evidenced by the fact that his rank and command were subsequently increased.

The retreat which commenced at Jackson the morning of April 27th, and ceased at the St. Francis river the morning of May 2d, was unsurpassed in the annals of the war for skill and daring on the part of the commanding officer, who was worthily emulated by his subordinates; and seldom has the *morale* of troops been more sorely tried, and their bravery and endurance more triumphantly exhibited. Time after time during the retreat the enemy pressed the rear of their column hotly, hoping to create a panic, but always unsuccessfully. A well-directed volley from an ambuscaded regiment, or a dashing charge on the head of his column, always effectually checked such an attempt. On commencing the retreat, the dismounted men were sent forward with the wagons, under charge of the quartermasters of the command, to construct under their direction a bridge across the St. Francis. Never did commander repose more implicit confidence in officers and men than this, nor was ever trust more faithfully performed. These unarmed men had marched night and day since leaving the rendezvous on Eleven Points river, badly shod and scantily fed, and in this condition keeping up with the mounted men, and enduring all the suspense and anxiety of the battle with none of its excitement. On the advance they were buoyed by the hope of seeing their home and their friends; of defeating the enemy, and after inflicting great damage on him, to return well mounted and well armed. But instead of this they were retreating before the enemy with tattered garments and shoeless feet; and yet they went bravely about their work. The object at Chalk Bluff was to construct a bridge across the St. Francis sufficiently strong to allow the men to cross "single file," and to construct rafts upon which to ferry over the wagons and artillery. The only tools which they possessed were a few axes—not a saw nor hammer nor hatchet, nor even a nail, with which to bridge a river at least three hundred yards in width, whose rapid, turbulent waters were swollen by recent rains. It was accomplished, however, by selecting the trunks of large dead forest-trees, trimming off their limbs and securing three of them together side by side, and then securing three others to the ends of the first, and so continuing until the structure would reach from bank to bank. Bridle-reins, lines, trace-chains, ropes, and all else that could be made available for the purpose, were used to secure the logs together; and



when launched the hither end was made fast to the bank by chains, and the other end pushed out into the stream until the current seized it and bore it around to the farther bank. How substantial the structure was may be inferred from the shock which it was compelled to sustain in striking the opposite shore. The bridge being completed, the rafts were constructed on which the wagons, after being taken to pieces, and the artillery after being dismounted, were ferried over — the men walking on the bridge and towing the rafts by ropes attached to them. The horses were thrown into the stream and made to swim across. The crossing effected and the artillery mounted and put in position, the bridge was taken up — an arduous and dangerous task in itself, for each rope and chain and bridle-rein had to be removed. The work of destruction commenced by removing the fastenings at the end next the enemy; and when the first length of logs was removed, the current carried the remainder of the structure to the opposite shore. The two mounted companies left to watch the enemy, when recalled, were of course compelled to plunge into the turbid river, all of whom made the passage safely. That five thousand men, with nearly as many horses and their artillery and wagons, made the passage of a swift, swollen, turbulent river with such means, and without the loss of a piece of artillery, a wagon, a gun, or aught indeed but a few horses drowned, stamps this as one of the most remarkable of military feats. A single mistake would have been fatal. A less capable commander, or troops less efficient, would have failed. Unique in conception, bold and daring in design and execution, this achievement remains unparalleled in the annals of the war.

#### GENERAL MARMADUKE'S REPORT.

JACKSONPORT, ARK., *May 19, 1863.*

MAJOR:—I have the honor to report briefly the movement of my Division in the late expedition into Missouri.

My command consisted of the following brigades:—Shelby's and Green's Mo. Cavalry Brigades, Carter's Texas Cavalry Brigade, Burbridge's Cavalry Brigade, consisting of Burbridge's Mo. Cavalry Regiment, and Newton's Ark. Cavalry Regiment; whole strength about five thousand five hundred (5500) men, eight pieces of artillery, and two light mountain-pieces. Of this force about twelve hundred were unarmed and nine hundred dismounted. Of those armed, the greater number were with shot-guns, some with Enfield rifles, Mississippi rifles, and some with the common squirrel rifle.

I carried with me the unarmed and dismounted men for two reasons: first, with the hope to arm and mount them; and secondly, knowing the great anxiety of all to go into Missouri, I feared that if left behind, many, perhaps most, would desert. I therefore deemed it most advisable to take them with me, and take the chances of arming or losing them. I concentrated the command upon Eleven Points river, and intended marching in the direction of Rolla, but found it impossible to do so, as the country for at least one hundred miles had been stripped of forage and subsistence to prevent raids or army movements. I then determined to march to the east of Iron-ton, capture

the outpost, a regiment at Patterson, strike McNiel who was at Bloomfield with a force which I estimated to be two thousand cavalry, infantry, and artillery. I anticipated that McNiel, on hearing of the movement, would make forced marches to reach Ironton before I could cut him off. If successful in capturing McNiel's forces, I believed that the whole command could be well armed and fairly mounted for vigorous action.

It was impossible, on account of forage and subsistence, to march the whole Division by one route on Patterson; further, I desired to make demonstrations as if a large force of infantry and cavalry were *invading* the State *via* Thomasville, Huston, and to the west of Rolla; by this means to withdraw all his forces from northern Arkansas and extreme southwest Missouri; at the same time throw the forces at Ironton, Patterson, Bloomfield, off their guard, till I gained a position to surprise or cut off the forces at Patterson and Bloomfield, and thence move northward between St. Louis and Ironton if I deemed it advisable. I divided the command into two columns, one under Shelby, composed of Shelby's and Burbridge's brigades, to march *via* Vanburen, Mo., and reach Patterson on the evening of April 20th; the other under Carter, composed of Carter's and Green's brigades, to march *via* Doniphan and reach Patterson the same evening. Shelby had instructions to throw out scouts well to his left, to create the impression of a force moving northwesterly. I marched with Carter's column. His route was the shortest and most secret. With a part of his column I intended to surprise and capture Patterson, and from thence strike McNiel.

About midnight, April 19th, when thirty miles distant from Patterson, Carter detached Lieut.-Col. Giddings, in command of his regiment, about 480 men, Reeves' independent company of spies and guides, and two pieces of artillery, Pratt's Battery, to move more rapidly, cautiously, and secretly, by the most direct and unfrequented route, to surprise Patterson. When within twelve miles of Patterson, about daylight, Lieut.-Colonel Giddings surprised and handsomely captured the whole Federal picket from that post, consisting of one lieutenant and 26 men. He marched on and could thoroughly have surprised the whole garrison, but moved too slow; did not take sufficient risks for the nature of his expedition, and allowed his artillery to open when within two miles of the fort. The troops there, about six hundred cavalry, under Col. Smart, took the alarm and precipitately fled to Pilot Knob, burning all they could, leaving, however, a large supply of subsistence and some quartermaster's stores. Col. Giddings pursued them vigorously for several miles, killing, wounding, and capturing a number. All the prisoners except those in hospital I paroled.

On the evening of the 20th, as ordered, the columns entered Patterson. Shelby's column encountered a Federal picket from Patterson and killed and captured eight or ten of them. On the morning of the 21st I ordered Carter to march against McNiel in the direction of Bloomfield, and Shelby to march on Frederickton, supposing that McNiel would attempt to make his escape to Ironton. If he remained in Bloomfield, Carter would whip him; if he attempted

to get to Ironton, Shelby would capture him. Shelby's column surprised Frederickton on the morning of the 22d, and captured dispatches ordering McNiell to Ironton. He was expected at Frederickton on the 22d. McNiell left Bloomfield on the 21st, abandoning and burning a large amount of quartermaster and commissary stores *en route* for Pilot Knob *via* Dallas. On the 22d he learned of Shelby's column and retreated hastily toward Cape Girardeau. Carter pursued him, hoping to prevent his reaching there, but was too late, owing to high waters, marshes, and bad roads, besides having a longer route to march on, with horses very much worn down by forced marches and want of forage. *En route* to Cape Girardeau, Carter with a small detachment charged and captured Captain Shipman and forty men of McNiell's rear-guard. I kept Shelby's column near Frederickton marching daily a few miles toward Cape Girardeau, to catch McNiell if he marched for Ironton, and to await information from Carter—whose dispatch-bearers were captured by the enemy—and the junction of his column, and also to watch and learn of the movements of the Federals in the direction of Ironton.

On the 25th I received a dispatch from Carter, stating that he had pursued McNiell within four miles of Cape Girardeau. I immediately ordered Shelby to make a night march, about 30 miles, to Cape Girardeau to form junction with Carter. On arriving before the place and learning the Federal force in the fortifications, I deemed it unwise to attack and storm it. I so informed Colonel Shelby, and ordered him on the Jackson and Cape Girardeau road to make a demonstration against the enemy, whilst I withdrew Carter's column by the Bloomfield road, intending to unite the two columns at Jackson. Shelby's demonstration amounted almost to an attack, and I deemed it necessary to bring Carter's column up to his support. I moved rapidly to Shelby's column, and on arriving I found he had driven the enemy's pickets and advance forces into their works, that they were admirably posted, possessing great natural advantages in position, supported by four large forts mounted with heavy guns, field artillery, and about three thousand infantry and artillery.

As soon as the two columns had united, I withdrew them toward and encamped around Jackson. On the night of the 26th a force of about three thousand five hundred (3500) cavalry and artillery attacked Newton's regiment, which was encamped on the Jackson and Frederickton road. Newton's loss was two killed and six or eight wounded. In the meantime McNiell had been heavily reinforced by water. On the morning of the 27th I found myself between two forces, McNiell to the east, Vandiver to the west, prepared to attack me simultaneously.

At daylight I ordered my forces in retreat southward *via* bridge over White Water, Bloomfield, and crossing St. Francis river at Chalk Bluff. Vandiver and McNiell with their united forces pursued me. My effective fighting force did not exceed three thousand five hundred (3500). The enemy had about eight thousand (4500 cavalry, 3000 infantry, and 15 pieces of artillery). I anticipated no danger now, except in crossing St. Francis river, which was much swollen, rapid, unbridged, and no ferry-boats upon it.



When I commenced my retreat I ordered details of the unarmed and non-effective men to proceed rapidly to Chalk Bluff, under charge of my Division Quartermaster, to construct rafts for crossing. The retreat was orderly and slow. Vandiver and McNiel did not seem anxious for a fight. Light rear-guard fighting was of daily occurrence. On several occasions I offered battle when the advantages in position were greatly in my favor. My object was to give ample time to the bridge party.

The Division reached Chalk Bluff the evening of May 1st. I dismounted the greater part of the command, selected a strong position about four miles from the crossing, where I formed line of battle to resist the advance of the enemy till my wagons, horses, and artillery had crossed. A little before day I quietly withdrew the men, and by sun-up the whole command was safely across.

The pursuit here ceased. My loss on the expedition is some thirty (30) killed, sixty (60) wounded, and one hundred and twenty (120) missing, stragglers, perhaps captured. I gained about one hundred recruits and a great improvement in the number and quality of horses. The Federal loss must have been at least five times greater than mine in killed and wounded. In every instance when he made the attack he was repulsed. The officers and men of this command deserve special mention for their bravery, steadiness, and endurance. At no time were they in the least demoralised, but were always willing, even anxious to fight.

Very respectfully,

J. S. MARMADUKE,  
*Brig.-Gen'l Com'd'g.*

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## A VISIT TO FRED.

BY THE OLD BACHELOR.

“**D**E hoss is at de door, Maussa.”  
It is a remarkable peculiarity of Joe’s that he will never call poor “Spartan” by his name; he is always “the horse.” It is the same thing with regard to my rough terrier: he is always “the dog;” never “Shylock.”

I cannot make out whether this arises from the fact of their being the only horse and dog upon the premises, and Joe’s therefore deeming it unnecessary to individualise them; or from the fact of their being so different from the fine horses and dogs which I kept in former days, and his therefore esteeming them unworthy to be individualised. On

the whole I incline to the latter opinion. Spartan certainly could not stand comparison with his predecessors. He is a tall, large-boned bay, of an exceedingly dignified presence, though not exactly graceful in his motions. I bought him just after the close of the war. They told me he had been one of the leaders in an artillery caisson ; and apparently such an impression has been made upon his mind by the thunder of the guns, and all the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," that he utterly scorns to be moved by the "baser respects" of whip and spur. At his own dignified pace, whether walk, amble, or canter, he will go ; beyond that, no persuasion, mild or otherwise, is of the slightest avail. It *was* irritating at first ; in fact Joe has not yet learned to endure with patience this calm placidity of demeanor ; but "practice makes perfect" (as my old copy-book had it), and I have learned to submit with equanimity.

Neither does Shylock — certainly not in Joe's partial eyes — compare favorably with Quixote or Ponto. In vain do I faintly endeavor to excuse him on the ground that the same gentility of deportment is not to be expected in a rough terrier picked up by the roadside as a little yelping puppy : Joe sternly brands him with the crushing monosyllable "tief." It is too true : his honesty is more than suspected, and his agility is such that capture of the criminal is impossible. His ugliness is positively comical, and his absurdity and lack of dignity are occasionally rather fatiguing ; but he is perfectly good-natured, very affectionate, and moderately obedient — three qualities which, in my opinion, atone for many faults.

I rose from my seat by the window when Joe made his announcement respecting "the horse," and proceeded to buckle on my spurs, to brush carefully the newest of my old felt hats, to pull on my well-worn buckskin riding-gauntlets, and to inspect hastily the straightness of my necktie in the little glass of the entry hat-stand. "For Serena is a very particular person," I remarked to myself, apologetically.

Thus equipped, I stepped out into the piazza. Joe, with the bridle over his arm, was grimly stripping the leaves from a tough switch of portentous dimensions, which he handed to me without a word as I gained the saddle. As I gathered up the reins and settled myself, I noticed that in one corner of the piazza were two or three buckets of water, a large tub, and a scrubbing-brush.

"Be back to tea, Sir?" asked Joe, with a side-glance at these articles.

"No, Joe ; I shall take tea with Mas' Fred this evening, so you can scour to your heart's content. By-the-bye, Joe, why don't you look up some smart boy about the plantation to help you, as I told you you could? You're not as young as you used to be."

Joe fumbled with the end of the crocus-bag that he had tied about his waist by way of hostler's apron. "No, Maussa, I *ain't* as young as I used to be — dat's de truth ; but I rather do de work myself. I don't want to hab nothin' to do wid dese yere free niggers, what is too fine to work, though you pays dem ; and den ef you jist so much as looks at dem dey carries you to law."

"Very well then, Joe ; just as you like. Lawyers *are* expensive."

"Thank you, Sir," he said, as well pleased as if I had accorded

him a great benefit ; and as I rode away, the last sound I heard was a great swash of water over the floor.

I had scarcely gone thirty yards when I heard the scurrying of feet behind me, and Shylock dashed past, turning with short joyous yelps and singular contortions of body to jump up at Spartan's nose. That dignified individual, however, was fortunately carrying his nose high in the air, as usual, and was not in the least disturbed by such a trivial matter. I pulled up, Shylock ceased his gyrations and halted too, looking at me with his head on one side, his sharp ears pricked up, and his bright eyes shining through the long, grizzled, wiry hair that fell over them.

"Shylock," I said, "you had better go home ; you won't enjoy yourself."

He crouched suddenly on the ground and gave a sharp bark.

"No you won't," I said ; "and if you are a wise dog you will go home at once."

He barked again and scampered off in a circle, coming back with another bark for another spring at Spartan's nose.

"Well, wilful men and dogs must have their way. Come on then," which gracious permission threw him into ecstasies of barking and scampering.

The sun was still high as I rode down the avenue, for it was well to allow Spartan plenty of time, though I had only four miles to go. The road was deserted. Not a person did I meet but one freedman, with a rusty gun in his hand and a large bundle on his head ; not a living creature did I see but a few forlorn crows that cawed from a cornfield as I passed, and a covey of partridges that ran along with a quaint pattering sound over the dry leaves by the roadside and hid themselves in the bushes. "What a pity I did not bring my gun!" I soliloquised ; "though that child Freddy would probably have shot himself, and all the blame would have been laid upon me. How Fred contrives to keep a gun in the house at all is beyond my comprehension. In *his* place I should be miserable all the time. Well, here's the gate. Come up to it, Spartan! Whoa! *Come up, you wretch!* Where on earth has Fred found such a latch?"

After an immense amount of spurring and coaxing and backing and sidling, and rubbing off of the fresh whitewash, Spartan allowed me to stoop over and unfasten the latch. I am bound to say it was a very complicated one, and it was as hard to fasten it as it had been to get it open—perhaps harder ; so after one or two ineffectual attempts I uttered a hasty "Pshaw!" and putting my spurs into Spartan's obdurate sides, pursued my way towards the house, hoping that Fred's cattle would not be perverse enough to find it out before my return. As soon as I approached the outbuildings I saw a half-grown negro girl in a short calico dress and a very dirty apron, drop the bucket she was carrying to the well and run into the house at the top of her speed.

"Gone to announce me—a sure sign that they see very little company," I pondered. "Also, that they are not ready to receive guests. I do not like that. If I had a wife I should insist upon her keeping the house in such order that my guests might walk in at any



time without preparation. But after all it is not every man who is firm enough to do that."

Fred was waiting in the piazza to receive me. "Ah! I was right; the girl *did* go to announce me," I thought, as I threw Spartan's bridle over the dilapidated garden-paling and walked up to the door. Fred shook my hand very warmly, and was leading the way into the house when Shylock's quaint grizzly head obtruded itself upon his attention.

"Well, Shy, old fellow!" he said, stopping to pat him.

"Do not be alarmed," I said; "I am not going to bring him in."

"Oh, it is of no consequence at all," he rejoined; "let him come in. Serena does not object to dogs, you know." Nevertheless, Fred does not keep any, and I thought I espied a sensible look of relief upon his face when I peremptorily forbade "Shy" to enter.

"Take a seat," he said, drawing an arm-chair to the fire for me, while he placed himself in his favorite position with his back to the fire-place. "Serena will soon be in; she is only seeing after a few housekeeping matters. A remarkable woman, Forester; better than rubies, you know, and all that. Her temper is really perfectly wonderful; nothing ever puts her out. I never saw anything like it in my life. And such a wonderful head for business as she has, too; yet she is none of your managing women: she is constantly giving up her own way. Positively, I sometimes feel ashamed of my own selfishness in allowing her to do it!"

"Ah, yes: she is a very fine woman; *very*," I remarked.

"Why, Forester," he continued, "it is a constant source of wonder to me how you unfortunate old bachelors exist at all. Now, to take a single instance: in the matter of buttons there is no saying what a comfort she is. Five times a day I may take buttonless garments to her, and in two minutes they are all sewed on; and not a word of complaint about the interruption, no matter how busy she may be—only the sweetest of smiles."

"Come, Fred," I said, "it is very admirable in Serena, but I will not have insinuations cast upon the absent. I cannot believe that your mother or Miss Maud or Miss Jessie ever frowned when you carried buttonless garments to *them*."

"Oh no, I suppose not, of course; only—but now I come to think of it, I do not remember ever going to mother or the girls to have buttons sewed on; certainly not more than once or twice. It is very strange, but the buttons did not seem to come off in those days."

"Ah!" I said.

He twirled his moustache and looked meditatively at the toes of his boots.

Presently he looked up and said: "By-the-bye, Forester, did you bring your pipe? I don't smoke now, you know, so I have none to offer you, but *you* need not mind smoking. Serena, as you know, does not object to it."

"Thank you, Fred, I believe I will reserve my pipe to beguile my homeward journey. Do you know I never thought you could give up smoking entirely, you were so fond of it."

"Yes, I have given it up entirely; in fact, for some years," he said, plunging his hands deeper into his pockets. "You see I used to smoke a good deal at first; but when little Freddy was two or three months old, and began to notice things a little, Serena thought that perhaps it would be as well for me to give it up, because it was setting him such a bad example."

The imitative individual alluded to, on hearing his name mentioned, crawled out from under the sofa, where he had been personating a lion in his den, and taking up his station too before the fire, with his hands in the pockets of his first knickerbockers, endeavored to look as much like Fred as possible.

"You see," Fred added, patting the short silky curls, "children *do* notice a great deal, and it is a peculiarity of theirs that they will always imitate what is wrong and never what is right."

"I am not sure that that peculiarity is confined to children, Fred," I said; "and smoking, to my old bachelor eyes, is a very venial sin."

"In men, granted," returned Fred, "very venial, and *very* pleasant; but Serena thinks it is terrible for a *boy* to learn to smoke, and so do I."

Little Freddy laughed and nodded, as much as to say that he knew all about it.

"O wise and prudent Fred, do you suppose that at your son's tender age —"

But the door opened and the entrance of the placid and smiling Serena cut short the words of temptation. She greeted me cordially, and began to talk pleasantly and cheerfully, as she always does, though when the visit is over I cannot always remember what she has been talking about. Still it *is* all very pleasant, and Serena is a very fine woman.

On this occasion, however, I do remember that we were engaged in a rather interesting discussion of some fresh piece of eccentricity shown by a new neighbor of ours, when Freddy, as if acting under a sudden inspiration, stepped up to me and made the demand, "Old man, dim me some tack."

Now I acknowledge that my hair is gray, and that I am no longer young, still it is not pleasant to have the fact thrust upon one by the rising generation. "My son," I said with dignity, "I have not a tack with me."

"No, no: *tack!*" he repeated, pounding with his fists upon my knee.

"I have not any tacks, son," I said helplessly; "what do you want them for?"

"*Ta-a-tack!!*" he screamed, pounding away; and I really began to feel quite nervous.

"Oh, he means *nuts*," explained Serena. "Do you not remember that once you brought him some hickory nuts, and it was such a pleasure to him to *crack* them? That is what he means. *Isn't* it clever of him? No, darling, the old man has no *tack* for Freddy to-day, but he will bring you some next time."

This assurance was not sufficient to carry conviction to Freddy's

mind, so he proceeded to institute a strict search in all my pockets. Fred and Serena were not at all disconcerted—to be sure, the embarrassing onslaught was made upon *me*, and not upon them—so they continued the conversation; but for myself, I was so much occupied in shifting my keys, pen-knife, pocket-book, handkerchief, and spectacles from pocket to pocket to escape the ravages of the little predatory fingers, that I am afraid my replies flew sometimes very wide of the mark. At length, when I managed for an instant to lose consciousness of the nimble fingers and to gain consciousness of the conversation, I found to my amazement that it had come round to Maximilian and Juarez. Perhaps I *looked* puzzled, for Fred suddenly swooped down upon his son and heir and bore him off to the other side of the fire-place just as he was abstracting some gun-caps from my vest-pocket. In the struggle, for Fred junior stood up manfully for his plunder, some of the caps were scattered on the floor. Fred stooped to pick them up, and the young pirate, being thus released, made a sudden raid upon his mother's work-basket, possessed himself of a pair of sharp-pointed scissors, and fled.

"Oh, Frederick! he has got the scissors!" cried Serena, clasping her large, smooth, white hands together tragically. "*Please* take them away from him before he stabs himself!"

Fred obediently gave chase, but the room was so encumbered with rows of chairs set out "to play horse with" that there was no fair running, and it was some moments before the capture was made. As Fred raised the laughing prisoner aloft with one hand, while with the other he wrested the scissors from his grasp, his foot came down upon one of the scattered caps, which immediately went off like a pistol. Fred jumped, Serena screamed, and Freddy's laughter was quickly turned into shrieks, but whether of anger or of terror it was not easy to decide. I inclined—and still incline—to the opinion that it was the former; Serena of course believed it the latter, and endeavored to soothe his "terror" in some tongue unknown to me. Among the chaos of apparently endearing epithets, however, I occasionally distinguished my own name, or at least my *sobriquet* of "old man"—and *not* accompanied by the most flattering of adjectives.

It was awkward—at least for me. Of course I should not have heeded the screaming child, but should have continued talking to Fred about the weather, or the crops, or the freedmen; but I could not. I could not even remember whether it had been cold or warm that morning. Each successive shriek of the child seemed to stab my ears; yet that hardened Fred made some remark, I believe, about his having "good lungs." Heavens!

I do not know what I should have done if a diversion had not been made at that moment by a fearful crash of china in the back entry. Fred went off with rapid strides to the scene of action; Serena set down her "terrified darling" and hastened after, leaving me to confront Freddy alone. I trembled for what he might do; but he seemed to ignore my presence, for he stopped crying immediately, walked to his mother's basket, took the scissors, and retired quietly through the opposite door. I did not interfere.

In a minute or two Fred and Serena returned. Fred planted



himself with his back to the fire, twirled his moustache fiercely, and ejaculated: "Confound it!"

Serena seated herself quietly and took up her work again, remarking placidly: "It *is* very provoking. Only think, Mr. Forester: a dozen plates, a soup-tureen, and two corner-dishes!"

"Broken to atoms!" growled Fred. "It all comes of your keeping that careless girl about the house."

"No, Frederick; it was not the poor thing's fault this time. The tray was too heavy for her; she could not help it."

"Who filled it? Why couldn't she carry one piece at a time? it would have been less expensive to replace, at least."

"Let us be thankful it is no worse, dear," she answered gently; "it might have been one of the children. And when you *are* buying a new set, it will be *nearly* as cheap to get the nice French-China double set that I admired so much. A few dollars more or less will not signify *much*."

I thought Fred would have muttered something about "those confounded freedmen," for their letting the grass ruin his crop every year is the bane of his life; but instead he gave me a look as if to say: "What an angel!"

I could not think it angelic. It gave me a cold shudder, for it reminded me of some awful, remorseless fate stalking steadily towards its end, not to be bribed or turned aside by any considerations of weal or woe.

Nothing was said for a few moments, and at length I ventured to break the silence.

"Fred, where *did* you pick up such a latch as the one on your gate? I could hardly open it; and, to tell you the truth, I could not shut it at all. It is inhospitable, man!"

"Couldn't fasten it? no: that is the only bad thing about it. I give you my word, Serena has had a little boy down there six times already to-day to shut it. It was Serena's idea; and it *is* an excellent latch, too, for when it is once fastened securely nothing can open it. That was what charmed her, for she said that now the cows and pigs would be kept out of the yard; but those confounded freedmen never *will* shut it—they say they *can't*—and the consequence is that the cows are always in the yard. Yes, and in the garden too; for, as Serena said, a new latch for the yard gate was cheaper than a new paling for the garden."

"Ah, it is of no use to put improvements on the place," observed Serena. "If they had had an old piece of rope to tie it with, I believe they would have preferred it."

"The latch is ornamental at least," I remarked, for I saw something was expected of me, and I was desirous of combining compliment with truth as far as it was possible.

"It is: it has the great merit of combining use and ornament; but I am afraid we shall be obliged to put a piece of rope too, to please those impracticable freedmen."

This was said resignedly with a half-sigh, as if she had made up her mind that happiness was not to be sought for in this world, but still it was of no use to complain. Then looking round she asked:

"What has become of Freddy? In his fright he must have run away and hidden himself. Frederick, do go and see if you can find the poor child."

"The little rogue is so quiet that I fear he is engaged in some terrible piece of mischief—something quite beyond the bounds of forgiveness," remarked Fred, rising as he spoke.

Just then a low whimper came from the piazza, succeeded by a little nervous chuckling sound betokening triumph. I guessed what was up and hurried out after Fred. The first thing that greeted our eyes was poor Shylock standing with drooping tail, the picture of misery; while on the other side Freddy, armed with the abstracted scissors, was busily snipping away in dangerous proximity to his ears. The floor beneath was thickly strewn with locks of stiff grizzled hair. All of Fred's politeness could not keep him from bursting into a fit of laughter as the half-shorn, miserable-looking Shylock broke away from his oppressor, and presented the most jagged side of himself for inspection and commiseration. Level plains, as it were, shorn down to the very skin, alternated with patches of bristly forest all over the poor animal. I suppose it was a good joke, but I could not laugh. Fred, seeing my grave face, picked up the urchin and carried him in. I secretly and savagely hoped that he would have been reproved with a gentle slap or two; but Serena smiled placidly and told him he was a naughty boy—to his great amusement.

"By-the-bye, Forester has not seen the baby yet," said Fred, as a series of screams, more shrill and scarcely less protracted than Freddy's, proceeded from the nursery.

"No; and I should *like* to see him," I said faintly; but another shriek caused me to add more bravely, "that is, when he has done crying."

There was a slight sound at the door; it was opened—closed—opened a little again.

"What is it? Come in!" called Fred.

The negro girl with the dirty apron presented herself hesitatingly, and said: "Please, Miss Serena, de baby have scalded hisself."

Then came a general rush upstairs: Serena first, then Fred, next myself, and lastly little Freddy, toiling on in the rear, one step at a time.

Marvellous indeed were the sounds that proceeded from that baby's throat as he lay back in his cradle shrieking, but there were no signs of a burn perceptible. The negro girl, who had been put to flight by the impetuosity of our progress upstairs, was recaptured and questioned: "How was the baby scalded?"

"Law, Mas' Fred, I dunno. I jist put down de cup wid some hot water on de table, and he ketch arter it, and it upset, and den he holler."

"Well," said Fred, "nobody hurt this time. Come, Forester, let us go back to the parlor."

"Let me wish Serena good-evening first," I said; "it is time for me to be journeying homewards."

"*Good evening*," she said, stretching out her left hand to me—she was holding the baby with the other—"and do come again soon. I don't wish Fred's friends to give him up because he is married."

"Good-bye," said Fred as I mounted my horse; "do come oftener. Just drop in to dinner or to tea as often as you feel like it."

"Thank you," I said; "as often as I *can*," and I looked involuntarily towards poor shivering Shylock. "Come over yourself, Fred: I never see you now. Bring your gun; you might find some game."

"Well, I would, but the lock of my gun is broken. Freddy got hold of it one day; luckily it was not loaded. But some day, when the horse has nothing to do, I *will* come, and bring Freddy with me. He is so fond of you, Forester. Good-night."

I rode slowly away in the gathering twilight, with the crestfallen Shylock trotting at my horse's heels; and the burden of my thoughts was: "Poor Fred!"

The gate was open, and Fred's perverse cattle had found it out, of course. Half a dozen of them, and twice as many pigs, were wandering over the yard, to the great injury of Serena's "improvements." However, I did not feel called upon to set the world to rights in this particular, so I prudently kept my eyes fixed on a point of the horizon directly in front of me.

The ride home was not a pleasant one, strictly speaking. The evening air was chilly, and there was no agreeable prospect of hot coffee and a cheerful fire awaiting me — only damp floors and a cold hearth; for Joe would not expect me home until two or three hours later. Neither was the retrospect of the afternoon sufficiently pleasing to atone for the anticipated discomforts. Altogether, my mind was in a slightly ruffled state, and the sight of my faithful and disfigured Shylock trotting meekly along did not tend to compose it. The stars were out by the time I reached Hunter's Hill. Everything was dark, as I had expected; and Joe did not make his appearance until after repeated shouts. Spartan walked off to the stable by himself when I dismounted — it is his one accomplishment — and Joe bustled about, striking a light and kindling the fire. "Get me some coffee, Joe: I changed my mind about staying out to tea."

"Hab some ready in a minute, Sir. I t'ought dem Mas' Fred's chillun —"

But he got no further, for Shylock crept out from under the table and advanced into the light. Joe dropped the lightwood-knot he was just about to push into the fire and held up his hands. "Law sakes! what is come to de dog? Dis is nothin' but dem Mas' Fred's chillun!" (Joe has a holy horror of the destructive propensities of children). "Come yere, dog! turn round."

Shylock exhibited himself with the air of a martyr. "It is unpar-donable, Joe," I said. "I don't know what to do with him. The dog himself labors under a consciousness of his disfigurement."

"Dat's true, Sir," returned Joe, who always agrees with long words.

He turned Shylock round again thoughtfully. "Maussa, why don't you shave him all to match? Mebbe he might feel more comfortable."

"I think he would, Joe; bring the shears."

Joe brought the great sheep-shears, also two old newspapers. These were spread carefully upon the floor, and the trembling Shy-



lock was placed upon them. I held him steady while Joe went down upon his knees, and for a few minutes the only sound that broke the silence was the sharp click of the shears. At length Joe ejaculated "Dere!" and Shylock stepped off his newspaper a perfect dandy among dogs.

I lit an extra candle when I had finished my coffee, and sat down to read, hoping thus to bury in oblivion my wrongs and woes, past, present, and to come; but in vain. I could not compose my mind to a book for the rest of the evening, for I kept asking myself — and it is a question that still puzzles me — "*Does Fred like it?*"

ANNE S. DEAS.

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## HAMLET AND MACBETH REPRESENTATIVE TYPES OF GENIUS.

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THE test of all enduring genius is its universality. True beauty is catholic, many-sided, Protean, for the heart of the woman as well as the mind of the man, for worker and singer, for prince and peasant. It knows neither race nor kindred nor station; else it cannot endure when the morning splendors break up high over all the land.

In Shakspeare we find this. King and clown, lover and warrior, all things and persons of this common earth, of fairy realms, and that dim region far beyond the border-land of death, come trooping at his call, and move before us, living, breathing, palpable presences, strong with a power which no rolling years tear from them. But not one wields a more subtle influence than the gracious and sorrowful spirit of Hamlet, too gentle for his dark doom; for in him we feel the quick, susceptible nature of genius, its fitful temperament of checkered gloom and glory, its ineffable yearnings after far-off lights, its raptures, and alas! its jarrings and wounds in this dull common sphere. We feel it also in the parallel character of Macbeth; but with a difference. In Hamlet it is as yet pure; but in Macbeth stained and heavily clogged with guilt — a sun still, but one that sets behind fierce clouds of doom. Yet the points of parallelism are many and striking. The supernatural element, the looking beyond and above Nature, the insight into the world within which some call foresight, stands forth in both — as in all souls that walk burdened with the immortal seership of our race. For while the common

minds of earth dwell ever on the surface, and see only the outer covering and husk of life, to these it is given to penetrate the interior and central existence, the core, rich with sap and glowing with warmth of color. Only the soul that sings on within itself hears life's unsung melodies, her hidden rhythms and cadences. For the law of "like unto like" is still dominant: truth is revealed but to the truthful, love to the loving; and only to those who are crowned with some faint lingering ray from the old Eden-glories of mankind, when their poets were their prophets also, is given the heritage of the Inner Sanctuary, the Paradise of the fair ideal —

"Where falls not hail, nor rain, nor any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly."

"Here sit they, shaping wings to fly." On these untroubled seas where no storm beats, in this untrudged world, the poet, as a new Columbus, wanders, "all in the morn and liquid dew of youth." He is lord of a realm whence old age and care and disappointment are forever banished. On the faces that smile around him are no frowns, no wrinkles; from their red lips float no sighs to stir its mellow, golden atmosphere. For the light of the ideal is like moonlight, concealing most where it most seems to reveal. All scars and blemishes, all gross and unsightly things, melt away in its glamour; and the long lines of darkness and shadow grow into a magical intershadowing of all these quivering and fairy lights, and make them brighter. Or it is like the purple and golden-tinted airs of autumn overlying long mountain ranges, and softly suffused into the blue sky overhead. Such a scene I once saw with a friend on the last bright day of summer. We had been speaking of a poetic soul which had at last passed over earth's troubled waters into eternity's quiet haven; and as we looked through happy tears upon this visible benediction of mountain and meadow, clothed in this radiant air in which all the roughness of the far-winding and steep-ascending path, all the ruggedness of rock and bare declivity had vanished away, we thought that such might be the memory of life here to all who entered heaven.

But to those who possess ideality, this is also given now, for a time; but there is no permanent abiding therein. They are called from these "thoughts beyond the reaches of the soul" back into the glare and clamor of the every-day world. With loud knockings at the gate come care and distrust, petty annoyances, mockings and jeers of little minds, and hardest of all, the jarring discord between the within and without. From the high ecstasy of conception they fall into a cold, blank state, where obstacles hamper and imperfections mock them. They, like Paul, have seen the vision and heard the divine words, but the men about them stare, wondering and dull, having heard but a voice of uncomprehended import; nor are they themselves exempt from this lower state. This mood, when the glory of art becomes a mere mixture of colors and paints; the melody of divinest music, the pathos of immortal cadences, but as "the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal;" when their wings drop heavy, and they fall like Icarus to earth — is, to their sensitive and delicately attuned spirits, acutest torture. So suffered Hamlet when he said:

"This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave, overhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fires—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilential congregation of vapors! What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties—in form and moving how express and admirable; in action how like an angel; in apprehension how like a god!—the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals; and yet to me what is this quintessence of dust?" Or when before he cries out:

"O God, O God!  
How weary, stale, and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
Fie on't! Oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden  
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature  
Possess it merely."

So too Macbeth, "lying upon the torture of the mind in restless ecstasy," in that, of all the complaints of man, most pathetic and mournful utterance—

"I have lived long enough; my way of life  
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf."

And again, in that dread mood of a fallen angel, he half mocks at, half laments over his own empty and barren life—

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

(Mark the dull monotone—like a tolling bell—of the measure)

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more; it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing."

In this there breathes a more bitter scorn than Hamlet's, a more hopeless despair, for here the spring of life, the purity of the heart, is gone. In Hamlet, and in all who long for the higher lights that shine above them, tears become "such as angels weep;" their "attributes of woe" crown them "like glories;" and this deep yearning prophesies unto them a fulfilment of desire in the white calm of that hereafter which broods like a great sheltering peace over the mists and clouds of this lower world. It is a far-off reflected radiance from this strange ineffable sun which gleams into these poetic souls with a deep longing for rest—rest and repose forever in its central and still glory. Even those who have forfeited it know the sweetness of its tranquillity and hunger for its sleep—

"innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,  
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher of life's feast—"



And even that sleep which "after life's fitful fever" we sleep well, when —

"Treason has done its worst; nor steel nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing  
Can touch him further —"

For this rest Hamlet pines also —

"To die — to sleep — no more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
The flesh is heir to —

(Then with such a longing!) —

— 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished!"

It is this weariness of all life's raging and tempestuous billows that makes him turn with such relief to Horatio's calm and fixed *inland* nature: —

"Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,  
She hath sealed thee for herself.  
Give me that man that is not passion's slave,  
And I will wear him  
In my heart's core — ay, in my heart of hearts,  
As I do thee!"

For this warfare of two natures, this divided life, this duality of will, is a marked concomitant of genius. From Paul to Shakspeare, on each lofty brow we see scars of the life-long struggle. "For what I would that do I not; but what I hate, that do I." In every awakened soul the angel and the brute in man contend with a contest which is an issue unto death or life; and the higher the nature the fiercer are its struggles and agonies. The sweat of blood was upon the Divine brow.

There is after all no deeper temptation, no acuter agony, than this, in which "I will" wars with "I will not" — twin-born desire and aversion struggling like Zarah and Pharez in the womb of a Tamar-like destiny. The fate which they yearn for with tears and yearnings unutterable through the night of emptiness, they shrink from with horror as it rises up face to face before them. Like Hamlet, such minds argue ever —

"Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing, end them."

Or like Macbeth, they linger irresolute, till the coarser, common minds taunt their infirmity, while they still murmur with faltering lips —

"If 'twere done — when 'tis done, then 'twere well 'twere done quickly . . .  
If but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of Time,  
We'd jump the life to come."

But this sense of consequences, a perception which lower minds greatly lack, this "nextness" of thought which in a healthy state leads on from light to light, from strength to strength, oftener is

perverted into a weakness which paralyses their power and holds them back, until —

“The native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard their currents turn away,  
And lose the name of action.”

The more gloriously are they at first endowed with —

“Such large discourse,  
Looking before and after,”

the gloomier and more distorted are the shadows which loom around them, either frightening them from the goal or driving them desperately upon their ruin, when these noble faculties, “this capability and god-like reason” are left to moulder unused, or worse still, are misused for a low and ignoble end. This is more surely the result if, as in the case of Macbeth, woman’s influence be used to deter from the good or incite to the evil, stimulating into premature growth the earthy and creeping desires of his sensual nature — rather than Ophelia-like, unconsciously, in a soft and tender silence, drawing the soul away from thoughts of ill or wrong. For to this is evidently to be ascribed Hamlet’s delay in regard to his uncle’s murder, although man-like he is utterly blind to the tender memories within him, and their subtle but powerful influence.

The poetic temperament, which contains so much of the feminine element, is peculiarly swayed by the perceptive and more emotional nature of woman. The mother and wife, or the first beloved of youth, are to them sibyls and soothsayers, holding within their hands the books of destiny. Although genius be perchance denied to woman in its highest sense, of her it is born, and by her moulded and tinged with its enduring life-colors. From them they gain a deeper faith, a more living perception of the life within and above us. Yet this too may be perverted into a morbid self-analysis, like Hamlet questioning if the spirit that moves him be from heaven or hell; wondering, seeking, shrinking back, fluctuating between this and that thought until the opportunity is past and the time gone by forever. All feelings, all hopes, all desires fade in the hands of this evil mood. For the delicate and airy fancies, the subtle and tender emotions of youth, are but “infants of the spring,” or as “violets in the dawn of primy nature.”

“Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting;  
For perfume and suffiance of a moment;  
No more.”

In such untender investigation the bright dust is brushed from the frail wing, the dew from the blossom, and bruised and crushed they fall into dust.

It is the truest philosophy — if the pleasure be innocent — which prompts us to think not, but enjoy. The time comes when enjoyment must be sought, and thought comes unbidden. When the age of delight is gone, then succeeds the age of remembrance; and as sensations are keenest in the higher natures, so are their records in

memory most vividly enduring. If a life of sin and reckless ill-doing lies behind them, there are no waters of Lethe, no "sweet oblivious antidote," no nepenthe, for these "written troubles of the brain."

It is an awful truth that the soul's memory is eternal; that there is no grave so deep in the mind but these "phantoms of the past" shall rise again and again. They haunt us "in the stillness of the night, in the winds, in the fire, in the slow revolving years." The familiar voice sings through the crowded street as we walk the old, old song — so gay once, but with such a pathos now, a sob might seem the merrier. The once dear hands, the beloved lips, are near us forever. What touch, what kiss, can thrill like theirs! The nerves and fibres of our mortal nature glow with them yet. In this "still garden of the soul," no flower fades, no leaf falls. O thou loved of my first life — for when had I lived ere I knew thee? since we "count our life by heart-throbs, not by years" — thou fair young heads over which a halo plays perpetually: the smile never fades from thy still lips nor the summer from thy dear eyes! Thou wilt never reproach, never desert me; thy beauty will never grow dim with tears nor shadows of our late evening — thou art mine forever! In the cold gray dawn thou art with me still, and thy tender hands are close clasped in mine. Ever an invisible and silent presence, thou standest by my side, and I, knowing and feeling thee, find thus an inner sanctuary from great troubles and petty cares.

For we dreamers, kindred, and alike "born in the land of mystery," have this advantage over so-called practical men of dollars and cents: we have always this bright temple where we may enter and be at rest. Jean Paul, a leader and prince among our race, has said, "Memory is the only Paradise out of which we can never be driven." Though "the children of Alice call Bertram father," we are not without comfort. The beauty, the youth, and the freshness of love, which may fade for him, endure for us unchangeably. For the spirit, the dead are the truly living, and those far-off are present and near forever. Love never loses its own; and he who loves beauty and is heir to this heritage of glory, the fair ideal, sees in a wilderness its countless domes and "forms of light;" and in his chilliest winter-time, eternal spring clothes all things with the pomp and "flush of May."

E. F. M.



## AN UNNOTICED CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE.

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MERCY and truth have met together ; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.— Ps. LXXXV. 10.

This alliterative and almost identical ending (in effect, if not in fact, rhyme) can be traced back to its source in the Hebrew, where it is a pure rhyme, as it is also in six of the appended versions.

חסד -- ואמת נפשו  
ידק ושלוש נשקו

Hesed ve-emeth niphegāshoo  
Zedek ve-shālom nāshākoo.

In the Greek of the LXX., commonly called the Septuagint, we have a like rhythmical sense of this meeting and osculation, expressed by a metrical cadence and a pure rhyme :

"Ἐλεος καὶ ἀλήθεια συνήτησαν·  
Δικαιοσύνη καὶ εἰρήνη κατεφίλησαν."

Eleos kai alêtheia sunêtêsan  
Dikaïosunê kai eirênê katēphilêsan.

### VERSIO VULGATA.

Misericordia et veritas obviavērunt  
Sibi ; justitia et pax osculatæ sunt.

### VERS. HEB. HIERON.

(*St. Jerome's Version.*)

Misericordia et veritas occurērunt,  
Justitia et pax deosculatæ sunt.

### ITALIAN.

(*Versione da Giovanni Diodati.*)

Benignita, e verita s'incontreranno  
Insieme ; giustizia, e pace, si bucerrano.

### SPANISH.

(*La Biblia Sagrada traducida en Español.*)

La misericordia, y la verdad se encontraron,  
La justicia y la paz se besaron.

### FRENCH.

La bonté et la vérité se sont rencontrées,  
La justice et la paix se sont entrebaisées.

Here the repetition of the rhyme (in the European languages at

least) comes to an end, but not by any means the influence of the rhythm. It is a curious fact that through all the languages related by origin, form and construction to the language of the Septuagint, runs not only a sense of the Hebrew rhythm but also of the rhyme; the reflection of which was first caught in the Greek, repeated in its derivative language the Latin, and again produced in all the modern languages of Latin origin.

In the Gothic languages (if we may sanction the old abuse of the word Gothic) the impression made by the Hebrew on the Greek, and by the Greek on the Latin and its derivative tongues, is of course much weaker, but is clearly discernible by an ear at all cultivated in the consonances of either verse or prose. The rhythm is marked and easily detected, but the rhyme somewhat imperfectly indicated: just as in the English version, "Mercy and truth have met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

GERMAN.

(*Luther's Version.*)

Dass Treue und Liebe sich begegnen,  
Gerechtigkeit und eintracht sich küssen.

DUTCH.

De goedestierenheid en waarheid  
Zullen elkander ontmoeten,—  
De gerechtigheid en vrede  
Zullen elkander kussen.

We have not the means of pursuing this curious rhythmical echo any farther through the labyrinth of modern languages into which the Bible has been translated. We have at hand, however, a Swedish version in which, suppressing the adverb, the last three syllables in each member of the sentence seem to form a consonance, if not a rhyme:

"At godhet och trohet molas  
tilsamman,  
Rattfardighet och frid kyssas."

The adverb is thrown into a line by itself in order to exhibit a concord which we think in spite of it must be obvious to the Scandinavian ear.

A young lady, who amongst her female contemporaries might be for erudition that loved pupil of Ascham, on reading the above, uttered the startling opinion that if we could get back to the infancy of any language, we should find Mother Goose as predominant as she is now in the nursery. Hail Mother Goose, or rather Goose-foot, la Mère Patte d'Oie, by original and veridical tradition, Queen of Sheba! Can it be that there was a time when the Greeks made rhymes; and at some immemorial period did they throw off your shackles, great anserine mother, and begin to speak the language of the gods, of Homer's gods at least? and is the slavery to rhyme, though abject and absolute only amongst the French, due wherever it prevails to *the comparative infancy of the modern tongues*? Does the opinion of our "Lady Jane" find corroboration in the fact that languages which

in their power and prime would bear no chains but those noble restraints of measure and time, in which they could move with ease and dignity, do in their senility or second childhood show a tendency to lapse (or relapse) into rhyme? Witness the Latin verses and monkish rhymes of the Middle Ages. And even Erasmus found the example so contagious that in quoting the proverb *Novus rex, novus lex*, he does not correct the Latin, for that would mar the rhyme, but contents himself with the mild protest that it is *non tam vanum, quam parum Latinum*.

The fact that great things have been written in rhymes does not diminish the evidence or remove the impression of their essentially infantile character. Hercules with his distaff is still Hercules. The grace and ease of superior strength were doubtless visible in Achilles when the "swift-footed," trammelled with their own attire, ran races with the daughters of Lycomedes.

W. W. L.

## WOODS, AND THEIR RELATION TO TEMPERATURE, FERTILITY OF SOIL AND COMFORT.

**I**N our own Western country the uncertainty of the weather, the heavy rains and long droughts, the sudden changes of temperature, are well known, and the scarcity of wood on our large prairies is also known; but they are known as two isolated facts that bear no relation to each other. To indicate the existence of such a relationship, and to prove generally the influence of wood and forest upon climate, fertility of soil and general wealth and well-being of the inhabitants, is the object of this paper.

The Roman historians describe that rough and inhospitable region which their armies found in their victorious march north of the Alps as a cold country in which oats and barley alone could be raised, and where fruit-trees and grape-vines would only grow in some particularly favored localities. It was a rare thing to meet with a small tract of land under cultivation; forests and swamps abounded everywhere. Such was the country north of the Alps; such was Germany during the time of the Roman Empire. Since, the forests have been partly eradicated, and with the woods naturally the morasses have disappeared; the climate has become milder, the soil more fertile.

On the other hand the ancient historians tell us of the fertility of



Greece, Italy, and Spain, while to-day the traveller through these countries finds everywhere large barren tracts of land, dismal deserts instead of their former fertility. Springs and brooks have wholly disappeared ; rivers have dwindled down to rivulets. It rains seldom ; and when it does, the water falls in torrents, devastating the fields instead of reviving them. The result is what would be obtained by a gardener who condemned a plant to a month of drought and then bestowed the long arrears of irrigation in one fatal drench.

In France, the Revolution swept away all the forests that belonged to the Church and the Crown to pay the debt of the country. Since then tracts of country formerly fertile have become useless for agricultural purposes. The summers are now hot and arid, and even the rivers dry up ; while at times, as in 1857, heavy rains swell the Rhône, Loire, and Garonne rivers to such a height that the whole country around is inundated. These changes, so fraught with disaster, scientific Frenchmen agree in attributing to the almost total absence of wood in these provinces.

Humboldt, in his American travels, found in Venezuela, in the valley of Aragua, a lake of considerable extent surrounded by mountains. For the last thirty years past the inhabitants had noticed a gradual decrease and diminution of this lake. From old manuscripts it appears that the city of New Valencia was in 1555 only three miles distant from it, while at the time of Humboldt's visit the distance was seven miles. Small hills that then bore plantations, are in these documents chronicled as islands. In 1796 new islands made their appearance, and a fort formerly built on an island became a peninsula. The inhabitants had a theory that the lake had found a subterraneous outlet to the ocean, but Humboldt could see no reason for such an interpretation of the phenomenon, and upon inquiry he easily understood the cause. The surrounding mountains had been gradually cleared of their woodland, and with the forest the water in the lake decreased. Subsequently, in 1820, M. Boussingault, a French savant, visited the same valley. He found many plantations under water. The islands of 1796 had become shallow places in the lake, endangering navigators. The little fort was once more an island. The brooks and rivers, lately dry for six months of the year, now ran with water all the year. In 1800 the inhabitants had feared the disappearance of their lake ; in 1820 they were frightened by its growth. During those twenty years the South American States had cut loose from the mother-country ; civil wars had more than decimated the population ; no more forest had been cleared ; on the contrary, nobody interfering, the hot sun of the tropical climate had quickly raised a new spontaneous vegetation, a new forest ; and with the forest the water had returned.

In New Grenada, the valley Ubaté is near two lakes which formed but one only a century ago, and the waves rolled once where now rich corn-fields blossom. Old hunters confirm Boussingault's hypothesis that formerly there was a great forest in the neighborhood. East of this valley there is the Lake Fouquené, which towards the end of the last century extended about six miles in length and four miles in width. A Bishop of Panama, 200 years before that time, describes it

as a lake forty miles long and eighteen miles wide. At that period it was surrounded by an impenetrable forest, which afterwards was cut down to serve as building material and fuel for the Salines of Laosa and Eneurera.

In South America, where the country is denuded of trees, the rainy season does not set in with such regularity as in other tropical countries. In the immense forest along the Orinoco, the rains are disastrously heavy and continuous. On the road from Panama, southward of the bay of Capica to the provinces of Choco and Esmeralda, we meet with impenetrable forests traversed by innumerable streams and rivers; the popular saying is correct that there is no day without rain in Choco. On the contrary, towards Payta, where the sandy and rocky soil allows but a sparse vegetation, rain is almost a wonder; and at the time of Boussingault there had been no rain for seventeen years. In the whole country from Sachan to Lima, rain is as scarce as trees. And in our own Western States the sudden changes of weather are as well known as the sudden and heavy rains, and as the long droughts in summer.

These facts tend to show what part woods and forests play in the economy of Nature. Our intention now is to explain the casual relation of these facts, which is a duplicate one, namely: 1. It does not rain where there are no trees or other vegetation; 2. There is no vegetation where there is no rain. So it is everywhere in Nature: cause and effect are equal; they form an endless chain of phenomena returning upon itself, as the sea sends water as clouds over the land, which clouds fall as rain, penetrate into the ground, and in springs, brooks, and rivers the same water returns to the sea whence it came.

#### *I. Woods as regulators of temperature.*

We have above indicated that a surplus of forests or woodland is as little desirable as a want of it. At the time of the Roman Empire, Germany was too densely wooded. At the present time, Greece, Italy, Spain, and even France, are too thinly wooded. Greece has only six per cent., Italy seven per cent., Spain ten per cent., France twelve per cent., and Germany on an average twenty-eight per cent. of woodland; and in Prussia, where the wood is most regularly apportioned to each province by fiscal law, the percentage of 28 will probably be kept constant, and this proportion according to experience is probably the most favorable. If so—and it cannot well be doubted—our own Western States are generally deficient in that respect. Generally, the climate of a place depends upon its latitude, its elevation above the level of the sea, the neighborhood of the ocean or great lakes, the soil, the ruling winds, and lastly, upon the vegetation generally and upon forest and wood especially.

When in the heat of summer we enter into a densely wooded forest, we find the temperature from two to four degrees lower than anywhere else in the shade. The trees draw from the ground and from the atmosphere their material support, their nourishment. Now the minerals in the soil can only be assimilated when dissolved in water, acidulated as it generally is with nitric acid. But the larger quantity of water so taken up with the dissolved substances does not enter into the composition of the tissues of the plant, and being of no

further use, is exhaled in vapor ; so that the leaves of the trees are real evaporators, and consequently coolers of the atmosphere. For whenever water passes into the state of vapor, it lowers the temperature of contiguous objects—in this case, of the atmosphere. This is also the reason why heavily wooded countries—as was Germany at the time of the Roman Empire—are cold. Supposing now a country in which there is only twenty-five per cent. of woodland well set in trees, the remaining seventy-five per cent. being an arid, rocky soil with sparse vegetation, and at intervals meadows and fields of grain. Then the dry rocky soil will be exposed almost directly to the rays of the sun, still further drying and parching it. The meadows and wheat-fields will be in a better position comparatively, because the soil is, partially at least, protected against the sun. But in the forest only the higher branches and foliage are exposed and the warmer air rises, while down below around the trunks of the trees the air remains cool. On very warm summer days a forest becomes a cooler to the neighborhood. The cool air from the forest (which is generally on the hills and uplands) by its greater specific gravity descends into the valleys and plains and lowers the temperature there. In mountainous countries the difference of temperature between woods and plains is greater yet, and the descent of the heavier air produces always cool breezes, which in a country like Switzerland become occasionally high winds and storms that endanger the lives of the sailors on the lakes. At sunset the conditions and their consequent phenomena are changed. The hot and rocky soil loses its heat by radiation and becomes almost cold ; meadows and farming land not so much so, while in the woods the thick foliage is a cover that serves to retain the heat longer. A few hours after sunset the open country begins to be cooler than the woods, and the same woods that served to cool in the heat of the day now help to warm the air.

Analogous to this is the influence of the woods in fall and spring of the year. During the fall the woods remain longer warm than the open fields that are now stripped of their protecting vegetation ; and even late in the fall, when the oak and hickory have long lost their foliage, the pines, firs and cedars help still to retard the cold of winter. In the spring of the year the open fields are sooner warmed, and the woods being cooler receive heat from the fields, and so cause them to cool. This at first sight might appear as a disadvantage, since it tends to retard vegetation ; but it is in reality a benefit, for in checking its too early growth it causes also a gradual increase of the temperature generally ; and moreover it protects the vegetation from the sudden attack of cold northern winds that very often set in about that time.

But a service of prime importance that the woods perform is in allowing the snow that has fallen during winter to melt slowly and gradually. The snow in the open fields melts rapidly and fills brooks and rivers to overflowing. But the snow in the woods adds nothing to these inundations ; it moreover retards them by cooling, to some extent, the surrounding country. The snow that melts in the woods penetrates into the soil, and sooner or later it appears again on the



surface in springs ; while the water from the fields hastens to the nearest streams or rivers, to lose itself in the ocean. This is essentially the cause of the abundance of springs in mountain forests, and the cause of the disappearance of creeks and rivers and the decrease of the water in lakes where the woods have been cleared away.

Furthermore, the woods regulate the temperature by retarding the velocity of storms, cooling the warm and warming the cold winds. The best illustrations of the woods as regulators in this respect we find in Africa. The burning sirocco on the line of the Sahara is a terrible danger for a caravan that is not well supplied with water ; while eighty miles further, the same wind, after it has passed large forests on its road, is no more recognisable. And in our own country in the fall, when the first icy norther blows, it would rapidly chill the earth and bring on full winter at once were it not for the woods through which it has to pass, which raise its temperature and break its furious violence. Had these woods grown on high mountains they would have broken its velocity in a still higher degree, as the forests on the Alps almost annul the dangerous effects of the north wind in Italy. In the want of woods and forests we must look for the reason of the sudden cold when winter sets in in some of our Western States. Here the wind blows over the plains and prairies unobstructed by large woods or high mountains, and brings the winter on, as it were, with a bound. On the other hand, in the spring the south winds at once make all appear like midsummer ; in the midst of winter often a second summer, in the midst of summer a second winter is thrown. The hot south winds when they pass over forests not only lose their high temperature, but they are charged with moisture, and have no longer their drying effect upon the soil and vegetation over which they pass. Sebastopol and Madrid are both generally known as hot-beds of disease ; both unprotected by woods or forests, are at the mercy of all the winds that blow, and the icy breeze from the snowy mountains to-day is followed by the burning wind from Africa.

II. *Woods regulate the atmospheric precipitations, and by these means the creeks, rivers, and lakes of a country.*

Dew and rain depend upon the presence of a certain quantity of water in the atmosphere, and this moisture of the atmosphere has been previously shown to be largely dependent on the woods. To form an idea of the evaporating power of the woods, it is only necessary to experiment upon a common-sized peach-tree, which will be found to evaporate eighteen pounds of water during twelve hours. If we now consider the size of trees in a well-set forest, even of moderate size, we may see that the yearly evaporation is something enormous. The more and greater the leaves, the greater the quantity of water evaporated. From these facts it must at once be understood that there is no want of water in or near the woods. The atmosphere has a certain capacity for water which varies with the temperature. Is the atmosphere at a certain temperature saturated with water : it must precipitate it in dew, rain, snow, or hail, so soon as this temperature is lowered. On the other hand, if the quantity of water be increased while the temperature remains unchanged, precipi-

tation must result. In the mountains, where the temperature is always cooler than in the plains, rains are therefore most frequent and most violent. After sunset, unless a cloudy sky retards the radiation, air and ground are soon cooled, and the humidity of the air is precipitated as dew. As the woods are cooler in the day-time than the plains and fields, the atmosphere cannot hold the water so long in suspension. In the immense forests on the banks of the Orinoco, there is continually, even in the day-time, a drizzly rain, and the roads through these forests are all cut two to three hundred feet in width, as otherwise it would be impossible to keep them moderately dry. The winds too can not carry off a great deal of the moisture of the woods, while they rapidly dry the tilled lands. From this we can see that for the growth of good crops it is necessary that the woods should be in due proportion to the farming land. Too large woods will keep the surrounding country too moist, and therefore too cool; and excessive moisture and coolness are as injurious to the vegetable as to the animal kingdom. But excessive moisture and heat are still more detrimental to human health, as is well shown in many districts at the South, particularly in the swampy country at the mouth of the Mississippi and elsewhere. And the swampy surroundings of Rome have been for ages the terror of tourists. Countries deficient in woodland, unless they are in the immediate neighborhood of the sea, may have a warm atmosphere, but the vegetation will greatly suffer for want of dew and rain; and the human population, although perhaps healthy in general, will be in constant want of the very necessities of life.

On the whole, woods increase the average rain-fall throughout the year, if the historical traditions are to be relied on. But this is of little importance, for the growth of the crops does not depend upon a certain quantity of rain in a year, but on regular and frequent rains. Supposing that twelve falls of rain occur in a year in a part of the country that is not well wooded, assuming the amount of rain in each to be two inches: then the rain-fall of the entire year would be twenty-four inches. Now supposing that rain falls seventy-two times in the year in a well-wooded part of the country, and that the whole amount of rain was as before, each rain-fall would have been but one-third of an inch. It would certainly be found that the latter country produced better crops. Its streams, moreover, will have fed mills regularly, and its rivers will have been navigable through the whole year.

Having shown that the action of woodlands is to increase the humidity of the atmosphere, we shall now examine whether they also tend to cause rain by lowering the temperature of clouds, or by increasing the volume of water composing them. Supposing a cloud saturated with water, yet in the state of vapor, to meet with woods: it will first be cooled, and, unable to retain all this water in suspension, some drops will fall. They will again evaporate, and by evaporation still further lower the temperature until a full rain sets in. Besides, as the woods retain more water than the surrounding open country, it is obvious that a nearly saturated cloud passing over woodland, will acquire saturation and supersaturation, which too will

be followed by rain. Of course woods in elevated regions have a greater effect on clouds than those in low lands. Let us now suppose a poorly wooded but well-tilled country. The growing vegetation exhales a quantity of water, a part of which falls again as dew in the night; but by far the greater part is carried away by the winds for want of the protection of woods. Gradually the air becomes so loaded with water that it cannot carry it any longer, even at a high temperature. It has not rained for a long time. Presently the wind changes or a thunder-storm sets in; the atmosphere cools suddenly and greatly, and down comes the heavy rain. So in Upper Egypt, before Napoleon's expedition, 1799, it used to rain occasionally at least and heavily. The French and Arabs cut down what trees there were, and ever since rains are of extreme rarity. In Lower Egypt, in Cairo, it formerly rained only once in two or three years; but here the Pasha Mehemet Ali had some millions of trees planted: there are some rainy days every year. In France, in the district Le Bocage en Vendée, while the forests were yet untouched there was a superfluity of moisture in meadows and fields, and the roads were never dry. In 1808 the entire extirpation of the woods began, and now rain seldom falls; the fields bake hard in summer, the grass in the meadows is poor, and the roads are dry and dusty. Before 1821, Provence, in France, was rich in springs, feeding a great number of brooks and small streams. In the winter of 1821-22 all the olive-trees, which covered large tracts of ground, like forests, were destroyed by frost. Since that time the springs have failed and the brooks have dried up, while the crops amount to only half the average yield of former years.

We have already indicated that the woods regulate both the flowing and stagnant waters of a country. It is here only necessary to add a few words. The waters in a country are springs, creeks or brooks, rivers, ponds, and lakes. All these depend upon springs for their existence. And if we can prove that springs depend upon woods for their existence and for their regularity, then our arguments, without further detail, will be seen to apply to the whole water-system of the country. That woods feed springs better than open fields, because they retard the melting of the snow, has already been noticed. The water penetrates the soft upper soil and passes through fissures in the rocks, until it reaches some stratum of clay which stops its further descent, upon which it passes over this stratum until it reaches at some distant point the surface again as a spring. In summer and fall, when there is no snow to melt, there are certain genera of small plants expressly designed to retain the water and promote its penetration into the soil. These plants are the mosses, which very often carpet the whole soil in a forest. In such a forest even after a heavy rain no water will drain off, because the moss has absorbed it like a sponge, and transmits it down along its roots into the ground. On the other hand springs which rise under the shade of trees dry up so soon as those trees are destroyed. So, for instance, in the island Ascension a little spring at the foot of a wooded hill was much resorted to by the inhabitants on account of its delicious water. The trees which covered the hill were cut down and the



spring dried up. The hill was replanted with trees and the spring reappeared. In another island a brook fed by a little spring at the foot of a wooded hill furnished the water-power for a mill. The hill was divested of its trees, and before long the mill-wheel ceased its revolutions. Afterwards the woods grew up spontaneously again, and with the woods returned the spring and the brook, and the wheel went round once more. It may be of but little importance that one mill is stopped from working or that one spring has ceased to flow; but what is the result when large forests are wantonly cut down, when large tracts of country are laid bare at once? Small springs will everywhere dry up; large ones will become small; rivulets, streams, and rivers will all suffer. If the great Mississippi river should all at once for hundreds of miles cease to be a navigable stream, can any one estimate the extent of the calamity, the loss to commerce, manufactures and agriculture, the widespread ruin that would follow?

III. *Woods regulate the elementary composition of the air and the currents of air.*

In the paragraphs on temperature and rain, etc., we had occasion to speak of the winds. It remains only to show how they influence the fertility of a country and its general health. A strong wind dries the soil, absorbing its moisture and carrying it away. Storms carry off with them from the fields the volatile ammonia which is one of the most efficient fertilisers. Trees counteract the power of storms considerably; unchecked by woods, their march over plains and open fields is destructive. In England along the coast a broad forest once covered the farming land and protected it against the northern winds. This has since been cut down, and the crops have fallen to one-half their former average. The eastern coast of Holstein is well wooded and fertile; the west coast is bare of woods and sterile. The north wind from the German Ocean has a free sweep, and does great damage. Most important is the wood belting a sandy coast. Here it keeps the sand from being carried back into the country, where it otherwise soon would cover the fertile soil and make it unfit for all agricultural purposes. On the south-western line of the Sahara there are no trees, and here the sand advances rapidly. In Egypt a broad forest of palms protects the fertile country on the Nile river from the drifting sand. So is it along the coast of the Baltic Sea and German Ocean. Wherever there is wood the wind is unable to carry the light sand into the country, but wherever it is wanting the fields are gradually being buried under sand.

As a regulator of temperature, the wood is in reality a preserver of health and life. Few men, particularly seamen and farmers, who are always in the open air, are accustomed to sudden changes of temperature; generally a sudden change from warm to cold and from cold to warm produces much sickness and suffering. The peculiar situation of Madrid and Sebastopol has been alluded to before. But we need not go across our boundaries to find similarities. Frequently in St. Louis the thermometer stands at 60° or 70° in the afternoon of a day, and the next afternoon it is at 25° or 30°. Such changes are excessive, and far greater than in the middle of Germany

for instance. But if there were no woods at all to the north and south to moderate the velocity and temperature of the winds, how much more sudden, violent, and dangerous would be the changes.

It remains now to show how the wood regulates the elementary composition of the atmosphere. In this work together with it the whole vegetable kingdom participates ; but the wood, by means of its vast mass of foliage, is the most efficient agent. The atmospheric air consists principally of nitrogen (79 parts) and oxygen (21 parts), and perhaps from one-thirtieth to one twenty-fifth of one per cent. of carbonic acid. To this we must add a variable quantity of water suspended as vapor. Men and other animals inhale oxygen and exhale carbonic acid gas. Wherever there is a light lit or a fire kindled, oxygen is consumed, and carbonic acid gas, the product of combustion generally, is set free. Where organic matter decays, where metals rust and oxydise, there oxygen is consumed in great quantities. Considering the age of the world and the development of the animal kingdom, it becomes certain that an immense quantity of oxygen has been used up and is yet used up every day, and yet the supply is abundant. The vegetable kingdom, and especially the woods, are the great store-keepers of this air of life, of oxygen. They inhale carbonic acid through their leaves and absorb it in watery solution through their roots, assimilate the carbon and part of the oxygen chemically combined with it, releasing the greater part, which they exhale again through their leaves together with the superfluous water in vapor. The general composition of the air however is about the same all over this globe, even where there are no woods and no vegetation. The atmosphere is, as we all know, an elastic fluid and in continual motion, consequently the equalisation of its composition takes place instantly and constantly.

These few words may be sufficient to show the importance of the forest, and to draw the attention of our population generally to consider it and its influence in the right light. Statistical tables exhibiting the quantity of rain, the changes of temperature, etc., in relation to the woods and forests of our different States, would be an important step towards recognising the functions and importance of the woods in the great economy of Nature, and the part they play in promoting human happiness and civilisation.

F. EBENER, Ph. D.

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## REVIEWS.

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*A Terrible Temptation.* By Charles Reade. London: Chapman & Hall. 1871.

IT was testified on a rather celebrated trial, two or three years ago, that the popularity of Mr. Reade's writings was second only to those of Mr. Dickens, consequently we may presume that at present he is without a rival. And as more novels are read than any other books, and of all novel-reading peoples, those who speak English are the most numerous, it follows that Mr. Reade addresses the largest audience of any author in the world. This fact gives his works an importance to which they would otherwise have no pretence.

The first remark we have to make about *A Terrible Temptation*, is that though of quite the average bulk, and published in the regular three volumes, it is, strictly speaking, no novel at all, but a long story or tale. The difference is perhaps best explained by an illustration. We have all seen the process of hand-loom weaving. The warp, regularly arranged, and running in one direction in an even sheet, has a very pretty appearance, if the colors be bright, and looks very much like a fabric, but is not. But as soon as the woof is added of fibres running in an entirely different direction, crossing the warp, now appearing on its surface and now disappearing beneath it, we get a tissue. Hence while the mere tale may be, like the warp, a series of incidents in the lives of one or more characters, all tending to one end, the novel must have at least two sets with distinct interests and objects, but brought into contact with each other and reacting on each other from time to time, out of which action and reaction the catastrophe or denouement is finally evolved. This law of the construction has not been pedantically laid down by critics, but springs from the fact that such is the law in human life, of which vast and complex fabric the novelist proposes to represent one *pattern*.

The story before us has but a single motive, the possession of the Bassett estate; and but one set of characters, those who are interested in it, with their co-workers. Richard Bassett, the heir-at-law, schemes first to prevent his cousin's (the possessor's) marriage, and then shuts him up in a lunatic asylum. The heroine frustrates the schemes by marrying Sir Charles in spite of everybody, by getting him out of the asylum, and calming his rather unsettled mind by foisting a supposititious child upon him as the heir, thus effectually extinguishing Richard Bassett's chances, unless the cheat is detected. Of course after awhile a legitimate heir is born, and the angelic wife finds herself in a great perplexity. At last the supposititious Bassett, who proves to be of gypsy blood and burglarious propensities, is got



rid of in a satisfactory manner, and a marriage between two of the second generation reconciles all parties.

It is evident that the plot here is of the thinnest kind, and the author has therefore relied for his interest upon the characters and situations. And if novelty necessarily imply interest, he has certainly succeeded. Assuredly the most of these people are such as we have never seen before, and never wish to see again. Of course we have the two women—the strong imperious woman of superb physique, and the delicate, pliant, subtle woman, frail, but of wonderful toughness—which are Reade's peculiar monogram, like Wouwer-mann's white horse, or James's two cavaliers; but when one of these is a notorious and flagrant *Anonyma*, into whose boudoir we are several times introduced, and the other, while she loves her husband unboundedly, deceives him by foisting a strange child upon him as his heir, and when moreover to these two remarkable females is added a third (a flight which the author has here attempted for the first time), to make whom he has imitated Nature in the well-known epigram and "joined the former two," who produces, by irregular means, the pretended heir, and suggests and aids the trick, we begin to think that Mr. Reade, to whom the public is always ready to concede much, is abusing his privilege to disgust us.

It has been a peculiarity of Mr. Reade to dwell with disagreeable circumstantiality on the physical aspects of love, and his portraits of beauty have usually been two "academic" in their style, evincing unmistakeable grossness of thought; but in this work we can not miss seeing a decided moral taint on the author's part which is not compensated for by any artistic skill or grace. His characters are almost without exception disgusting as well as bad; and the few that are not disgusting are flatly uninteresting. We scarcely know whether the rampant vice of Rhoda, or the cunning and deceit of Lady Bassett, or the deceit *plus* unchastity of Polly, or the bitter malignity of Richard, or the weak stupidity of Sir Charles, or the outrageous egotism of Rolfe, is most offensive, but they are altogether less offensive than the monstrous self-conceit obtruded in every line of the author that invented them.

But the author might well reply, the fault is not mine but the public's. If my large popularity depends upon just these very qualities which you condemn, can you expect me to voluntarily forfeit it? Assuredly I will supply what the public so eagerly demands.

And in this answer lies a melancholy truth. The degradation of the popular taste in matters of decency and morality is as conspicuous as it is deplorable. Fifty years ago the author who occupied the place that Mr. Reade does now—that of the most popular novelist in the English language—was Walter Scott. Fifty years ago the story which attracted the greatest number of readers was *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*. The interval between Jeanie Deans and Rhoda Somerset shows the distance which popular taste has traversed in half a century.

W. H. B.

*A Life of General Robert E. Lee.* By John Esten Cooke. With Illustrations, Portraits, and Maps. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1871.

THE most interesting work on our list for this month, beyond all comparison, is the *Life of General Lee*, by Mr. J. E. Cooke, who, though he assumes no military title, appears, by internal evidence and by one or two direct references to his personal presence on certain occasions, to have been an officer in the Confederate army of Northern Virginia, and, we should fancy, temporarily at least, a member of the staff of its revered chief. The work is in many respects defective, especially from the fact that the writer appears to have been unauthorised and unassisted by the General's family, and is consequently almost without information as to the early life of his hero. Indeed, probably from the want of material, he has confined his narrative almost exclusively to the Confederate War of Independence, passing over with a slight and cursory mention the previous services which had led General Scott to recognise Lee as incomparably the ablest officer in the Federal army, and his own fitting successor. This is a remarkable and unquestioned fact, and it leads directly to an inference which ought to silence the offensive and very ungenerous language in which certain Northern and English politicians have been wont to speak of the "wicked rebellion" of the South. The leading officers of the Confederacy were the men who, if they had chosen to remain in the Federal service, would have commanded the army of the Union. Albert Sydney Johnstone was Lee's immediate senior, and Lee himself and his comrades of the 2nd Cavalry were marked as the picked men of the army. Two of Lee's subordinates in that regiment were among the ablest and most distinguished of Grant's lieutenants; and no one can doubt that their seniors in rank and equals or superiors in ability might have at once commanded the forces of the Union if they had chosen to do so. The temptation to adhere to their colors must have been very strong; yet almost every Southern officer threw in his lot with his State. Only the fanaticism of faction would dare to ascribe unworthy motives to any of them—to Lee himself the most violent of English Radicals never ventured to impute anything of the sort; all sordid considerations tended the other way; all of them were men of high honor and virtue; many, like Lee and Jackson, of pure and deep religion; many of them did not approve of secession; yet one and all threw up their commissions, and fought, and suffered for the Southern cause. We needed no biography of General Lee to assure us that he was one of the best men and truest Christians, as well as one of the noblest soldiers and greatest generals of whom history bears witness; but it is impossible to read this story of his life without finding our admiration of his character deepened and strengthened. His fellow-citizens evidently had, from the first, profound and entire confidence in him; a confidence which must have been due as much to the force of personal character as to his long past services in the Mexican War, when he—a Captain of Engineers—was one of the interior military Council of the Commander-in-Chief, and one of those to whom

the latter chiefly ascribed the completeness of the victory. He was not successful in his first operations—a fact which his biographer explains, or explains away—yet he was as thoroughly trusted as ever by Virginia, and was selected by the Confederate Government to replace General J. Johnstone in the command of the principal army of the South. From that time his history is the history of the Virginian army; and his personality impresses itself on the character of that army. No atrocities on the part of the enemy, bitterly as he felt them, could move him to anger or provoke him to revenge; after his native State had been ravaged and his own home destroyed in wanton spite, by the direct orders of the Federal Government and its favorite generals, he refused to retaliate, or even to exercise the common rights of an invader in Pennsylvania; and in its self-restraint, as in its heroic courage and unfaltering firmness, the army imitated the example of its chief. His relations with a man like Jackson, whom no ordinary chief could have kept in steady co-operation and due subordination, and of whom any ordinary chief would have been jealous, but who regarded Lee with absolute veneration, and was treated by him “as his own right hand,” testify in no common manner to the real greatness of the man. We find, from Mr. Cooke’s narrative, that Lee was equally successful with the utterly different character of Stuart, the representative Cavalier, as Jackson was the typical Puritan. Even when Stuart’s misconception of orders took the cavalry out of reach of the main army, and contributed in no small degree to the loss of Gettysburg, Lee appears to have spoken no word of complaint. To all under him he was ever ready to give credit; on himself he was ever ready to take responsibility and blame; and those under him requited him in kind. Mr. Cooke’s account of the temper of the army as it fell back from the fatal heights of Gettysburg, thinned, baffled, exhausted, but still shouting aloud its unshaken confidence in “Uncle Robert,” has its fitting pendant in Lee’s own words—“It is I who have lost this battle; you must help me out.” It was perhaps as much this wonderful power over his men as his admirable genius for war that enabled him to face threefold numbers, and never, save at Gettysburg, to be beaten in the field. Mr. Cooke shows that, except on the Chickahominy and at Gettysburg, where he took the offensive, Lee was always outnumbered by nearly two to one; and at Chancellorsville, where he divided his army and attacked the enemy at once in front and flank, he had not more than one to three. Of course this inferiority of force exposed him to be worn out by sheer loss of men; and this Grant saw. “He could afford to lose ten men for one”—and he actually does seem to have lost three or four for one even in the campaign which ended in the surrender of Appomattox Court House. After that event Lee’s life was one of silence and retirement—it could not be a life of obscurity—and finally, while still far from old age and of robust frame, he died, really, if not literally, from a broken heart. But, painful as his latter years were, they were full of such honor as is rarely paid to a fallen leader; he was still the idol, the guide, the counsellor of his people; still the object of reluctant reverence from the conquerors, of deep respect from those who had



fought against him, of admiration from the world, of passionate affection from his countrymen; and, warm as was the sympathy felt for the Southern people, a large part of the respect paid to them in their misfortunes must be ascribed to the profound impression made on the world by the character of General Lee. We trust ere long to have some better and more authorised biography of him than this. In the meantime this is acceptable as the only one we have; and, despite some deficiency of literary aptitude on the writer's part, it is not a wholly unworthy monument to the memory of one of the greatest soldiers and noblest gentlemen that ever spoke the common mother-tongue of England and America.—*The Saturday Review*.

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*The Angel in the Cloud.* By Edwin W. Fuller. New York: E. J. Hale & Son. 1871.

THE worst and the best that we have to say of this book is that it is altogether a mistake. Ethical speculations on the ways of Providence, on the inconsistencies and paradoxes that perplex the thoughtful mind, and are only soluble by the postulate that all is perfect in the Divine plan, though we can perceive but fragments of it—such meditations as these may be very appropriate to an essay, but it is altogether a mistake to throw them into the form of a poem, and in this form we think it will be found impossible to read them.

On the other hand many detached passages are highly poetic, and some even richly imaginative, but their beauty is spoiled by the setting. We should be pleased to see a work by this author in which he appeared either as essayist or as poet; but of this hybrid production we can make nothing—not even the material of a criticism.

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*History of the American Civil War.* By John William Draper, M. D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York, Author of “A Treatise on Human Physiology,” “A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe,” &c., &c. 3 vols. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1871.

A FAIR history of the American Civil War—one that shall do justice to the motives and the principles of both belligerents, and deal with their respective views and claims with an impartial regard to the past history, the moral position taken, and the constitutional rights claimed by each, rather than with a passionate preference for one or the other based upon some single consideration, such as slavery on one side and democracy on the other—is not yet to be expected. Though the contest may perhaps be closed, its bitter feelings and its political consequences remain. It has left behind it a heavy legacy of irritating and difficult questions, whose solution must depend in great measure upon the view that men may take of some of the issues that contributed most to inflame the old quarrel between North and South; and while the generation which witnessed the bombardment of Sumter and the rout of Bull Run, the devastation

of the Shenandoah Valley and the burning of Columbia, is still living, it is hardly to be expected that any American should be able to review the records of the struggle in an historical spirit. And of those few European observers who understood enough of American political and social problems to deal with such a theme, nearly all shared too deeply the passions of the contending parties, sympathised too warmly either with Northern abolitionism or Southern chivalry, to think with cold impartiality or write with even temper of the causes and the fortunes of the war. We may doubt, indeed, whether such a history as we are contemplating will ever be written. It is seldom that posterity cares to do full justice to a fallen cause; to rake up questions long since peremptorily decided, and examine the merits of principles and systems opposed to those which, having triumphed, are finally embodied in the recognised usages and adopted as part of the settled faith of the civilised world. Still more seldom do men who have accepted that faith, and passed deliberate condemnation on the fallen principles and overthrown systems, care to consider them from a bygone point of view, and judge and force readers to judge them, not as they appear to posterity, but as they must necessarily have appeared to those who had grown up under them, and whose habits, interests, and hereditary convictions were involved in their maintenance. Therefore we may well doubt whether any future historian will care to examine the position of the Southern people from the Southern point of view; to put aside the abstract demerits of slavery, and to judge the quarrel simply on its political grounds, as between equal confederates who had each their own social system, their own laws and usages, and were entitled, within the federation, to equal respect for both. Assuredly no sign of such candor has yet appeared in any of the histories of the war that have passed under our notice; and those must be regarded as comparatively fair and honest in which the conduct and the claims of the South are not wilfully distorted and misstated — in which the writer, if himself unable to apprehend, and therefore incompetent to present to his readers, the political aspect of the dispute unencumbered by ethical questions which neither of the parties to the Federal compact were entitled to import into it, at least endeavors to give the facts as they really occurred, and to repeat the arguments of the South as they were actually stated by Southern writers and orators.

Among the many Northern authors who have aspired to write the history of the war, none has approached so nearly to this standard of comparative candor as Dr. Draper. In that portion of the record in which the Northern side is generally most violently and most exclusively pressed upon the reader — the story of the long political struggle which preceded the appeal to arms, and in which the passions that rendered civil war inevitable were aroused, exasperated, and rooted in the hearts of the contending peoples — he makes an evident and studious effort to be not only accurate but liberal; not only to state the facts correctly, but to do justice to the motives and the convictions of men whom he regards as utterly and unpardonably wrong. He not only tells his tale as truthfully as he can, but he gives at great length and with great care the case of the South as presented

to his own mind by the defenders of Southern institutions and the vindicators of Southern claims ; and though he himself is evidently unimpressed thereby, a careful reader will find in his pages abundant reason to doubt whether the North was really so thoroughly in the right as it appears to this Northern author. He will find, in short, that the case of the North rests entirely on the assumption that slavery is a crime ; and, however little he may be disposed to dispute this assumption, it will occur to every one not blinded by partisanship, or rendered careless by preconceived judgment, that it was one which the North had no right to import into its Federal relations. No point was more clearly ascertained, more distinctly laid down in the very formation of the Union, than the uninterrupted and inviolable sovereignty of the States over their own domestic institutions. The right of the South to maintain slavery within her borders was constitutionally indisputable ; it had been doubly recognised by the North — in the clause forbidding Congress to prohibit the slave trade before 1808, and in the Fugitive Slave Law which formed an article of the Constitution ; and having once entered into union on equal terms with the Slave States, the North was bound, within that union and during its continuance, not only to make no attacks on slavery where it existed under State Laws, but to recognise its existence as an institution co-equal with freedom within the area of Federal jurisdiction. It is absurd to suppose that the Slave States were to admit the enormity or even the inferiority of their own system, and to accept its exclusion from the Territories in which they had an equal right — most of which were, indeed, originally their own.

This fact once understood — it being once perceived that, so long as the Union subsisted, the South was equal with the North, and slavery as good as freedom, in point of all Federal rights — it is impossible for a reader of Dr. Draper's History not to perceive that in the political battles waged between North and South the latter was usually acting in self-defence, and that in nearly every case the North was the aggressor, and was encroaching on the equality and infringing the rights of the South. The commencement of the feud was the attempt of the North to exclude States claiming to enter the Union with slave constitutions, at the same time that free States were admitted without dispute. It was clearly impossible that such a pretension could be tolerated ; it was clear that those who advanced it did in fact deny the equality of the Slave States, and violate the first condition of Federal unity. The Missouri Compromise, which grew out of this dispute, gave up the larger part of the Federal territory to the North, and gave the South only an equal right in the remainder. In the annexation of Texas and the Mexican war the South might seem to be acting aggressively. But Dr. Draper himself shows that she was animated solely by considerations of self-protection. Immigration had given the North an overwhelming ascendancy in the House of Representatives ; the only security of the South lay in maintaining equality within the Senate, and to do this it was essential that she should have the means of forming new Slave States, to counterbalance those rapidly growing up in the North-west. All her alleged rapacity of territory arose from this one cause. She had



more land than she could cultivate with her actual population ; in Texas and in Cuba she sought not new plantations, but new States ; not additional cotton lands, but additional votes in the Federal Senate. She never claimed to control the North ; she desired only that the North should not be able to domineer over her. From the moment that she gave up the hope of maintaining equality in the Senate, it became evident that secession was only a question of time. From the moment that a party formed on the principle of sectional hostility to the South acquired the control of the Federal Executive, it was obvious that the time had come. And no one has ever been able to maintain that the South could safely have remained in the Union save on the inadmissible hypothesis that she should have made up her mind to submit, and not only to allow her institutions to be remodelled, but to allow them to be remodelled by Northern legislation. No people ever accepted such subjection till they had appealed, and appealed in vain, to the arbitrament of battle.

In like manner, and again in his own despite, Dr. Draper makes it evident to the reader who forms his own conclusions instead of accepting his author's, that the bombardment of Fort Sumter was in reality an act of self-defence, forced on the South by Mr. Lincoln's determination to reinforce the garrison. If any one doubts this, he has only to ask himself what would have happened if, when the Federal fleet and army began the siege of Charleston, Fort Sumter had still been in the hands of a Federal force ? The allegation that the attack was made in order to hurry the South into war, and to render secession irrevocable, is of a piece with the absurd misconception of the whole situation which ascribes the action of the South to a "conspiracy." What has been already said shows how wide of the truth such an idea must be. The feud between North and South was essentially popular. Throughout the forty years' struggle the whole Southern people had been of one mind ; they had been gradually welded into a nation by the habits of common action and common hostility ; they had been wrought up to a pitch of vehement feeling by the war in Kansas ; they had been insulted and outraged by the honors paid throughout New England to the fanatic who had atoned with his life for a midnight raid into Virginia, and an attempt to excite servile insurrection ; the election of Mr. Lincoln was a formal declaration of war against institutions as warmly cherished by the poorest white as by the richest slave-owner ; and yet we are told that the Southern people did not secede of their own will, but had to be tricked and cheated into secession by a conspiracy. Would any conspiracy have been able to carry Georgia out of the Union against the efforts of Alexander H. Stephens ; or would that gentleman have accepted from conspirators the Vice-Presidency of the Confederacy ? Here we may observe that Mr. Stephens entirely denies the speech and the sentiments which Dr. Draper, following a Northern forgery, universally believed during the war, imputes to him. He always held that the South had a right to secede, and was justified in secession ; he only differed from his countrymen in general in believing that she might still safely remain in the Union ; and therefore, when his State seceded, he adhered to his allegiance, and gave his earnest support to her policy, though he had vainly striven to prevent its adoption.

Dr. Draper's account of the war itself is less interesting than his discussion of its causes. Clear and straightforward, his narrative of military movements is hardly full enough, hardly characterised by sufficient knowledge, to compete with records written by military eye-witnesses or by professional observers. But it is honorably distinguished by a desire to be candid, and to avoid abusive language; and he speaks of the Confederate chiefs and armies generally with the decorous and respectful hostility due to a brave and unfortunate enemy. The course of the war presents another point on which his history contradicts his theoretical doctrines, as—to those who read it with vigilant and open minds—it does in almost every page. He believes profoundly in the influence of climate on national character, and is perhaps the more tolerant and temperate in his treatment of Southern polity because he imputes the preference of slavery, the fiery temper, the independent spirit of the South to the influences of isothermal lines. But the records of the war show that the climate had not affected the military character of the Southerners. They still resemble Englishmen more than they resemble any Southern nation; are still distinguished by the pertinacity, the endurance, the discipline, and the steadiness of the English soldier, while the Northerners showed more of French impetuosity in the onslaught, and French liability to panic in repulse. Much more truth lies in the contrast between the family life and domestic ideas of North and South, as drawn, however reluctantly, by our author; and a perusal of his work will leave the thoughtful reader impressed with new respect and sympathy for the thoroughly English character of the South, and with an earnest hope that, when she emerges from the gloom that still hangs over her, it will be found that the best features of her social life have survived the fall of slavery—that the love of home, the reverence for parents, the womanly and wifely virtues of one sex, the chivalry and honor of the other, still remain, as on the testimony of an enemy they once were, the characteristics of the Southern American; as of his English ancestry.—*The Saturday Review.*

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## THE GREEN TABLE.

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I HAVE always had a great admiration for bees ever since I learned a certain wise and curious habit of theirs. When some large noisome slug has contrived entrance to their abode, these profound philosophers, after stinging it to death, instead of going heartily to work to remove the carcase, proceed to cover it completely

with wax, and there it remains ever after, an embalmed incubus. Truly these insects are endowed with an idea or two beyond the hexagonal theory of architecture, and have an excellent appreciation of what is necessary for the conservation of society. Doubtless, every proper and well-behaved bee, though he must frequently pass by this propriety-coated poison-mass, does so with a refined, well-simulated unconsciousness of its existence, serenely ignoring the fact that within those shapely, white waxen walls a putrefaction is going on which must sooner or later breed a pestilence. But what will you have! Society must be preserved. From an identical course of reasoning, probably, the human insect also has adopted a similar method for disposing of things which they are too fastidious to handle, or too lazy or ignorant to be able to remove. They sting them into present harmlessness with polite scorn, wax them over, and close their eyes to them. Is a thing noxious and pestilential, unpleasant to touch and difficult to understand or dispose of, and do you wish to get well rid of it easily? Nothing could be simpler. Pass sentence of oblivion upon it, cover it with the wax of propriety and pretend you don't see it; or if you must refer to it, call it a necessary evil and let it alone. It is true that such things if let alone will grow astonishingly, swelling up with all sorts of acrid, poisonous gases, until one day the wax coating bursts, and society returns for a time to the dark ages, to grope its way up again slowly and painfully; but then *we* are saved trouble and keep our hands clean, and posterity must really learn to look out for itself. But however indignant we may be when this system precludes the introduction of topics the discussion of which we believe to be both healthy and urgent, still it cannot be denied that it has many advantages, and brings about some very desirable results. Without such checks, purity of manners and speech would be at the mercy of whoever should choose to violate them, and the number of those who under the pretence of exposing vice seek only an opportunity to describe it, would be fearfully increased. It is easy to understand also how any one possessing delicacy of taste and moral refinement must shrink, under any circumstances, from even the least contact with vice in word or thought, and the more especially when they believe themselves unable to do anything towards removing or reforming it. It is this that makes, if not an apology, still some words of vindication necessary for the discussion of a subject, much connected with which is justly stigmatised as low and vulgar. This vindication is to be found in the fact that it has become a duty and a necessity for society to examine and reform poor people's amusements. This necessity and this duty will we believe become very evident as we proceed.

It must be confessed at once that the cheap theatre is a low place — low with all sorts of lowness: the lowness of vice, of ignorance, of depraved tastes, ay, and the lowness of poverty and dinginess and dreariness too; for the Variety Hall I speak of is not the large, wealthy and crowded theatre which, with the opportunity to do good to popular taste, does evil to it, and wilfully depraves it that it may profit by the appetite it creates. This kind is lower even than that of which I write, for it is with the lowness of deliberate vice and



crime. The management is more wealthy and the patrons of a higher grade, each capable and sufficiently informed to do decently, and yet the atmosphere is redolent of indecency and sin. It is a lowness from which nothing is to be learned. The cheap theatre, on the other hand, is full of instruction for us even in its lowness and vice, because these in the present condition of things are simply inevitable; and also because there is a possibility, perhaps a chance, of improvement, since by a discussion of it the attention of those who so nobly wish to ameliorate the condition of the poor, and elevate and refine them, may be directed to this most important question of poor people's amusements. It may do something too, though I fear not much, towards dissipating certain prejudices; and by disclosing the disadvantages and temptations by which some of our fellow-creatures, both on the stage and off it, are oppressed, make us wonder not that they *are* bad, but that they are not worse, and fill our hearts with pity and Christian charity for the poverty which through its ignorance does evil, not so much because it prefers it as because it knows nothing better or is not able to afford it. Did it ever occur to thee, my friend, who hast just finished thy dinner of half-a-dozen courses, and feelest spreading over thy system that gentle eupeptic glow that makes us so very prone to wonder how people can be so foolish as to be miserable, wicked, poor or indecent—did it ever occur to thee, I say, that there are people in the world, and not a few either, who cannot *afford* to be good and decent, but must sell their birthright of self-respect daily for a mess of very miserable pottage? No, I do not suppose it ever did occur to thee, but it is exceedingly true notwithstanding. Yes, there it stands, a gigantic painful fact, that, like the ghost of Banquo, will not “down,” and that no number of steamships, Atlantic telegraphs, or transcontinental railroads can remove or even mitigate. It is a very mournful thought, and I sincerely hope that it may often occur to you, my friends, as you sit in your easy-chairs after dinner, and make you profoundly uncomfortable.

But a truce to these disagreeable personalities, and wanderings from the purpose we have in view, which is nothing else than a visit to one of those places of amusement where the poor come to forget their poverty for a little while, and let in a ray of sunshine, dull though it be, into the dreary twilight of their life of toil. Start not at the idea of going thither; it is very possible to handle even as foul a thing as this without giving just offence to any genuine feeling of refinement; and any ungentle mawkish feeling we do not mean to respect, in the prosecution of what we believe to be a right and pressing work. Imagine yourself then transported into a large hall, fitted up somewhat after the manner of a theatre, and occupying not a seat among the audience, but that “coign of vantage” whence an author is privileged to see and hear all that passes spite of distance or intervening obstacles. The most prominent feature of the scene is its dreary, dusty aspect. A rough-looking, ill-dressed crowd of men seated in the rear on the rudest benches, and in front on the plainest chairs; an insufficiency of light; dark walls, with no attempt at embellishment anywhere, even on the stage itself, where the scenery is

old, dirty, and unrepresentative of anything. The performance has commenced, but with it we have little or nothing to do, save to note in passing that the impropriety of dress is not quite so bad, and the jokes, though a little coarser perhaps, certainly not more impure in meaning than are enacted on the stages of prominent theatres before fashionable audiences. It consists of the usual olio of songs, dances, and farces; the greatest, or more properly the least possible minimum of dress; the wit that is mere coarseness or very palpable *double entendre*; the comedy of which the essence is rough practical joking; in fine, a farrago of mingled indecorousness and vulgarity, from which the most ingenious social sophist could not extract for us one drop of honey. Our business is rather with the two classes of people, actors and audience, whom in divers ways this performance brings into contact, and whose action and reaction on each other constitute a not unimportant phase of the great social problems of to-day. Glance first at that crowd of youths filling the rear benches. Not a very refined or intelligent-looking set, are they? — still, a very slight scrutiny is sufficient to convince you that but few of them belong to the class you have learned to execrate as roughs, and embryo, if not actual, violators of the law. It is evident that these boys, or rather young men, for most of them are twenty and upwards, are rough-looking, unkempt, unwashed and horribly dressed, not because they are vicious, but because they are poor and ignorant and unrefined; because their labor is degrading in character, meagre in pay, and uncertain in duration. For these almost all belong to the lowest class of working people, squads of the great army of odd-jobbers, whose continued preservation from starvation and utter nakedness is a problem insoluble to the mind accustomed to contemplate the expenditure of ten thousand a year. But they do manage somehow to procure daily bread, without butter, and semi-annual clothes; and also, as our eyes demonstrate, to come sometimes to the theatre. Now you to whom the theatre is only one among many means of intellectual and imaginative recreation, are very apt to cry out virtuously against this reckless extravagance on the part of poor Tom, who has made but fifty cents to-day, and whose to-morrow's income is as yet in abeyance; and could doubtless make some very wise and moral preachments from this text to which it would be edifying and improving to listen. Nevertheless I maintain that Tom, acting merely from his instincts of pleasure-seeking, is doing just what is best for him physically and mentally. Do you know what happens when a man is kept unremittingly at coarse, uncertain, ill-remunerated toil? Either his spirit breaks and he dies miserably like some over-wrought beast of burden, which is very bad for him; or else he becomes desperate and infuriated, which is bad for society: out of such stuff are manufactured burglars and political ruffians. Recreation of some sort is necessary for Tom, and this is the most economical in which he can indulge. He has as great need, perhaps greater, to loosen the bow-string occasionally as have more important personages, and the only methods known to him are the cheap theatre and drink. Besides — and oh what a gulf between you and him this one thought opens! — Tom is probably getting here, at this low, immoral Music Hall, about

all the education, literary, moral, and æsthetic, that he will ever receive. Yes, strange as it may seem, the standard of the Varieties Theatre, low as it is, yet is higher than Tom's. The vulgarity of dress and speech, gross as it is, is less vile than that of his daily life and conversation ; while there is much that he hears, if not that he sees, which is qualified to instruct him. These songs sung here — and let us in justice say that the most of them are not bad songs, but many of them very sweet and pathetic, old favorites once heard in drawing-rooms — these songs contain for him flights of imagination and beauties of expression which kindle in him the same sense of literary appreciation that you feel in reading some glorious passage of Homer or an exquisitely-turned sentence of Macaulay's. At any rate it is the only literature Tom will come in contact with ; and as it is not a bad literature, I am glad he is here to listen to it. Here too gets he some æsthetic education, and such definite ideas of elegance as he may acquire. To his uncultivated taste, the painted, be-tinselled dancers *are* beautiful objects and their movements grace itself ; while the injury he receives from impropriety of dress or action is vastly less than you would imagine, owing to the rather blunt condition of his moral sensitiveness. Moreover, his taste for music is gratified and cultivated, which is also a good thing for him, as indeed is every possible legitimate pleasure you can introduce into his life. Listening to the dissonance coming from the orchestra, you hardly think this possible ; but let me assure you that the artistic gratification with which you listen to the execution of a difficult and scientific symphony is nothing compared to the delight with which some rollicking tune makes every nerve in his body tingle. Those trite moralities and bursts of sentiment, patriotic and otherwise, which to you are mere tawdry stage clap-trap, are serious earnest to him, and highly approved too, to judge from the applause by which he signifies his appreciation. Well, I do not suppose he will practise them, but still I am glad to hear him applaud them : the man who honestly approves good and noble sentiments is not in the lowest stage, and there is hope that if temptation were not ever-present he might strive to act them out. But we underrate the effect these opinions have on Tom's mind : they really go farther towards forming his moral and political code than any one would suppose who has not observed with sorrow the rarity of the circumstances under which the very poor and ignorant can be brought to listen with interest or patience to ideas of the kind. We are justified in concluding, then, that it is here, and from such teaching as this, that Tom forms his ideal of the true, the beautiful, and the good. Shall we wonder then that it is a fearfully warped ideal, and that he does not live up to it, crooked as it is ? The theatre, then, concerning which so many most worthy people entertain grave doubts, even in its most refined and elevated phase, and which is accused of wielding over performers, if not over audience, a demoralising influence ; this vilipended, condemned theatre, in its very lowest development, in spite of adjuncts that disgust and a vulgarity that shocks, is still sufficiently elevated above one class, and that not the lowest in the community, to be its educator in matters of taste and morality.



Turning from these rear benches to the rows of chairs dignified by the title of orchestra, we meet a more motley crew, not all of them wearing the same sad uniform of extreme poverty. Some few of the class of whom we have just been speaking, and with whom the money market is less tight than usual; rough-looking, broad-shouldered farmers in from the country, who have dropped in to see the show, having disposed of such small modicum of hay or corn as they have been able to extort from mother-earth; sunburnt, jolly-looking sailors, with that air of *bonhomie* in face and manner which the sea invariably impresses on all those whose lives are spent among its changing hills and valleys; here and there a scattering soldier; grave-looking mechanics, with that expression of intelligence which continual contriving and adapting make characteristic of the class; a few small shop-keepers, and their clerks perhaps; a squad of young fellows, well-dressed, and evidently gentlemen's sons, here for a lark, and apparently disappointed at not seeing anything much more disreputable than at places to which they are permitted to go — such are some of the elements which combine to fill the "pit." But while we may see here and there a fashionable youngster, or more rarely one of those "men about town" who don't come for the excitement, anything of this sort having long since ceased to be exciting to them, but who look on with a philosophic air, apparently more entertained by the audience than the performance; while you see a few such, and a somewhat greater number whose position in life is admirably characterised by the word "genteel," still by far the great majority are simply working-men, and the poorest at that. They are better off than those who occupy the rear benches, principally because, being for the most part more advanced in life, they have some settled occupation and are slightly better remunerated, but they stand upon no higher platform mentally, morally, or socially. Not that they are vicious — only poor and ignorant; nor is their presence here to be taken as a proof of their being so. Their being here is natural enough. Here they find amusement, and escape for a few hours from an uncomfortable home, squalid children and a fretful wife. And not only for this but also because they really enjoy the show, into an appreciation for which they have been educated, and which forms for them a really pleasant recreation. They admire the broad jokes and coarse wit of the imitation negro, the bulls of the inevitable Irishman, and the troubles of the traditional Dutchman. They sympathise thoroughly in all performances of feats that require power and education of muscle. The comic songs make them laugh, and the pathetic ones arouse and touch in them such feelings of tenderness as have survived in hearts slow through ignorance and dulled by poverty. Besides, they are very free and easy here. Bliffins there wears his hat, smokes his pipe, sends for his two or three glasses of beer, and feels quite independent and comfortable, forgetting that to-day he worked hard and to-morrow must work harder, and that his supper to-night was decidedly insufficient for a man who had converted a large portion of his protoplasm into muscular activity. Intolerant indeed would we be to grudge Bliffins and his *confrères* this, the only recreation within their reach, and which, bad as it is, still is better than the besotting

influence of drink, from which it undoubtedly preserves many, in a measure at least. I fancy that we who are less oppressed by the coarse realities of living, fail to realise the intolerable yearning the poor must feel to escape somehow occasionally from the grinding contact with small sordid cares and bodily discomfort. If we did, or even tried to, we would have more charity for their failings in the matter of coarse dissipation, drinking, opium-eating, and theatre-going. I have a feeling of almost inexpressible sympathy for the laborer who, surrounded by a squalling family clamorous for more food and clothing, scarcely knowing where to-morrow's brown bread is to come from, and with a body worn by harsh toil, and but ill-refreshed with unnutritious food ; who in fine, wearied in body and depressed in mind, goes out and spends some of his few remaining shillings for a seat in some Variety Hall and a half-dozen glasses of beer. I know that the money had been better spent in procuring some of those necessities he and his family so sorely need ; but I know also the pressure that is upon him. With starvation and complete misery staring him in the face, how can we expect him to take heed to the expenditure of half a dollar? There is a pitiless certainty about unavoidable ruin which makes a man utterly indifferent to consequences, and leaves him only the desire to enjoy himself as much as he may before he is crushed.

One thing that strikes us most forcibly is the innocence with which the bulk of this class come here. They do not seem to have the least idea that they are patronising a representation to be condemned on every principle of taste and decency. Hodges yonder illustrates this finely for us by bringing his little boy with him to-night — a thing that even he, callous as he is, would not do if he considered it a disreputable place. To us it does seem abominable to bring to a place like this a little fellow about whom still clings something of the innocence and modesty of childhood ; but everything depends on the point of view. This theatre on which we look down, Hodges to a certain extent looks up to. He knows that many people even in his own class condemn the theatre, especially as a place for children, but he sees no harm and much pleasure in going ; and it never enters into his head that this theatre is worse morally than others, for his experience and knowledge of them are limited to this class. He surmises that the men and women on the stage here are no better than they should be, but he believes that of all actors and actresses ; and as for the vulgarity — well, he is really rather obtuse on such points, and besides he knows that his boy hears, ay, speaks and acts much more and worse every day of his life. And you, my friend, so prompt to judge poor Hodges, just reflect that at this very moment, probably, your own well-dressed, rosy-cheeked darling at the fashionable boarding-school is learning from some elders in vice, a vulgarity and indecency of thought and speech which will do more to soil him soul and body through life than he could possibly acquire even here. So Hodges acts in accordance with such light as he has, and gives his boy a treat of sight and sound from much the same impulse that induces you to take your little ones to a Christmas pantomime.

But all have not these circumstances of poverty and mal-education

to plead in their behalf. Many can we see scattered through the crowd on whom this coarse and indecent performance is having a most deleterious effect, for they come here from impure motives and for the gratification of base appetites. Should we glance behind the scenes and box-curtains, and into the rooms beyond, we might see many a fashionable stripling vieing with gray-haired men of business in coarse debauchery—laughing, talking, and drinking with the be-painted fair ones of the stage. Youths of utmost gentility discarding refinement, married men of unsuspected morality regardless of decency—these, and others from every grade and phase of society, unite here in a reckless pursuit of forbidden enjoyments; for the *coulisses* of the Varieties Theatre are the favored haunt of every species of vicious dissipation. But it is no part of our purpose to dilate upon the lives and characters of either the performers or the frequenters of the place. The task would be neither pleasant nor profitable; and enough both of condemnation and apology has been written by others. We cannot, however, leave this part of our subject without adverting briefly to what we conceive to be the duty of the better portion of society with regard to this mass of vice which they permit to lie festering at their very doors.

The man who has in his head the model of a steam-engine or a telegraph, and from mere inertness fails to communicate it to his fellows, so that the march of civilisation is retarded, is perhaps not the least of malefactors; what shall we say, then, of the crime of those who, possessed of knowledge and cultivation, are content merely to possess them, and make no effort to impart them to those who still grope in darkness and struggle in mire? Is not the weightiest obligation laid upon the refined to extend refinement? It is the highest of duties; and yet those who arrogate to themselves the title of “best” in the community, seem to have no conception of it, at least do nothing or next to nothing in discharge of it. They appear to think that society can require no more of them than that they should retain and preserve their refinement and intelligence, and on every fit opportunity signify their disapproval of what is vicious and debased. They have their excuse ready also. We cannot, say they, eliminate these evils nor purify these institutions, since evil is inherent in them; the best we can do is to repress and ignore them. But the evil is not inseparable, though the institutions cannot be abolished, and in some form must and will exist. The stage, though you cannot get rid of it, may be stripped of almost all that is vicious without being deprived of much that is attractive even to the depraved. The management depending for support on the patronage they receive, find no way to make that patronage pay save by sensational indecency, and by affording facilities for drinking and license. Relieve the theatre from this necessity which makes it the minister to sensuality and crime, and it will not be difficult to render it an instrument of good, second to none other in this special sphere. There is a field here for a charity that would deserve to be called not only noble but wise. It is matter of common remark and regret that most charities, public and private, miss their mark, fail to reach just the class whom they are intended to benefit. They attempt to raise the poor without



descending to their level, and the lowest rung of the ladder we reach down to them is far above their grasp. Any education of the ignorant and debased must commence with a descent, not a condescension. It is their ideas we must take hold of and elevate, not ours which we must lower and adapt to their comprehension. Common-school education is good and necessary, but reading, writing, and arithmetic only render more dangerous men imbued with the principles of the *Contrat Social*. What is imperative is education in true principles of social organization and rights, and sound habits of reasoning. Somehow or other this education must be accomplished. Upon our shoulders is laid the obligation to see that the world does not retrograde five centuries through the incompetence and depravity of those whom in liberating from oppression we have elevated into rulers. The masses have acquired political power with more rapidity and effect than the knowledge or discretion to employ it for the advantage of society. Strangely enough, the tendency of the most enlightened and refined civilisation that has yet dawned upon the world, is to place the actual control of society in the hands of the ignorant and unintelligent; if it do not in some way contrive to communicate knowledge and intelligence also, it will have signed its death-warrant. The universal diffusion of learning has scattered broadcast many more false theories of religion and government than sound ones, and unfortunately it is just the worst and most sophistical of these that are most greedily adopted by the lower classes. They are learning their own power as a mere matter of brute force when organised in Trades-Unions and Working Men's Associations. They have eagerly imbibed the doctrine that they have the right to reason for themselves and to govern the State because they are the most numerous. Together with these notions of their rights and powers, they entertain some singularly incendiary ideas. What is only inevitable misfortune seems to them terrible injustice and tyranny. They conceive that it is unjust that some few, comparatively, of mankind should absorb to themselves all the power, wealth, and enjoyment of life. Their ideal of reform is a thorough leveling and redistribution of everything. With such a combination of ideas in their heads, it will go hard with them if one of these days they do not put in operation a Commune which will make that of Paris pale its ineffectual fires.

But see, while we have wandered off moralising and saying we know not what irrelevant and improper things, the curtain has rolled down on the last scene, the gas is turned off, and audience and actors hasten away as if a ban were on the place. To their various homes, grimly poor, genteelly squalid, ostentatiously elegant, or perchance sadly evil, we will not follow them, even in imagination; but will even take our way to such homes as we have, very thankful for once that we have them, and more than usually conscious of possessing, somewhat unworthily, many blessings.

H. H.

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THE earliest form of natural religion, investigators inform us, is a vague idea of propitiation founded upon a blind terror. The savage finds himself surrounded by perils and menaced at all times by hostile

powers, not merely the neighbor-savage, or the wild beast, whose actions he can understand and whose attacks he can resist or avoid, but by the mysterious forces of Nature, which he can neither withstand, elude, nor comprehend. Passing from the intelligible to the unintelligible, it is not surprising that he should consider the earthquake, the inundation, or the thunderbolt as the attacks of some potent but invisible enemy, whom, as he cannot resist, he must endeavor to conciliate. But how is he to address himself to these, as he would to a mightier savage? How is he to approach the earthquake when the earth is still, or bow himself to the thunderstorm when the sky is clear? Only by a symbol which he posits to represent the earthquake and the storm, or the Malevolence of Nature generally, and his genuflections and offerings to which he conceives will be understood as paid to those invisible but conscious Malignities.

But to bear the unseen substance in mind while the symbol is before his eyes, is too subtle a refinement or too exhausting an exertion for the savage intellect to keep up long; and the universal result is that he comes to regard the symbol or representative as the thing itself which is revered; and though he has with his own hands tied the snake-skin round the bone, and the dirty rag over the snake-skin, he has a dull feeling — we can not call it a thought — in his stupid brain that the thing is something supernaturally potent, and to be revered and conciliated or it will be the worse for him.

This then is that rudimentary form of worship which is called Fetishism. And as the most civilised races have a large share of the savage element still in them, so Fetishism in various forms is of constant occurrence, and presents itself in the most diverse and unexpected ways, but always with the characteristic of taking the symbol for the thing signified. Ruskin, for an amusing instance, in his *Elements of Drawing*, dissuades his pupils from erasing pencil-marks with bread-crumbs — the best thing for that purpose — because, says he, “it is wrong to waste the good bread.” He does not mean that such a practice is robbing the poor, because the crumbs his most erasive pupil would use in a week would hardly feed a chicken; nor would he, we think, be prepared seriously to maintain that there is any peculiar sacredness about the pulverised seed of the grass *Triticum* which is denied to the inspissated sap of the spurge *Siphonia*; but he has so associated bread as a symbol of sustenance, life, with the thing signified, that he has a blind feeling that to use bread-crumbs for any other purpose than nourishment is a sort of minor sacrilege.

So much for a small bit of fetishism; now for a large one. We have all read in the last two or three days how the corpulent gentleman known to the world at large as the Count de Chambord, and to his friends as Henri V., ruined the very fair chance for the throne of France which the fusion of the monarchist parties had placed in his hands, by the most preposterous bit of fetishism. He was willing to accept Constitutionalism of a most liberal type, to have his royal hands tied in a variety of ways; to abandon the Peerage and the Temporal Power, and to concede universal suffrage; to conciliate the bourgeoisie like Louis-Philippe, and the proletariat like Napoleon III., but it must all be done under the White Flag with the Lilies. That FLAG to him was identified with the paternal government of Henri IV. (himself a fetish), and with the glories and grandeurs of Louis XIV. (another monstrous fetish); and though he was quite willing to subscribe to terms that would have made the Béarnais swear “*Ventre-Saint-Gris!*” and the Grand Monarch take the tongs to him as he did to Louvois, only to hear them named, he would rather lose a throne than blaspheme that thrice-sacred oriflamme.

With a philosophical people it would make but little difference, provided the government was a good one, whether the rag that flapped over the Tuileries was a white rag or a blue one; but unluckily the people he had to deal with had their fetish too; and gin a fetish meet a fetish, the weaker

must give way. The fetish of the French people is a three-colored r which they call the *tricolor*, which they identify with the victories Dumouriez and Napoleon, and feel somehow or other contains the triu of those heroes and the former glories of France, now temporarily in e So as they would not have the White Flag, and as Henri V. to be had without it, his partisans intimated to him, regretfully would see him at Frohsdorf first, and thither he has departed, c fetish with him, as Rachel carried her ancestral teraphim.

Our late war between the States was almost entirely due t outbreak of fetishism. Of the hosts that volunteered for the 'South, how many were there that had the slightest c the questions at issue? How many had maturely consid AZINE South had or had not the right of separation, and whethe property, or lives were endangered thereby? They we to these questions, yet no sooner had *the flag* been f flew to arms with an enthusiasm that would have beer it been less absurd. So long as the flag represent justice, so long it was an honorable symbol; but i these, it was a mere striped clout, with no claim who did not worship it as a fetish.

And yet, marvellous to say, this absurdes<sup>4</sup>...f common at the South; and ther with all their hearts in the righ<sup>4</sup> goods and their blood f<sup>4</sup>... better under the turkeys, driver

MR. F  
story'

### SPIDER'S-WEB PAPERS.\*

#### III.

MY Spasmodic Theory is one which I love to ponder or to pursue in my hours of philosophic ease; and it would at once commend itself to your reason. I have withheld it because the world has had enough of theory for its amazement.

The discoveries of great physical laws are usually accompanied by much excitement and contention among the philosophers; and when they have agreed what to teach, the clamor subsides, the people learn and live (none the more easily unless there may be some practical application of the discovery), and they suffer and die, the earth and the heavenly bodies move on in their appointed courses, and the whole result is eventually found to be that only one small feeble step has been taken towards glorifying God by the finding of another evidence of His wisdom, power, and goodness. Until the fact is settled and this conclusion is reached, the philosophers are very proud, supercilious, and dogmatic; there is great terror with many otherwise intelligent persons lest God may be dethroned by man's reason, and there is great rejoicing by many who are ready to cry out, "We always said that your God is a myth; and now we know the whole trick of the universe."

\* Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1871 by John Saunders Holt in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.



"fore-ordained, you never go on a journey without your gun?" "Well,"  
 po'd he, "wife, I dare say it does look a little inconsistent at first; but sup-  
 he & I were riding along and were to meet an Indian, and *his* time had  
 myste—how then?"

compr  
 surpris  
 thunderbol

# USES.

cannot resi  
 himself to the

"Maimed for life."—*Hospital Report.*

the earthquake what then am I fit for? Fit, last night, no doubt,  
 when the sky is kissing and loving, but now that's left out;  
 earthquake and te lips are too woeful—we women don't heed—  
 genuflections and en, as you're thinking, men always have need  
 to those invisible b, splendor and beauty.

But to bear the u, en am I fit for?

eyes, is too subtle a i

intellect to keep up lo.

the symbol or repre. uses? Truly, *that* means "dust to dust";

though he has with his o love's uses, forego them we must.

the dirty rag over the snal no doubting. Earth needs dust for flowers,

a thought—in his stupid green leaf from this refuse of ours:

potent, and to be revered and col. scorns not.

This then is that rudimentary form of w.

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It is this dogmatism, terror, and rejoicing which constitute the commotion now going on, principally in Great Britain; though some Germans, with their grossly sensational proclivities, take a small part in it; while the French, who would be flippant and earthy, are otherwise engaged. The bent of the American mind seems to be to question and regulate God's laws as they relate to man as a social being; and our brethren, with the caution of timid ignorance, stand looking on, silently wondering, the more advanced of them ready to applaud God or Reason as the one or the other may appear to be victorious; ready to "fear the Lord and to serve their own gods," should the Omnipotent prevail; more willing to see every check removed so that they may be allowed to fearlessly carry out the devices which reason teaches them are the best.

It would be silly and unjust not to acknowledge and admire the great talent of these British philosophers, and the persistent, painful industry with which they have gathered their vast knowledge. And, wonderful to say, there does not appear to be one of them whose moral character is not at least good, or one who seems to be actuated by any other motive than an honest desire to get at the truth. The most eminent of them have excluded faith in the revelations of a God, whom, they say — alas! with too much truth — every man makes in his own image; and in its place have installed reason, which, as it has tangible facts to deal with, cannot in the end be wholly wrong. It is their pride and glory that they pay true, unswerving fealty to this reason, whatever her commands may lead to; and if, as men will do when earnestly striving to maintain or enforce reason or any system whatever, they resort to much special pleading, they can at least point to the class of theologians who are generally guilty of the same fault, and often injure their cause by unnecessarily bringing forward arguments which cannot stand the test of common-sense. Yet, it would seem to the ordinary man, it does not suit genuine philosophy to exclude either faith or reason. Reason is the handmaid of Faith; and Faith is the mistress into whose benignant presence solicitous Reason always desires to come, and with whom she feels securely at rest.

I, John Capelsay of Georgia, while I do not for an instant waive my right to suppose as much as the best of them, and do not consider that my reason, what there is of it, is less genuine and less worthy of modified worship than the reason of any other man, yet do not propose to enter the lists of science with these mighty men. Though I rode Hipparion I should be unseated at once even by the wind of a gemmule hurled by such a force. I may understand when I read them the learned words handled so deftly, and may even imagine that I know what an *Ostracod*, or a *Perodicticus*, or a *Mostacembelus* is while I read the description of it; but they too soon become confused with each other, and with *Pterodactyls*, and imaginal disks, and symbolic conceptions, for me to know whether they are *Carinatè Ungulata*, or mere *Struthious Macropodidæ*. In other words, it is not my business; and the warning, "No shoemaker beyond his last," has no doubt been developed in me as a fundamental intuition.

But I suppose that it cannot be regarded as presumptuous if I shall



look on the battle, describe its cause and its progress to my simple fellow-men who are toiling with hands to the plough without the arena, in duty bound, too busy to amuse themselves by the sight; and if I shall express my unauthorised opinion of how the strife will be waged, how and on what grounds my favorites should conduct it, and my conjecture of how it will end.

This I propose to do; for upon this field are at stake the most vital interests of all mankind; and the toilers without, to whom I address myself, may well feel interested. If one party gain the day they may sadly seat themselves beside their useless tools, and lament that their government as men made in the image of God has been taken away, and that they have been relegated, soul, mind, and body, to the condition of mere results of a natural selection, by means of an unknowable cause, from the unknown and inconceivable nothing; that the pains of mind and body they suffer are but natural antagonisms which have no final cause except to test their fitness to survive; and that the hopes which lighten their care-beset road are but chimeras, inherited and perfected from the chance emotion of some starving and spent monkey, who inherited a desire for food and safe rest from some persecuted mollusk, his ancestor; that they are accountable to no one, but to their own instincts; and that there is no being who specially cares for them here or hereafter.

If, on the other hand, the day should be won by the other party, they may raise a brightened face and pursue their labors with joyous vigor, feeling secure that whenever and by whatever process their race may have been called into being, it was actually called into being individually complete and perfect, and is the work of a Creator whose infinite attributes could glorify themselves by sending His Son as their Redeemer; that as they were created so are they cared for, so are they offered a sure rest, and so will their being, doings and sufferings prove to be but parts of a plan so infinitely wise and good that an eternity will not be sufficient for its contemplation.

That this alternative is the one really presented by the contest now going on, it would be useless to deny; and I only desire to give to plain folk, in the simplest words, such a general idea of the cause and the array as may be proper for a literary magazine, and as may befit my own simple ambition. If there be any vital truth at all in these philosophic speculations, they will have to be simplified to the common understanding; and if I do not represent them fairly, it will be because they are above my average comprehension.

To begin at the beginning would be, according to the principles of our philosophers, to go back to some common ancestor who questioned the truth and authority of God; for some such ancestor there must have been, or that emotion or "sense of interest" could not be so common or so intuitively comprehended by the human race. To begin at the beginning, then, would be tiresome, and would call for far more learning than I possess, or than there is any real need for. Nor shall I enter into a *catalogue raisonné* of the philosophers in the field as they now stand; for that too would be as interminable and as confusing as to try to learn at once the names, succession, and principal acts of all the rulers of an ancient nation. I shall have to

confine my description to two or three of the most forward characters, and my comments to a few of the most striking weapons, feints, blows, and guards they use ; or rather, I will have to say little or nothing of the persons engaged, and limit myself to the most powerful and threatening movements of their warfare. It is difficult to commence even this unless I should take the boy's mode of description, which is perhaps as good as any.

Let it be borne in mind that the question at issue, stripped of verbiage and timid qualifications, is : How man, with the remainder of the organic and inorganic parts of the universe, came to exist as they now are ? and, as necessary corollaries : What are man's individual accountabilities ? what may he individually expect and hope for now and in the future ? What is to be the destiny of the race ?

All the various learning about birds, beasts, fishes, fossils, physiology, mineralogy, chemistry, and the rest, is valuable to our philosophers in this regard only as it bears upon this main question and its dependencies ; so that we need not concern ourselves about such details if we can thwart the manœuvre they are intended to support. If I could prove by using in evidence the inner consciousness of every candid reader, whether learned or unlearned, that he is entirely subject to an all-seeing personal God (as I believe the phrase is), to whom he is individually accountable, and from whom alone he can expect protection when helpless in the awful realm into which that immortality of the soul which none of the philosophers have yet been hardy enough to deny, must place him after death, I should have but little need to follow the learned minutiae and refute the conclusions drawn from them.

I therefore appeal to this inner consciousness, and also to that objective modification of it which we call conscience.

But foreseeing that every man would naturally make such an appeal to himself, the philosophers tell us that this is not scientific, any more than it is scientific to affirm that we actually see an object\* whereas we only are sensible of the image of that object reflected upon the retina ; and in their scientific thoroughness they make conscience an instinct, called into being by a chance variation, and perpetuated by atavism and natural selection ; and make right and wrong mere conventional ideas dependent upon that instinct. Mr. Darwin, for instance, in his last work, *The Descent of Man*, says (Vol. 1, p. 68) :—

The following proposition seems to me in a high degree probable, namely, that any animal whatever, endowed with well-marked social instincts, would inevitably acquire a moral sense or conscience as soon as its intellectual powers had become as well developed, or nearly as well developed, as in man.

Then (Vol. 1, pp. 85-89) he has this most ingenious and attractive passage :—

But to return to our more immediate subject : although some instincts are more powerful than others, thus leading to corresponding actions, yet it cannot be maintained that the social instincts are ordinarily stronger in man, or have become stronger through long-continued habit, than the instincts, for instance, of self-preservation, hunger, lust, vengeance, etc. Why, then, does man regret, even though he may endeavor to banish any such regret, that he has followed the one natural

impulse rather than the other ; and why does he further feel that he ought to regret his conduct? Man in this respect differs profoundly from the lower animals. Nevertheless we can, I think, see with some degree of clearness the reason of this difference. . . .

At the moment of action, man will no doubt be apt to follow the stronger impulse ; and though this may occasionally prompt him to the noblest deeds, it will far more commonly lead him to gratify his own desires at the expense of other men. But after their gratification, when past and weaker impressions are contrasted with the ever-enduring social instincts, retribution will surely come. Man will then feel dissatisfied with himself, and will resolve with more or less force to act differently for the future. This is conscience ; for conscience looks backward and judges past actions, inducing that kind of dissatisfaction which, if weak, we call regret, and if severe, remorse.

These sensations are no doubt different from those experienced when other instincts or desires are left unsatisfied ; but every unsatisfied instinct has its own proper prompting sensation, as we recognise with hunger, thirst, etc. Man thus prompted, will through long habit acquire such perfect self-command that his desires and passions will at last instantly yield to his social sympathies, and there will no longer be a struggle between them. The still hungry or the still revengeful man will not think of stealing food or of wreaking his vengeance. It is possible, or, as we shall hereafter see, even probable, that the habit of self-command may like other habits be inherited. Thus at last man comes to feel through acquired and perhaps inherited habit, that it is best for him to obey his more persistent instincts. The imperious word *ought* seems merely to imply the consciousness of the existence of a persistent instinct, either innate or partly acquired, serving him as a guide, though liable to be disobeyed. We hardly use the word *ought* in a metaphorical sense when we say hounds ought to hunt, pointers to point, and retrievers to retrieve their game. If they fail thus to act, they fail in their duty and act wrongly.

If any desire or instinct leading to an action opposed to the good of others, still appears to a man when recalled to mind as strong as or stronger than his social instinct, he will feel no keen regret at having followed it, but he will be conscious that if his conduct were known to his fellows it would meet with their disapprobation ; and few are so destitute of sympathy as not to feel discomfort when this is realised. If he has no such sympathy, and if his desires leading to bad actions are at the time strong, and when recalled are not overmastered by the persistent social instincts, then he is essentially a bad man ; and the sole restraining motive left is the fear of punishment, and the conviction that in the long run it would be best for his own selfish interests to regard the good of others rather than his own.

It is obvious that every one may with an easy conscience gratify his own desires if they do not interfere with his social instincts, that is, with the good of others ; but in order to be quite free from self-reproach, or at least of anxiety, it is almost necessary for him to avoid the disapprobation, whether reasonable or not, of his fellow-men. Nor must he break through the fixed habits of his life, especially if these are supported by reason ; for if he does he will assuredly feel dissatisfaction. He must likewise avoid the reprobation of the one God or gods, in whom, according to his knowledge or superstition, he may believe ; but in this case the additional fear of divine punishment often supervenes. . . . [p.93] The moral sense is fundamentally identical with the social instincts.

To such a shift as this is driven the follower after reason, like a man without sight who forces his other senses to ingenious expedients. Leaving out of view the amazingly profound wisdom of the first speculation (about the animal having its intellectual powers developed), let us grant all that he says, and our answer is ready. We say, first : If with man there be indeed, as this necessarily implies, no absolute right and wrong, the person who teaches the fact should from policy, upon the "selfish," or the "greatest happiness" principle, or the "general welfare" principle, be at once put to death as an enemy to mankind for trying to make them know that which is destructive of all moral sanctions. And we ask, secondly, as whether wrong be absolute or conventional, if the soul be immortal it must suffer the



stings of a conscience which cannot overcome its nature and hold all acts morally indifferent, what practical benefit does this reasoning propose?

The fact is that there is much practical and profitable truth in Mr. Darwin's theory of natural selection (which, as it is the chiefest peculiarity, is a convenient term in which to include all the lesser points of his doctrine), though it cannot account for everything, any better than Dr. Sangrado's bleeding and warm water could cure everything. What truth there is in its conclusions, and in all the varying speculations of his brethren, can be reconciled to the grand central truths of the Bible; else the Bible cannot be true. The fault is to try to reconcile the Bible to that which is false in all these theories.

But I find myself entering into the middle of my subject. Let us take a fresh departure. It shall be my object to show that there is a class of indisputable facts which no theory can contradict and still be regarded as other than an acrobatic intellectual feat or a proof of moral obliquity. As no one is justified in imputing an evil cause for opinions when any other explanation can be had, I prefer to consider our philosophers as humorists, or as intellectual athletes conscious of their strength and skill and eager to exhibit both for the admiration of the groundlings; forgetting that "as a madman who casteth firebrands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbor, and saith am I not in sport?" We will then leave out of sight the moral and social ill effects of their doctrines, which, though they may do no permanent harm, yet are calculated to make very uncomfortable the faith of many timid men who are not prepared to answer specious arguments couched in learned language. We will also leave out of sight the sublime insolence of some of them, Mr. Herbert Spencer, for instance, who declare that they confer the supremest honor upon the Creator by making Him too absolute to possess attributes, or to be able, if He do possess them, to manifest them in any degree to the comprehension of man.

Bearing in mind then the questions at issue, let us see how I can support my assertion that there is a class of facts bearing upon them which no theory can contradict and live.

From the beginning of human reflection the question of the final cause of creation, whether that creation were instantaneous, or by slow evolution in accordance with pre-established laws, must have been that which has most surely and most deeply occupied the human mind. The reason is that upon the answer to this question depends the true value of ever-varying Nature, and above all the true value of man, his body, mind, and soul. If death mean annihilation, his morality in life is of less importance than are the gew-gaws which may amuse him, and holiness is only a matter of policy. The final cause is, in short, the one vital question which underlies all other questions concerning our race; and every reflecting mind instinctively turns towards it.

Yet where is the answer to be found? "The depth saith, It is not in me; and the sea saith, It is not in me." We look backward, and on the right hand and on the left, and it is hidden from us. It is always in the future to the living. We know something of the past,

something of the present, but the end is not yet ; nor, regarding the question scientifically, is there any reason whatever to believe that death itself brings the end to matter or to spirit. Regarding the question scientifically, the doctrine of metempsychosis is, to my mind, the very sublimest effort which can be made in this direction by unassisted reason. The argument for it is clear.

As neither matter, motion, nor force perishes, but only changes in form, we are led by pure reason to believe that it is so with spirit, which is only a modification of force or motion. This necessary deduction is not contradicted by any scientific conclusion, but assists in the explanation of some such conclusions. And as the gases of which our bodies are composed are taken up by other living bodies when exhaled, what is more reasonable than the idea that our souls also continue their existence in animals, in the instincts of which we see reproduced our appetites, passions, and mental characteristics? and in trees and plants which sleep, and wake, and breathe, and are beneficial or hurtful?

And to show that his theory explains all requirements, if it were suggested to the ancient philosopher that there is such a thing as abstract or absolute justice, and that it must be executed or his theory is false, he would triumphantly answer: "Justice is actually done by this degrading transfusion of the soul into beast or plant. And not only so," he could answer further, "but when the ends of justice are satisfied, the soul again takes its place in the body of a man, to again transmigrate, and so on perhaps forever. Hardly a man lives but has at times a sensation of having before lived in some present scene or under some present conditions, the remembrance of which he cannot recall. To oppose this theory," would continue our philosopher, with scornful pity, "is to abandon science for superstition ; for as we know that all force and matter are but the redevelopment of force and matter which are, and so far as we can judge have been from all eternity in existence, so we are bound to conclude that that modification of force (though some say modification of motion, but that after all is resolvable into force) which we call the soul or spirit of man, is but the redevelopment of a force or essence which has been existent from eternity. Who shall say that a creation of new souls is always going on? It is contrary to scientific reason. That which has been, is ; and that which is, has been. There is eternal change, and that is all."

If twitted, then, by some opponent that this is but a circle, and is no end, he would answer: "No, it is not an end ; but it is as far as scientific speculation should be stretched. It is the necessary effect of known causes, and the necessary cause of known effects. What can you have more? I may, as I do, *suppose* that this order will continue until an end shall come by the re-absorption of the soul in the fountain of life ; but such a supposition is not science, and I must confess is only superstition."

This doctrine of metempsychosis, I repeat, is, to my mind at least, the sublimest effort in its direction of human reason aiding itself by science. Anything beyond this theory founded upon science was superstition, and being destitute of warrant, could not command

general belief. Had it not been metaphysically impossible for human reason to reach above itself and discover the final cause of creation, the glorious, almost God-like intellects of the ancients would have discovered it, and, without material dissent, would have insisted upon it as true beyond controversy ; for when the true final cause, God's glory, is made known by proper authority, the human mind intuitively admits its perfect propriety.

It would be metaphysically impossible for man, even with the Old Testament to assist him, to invent the story and doctrine of the New Testament. It would also have been impossible for the ancient philosopher to invent the idea of a vicarious atonement ; and that when the ends of justice were thus satisfied, far or near in the future some catastrophe should take place which should reinstate the purified souls of men in perfect bodies which should be immortal, and that they then should live in enjoyment to the glory of God.

What is there in the earth or skies to suggest the true final cause of creation? We can imagine nothing, subjective or objective, much less can we be certain of anything which is not a thing or a combination of things which we have seen, experienced, or heard about. Set our imaginations to work about beings, or set them to work about conditions of being, and our most extravagant fancies are thus limited. The most loathsome monster which an excited fancy has ever framed has still been a combination of the loathsome features or qualities, whether physical or moral, which have been seen, or felt, or heard about from others. The delights and the place of heaven are still but such delights and such a heaven as we feel ourselves capable of most enjoying.

The reader perhaps sees, as I do, the numerous points which bristle in my argument to be elucidated or to be insisted on, but the limits of a magazine article do not allow them to be noticed in detail. To suggest them is all that I can do. For instance, I could dwell upon the fact that Plato returned to the doctrine of metempsychosis as more satisfactory than the sublime teachings of Socrates, who recognised the extreme uncertainty of the conclusions of science founded upon physical facts, yet who was not well assured what else to believe, and who, whatever he taught, had to be his own authority. I could elaborate that metaphysical difficulty of naturally conceiving what is above our own nature, and show how it is and has always been a great weapon in the hands of scientific and other philosophers, who depend entirely upon their own reason as guided by physical facts, and allow neither psychology nor faith, in other than physical facts, to hinder their conclusions ; who because the Chinese and others when disappointed beat their gods, and because they find in the natural sympathies of their own hearts and see in their neighbors a similar base conception and rebellious feeling, take it for granted that the grace of God is a fable, and that there are no humbly pious souls. I could analyse the final cause, God's glory, and show with some detail whereof it consists as related to man, and wherein it was impossible for unaided reason to conceive it. I regret to have to pass by these and a great number of other points ; but what is only deferred is not lost, if one wish not to lose it.



To resume. Here, then, in the *why* we have a question of fact infinitely above the question of fact of the *how* of creation; and we have an answer which commends itself at once to our very highest faculties of soul and intellect as the true answer, worthy of the absolute, the ultimate cause of all things, pregnant with unspeakable hope, and with helps and motives for the most sublime aspirations in man, and yet an answer which it was metaphysically impossible for unaided reason to know. Moreover, differing from the speculative answers of the old philosophers, it places the question in the dilemma that either it is the true answer or else there is no final cause, which is a (physically and metaphysically) scientific as well as a psychological absurdity. If, then, a theory of the *how* of creation contradict in any degree this fixed fact of the *why* of creation, the theory is so far false; and if the conviction of falsity involve, as it most likely will do, the very germ, the vital spark of the theory, the theory is altogether false.

But we go on further in our collection of facts, and use the very proudest assertions and most clearly stated admissions of our philosophers to supply us with other facts.

So very solicitous for their own reputation for sanity and high principle, and for the success of their doctrines with the simple, are these modern philosophers, that they labor hard and constantly to show that they are not irreligious, and triumphantly call upon the world to see that they ascribe all things, whether mental, moral, or physical, whether directly created, gradually evolved in their present forms, or more slowly and gradually evolved through all forms by the laws of natural selection—that they ascribe all things, and, if it were possible, even more than all things, to God, or the Absolute, the Ultimate Cause, the Unknowable, or by whatever name their theory may induce them to call Him.

As law is to rule, and He is the cause of law and of all its effects, then nothing can be existent which has not its cause in Him; and yet because God is infinite and absolute, and may possess attributes of which we can have no conception, we are told that we can have no conception of any of His attributes, indeed that we are but blasphemers when we speak of Him as having attributes—of the unconditioned as being conditioned (Herbert Spencer, *First Principles*, pp. 108–9, *et passim*).

But it cannot be asserted that there are no such abstract qualities as truth, justice, mercifulness, etc., or that these qualities are subject to change so as to become null, or to become their opposites under other conditions. It will not be denied that there is a good as well as an evil, that philosophers have wisdom as well as folly. Whence then come the truth, the good, the wisdom, but from God, the ultimate cause? And as He is infinite and absolute, He must possess these qualities in an infinite and absolute degree and manner. Therefore, as the ultimate cause is infinite and absolute, and as it is inconceivable that a being shall be at once infinitely and absolutely good and infinitely and absolutely evil, we are justified in attributing to God the qualities or attributes of goodness, mercy, wisdom, and the rest, and in looking to some other source for the opposites of

these qualities. And, be it understood, the arguments of Mr. Herbert Spencer and his disciples cut both ways, and render the devil as destitute of attributes as we are besought to elevate our minds to believe that God is.\*

And here let us remark the strange fact that while Mr. Spencer denies the piety of the pious ascription of attributes to God, he himself, by his admission of an ultimate cause, ascribes being, wisdom, and power to that infinite and absolute Unknowable. The impiety, then, consists in attributing to Him holiness, justice, goodness, and truth, which are the only other attributes it is pretended to conceive of as belonging to God.

Now, then, we have the facts of the final cause of creation, and of the existence of certain attributes of God — facts founded upon evidence more irrefragable than the evidence of the senses in making scientific investigations, for they are *intuitively* assented to; and when we come to examine the evidence, we find that it is the very constitution of our intellects and souls and of the Nature which surrounds us that we examine, *and that the evidence is so absolute that it is inconceivable that reason should not be convinced by it.*

Not only so, but, as I have said, the philosophic principles of Mr. Herbert Spencer, as developed in the first part, entitled "The Unknowable," of his work on *First Principles*, legitimately and necessarily support these facts in spite of the nicely exact abstruseness of his sophisms.†

But there are historical facts which not only confirm these facts adduced but bear directly upon the points at issue.

However and whenever the race of man originated, we know that like an ever-widening vein of gold in solid rock, the truths we have just noticed have from the earliest historic times been in the possession of a succession of them who by that very fact constituted a class apart. While I am fully convinced of the exact truth of the whole Mosaic record of the order of beings and events up to his time — an order which all scientific investigations confirm up to the seventh day or era of creation — it is not necessary for my argument to insist upon its truth. Let us then begin only with him — a character the fact of whose existence and the genuineness of whose laws at least no one can dispute — and we find that he clearly taught these facts of the chief end of creation, and of the attributes of the God to be worshipped. We also know that from his day to this the people, of whatever race or races, who have been in possession of these facts, have been distinguished from all others, and in point of true morality above all others, and that they have, after so long a time, now in this nineteenth century, by the mere force of faith in those facts, and in corollaries, such for instance as morality and redemption, immediately dependent upon them, succeeded in becoming the ruling power in the world. I mean literally what I say, that

\* Mr. Herbert Spencer would do a good work if he would bend the powers of his undeniably great and subtle intellect to prove, metaphysically or otherwise, that there is no devil, no evil spirit which organizes the elements of evil.

† The teaching of the Bible is that God, the ultimate cause, is incomprehensible, and that He has from the first communicated with man only through a mediator, ADONAI, the Angel of the Covenant, the Son of God, the Second Person of the Trinity.

the civilisation, in all its broadest meanings, of the nineteenth century is due to these truths ; that the Bible, whether it be, as we believe it to be, the Word of God, or whether it be a "cunningly devised fable," is the great power which has given and gives life to human laws, and order to human progress. Let this proposition be tested by any fair reasoning upon the facts. Prate as one may about the Anglo-Saxons (who hardly constitute one-fiftieth of the human race, and who were nothing until they became instructed in these truths), the civilisation of our day is not confined to them, nor do they make even the chief part of it: Celts and Gauls, Teutons and Huns, Scandinavians, Franks and Romans, and many others have to be considered. Race has had comparatively little to do with the progress. The Chinese with the same advantages would have been quite as far advanced ; and the fact that the advantages moved westward instead of eastward is only an accident or a providence for which we should feel thankful and not brag, for we deserve no credit for it.

In addition to this, look on either side of this vein of gold which I have represented with its broader end towards us and extending back, narrowing like a wedge, until it reaches a point in the far past. The people who did not possess this revelation from God, or this fable, which teaches what God is and the final cause of creation, with all the consequences which accompany or flow from these teachings, were otherwise amazingly learned and polished and tremendously powerful in intellect. A host of rhetoricians, logicians, mathematicians — poets and philosophers, in short, whose works are still the admiration of mankind and the despair of the ambitious, amused, consoled, taught, encouraged their fellows ; yet while their grand thoughts will ever live, their philosophy fell dead when brought into the presence of these majestic truths, which have now conquered though they have not yet subjected the world.

These are the historical facts ; and to determine their value it does not, as we shall see, require all the learned thought which it takes to determine a species or a variety.

Let us then bring Mr. Darwin's theory of the descent of man to the test of all these facts I have adduced ; and if we find that it cannot stand them, we may be emboldened to find in the texture of the theory itself other reasons with which to make its overthrow more disastrous.

Mr. Darwin (*Descent of Man*, vol. II, p. 372) says :—

By considering the embryological structure of man, the homologies which he presents with the lower animals, the rudiments which he retains, and the reversion to which he is liable, we can partly recall in imagination the former condition of our early progenitors, and can approximately place them in their proper position in the zoological series. We thus learn that man is descended from a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits, and an inhabitant of the Old World. This creature, if its whole structure had been examined by a naturalist, would have been classed among the Quadrumana, as surely as would the common and still more ancient progenitor of the Old and New World monkeys. The Quadrumana and all the higher mammals are probably derived from an ancient marsupial animal, and this through a long line of diversified forms, either from some reptile-like or some amphibian-like creature, and this again from some fish-like animal. In the dim obscurity of the past we can see that the



early progenitor of all the Vertebrata must have been an aquatic animal, provided with branchiæ, with the two sexes united in the same individual, and with the most important organs of the body (such as the brain and heart) imperfectly developed. This animal seems to have been more like the larvæ of our existing marine Ascidians than any other known form.

And, before this (*Descent of Man*, vol. I, p. 226), he says:—

In a series of forms graduating insensibly from some ape-like creature to man as he now exists, it would be impossible to fix on any definite point when the term "man" ought to be used. *But this is a matter of very little importance.*

I italicise that last sentence, because it strikes me as a little odd that a great philosopher, whose whole soul and mind are bent, as he would have us believe, upon the discovery of the truth, should have either not seen the vast importance of the point he speaks of, or, having seen it, should so evidently desire to shun it. That very point which he says is of very little importance is the very most important point to be decided, for it is the "when" upon which all his "how" depends. For if the determination of the point When make the proposed manner How absurd, or if its non-determination make the How evil, the theory of the How must be abandoned.

To us who think we know better, and who at any rate feel the prodigious advantages of what we think we know, it is useless to talk about theories of evolution, and natural selection, and sexual selection, and correlation, when such a vagueness exists in them as to when a thing is to be called a thing or to be called no thing, when it is to be considered one thing, and when an entirely different thing.

You will forgive me, my dear reader, for my little joke about my Spasmodic Theory. You know that I would never pretend to know more than my neighbor, or to discover what he has not a thousand times thought about. What I mean by my Spasmodic Theory is this: that Nature never does anything but, as it were, *per saltum*. It is not the catastrophic theory which deals in volcanoes, floods, and earthquakes, but it applies to every natural motion of body and spirit, of matter and force, from our begetting to our death, and from the begetting to the death of every living organism. The theory may be all wrong scientifically; no doubt is all wrong, since I am not scientific; but at all events it comes in here most admirably to explain that which cannot, I think, otherwise be explained so as that common folk like you and me can understand it; I refer to the theory of evolution.

If the doctrine of evolution mean that the elements composing any organic or inorganic body were first prepared, and then were suddenly conjoined so as to form that body, which afterwards by a similar preparation and sudden action may be changed in form or may have the form of its products varied, we can comprehend and can assent. But when we are called upon to imagine the unimaginable, to think the unthinkable about physical things and about the constitution and movements of the spiritual part of our nature, and are told that we cannot do it, but that it is science, and is therefore all right, why we have no warrant for it, and we simply cannot do it.

The boy's manner of description, which I spoke of just now as being about as good as any, would give Mr. Darwin's theory in somewhat this way:—

"There's Mr. Darwin, you see, gets up, and says he: One time, millions and billions and trillions of years ago, there was nothing; and it kept on being a nothing for millions and billions of years, until at last it got to be a something. I don't rightly know how it got so, or what sort of a thing it was, but anyhow it was a thing, and it lived; but I can't say that it had a head, or a tail, or anything of any particular shape or size, only it wasn't at all differentiated. And somehow or other there got to be a heap of things which came somehow from this thing, and some of 'em lived and had other things, and some of 'em didn't; and them that lived, lived according to the laws of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, and them that died died because they couldn't stand the racket. And these things lived on and on, and kept a having other things, for, perhaps, several millions of billions of years, until at last one of 'em found that by the laws of variation he had a hole at one end, and a corner of one of the other things, if they had corners, somehow I suppose got into this hole, and somehow, I don't rightly know how, it tasted good; and when it had things, some of them had such holes in one end that got the corners of other things in 'em that kept on tasting better and better. They tasted salty. This is not a supposition but a scientific deduction! for besides that every animal likes salt, if any animal body can be produced which upon strict chemical analysis is not found to contain salt, my theory cannot stand. But, anyhow, it went on so by the laws of atavism and natural selection till these holes got by use to be mouths, and then these things that had mouths ate up all the other things that didn't have mouths — for, you see, there was nothing else to eat. And so it went on for millions and millions of years, and in some such way other organs were produced; as, for instance, by the laws of variation some of 'em got to have two holes, and as they could live better for not dying of a surfeit, they, by the law of natural selection, replaced them that had only mouths. And so it went on for millions of years, gradually improving and gradually branching off so as to be entirely different things, all of which ate each other, and some of which had eyes, though I don't rightly know how they got 'em; but they must have got 'em somehow, and the true scientific conclusion is that the germ of a retina was by the laws of variation first produced, and all the other parts were by those laws, and by natural selection, added to 'em. So, too, some of 'em got to have two eyes, and some even on up to several thousand, as their multiplication became useful. And it went on so until at last by variation a toe-nail was developed which the big ones found of vast use to scratch off the little ones with; and so toe-nails came into fashion, and so, and by correlation, they multiplied. I can't rightly say where the first things lived, but I suppose it was in the water, as they couldn't have stood the heat of those days, or the cold of other days; and it must have been in salt water, or they couldn't have got the salt. Anyhow, as they multiplied and varied it got to be so that some of 'em could live on land as well as in the water, and some in both; and as hair, and feathers, and hoofs, and tusks, and molars, and incisors, and poison-sacs and stings, and all the rest of the things we see, got to be of use, they appeared by the laws of variation and correlation,

and were perpetuated by the laws of atavism and natural selection. And the laws of atavism or inheritance were so strong that they caused strange reversions, as, for instance, in the *Ornithorhynchus*, which is a general mixture, and must therefore have had a long run of it; but it somehow in a few millions of years gave birth to a kangaroo, and then by the laws of natural selection it generally died out. But anyhow the kangaroo produced a monkey. I don't mean, of course, that it was a monkey just at first, any more than that kangaroo was a kangaroo just at first. This monkey was only a slightly abnormal kangaroo. Perhaps it had only a slight lengthening of the phalanges which assisted it in getting up into a tree in the time of a general flood, or when the snakes got to be very bad. And then, of course, by atavism and natural selection a breed of Phalangiers was produced, and they are there to this day to show for themselves; thus supplying one of the few missing links, not important, it is true, but still interesting, which connect the kangaroo with the Lemur, and thus with the whole order of Quadrumana—for so it went on until regular monkeys came. And if it went on in this way before, as I think I have clearly shown, why, of course, from that up to man it is all plain sailing; and man should glory in the almost infinite exertions of Infinite power and wisdom which have brought him from nothing to be lord over his co-descendants."

This is about the way in which a clear-headed truthful boy would give the theory; and I appeal to every clear-headed truthful man if it is not a substantially correct statement. In order to be wise above what is written (which means superstitions), Mr. Darwin sets himself to work to contradict what is written, not to explain it; and he gives us a beginning which, it was unnecessary for him to tell us, is inexplicable; a middle which he patches up with conjectures or skips about in with suppositions; and an end which is not only absurd, depraved, and mischievous, but of which he tells us that the most vital part is "a matter of very little importance."

Let us examine this "matter of very little importance." That which constitutes man a man, in contradistinction to an animal, is the possession of a soul; and it cannot be pretended that Mr. Darwin here refers to only his bodily structure, for he derives his mind and soul (see Vols. I. and II. of his *Descent of Man, passim*) just exactly as he does his body, by the same laws, acting in the same way, and, of course, acting upon the same beings.

Then, as man is derived from creatures having no souls, there must have been a time when a creature having no soul gave, by the laws of variation, birth to a creature possessing the rudiments of a soul; for Mr. Darwin believes strongly that Nature acts only by minute variations. Consequently there was an era when man was rudimentally accountable to God; and "by means of slight, successive variations," this "slight individual difference" in the course of a hundred or so millions of years, more or less, became a complete soul, completely accountable to God. This rudimental condition of the soul, produced by the theory, is not at all the condition in which we see it in infants, for in them the germ of every faculty exists ready to be developed; whereas in the theoretically-produced soul



the very germ of one faculty is first evolved, and then, possibly after a hundred or a thousand generations, the others are added to it one by one, until all are germinated and ready to be developed by the proper laws into unity as we now find it in each individual.

Now, Mr. Darwin either believes or does not believe that we are accountable to God. If he believes it and still holds to his theory, it is certainly desirable that he should treat this matter as one of some importance, and should explain it ; for it is inconceivable that a soul should be only rudimentally or imperfectly accountable. Both science and common-sense teach us that such a thing is impossible. But if it be scientifically true that man's soul is but an aggregation of mental, social, and moral instincts evolved by variation in accordance with an innate principle, and developed by use, natural selection, and other laws, how do we know that he can truthfully be said to have yet reached the point when he has a soul? As, according to Mr. Herbert Spencer, man is unable to conceive of anything in any degree beyond his own nature, we are rather compelled upon these scientific grounds to deny that there is the slightest certainty that man yet possesses a soul at all, or will ever possess one. Who told Mr. Darwin that man has a soul, that he should believe it in spite of the necessary deductions of his own principles? Or is soul a mere conventional term, which the Quadrumana would use about their own spiritual instincts if they were only scientific?

If Mr. Darwin does not believe that man has a soul, or that he is accountable to God in any other sense than the monkeys are, who if they injure themselves are compelled by God's laws to suffer, then let him hold fast to his theory ; while we who do believe and are persuaded that the temporal welfare, at least, of our race depends upon that belief being both general and particular, will reject it. If on the contrary he believes, as no doubt he does, in God, eternity, the soul and its accountability, let him affix a point in his scale of gradual growth when "the term 'Man' ought to be used ;" or let him agree to the Spasmodic Theory which will explain, or rather definitely state the proposition, that man's soul was suddenly and in its entirety associated with his body by the great Creator, and thus reduce his whole theory *ad absurdum* ; or let him acknowledge the truth, which is simple when God speaks it, that God made man in His own image, when his place in the universe was ready and God chose to glorify Himself by the creation.

Let Mr. Darwin and his supporters, explainers, and apologists say what they please, it is not "a matter of little importance" that the fundamental truth of the Bible should be impugned, that the doctrine of man's redemption should be thrown to the winds, and that therefore man should be relegated among the irresponsible, unaccountable objects with which he is surrounded and over which he has dominion. Subject Mr. Darwin's theory to the facts I propose, and if it be true, how infinitely God's glory is diminished, how terrible is man's condition, cut off from hope in the future, freed from the sanctions of a moral law, and subjected to a law which is but a conventional aggregation of instincts and experience ; but how (and here again come in our historical facts) vastly wiser than the ancients

should our modern philosophers be! For if there have been no variation towards the perfection of man's instincts in the last three or four thousand years, how are we to believe that it would take place in three or four thousand millions of years?

It seems to me that we can conscientiously reject Mr. Darwin's theory of the origin and development of the soul, and consequently must reject his theory about the body, which cannot be separated from it even by scientific reasoning.

And here is a point which is scientifically far stronger against the whole theory than are those missing links connecting man with the Quadrumana, the loss of which Mr. Darwin acknowledges is serious, but *very frankly* tides over. If during the four or six (or fifteen or thirty) thousand years in which man has certainly been known with some minuteness and exactitude, there has not been the very slightest organic or functional change in any of his races, even to the straightening of a hair or the tinting of a skin, what scientific reason is there for believing that such changes are possible at all; much less that every organ, every function, every atom in all their arrangements have been successively brought about in any imaginable or confessedly unimaginable lapse of time?

I have now shown that, as Mr. Darwin's theory of the origin and development of man's soul contradicts known facts concerning the soul, its nature and its final cause, and as his soul cannot in these regards be separated from his body, no part of the theory can be true. As follows:

First: Any theory of evolution applied to man's soul necessarily leaves it uncertain whether or not he yet has a complete soul; although he may be able to conceive how its faculties can be added to without entirely changing his nature as man.

Second: Granting that man now has a complete soul, any such method would necessarily have placed that soul in an incomplete condition during the process; incomplete not only as to the existence of the definite number of the faculties themselves, but also as to the condition of each faculty — which is inconceivable.

We cannot conceive of life as being in an embryonic state, or of motion at rest, or of force unexerted. Life is itself an element; and however feeble the machinery with which it may be found, is just as much life as it is with the strongest. It is just as certainly life with the embryo of a mouse as it is life with a fully grown elephant. So it is with each faculty of man's soul, and with the soul itself as constituted of faculties. When a philosopher reasons morphologically about the soul, he is certainly not scientific. The faculties of the soul when they were possibilities were not faculties; and when they became faculties they may have had, and may yet have, improved and more powerful machinery to work with added by the operation of laws: but the soul cannot be regarded as an aggregation of atoms or gemmules of some inconceivable spiritual nature constituting the possibility of a soul, which began to aggregate and has continually grown by accretion until it has become the soul instead of remaining a possibility, or nothing, or becoming something else.

Third: As we cannot conceive of the soul as thus becoming a soul,

so we cannot conceive its accountability as thus becoming accountability. The same argument applies. Accountability cannot be rudimental to adapt itself to a rudimental soul, even if there could be such a thing as a rudimental soul. It must be itself or nothing, for it cannot be any other thing.

Fourth : As man, if created at all, must have received the elementary faculties or qualities of his soul from his Creator, who, being infinite and absolute, must possess those qualities in an infinite and absolute manner and degree, so we are bound to believe that within its limits the soul of man was created in the image of God ; although we do not thus limit the Creator to the possession of only those qualities, He being to us inconceivable except in so far as we know Him by His image which we see in ourselves, and so far further as He has chosen to make Himself known to our comprehension ; and it will readily be granted that man's faculties of soul, being derived from an infinite source, can comprehend, when authoritatively told, vastly more than they could invent for themselves with the machinery with which they are now joined.

Fifth : As man's soul is made in the image of God, and to be a soul at all must be complete in its parts, and have every part completed in itself ; and as his soul to be thus a complete created soul must be completely accountable to its Creator, any theory which has its very foundation in the idea that the soul was in every way or in any way incomplete, and incompletely accountable, must be false ; and if it be false as to the soul, it must be false as to the body, which cannot conceivably be separated from it and yet be man.

Mr. Darwin says in his *Origin of Species* :—

If it could be demonstrated that any complex organ existed which could not possibly have been formed by numerous successive slight modifications, my theory would absolutely break down.

It seems to me that the impossibility of thus forming man's soul has been "demonstrated ;" but that is perhaps not such a "complex organ" as he intended.

The only modification which Mr. Darwin can make in his theory is the hypothesis that man's body was slowly evolved in accordance with the Darwinian process, and that when it was sufficiently developed the soul was created complete (or, if that be inadmissible, then that it was completed by evolution and all the rest of the laws, distinct from the body, in some place and under some conditions yet to be invented), when it was suddenly joined with the already sufficiently completed body — all of which is absurd, or if it be true, demands an amount of credulity which the Mosaic account of creation and the religion revealed in the Bible certainly do not require, and which we are not warranted in exerting for mere philosophic suppositions from imperfectly known physical facts.

Thus, in order to prove the fallacy of Mr. Darwin's theory I have not in my resumé been forced to use directly the fact adduced of the final cause, the *why* of creation. Though in itself powerful, both as it stands a contrast to the most stupendous imaginings of men founded upon scientific facts, and as a goal to which all philosophic



reasoning should tend, yet it might probably have been regarded as too abstruse, or as not scientific.

I have also in my resumé left in the background the intuitively known facts concerning the holiness, if I may so express it, of the soul and of the attributes of God ; and the historical evidences showing those facts, and the revelation in which they are contained, to be true. It was sufficient to mention these facts, and that of the final cause ; for it is certainly unnecessary that I should fully elaborate the manner in which the glory of the wisdom and power of God is diminished by the results of a scientific reasoning which pretends to exalt that glory by subjecting Him to the control of His own laws in the infinitely long and varying process of evolution. It would be a trial to your patience to dwell upon the baseness of a theory which casts His holiness entirely aside, which renders His justice and goodness trifling by making them play with undeveloped matter and spirit, and, finally, which treats His Truth as a thing of naught.

Mr. Herbert Spencer says, and Mr. Darwin and all their tribe of modern philosophers pretend, that they magnify God by ascribing to Him more glory than He claims for Himself, or at any rate than believers in Him claimed for Him. I do not judge the soul of one of them ; “to his own Master he standeth or falleth” ; but it seems to me that I should be afraid to do this.

Having now, as I think, proved by known facts concerning God and man and the fundamental laws of being, that Mr. Darwin's theory is false, let us look a little for some evidence of weakness which may be found in the theory itself—but only cursorily ; if you are fatigued now, my dear reader, just imagine how it would be if I had given you an octavo volume on the subject !

You remember the story of the theory of the fish and the vessel full of water. The reasons for it were long argued most learnedly and vehemently, until it was subjected to experiment, when it was found to be false in fact. It appears to me that if we go back to the beginning of Mr. Darwin's man as a man, we shall find a no less insurmountable practical difficulty.

Let the race be once fairly started and it is all easy enough ; but the point is to start it. Set yourself to work to imagine how, as regards the order of its earliest steps, the evolution of man went on. Do not be timid : science has nothing to do with the point ; Mr. Darwin has fixed all that for you, and for the rest you have as much right to use your imagination as has the most learned of the philosophers. Indeed, it is a case in which the most brilliant fancy is aptest to strike upon the proper arrangement of the affair.

The very first of the race must have been a pair, or more than one pair, of the hairy, arboreal animals furnished with tails, pointed ears and rudimental souls. If only one pair, is it not a most (miraculous is not half enough of a word to express its wonderfulness, so I will in despair use a small word at once) strange thing that of all the myriads of animals tending through inconceivable ages to produce man, only one pair was produced ? And the two individuals must have been twins, or from the same parent, or else the wonderfulness of the event was redoubled by such an accidental happening at the same time, in

the same neighborhood, and all the other incidents of the case. Then comes the wonderful operation of the law of sexual selection, making the male choose that female, or the female choose that male, or each choose the other, though they each presented only a "slight difference" from the other what-you-may-call-'ems around them; some of whom, or which, were no doubt twice as good-looking. It is true that sexual selection does not now lead individuals to choose those most like themselves; but that could not then have been the rule either with this pair or their immediate descendants, or they were exceptions to it; or the race would have been at an end. Was there a "spiritual affinity" in the case? or does Mr. Darwin wish us to believe that both the birth and the choice were lucky accidents? or will he go to the length that they were special providences?

It would not be profitable to enumerate all the difficulties in the way of the hypothesis of only one pair; and if we suppose that just at this particular era the laws of variation for a short while took a certain turn by which many pairs of possible men were produced in all or several parts of the earth, we have, in addition to the former difficulties, at least one more stupendous wonder to engage our admiration, to wit: That while these productions may and must have much varied in appearance and in details of structure, yet they all had developed in themselves identically the same moral nature, or, to include the whole category, the same spiritual constituents. But this must have been the case, unless we make the further hypothesis that a herd or clan of these hairy progenitors, having identically the same spiritual constituents, packed up and removed from the cool climate in which they were produced, to a tropical climate, where a special law applicable only then and to their race caused their hair to fall off; and, further, that by the laws of natural selection, changed for the special occasion so as to make survive the most unfitted, they replaced all the other races in all other climates; and then, freed from the hair, by certain special or general laws got back again the original differences of appearances and structure.

Let me not, however, allow that which may be the feebleness of my own comprehension to lead me into speaking flippantly of a theory gravely presented to the world by a philosopher who shows infinite learning and solemnity, though he naturally should be bewildered by the amazing wonders his own great intellect has created and in the midst of which he has long lived, and still more drunken with the incense from fellow-philosophers, and by the din of the applause of the gods of the pit. Were I a caricaturist I should certainly be silly enough to make a picture of Mr. Darwin upon a stage presenting his infant theory of man's descent to the inspection of his spectacled and unspectacled brethren, while the audience, especially those in the reporters' boxes, should be raving with enthusiastic admiration at the sight of the infant and the sublime ceremony. Fortunately for me, I am no caricaturist, though, to tell the honest truth, I am so very silly that I cannot read Mr. Darwin's admirable books without feeling every now and then that the learned gentleman is laughing in his sleeve as he writes, and without having an irresistible sympathetic inclination to laugh also; and when I recall to

mind the grandeur of the subject and the profundity of the speculations, I wonder at my own folly and feel humiliated for being so hysterical. At the same time, many will say, the reasons given for the loss by man of certain appendages, and the varying reasons for a vast number of other changes, losses, and growths, would be infinitely funny if only presented in a book professedly comic or professedly satirical. But even though this were true, it is not becoming to say it; though I fear that the great mass of mankind still retain so much of the monkey nature that they will make sport of these things, whether or not.

In truth we are from our early years so accustomed to hear and to speak of "the good old times" that we are not capable of at once receiving a profound theory of progressive improvement; particularly as from boyhood up we men have ancients as our models for all things, and our women have to vie with the Venus of Praxiteles, and the Graces, who, they imagine, could scarcely have been her inferiors.

Had Mr. Darwin consulted the perversity of the human mind he would no doubt have chosen a theory the opposite to his own, and have argued for a deterioration by certain laws which have debased higher natures into the lower; but as a scientific philosopher and conscientious man he rather chooses to be a martyr.

Nevertheless, perverse as is the human mind when it consults its own instincts, it is not possible that a race possessing any instinct of magnanimity will refuse to Mr. Darwin and his fellows the credit due for the scientific encouragement given to breeders of mammals and birds, and practical farmers and gardeners, who have for ages been heroically and empirically pursuing a system the laws of which they could not classify.

JOHN S. HOLT.

## THE GERMAN LIED OF EARLY DAYS.

IN treating of German lyric poetry I shall follow pretty closely in the footsteps of that eminent French critic, M. Henri Blaze de Bury, whose reputation for thorough and discriminating intimacy with German and English literature is deservedly so great.

In the true German *Lied*, which is not the *chanson* of France, nor the sonnet or canzonet of Italy, nor the idyll of the Sicilian Greeks, nor the polished gem of the old Greek anthology, but something



partaking of the nature of all these, with an occasional trace besides of the mediæval romance,—in the true German *Lied*, I say, when it is peopled by shapes of any kind, we generally find its personages creatures of the world of fancy; they are stars, or flowers, or dew-drops upon the rose, or the murmuring stream. It is but seldom that the animals appear. These belong to that other fantastic realm of the German popular imagination, the satirical comedy, which Hans Sachs and the author of the *Reinecke Fuchs* made so rich a mine for their genius, working out veins of ore the mocking sheen of which reminds us of the strange wild glitter and gleam of Aristophanes. When the *Lied* introduces the animal creation at all, it is apt to bring before us only that teeming throng of ephemeral beings of which Nature is so lavish, the insects that fill with the hum of ever-busy life the field and forest. Its spirit is purely idyllic. It lives and moves and has its being in the open, out-door world which Theocritus haunted and where Virgil roamed in the days of his Eclogues and Georgics, the woods and brook-sides to which Shakspeare rushes so gladly in *As You Like It*, and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Cymbeline*, and in many another of his wondrous plays; that glorious life of the fresh air and healthy sounds and scents and sights of Nature which Walter Scott loved so well, and the knowledge of which, tender and true as a friend, makes the bonniest, winsomest places in all the poets and all the master-painters of life. Let the bloom of spring or the golden glory of fall, the soft, lulling splash of waters, the myriad-formed and myriad-tinted beauty of the flower-kingdom, the translucent glow of sunshine or bathing softness of moonlight, the sweet scents exhaled from glad Nature, and the joyous twittering or lilting song of the birds, be but called up to the soul winging its way into dream-world, and the domain of the German *Lied* is before us, is around us, wrapping us in with its atmosphere of easy luxury. Its world is a real world, in so far as each material thing it puts before us is real. To the poetic sense it exists, and always exists, in Nature. The artist sees it, and tries to embody it in such shape as may make it plain to the common eye. But even with the help of the artist, of the poet, the true *seer* in every art, the common eye seldom sees this world of beauty, or at best with view so dimmed and color-blind that the picture it looks upon is as lack-lustre a scene as the eye that sees it. A blurred and ugly soul, stained by sin and twisted out of shape as the human spirit for the most part is, cannot behold half the glory of the great panorama stretched around it. It is the mission of genius to show this beauty so faintly descried, and to kindle the universal human soul, so far as it may be kindled, into glow and heat enough to purge the dross from its ken, and let it look out with purer eyes on the universe which God thought good when He had made it. This true vision of genius, God-given and God-blessed, which is the only *real*, we call, by that strange gift of lying which sin has soaked into all human language, the *ideal*, by way of distinction from the real, and in opposition to it. Yet so sure after all in the ultimate essence of things is the mastery of truth over falsehood, that the very term which we employ to designate that which in our blindness we would put at the opposite pole from the thing that is, this

term, *ideal*, when traced to its true meaning is found to be the word for the "image," the thing seen by the mind ; the only real knowledge of the outer world we can have while this crust of flesh cramps the spirit whose nature is to soar, and clogs the inner sense with bars through which it feebly feels for truth.

This poetry then, which is of the heart rather than the head, of the emotional and spiritual part of man rather than the reasoning, in the common acceptance of the word *idealises*. It has no affinity with the wit and humor of refined social circles, the gay badinage of the table, the smile of Sydney Smith or the sardonic laugh of Voltaire. The tender fancy of George Macdonald, the impassioned rhapsody of John Wilson, the half-hushed beauty of one of Jean Paul's soul-sweet thoughts in a rapt moment, belong more fitly to its moods. The simple pathos of a Scottish ballad, the glee of a maiden of six or seven summers over a gorgeous butterfly, the perfect friendship of yonder lassie and the great Newfoundland at her side, are outgoings of true Nature's heart far more nearly allied in their full pulsings to the grand, hearty throbs of the German popular song. It is in fact — this German *Lied* — the fit exponent of German nature on its more spiritual side, the true utterance of the German heart. It reveals to us, in its rich chant of the finest soul-music any race ever made out of the air we breathe, that strange, dreamy, half-sad, chivalrous Germany which contrasts so queerly with the Germany of the trading world, the Germany of court ceremonies, the Germany of awful tomes of commentators, the Germany of incomprehensible metaphysics, and the Germany of badly imitated French false-sentiment. Here we have an earnest and an honest Germany, a Germany sweet and tender and pure, the Germany of lyric poetry, matchless Mährchen, and music sweeter than the ambrosial breath of Aphrodite. It was from this very earnestness and purity of purpose that it came to pass, when all Germany was stirred with the cry "To Arms!" and the doom was upon her to perish unless her many peoples would unite to resist the tide of French conquest, that the gentle, forest-nursed, and often plaintive *Lied* wrapped itself at once in the soldier's cloak, and sounded the tocsin of war with as eager a spirit as it had before breathed soft notes in retired nooks. Koerner and his fellows not only hymned fiery songs of battle, kindling the martial spirit of their countrymen to enthusiasm with true ardor from a brave heart, like Tyrtæus and Rouget de Lisle ; but they knew how to fight too for their country, Koerner falling on the field of battle, and De la Motte Fouqué going with unhealed wound from the field of Culm to that of Leipzig.

To enjoy the *Lied* thoroughly one must be in a fit frame of mind, or Nature must have put him into sympathy with poetry so purely hers. To be lying on a grassy bank, with the tinkle of a waterfall not far away falling musically upon the ear, with the wind whispering among the leaves overhead, and the clouds moving their white robes in a stately minuet over the blue floor aloft, with a sense in the soul as if Nature were pouring loving secrets into the heart she has brought such peace to, and with a serene joy pervading all things so widely that one feels no sense of separateness from the grateful hymn the whole

creation seems to be pouring out as a libation to the Father: this is to be in unison with the key-note of the *Lied*, this is to be in a state to receive its real essence, and to transmute it into the essence of one's own higher and better self. To illustrate this oneness of the elegiac *Lied* with the spirit of reverie, M. Blaze de Bury tells the story of the monk Felix, familiar enough to those who are versed in mediæval legends, but perhaps new enough to some of my readers to bear telling again. One morning the monk Felix goes forth from his monastery to stroll in the woods, and in the course of his walk he hears all at once the song of a little bird, so sweet, so ravishing in its strange, simple melody, that it fills his very soul with a new rapture such as he had never before dreamt of. The sky wears a tenderer blue than before, the flowers waft him sweeter fragrances, the very grass grows greener, and still the little bird sings on. The tremulous bough on which it sits seems the throne of some fairy queen who chooses to robe herself in feathers, to sing that siren song. There is a witchcraft in the white gleam of the sunshine which pierces the deep foliage only to dance in time with the wondrous music. He listens, and listens, and thinks, ah, when shall he ever tire of listening! But at last the vesper hour draws near, and he remembers the monastic duties which claim his attention. He makes his way back to the monastery; but what is this? The gate is shut in his face, entrance is refused him! He parleys in vain for admittance, until the noise of his remonstrances brings the whole body of monks to the gate. Strange! not one of these forms or faces is familiar to him; not one of his old intimates does he see. He gives his name, but no one remembers him. At last they carry him before the Prior; and in the end, with some difficulty, that aged and infirm dignitary calls to mind that in his youth he had known a young monk named Felix, and on closely studying the features of the man before him recognises him as the same. The books of the establishment are examined, and the record of the man and his disappearance shows that a hundred years have passed since first he walked forth that bright morning and heard the enchanting song of the bird of the forest.

The German *Lied*, says M. Blaze de Bury, is like this bird of the legend: it sings in the tree-tops and among the flowers and by the water's edge, and its song allures the rapt listener into its own sweet passion-world of reverie, where he abides, hanging evermore on those enmeshing notes while the hours and the years and the lives glide by.

Uhland possesses in a high degree this power, dramatic-epic in its character, of throwing into a single moment and into a few simple words a world of pathos. His *Serenade* is a good instance of this intensity of conception and expression. It is so short and so striking that we give it:

"What sounds so sweet now waken me  
Out of my slumbers light?  
Oh, Mother, see! who can it be,  
Still out so late to-night?

"I hear no sound, I see no sight,  
Oh, slumber sweetly on!



They serenade you not to-night,  
 Poor child, so sick, so wan !

" 'Tis no earthly music ringing,  
 That makes me feel so bright ;  
 Angels call me with their singing :  
 Oh, Mother dear, good-night ! "

M. Blaze de Bury says of this little gem, with something of French extravagance, that it is not so much a picture as a drama in a few verses, an epic movement of suffering and final release, in miniature, with its prologue in time and its epilogue in eternity. The *Nun* and the *Innkeeper's Little Daughter* are also good examples of this vivid painting in outline which Uhland so well understood. His sketches have the same wonderful merit in language which those of Retzsch have in pencil-lines, a few simple strokes telling the whole story. It is this magical art of perfect simplicity which makes poetry like Uhland's, Justin Kerner's, and Wilhelm Müller's, to say nothing of Tieck's wonderfully delicate and always half-fantastic, gurgled music of speech, really incapable of anything like true translation. To catch and express in another tongue thoughts often as deep and earnest, and feelings as tender and impassioned, as poet can conceive, moving to the soul in a limpid and translucent stream of sound, often too subtle in its tenuity to be uttered fittingly except in song ; to put into new shape words of infantile tenderness and thoughts of child-like purity, and never to slide into stiffness and clumsiness, never to be vapid or prosaic, never to convert the childlike into the childish, is what the greatest master of language and the most devoted artist must fail to accomplish when he seeks to transplant these valley flowers of Rhineland into another soil. It is like what is told of that famous Italian wine — the Montepulciano, I think it is — which loses its exquisite flavor when transported only from one side of the mountain to the other, and to be really appreciated must be drunk on the spot where it is grown.

The earliest popular poem of the Germans is the *Nibelungenlied*, or Lay of the Nibelungs. But the very mention of this name is enough to carry me out of the general field of my survey. This great heroic poem, the Iliad of the Teutonic race, must be reserved for discussion on another occasion. It does not properly belong to that class of poems which the Germans call the *Lied*. It is a long romance-poem, more akin to the great poems of Boiardo and Ariosto than to the lyric effusions now under discussion, while its half-ballad form removes it from being considered in strictness an irregular epic like the poems just mentioned, and makes us go back to yet earlier examples of heroic song to find its true analogue.

It was about the close of the fifteenth century that this form of poetry, so full of naïve grace and sweet simplicity, may be said to have fairly begun to develop itself in Germany. During this great period of history it flourished with wonderful luxuriance. Songs of love, of chivalrous deeds and knightly feeling, of daring adventure, of warlike exploits, and of all energetic forms of life, were the very voice of the age. An eager, ardent, impassioned spirit, original in its

native-born intensity, burned like a bright light through all Germany. North and South alike felt the impulse. The fiery elements of a people waking to new life and vigor, and of an age stimulated by the revival of ancient learning, the birth of great discoveries, and the fecund heat of stirring political changes, were working out thought, feeling, passion into fervid language, soul-kindled expression, glowing, ringing, thrilling song. The heart-voice of the *Lied* was then its own. It lost in native force when a false taste had tintured it with the light and frivolous graces of French song or the meretricious subtleties of the Italian muse. It lost what it could not regain in its perfect simplicity, and what nothing short of the genius of Goethe, Tieck, Uhland, and others of the last age could replace worthily by true sentiment, caught by a sort of inspiration from the Middle Ages.

These songs of the olden time are mainly to be distinguished as love-songs, songs of the simple every-day life, and songs of patriotic ardor, all belonging to broad, widespread feelings of the popular heart. Love-songs are not confined, however, to the passionate hopes, fears, joys, and regrets of human affection. Closely related to these, and indeed knit to them, often blended with them so as to be hardly separable, were those longings and beautiful fervors of faith, simple as childhood itself, which drew into the devotion owed to Heaven the nearness and sweetness of human intercourse, and, elevating the Mother of the Redeemer into a place of intercession by the side of her Son, leaned on the gentle humanity of her sex as a lap in which the tired children of earth might surely rest. It was easy for the German race to take to its heart this invented article of faith. Their hardy fathers in the early roving days, when marching from the great cradle of Mid Asia to carve out empires with their swords, had ever thought of woman as nearer to the angelic host than the rude hero to whom she clung so lovingly. This primacy of the Madonna in the popular heart, with the aid of a great cluster of saintly legends, the better loved because *made* by man — for the idols we create are very dear to us — charged the very atmosphere of song with a fragrance of devout feeling, which perpetually flowered into hymns and anthems and solemn chants, worthy in their stately grace and quaint forest-born symphonies of the grand cathedrals and Gothic monasteries whose voices they were. The Gospels and the legendary lore of the Church, reinforced by the strength of the instinct which made a goddess of the Virgin, inspired not only the sacred song of the sanctuary, but the lullabies sung to the child in the cradle or at the mother's breast, the plaints of lovers, nay, even the songs of the chase and the feasting-board. This simplicity of faith is sometimes so bare that it shocks the modern ear with a sense of fearful profaneness. Such is the song which, essaying to tell of the conception of Jesus in the womb of the Virgin, describes the Holy Spirit as hunting on the heights of heaven with the angel Gabriel as *piqueur de chasse*, and meeting Mary the Pure in the woods. The nursery song, which makes use of the scene of the infant Jesus receiving the adoration of the three Magi, Caspar, Balthazar, and Melchior, does not so unpleasantly strike the modern sense of fitness. The opening scenes in the human life of our Saviour, and the tragic drama which is compressed into His final act of

redemption, have always struck the simple heart of the people in every age, and given birth to rapt song and almost inspired music, as well as to the great masterpieces of the painters, striving to interpret fitly to the human consciousness those grandest of events within the knowledge of man. This divine side of love the *Minnesänger* fully expressed. It was as much a part of their poetic being as one of the constituent gases of the atmosphere is a part of the air we breathe.

After Mary, the Virgin Mother, the power which reigns most supremely over the old German *Lied* of the Middle Ages is the personified being, Death. It was from the spirit of the Mediæval Church, from the old Mysteries of the monkish stage, that Milton drew his powerful conceptions of sin and death. This dread apparition was a real being to the poetic imagination of the age of chivalry, marching through the world with all the impassive grimness of Spenser's iron man Talus with his fearful flail, destroying with ruthless certainty. Shrunk from by the Hellenic race, with all their love for personification, it was seized eagerly by the more sombre mind of the North as a mighty lord of the invisible world, and crowned by the Church of the period as indeed the King of Terrors. Christianity, revealing the certainty of the soul's hereafter and its accountability for the deeds done in the body, and teaching for the first time the resurrection of the body, gave a new significance to that ever-awful parting of flesh and spirit, gave a new interest to the mysterious agency by which the life of man is put out, a new terror to the being the mind had created out of the hidden destroying principle, with its inveterate instinct to assign intelligence to every cause, and to give to the doer "a local habitation and a name." So sovereign was the reign of death over men's minds in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, so absorbed were all the arts in doing homage to this dread phantom, enthroned like Ahrimanes in the sovereignty of horror, that its presence in men's imaginations seemed almost a delirium of morbid demon-worship. The literature, the music, the painting, the architecture of the period are all shadowed by that sombre form. Many instances could be given of this; but perhaps the most remarkable of these works of a strangely morbid fancy is a poem mentioned by M. Blaze de Bury, written in Platt-deutsch, and printed at Lubeck in 1496, with sixty-eight engravings. All the personages who are destined to take part in the Dance of Death seek to excuse themselves; but Death is inexorable, refuting their arguments with words to which no reply can be made. The Pope alone, in virtue of his spiritual headship of mankind, has the right to make a second appeal to the dread skeleton form. This is ghastly satire; we can think of nothing so like it as the mocking appeal of Elijah to the prophets of Baal, when no voice came in answer to their invocation. In this great gathering of Death's subjects all classes are represented; from the highest to the lowest, every element in the many-graded social body of mediæval life is brought to the hideously gay entertainment. The Pope, the Emperor, the Empress, the Cardinal, the King, the Archbishop, the Duke, the Abbé, the Templar, the Monk, the Knight, the Canon, the Burgomaster, the Physician, the Gentleman, the Hermit, the Student, the Burgess, the Merchant, the cloistered Nun, the



Executioner, the Master workman, the Peasant, the Béguine, the Courtier, the Virgin, the Archer, and even the Nurse with her little nursling : all take their places in the Dance of Death. The poem is a true microcosm of the Middle Ages. The guests, whatever their various stations, are all alike aware that in the presence of the ruthless master of the feast all illusions must needs vanish, and make prompt confession of their vices and their crimes, plead for a little respite, and, when all hope is gone, recommend their souls to the Divine mercy. Death declares to them that had their consciences been pure they would not have trembled even in that awful presence ; while he reminds them by way of consolation that his sovereignty is not over one but over all, his destroying torch blights not the individual but humanity at large. This grim satire is in its conception full of that lurid sublimity of the terrible which the Scandinavian mind seems to have peculiarly cherished. We can point to no modern work which so powerfully reproduces this wild, awe-filled spirit of the old Asia-born races from which the Gothic form of art drew its life, as its very blood and body are given us in *Harold The Dauntless*, that so greatly under-rated poem of Sir Walter Scott. The time is yet to come when this great man's fulness of sympathy with all the workings of the human heart in all ages of historic record will be thoroughly understood. Without a shadow of question, his was the most catholic spirit in point of human sympathies since Shakspeare ; and of his own age, Goethe was the only man who could even faintly rival him in literary versatility. As to the closeness with which the Gothic mind hovered on the confines of the world of shadows, there are few of Sir Walter's works which do not show some trace of his large share in this psychical tendency. But to return to the Middle Ages and the Dance of Death, I have to remark that strange subject was one which seemed to have a peculiar attraction for the art of the period, as if the Prince of the Air found no spell so potent as that of terror. It is certain, as has again and again appeared in the history of great plagues, that the continual thought of death is not salutary to the souls of men ; and I question much if sin were trodden under foot in any form of the Dance of Death. I say in any form, for it was not in literature alone, either of written satire or of unwritten song, that this theme found place. The mural representation of the same gloomy thought by Johann Klumber at Basel (Bâle), traced back to the year 1431, and that of the Church of Santa Maria at Lubeck, by the same Johann Klumber, executed in the year 1403, vividly portray the profoundly gloomy thought of the age. Under the latter painting were once to be seen many little couplets in illustration of the theme ; among others these expressive, beautifully simple lines written beneath the cradle of a baby whom Death is about to bear away into the fearful dance :—

"Oh, death, how am I to understand this ?  
You wish me to dance, and I cannot walk yet !"

Such is the mystic side of the German *Lied*. It has yet another face, that of human love, the readiest inspirer to song. The most striking feature perhaps of the old German love-song is the concentration of

sentiment ; nothing so compact, so intense, so epigrammatic, in this kind of poetry, is to be found elsewhere in literature. In a few simple verses all the tenderness of a life-time, the passionate despair of years, the rapture of a long joy, the agony or the longing or the pent-up anxiety or the undying devotion of day after day and night after night, is told with touching reserve. Whether gay or sad, dark or radiant be the picture, two or three delicate lines are all that trace it, and they tell the tale with a power which the richest colors and the most labored drawing could not attain.

One would think to find many of these songs twining their graceful ivy-leaves of sadness even around the apparently joyous life of the huntsman. Sad reverie on some lake-shore, sighs breathed there in the fair solitude of Nature, wistful looks at the moon "walking in brightness"—that old companion and accomplice of lovers—we are prone to imagine have their place too even in the experience of the bold huntsman. But this is not the tone of the old *Lied* when it brings the hunter of the forest into the domain of love. No melancholy Jacques in general is the impetuous Jäger. It is rather as a bold and successful wooer that we find him depicted in these popular strains. Always of noble birth, often of royal blood, he marches as victor and lord through the greenwood, and wins where he woos full surely, so dashing and princely is his style of making love. The maidens, young and inexperienced, feel at his approach that mixture of superstitious terror and intense curiosity which is the very best ally the coming conqueror can have in the fortress he is about to assail. Beginning with alarm, they end by loving to distraction the wild knight, the veritable Brian de Bois Guilbert of mediæval romance. The huntsman is painted jealous, violent, and implacable. These fascinating faults, so apt to seem heroic in the eyes of gentle girls in all ages, added to the mystery of his wandering life and to his romantic appearance, suffice to account for the charm which he exercises over these tender breasts. Alas, for the pretty miller's-daughters, he quite turns their heads as soon as he appears upon the scene ! His conquest is a far easier one even than that which at first so embarrassed flowery Sir Piercie Shafton, though his soul is by no means capable of the generous and grateful conduct with which that over-courtly but most true-hearted gentleman repaid the devotion of Mysie of the Mill. One of the poems of Wilhelm Müller admirably reflects this phase of the ancient popular song, vividly depicting the huntsman's haughty triumph, the weakness of the fair miller's maid in yielding her heart to the bold intruder, and the hapless rustic lover's wail over the loved one lost to him through the superior fascination of the fierce huntsman's prowess. Readers of German poetry will readily recall many other examples of this once favorite theme, both in the period of the real German *Lied* and in that of its revival in the last generation.

However, these fierce wooers, clad in green from head to foot like the bold outlaws of Sherwood Forest, adorable with wild hair and beard, bold eye, and pheasant's or heath-cock's plume, to the unsophisticated damsels of the mill, do not always have the best of it ; sometimes the girl of the mill, faithful to the lad of the mill, and

alive to the difference between her station and that of her richly-dressed wooer, repels his advances with keen irony, and tells him, with a rude simplicity of sarcasm that is fine, that she cannot think of spoiling his dainty attire with the white flour she bears about her. Many of these thoroughly rural ballads are sprightly, witty, and gay in tone; too many are coarse in their humor. But all testify to one fact, which the Scottish ballads and the few old English ones which survive also abundantly indicate, namely, that in these ages of a life so much ruder than the modern, as we are pleased to say in our self-complacency — pluming ourselves upon a superiority in sensibility by no means so certain — every class and condition of life, every human heart of every period from infancy to death, knew a fulness of possession by the poetic sentiment which no amount of culture seems competent to give us of the present time. The freshness of the child-nature was theirs; utilitarian passions, like avarice, have made us prematurely old. Song, to this youth of the German race, seemed as natural as it does to the birds. It was the ready voice of the heart whenever it sought to utter its passing mood, whether of joy or of sorrow, of longing or of regret. Bridal songs led the steps of the young lovers to the altar and to the bridal-chamber. Songs of gladness welcomed the birth of the baby. Lullaby songs sweetly rose around the cradle. The daisy, the blue corn-flower, and the forget-me-not, the butterfly and the sweet singing bird of the waving trees before the house, had each a song in the nurse's mouth to gladden the little darling at her breast with echoes of the joy there was in life. These nursery songs, and the after-tones of joy or sorrow, rung out from the clear air of that life close to Nature which the old Teutonic races lived, through the burden of hate and the rapture of love, through all the changes and chances of many-sided life, down to the dark river of death, and past death to the wail of the loving for the lost — these varied notes are all found in that class of *Lieder* which belong to the general life of the period, and to no one calling apart from the rest.

But there are also distinct classes of ballads peculiar to each guild, to each separate art and mystery of the industrial classes. The herdsman, leading a simple and peaceful life, breathes out only songs of serene peace and gentle sentiment. The husbandman has idyllic strains to suit his life linked to the succession of the seasons, his Sunday dances, and his harvest rejoicings. The vine-dresser, not grave and measured in his habits like the farmer, but joyous, merry, and vivacious, still keeping in his nature a trace of the antique faun and satyr who presided over the growing grape, brings to the time of the vintage choral bands of youths and maidens, with rapt songs of glee and jollity like those the Bacchantes once sang with rhythmic beat of flashing foot. The collier, fierce and gloomy, and the miner, free and imaginative because close in contact with the wildest nature, form again other types of song. The miner, above all, is peculiarly German, peculiarly the creation of that earnestly dreamy genius of North Europe which has at last overshadowed all modern literature with transcendentalism, myth-development, social-regeneration optimism, and in fine Teutonic subjectivity in all its Protean shapes and



imperceptible shades. But the dream-land of the miner is fortunately not the clouds of Socrates's basket-philosophy, nor the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, nor the very arbitrarily managed model commonwealth of John Ruskin, nor the millennium of the Perfectionists, nor the anarchy of the upsetters in this land of *isms*. It is a healthy dream-land, strange and wild as it may be, own cousin to the world of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and not distantly related to the Shah Nameh and the Hellenic myths. His songs are mainly legends born of each separate mountain and clinging to their native scenery so as not easily to be torn away. In the heart of the earth, apart from the outer world, he builds him a world all his own, full of wonders and of a strange magic not found elsewhere. There, huge black dogs guard the treasures of the rock-world. There, enchanted wands keep waving to the pressure of unseen winds, and horrific reeds emit from their hollow tubes serpents with diamond eyes. There, amid frightful dwarfs and kobolds, hateful and malevolent, sit enthroned the kings of the metals. With all these things of magic — beliefs in later days of the Rosicrucians on philosophic grounds, and not unsheltered by Swedenborg's doctrine of correspondences between the spiritual and the physical — the truths taught by the priests are strangely mingled. Sorcery tangled with Christianity forms the web-work of which all this poetry of the mines is composed. Love, too, comes in to fling its sweet glad light upon the thread of the miner's song, and to draw the soul from its dreams of subterranean possibilities to the gentle charm of terrestrial facts, the virgin love, the wife, the child of the future. But the eager pursuit of what the bowels of the earth may have to reveal to him is his most enduring passion, and the joys of upper air cannot wholly withdraw him from this longing for knowledge of the unknown. Meanwhile, as he works and strives and seeks, he sings; and many of his bursts of melody are full of joy and lively emotion, full of romantic coloring and picturesque beauty. Song is the best and readiest accompaniment of his work. Music, as M. Henri Blaze says, is the prayer of those who work in the bosom of the earth.

These were the workers whose spirit Novalis so fully caught in the time of that retrospective tendency of German lyric poetry which Goethe gave the impulse to, and which sent so many bonny writers of that age of reproduction to special fields of labor: Novalis, to these miners to catch of them their "motive"; Bürger, and Wilhelm Müller, to the wild huntsmen; and Uhland, Justin Kerner, and others, each to his own peculiar province. Even to name these writers, who did for the old German *Lied* what Burns, Walter Scott, Hogg, Allan Cunningham, and others did for the Scottish ballad, and abundantly more than they did, would be to draw up a catalogue. It is enough to mention such names as Mörike, Grün, Rückert, Immermann, Chamisso, Fouqué, Tieck, Musäus, Eichendorff, Heine.

Had it not been for this mine of wealth, in the shape of suggestion, buried in the forgotten *Lied* of the sixteenth century, far, very far less precious and plentiful would have been the fruit borne by the genius of the eighteenth — brilliant, luxuriant, and intense as it was in native force.

## A MEMORY.

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THERE is a blessed memory,  
Embalmed with my love and tears,  
That buried deeply, tenderly,  
Has hallowed my heart for years ;  
'Tis a bright, but a sad, sad vision  
That hovers before my gaze,  
Bringing me all the treasures  
I lost with my childhood's days.

'Twas a winter evening hazy,  
The cares of the day were done,  
And the troops of merry school-girls  
Came home ere the setting sun ;  
My weary feet on the threshold,  
I stored all my books away,  
Tossed off my gloves and my bonnet,  
To rest with the dying day.

My mother sat in the twilight,  
Musing and dreaming alone,  
Her face in the firelight shadows  
With a calm, sweet glory shone ;  
I knew of what she was dreaming,  
I had studied her features so  
That I told by their softened meaning  
When she thought of the "long ago."

I threw back my dark hair's tresses,  
And sitting childlike at her feet,  
Asked my mother to tell me the story  
To her memory treasured and sweet ;  
Her blessed blue eyes grew wistful,  
She thought of my father now,  
And a look of deep loving and longing  
Crept over her lips and her brow.

The glimpses of light through the window  
Strayed lovingly over her hair,  
The daylight seemed yearning to bless her,  
And lingered caressingly there.  
There never was hair like my mother's !  
'Twas jet in a setting of gold —  
Like midnight asleep in rich masses,  
With daylight awake on each fold.

"No wonder my father so loved you!"  
I mused, looking up in her face,  
For motherhood freighted with trial  
Had not stolen her beauty and grace.  
Her dress was the deepest of mourning,  
And her hands were so waxen and white  
I thought of the pure snowy blossoms  
That opened their petals at night.

Then she told me in tones like low music  
The story that measured her life,  
Her girlhood, its beauties, its triumphs,  
Ere the love-crown had made her a wife;  
And she painted a picture so vivid  
I fancied it dawned on my view,  
Of the evening my father first met her,  
When the old life was lost in the new.

She told how her dress white and spotless,  
And the curls of her dark flowing hair,  
How her blue eyes, her fresh simple beauty,  
Chained his heart in a life-time of snare;  
She told me the scene of betrothal,  
In a beauteous garden of flowers  
Of the lovely, enchanted Bay City,  
Where glided her girlhood's bright hours.

Then she pictured the eve of her bridal,  
When leaving behind every tie,  
She followed her heart's chosen ruler  
To dwell 'neath a far-distant sky;  
Then my mother's sweet face kindled proudly,  
And she said in a low, earnest voice,  
"When I married your father, my daughter,  
Of the whole world I wedded my choice."

The shadows of night were around us,  
The story had closed with the day,  
But the words of my mother still lingered,  
Like the echo when songs die away.  
Long I dreamed c'er the words she had spoken,  
Of the love and the pride in her voice,  
And I said to myself, "Earth were heaven  
If each woman but married her choice."

NETTIE POWER HOUSTON.



## THE NEAREST PERIL OF ENGLAND.

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**I**N the little historical sketch\* in which was described the rise of the Commune of Laon in the twelfth century, attention was called to the fact that though the establishment of such a commune was a local revolution, the proceeding was in itself both peaceful and legal. It was a movement of the bourgeoisie, then as now a pacific class, and then as now a moneyed class; and the revolution was accomplished by the purchase, for money, of the feudal rights of the seigneur. The rights which the commune thus acquired were vested in an elective municipal body, varying in title and functions in different cities, but generally modelled upon the Consuls and Senate of the Roman Republic. Thus the commune of the twelfth century differed but little in form, and not at all in object, from the municipal organizations of English or American cities.

The troubles which occurred at Laon were caused by the flagrant and tyrannous breach of faith on the part of Bishop Gaudri and his partisans, abetted by the King, which drove the bourgeois to an alliance with "those of the baser sort," as Guibert calls them, such as Teudegaud and his fellows, who having neither scruples nor restraints, and confident in their superior physical force, soon became the ruling spirits of the revolution and gave it that truculent character which we have seen.

But the late ill-famed Commune of Paris had, from the outset, a very different character. So far as its partisans claimed the right of Paris, the chief city of France, to a free municipal government, they had equity, and in part antiquity (for Paris, if not a commune under the earlier Capets and Valesians, was a *prévotal* city), on their side. But this moderate proposition was but one item in a mass of wild doctrines and dreams of socialism, agrarianism, re-distribution of property, abolition of public worship, and a multitude of others, the recrudescence of the Hébertist phase of the Revolution, in which lay the very essence of anarchy and confusion. It is probable that no two communist leaders held doctrines or organic schemes of social reconstruction precisely alike; and the Commune would never have emerged as an actual entity from the chaos of conflicting opinions, or would have fallen to pieces at the moment of its emergence, but for the outside pressure of hostile forces, compelling all other matters to be postponed to the question of resistance.

Again, the recent communal revolution in Paris differed from that of Laon in commencing with what was the second stage of the latter. The Commune of Laon arose with the bourgeoisie; that of Paris with the proletariat. And this distinction is an important one, since it is a distinction in kind, as well in the nineteenth century as in the twelfth. The bourgeois class of Europe, from the highest to the lowest, is separated by whole gulfs of thought and feeling from the

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\* See the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE for August.

proletariat class. It is not the distinction of richer and poorer ; it is a radical difference in beliefs, aims, fears, desires, modes of action, in Germany or England as well as in France. The humblest shop-keeper owns something, or trusts to accumulate something, and hence he feels that almost superstitious respect for property which characterises the middle class ; the proletary\* has nothing and expects to have nothing except by a general overturn, and consequently has small reverence for vested rights in any form.

It is the same with religion. While the man of the middle class, though perhaps himself not religious, has much respect for religious observances, as things in themselves eminently respectable, the proletary on the other hand, though not by any means necessarily irreligious, sees nothing specially venerable in ancient beliefs or creeds long professed. He looks at these things from his own point of view. He may be an avowed atheist, or he may like his religion hot and strong such as many sulphurous sects provide for him. But be it unbelief or belief, the qualities which he prefers in it are revolutionary and destructive.

And yet this class so practical, is in a high degree imaginative and idealistic ; and with all its turbulence is singularly docile to those who profess to have its interest at heart. Its personal loyalty to its leaders is something quite surprising. With a wonderful patience these men will endure privation, sufferings severe and prolonged, or will inflict them on each other as unhesitatingly, if told by those whom they trust that it is for the good of the whole. Organisation, and that in very efficient forms, is easy for them—witness the Trade-unions ; and as they have quick and strong impulses and are hampered by few scruples or prejudices, they are perilously swift to decide and prompt to act.

Such, then, are some of the individual characteristics, as revealed by those who profess to know them best, of the class which, in the gradual transference of power, seems destined ere long to be the rulers of nearly all Europe. For, whether we like it or not, it is idle to shut our eyes to the fact that the middle-class rule is passing away, and the doctrine that a people has a right to govern itself—meaning thereby that every man has a right to say how his neighbor shall be governed—and that this right is properly and efficiently exercised by the mere numerical majority, irrespective of the material interests they have at stake, is everywhere meeting with warmer acceptance on one side and more hesitating resistance on the other. Even a sovereign has been seen to virtually submit the question of his own continuance upon the throne to the vote of the people ; and his enemies have admitted that it was a proper tribunal and a legitimate confirmation.

With regard to England, especially, the new era has in effect begun already. Universal suffrage is not merely at the door, but has so far entered that its presence is already an operating force, and statesmen are trimming their policy accordingly. The Prime Minister has openly declared that after household suffrage, universal suffrage is

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\* We use this word, not *in malam partem*, but because it is less vague than "workingman," and has, moreover, been accepted by their leading advocates.

only a question of time ; and in England universal suffrage means government by the proletariat.

And instead of offering resistance, or endeavoring to prevent the change, if inevitable, from proceeding with too great velocity to dangerous extremes, statesmen of opposite views vie with each other in bidding for the favor of the new monarch, as their predecessors bid for the favor of a Charles or a George. The government itself seems to recognise its successor, and deals with it as it might with an heir-apparent. When popular impatience finds vent in actual riot, instead of forcible repression and the punishment of the leaders, the offence is openly connived at, or dealt with with such palpable timidity as is worse than connivance ; and the leader, in one case at least, rewarded with public office.

Now how are we to suppose that these men will control legislation and administer government when the transfer of power shall have been thoroughly effected ?

In the first place we must note that their conduct and policy, so long as they act as a whole, will be controlled by no political responsibility ; for their numerical preponderance, when increased by the multitude that always ally themselves with the stronger side, is so great that nothing, short of foreign conquest, can shake their tenure of power.

Again, the position they hold is one of singular isolation. The distinction of classes, which they regard with so much aversion, is in great part of their own making ; and the obnoxious word "class" is oftener on the lips of their own writers and speakers than of any others. They demand equality and the fusion of all distinctions, while insisting upon the fact that their interests and objects are opposed to those of the other classes. They, we are constantly told, are "the people:" the rest of the community are not the people, but more or less hostile to the people and its welfare. So they do not hesitate to avow that their legislation will be devoted to the interests of their own class ; and if this be detrimental to the rest, so much the worse for the rest. In this way they translate the Democratic formula of "government by the people for the people."

But if isolated from their fellow-countrymen not of their own class, they have established a bond of union with the workmen of other countries, and display the liveliest sympathies with their interests. Towards this result much has been done by the *International Association*, a many-sided body, whose proximate objects are the unification of the working classes of all European countries, with a view to common action and mutual support in all contests of their members with those of other classes. This has been so far productive of good that it has done away with many prejudices, and especially given the English workingmen juster ideas of and better feelings toward the French and German peoples. On the other hand it has done incalculable harm by the substitution of class-partisanship for patriotism, by increasing the isolation and intensifying the antagonisms of the proletariat body, and by giving a cosmopolitan extent and importance to every local agitation or discontent.

The *International Workingmen's Association*, to give it its full



title, was founded in London in 1864, with the object of drawing into a league for common action the members of the working class throughout the world. It rapidly increased in numbers, and its influence began to be generally felt, especially in cases of strikes, when, if the striking workmen be affiliated to it, it assists them by contributions of money, and by forbidding all its members to work for the obnoxious employers. In the strike of the London basket-makers in 1867, the supply of skilled workmen from Belgium was prevented by this society; and in the great strike of the London tailors in the same year the employers were baffled in their attempts to obtain hands from France. It was in this year that the terrible Trades-Union outrages occurred at Sheffield, and the feelings aroused were unusually bitter. The report of the General Council of the International, delivered at its congress at Lausanne in September of this year, closes with the words: "Society consists of two hostile classes; and nothing short of a solidary union of the sons of toil throughout the world will ever redeem them from their present thralldom. We therefore conclude with the motto—'Proletarians of all countries, unite!'"\*

The Society is said to number now two millions of members, contributing regularly a penny each per annum. The headquarters are in London, as in England, with its immense population of working people, its tempting accumulations of wealth, and its excessively timid and yielding government, they find the strongest and safest fulcrum for all their agitations and operations throughout Europe.

The ultimate objects of the *International* are of a character which (hitherto at least) has been more likely to win popularity on the continent than in England, and consequently it is the industrial features of their system which have been most dwelt upon in the latter country. But their more outspoken advocates, even in official documents, avow that they aim at the establishment of democracy in Europe, the overthrow of established religions, the suppression of marriage and of inheritance, the abolition or redistribution of property, and the seizure by the commune of the mines, forests, fisheries, lands, and everything that is not the product of individual labor, as well as railroads, canals, and other works of public utility.†

Capital, or the power of purchasing men's work, they declare to be but another form of slavery, and now on the verge of following feudalism, the power of compelling men's service without payment, into the limbo of the the obsolete. But one fails to see here how they propose to carry on all the great public works which capital has built, unless they can command either voluntary or compulsory labor. Is capital in the hands of a dozen men calling themselves a business firm and responsible to the law, something cruel and infamous, and the same capital in the hands of a dozen calling themselves a Communal Council, and responsible only to themselves, something beneficent and glorious? For there have been only two ways yet discovered

\* See article by Prof. E. S. Beesly in the *Fortnightly Review* for Nov. 1870.

† "The 'Democratic-Socialist' organisation [of Germany] is only prevented by law from publicly affiliating itself to the International, and is to all intents and purposes the German section of that association."—Prof. BEESLY, *ut supra*.

for obtaining the co-operative labor of numbers of men. The first is by telling them, "If you do not do this it will be the worse for you." This system built the pyramids of Egypt, and we call it despotism, or as the "International" writers term it, by rather a misnomer, feudalism. The other way is by announcing, "If you do this, it will be the better for you." This system constructed the Suez canal, and we call it capital. It is as effective as the other only when the extreme penalty of disobedience is in both cases the same — that is, when wages are near starvation-point. And indeed they do not darkly hint that they rely chiefly upon compulsory labor of this sort, pointing out clearly that when all property belongs to the commune, he who will not work as the commune pleases, will have to starve. But no involuntary labor of course. That is what Dr. Marx, the president of the London Council, calls "the hoary infamy of slavery." If they prefer to starve, they are free to do so.

This attractive programme, commented on by writers and speakers who adapt their persuasions to the special wants or tastes of their audience, naturally has much to recommend it to the discontented, who readily catch at the idea that if what they immediately perceive to be vexatious were done away with, they would be rid of all vexation; and if all the wealth of the rich were divided among the poor, the poor would be so much the better off. They do not perceive that a multitude of restrictions and oppressions are necessary for the existence of a civilised society, and consequently to their own existence as members of that society; and that their labor is only valuable in a society wealthy enough to pay for it. Grant the confiscation of all the wealth of a country for the benefit of an equalised commune, and the wealthy, or disbursing classes, compelled to enter the producing classes to avoid starvation — a competition which will be further increased by the driving into the merely utilitarian handicrafts of all that multitude of workers whose existence depends upon the wealth or luxury of others — and the equalised commune, far from enjoying the tempting prosperity its advocates promise, will have to remove itself to the valley of the Amazon, or the prairies of North America, to pluck directly from the soil the subsistence of its members.

In the same way with the hours and wages of labor, of which it is a chief object of these associations to diminish the one and raise the other. Looking, as they are taught to do, upon their employers as their natural enemies, they can bring the machinery of strikes and so forth to bear upon them with effect; but how when there are no employers, or when the commune itself is the employer? They will hardly be so illogical as to think that they will be gainers by receiving a full day's wages for a half day's work, when this involves their *paying* for work in the same proportion. The result would be, of course, that which the Trade-Unions now so vehemently resist, but would then be powerless to prevent — the preference of the swift and skilled workman over the sluggard and bungler; an aristocracy of labor would arise, and the equalisation would cease almost before it had begun.

The fact is that the leaders of this class have never attempted to

disabuse their minds of the idea that wealth is absolute and not relative, and hence their economical doctrines are vitiated with fallacies. They cannot see that the distribution of wealth through a community will not make a community of wealthy men. To their minds luxuries, or at least comforts, are inseparably connected with the possession of money ; but of what use is money when, as Falstaff says, there is no purchase in it? Levelling up, as well as levelling down, comes to the same thing here. For a Duke of Devonshire to build a Chatsworth, or have his boots blacked, there must be persons to whom minute fractions of his wealth are highly desirable. An opulent Duke in a community consisting only of opulent Dukes, would have to hoe his garden-beds and black his boots with his own hands. In a word, it is not wealth, but the unequal distribution of wealth, that renders industry active and the advance of civilisation possible.

Although it is sometimes said by those who are, or aspire to be, the leaders in the new revolution, that the English workingman is pre-eminently fitted for political activity, since he passes a considerable part of his time in the study of politics — a statement which may be true of a few individuals, but which, as applied to the whole class, we will take the liberty of questioning — we can not perceive any intelligent results of this study in such reports of their political speeches and action as we have seen. The idea of republican government has taken strong hold of them, but as to its concrete form they are somewhat vague, varying between a scheme in the main features resembling that of the United States, and the “International” plan of communes. Naturally enough, the greatness and liberty of America, highly magnified and beautified by distance, have a strong fascination for them ; and they can not see that it is impossible of realisation in a country so thickly settled and so circumscribed as England. Here, the vast territories where each man that wills can take for himself a landed estate without trespassing on the rights of a neighbor, and the wild frontiers where adventurous and lawless spirits can expend their superfluous energies and pugnacities upon Kiowas and Apaches, and enjoy the perils of the outlaw or the brigand without the stigma, are the great safety-valves of the community.

But it does not appear either that the leaders of this agitation, whose potent influence over the proletariat we have already mentioned, and to whom therefore we look for some exposition of their plans, have given the future construction of society much thought. They have been too much occupied with polemics, with inflammatory manifestos and harangues ; with “demonstrations” in the Parks and elsewhere against the Government, against the House of Lords, against the Church, in favor of the Commune of Paris ; with defences of the petroleum-throwers and the murderers of the hostages, to give much attention to constructive measures. And the probabilities seem very strong that they will topple the old fabric down before they have arrived at any determination what they will erect in its place. And herein lies one of the gloomiest features of the whole. For a Revolution that has a definite plan in view, and knows what it desires to construct as well as to destroy, is at the least tolerable, though violent ;



bnt a Revolution that can not control nor direct the forces it has raised, but goes blindly stumbling about, is sure to be met by fierce impatient Anarchy, crying "Infirm of purpose! give *me* the daggers!" who, knowing well what it intends, goes straight to its ferocious work.

And though at the present moment England needs unity and patriotism more sorely than at any time in the past three hundred years, we see no efforts to prevent the disastrous effects of this great and growing mischief. Partisan spirit has so thoroughly superseded patriotism that scarcely any man, in or out of office, seems hardy enough to brave the resentment of those who will soon be the arbiters of all political power. The Commons taunt the Lords, when the latter refuse to sanction bills they deem unjust or impolitic, with the warning that those are at the door who will demand what right any man has to be a hereditary legislator — not perceiving that their own right to their seats will be the next question raised. Those who profess what they call "conservatism," gravely point out the folly of not approving what will be done in spite of them — as if *duty* were a word of no meaning; and warn them that it will soon be asked why are they there, if they obstruct the will of the people? — as if their having no other function but to countersign popular decrees, would not of itself be an unanswerable reason for their suppression as a superfluity. The Government, prompt enough to bully the Lords by overriding their opposition with the Royal warrant, pursues toward the turbulent lower classes the worst and weakest of all possible courses, that of feeble opposition yielding to the first indications of pressure, or going just far enough to irritate without deterring, and retreating so soon as a collision seems imminent. Almost every day brings an account of some revolutionary proceeding of this kind, with the Government's feeble resistance and ultimate acquiescence. Take a recent instance, that of the Epping Forest riot. A mass-meeting was held to protest against the leasing-out by the Crown, for building purposes, of what was held to be a public park. The proceeding was lawful enough, but the authorities were apprised that violence was intended, and consequently sent a large detachment of foot and mounted police to attend the meeting. When the speeches had all been made, and a petition to Parliament adopted, the police retired, leaving the crowd still assembled, who then proceeded to accomplish the work they had come to do, and demolish the obnoxious buildings. This done, the police returned and arrested "one man and a boy."

Or one still later — several of the leading agitators announced that they would hold a mass-meeting in Trafalgar Square to protest against the grant to Prince Arthur. As an Act forbids the assemblage of persons for the purpose of petitioning or otherwise influencing Parliament, in any place within a mile of Westminster Hall, the Home Secretary, both by public announcement and by private communication to the leaders, forbade the meeting. Thereupon the latter announced that the meeting should be held in defiance of the Government, and the Home Secretary at once receded and withdrew the prohibition. Whether his first order was right or wrong, makes not the slightest difference; but one interpretation was put by the mob on his action — that the Government did not dare to assert its authority, and was terrified by their audacious challenge.

No wonder that the Radical leaders, from the vulgar ranters in the Parks, to the admitted intellectual chiefs of the party, openly defy the Government to attempt to suppress by force any "popular" outbreak, when they postulate that the people are the absolute masters, and that the insurgents in any given case are "the people," are constantly made and as constantly conceded. No wonder that they avow without reserve that they count on an appeal to force in the last resort, and announce that all who attempt to resist them shall be "ground to powder," or still more insolently boast that no one will dare to oppose their will. "Never dream of force," says Mr. Frederic Harrison, apostrophising the present Government, "for you have cut yourselves off from the right to appeal to it. The least suggestion of force puts the governing classes in an outrageously false position, and arrays against them all the noble sentiments of liberty on which they based their own title to rule. Club blusterers may talk about grape-shot and dragoons, but men with heads on their shoulders know that an appeal to force would be the end of English society, and, what is more to the purpose, that there is no force to appeal to." If this be so — that society stands confessedly powerless to protect itself against violence — then its end has come already.

It has frequently struck us, in reading the comments of the English press on the present state of affairs, that the gravity of the situation is by no means fully appreciated. It would be, of course, ridiculous presumption in us to pretend to a better knowledge of English affairs than that of those who make it their business to study them, but residence in a democratic country may give a familiarity with certain characteristics of democracy which Englishmen have not yet had an opportunity of studying. And, unless we are greatly mistaken, this movement will ere long reach a crisis which will — we will not say overturn the framework of society, as that may, or may not, be an advantage, or at least a mitigated evil, but destroy the conditions which render civilised society possible.

A conservative paper points triumphantly to the great numerical predominance of the agricultural peasantry over the artisans, and as the active agitation is entirely confined to the latter, sees in the former a great counterpoise of heavy conservatism. But the conservatism of the great mass of the peasantry is nothing but the inertness of ignorance and torpidity; and when talk has given place to action, they will soon be set in motion. What peasantry could have been more sluggish than that of France at the commencement of the Revolution, and who afterwards equalled them in wildness and ferocity? Let there once be a formidable insurrection in the cities, and the discontented peasants will form bands for indiscriminate plunder and destruction.

And even granting it to be true that an English insurrection would differ from a French, and be found more manageable from the fact that the Teutonic character, if more rapacious than the Keltic, is less ferocious, how would it be when the Keltic element of Ireland took, as it certainly would, its part in the work? And we all know that to this very catastrophe, which they consider close at hand, many of the leaders of Irish disaffection are looking with eager expectation.

Their hopes may not be sufficiently founded ; but to our mind the delusion, if it be one, is far more excusable than English skepticism.

Another writer takes heart of grace from the fact that an arch-agitator and chief in the "International" has made public his views about property, which are not so appallingly heterodox. Of course he holds that the land belongs to the State, and should be forcibly taken from its present holders—however divergent on other points, their unanimity in this doctrine is perfect—but there need be no apprehension ; this gentleman distinctly avows that the despoiled landlords should in justice be allowed a fair compensation. Having shown the moderation of Mr. Odger's views, the reviewer next proves that such a system of compensation is impracticable ; and draws the comforting conclusion that as Mr. Odger does not mean robbery, and as no scheme of compensation will work, therefore the landlords need be under no apprehension, for the project is nipped in the bud. But putting aside the possibility that Mr. Odger said what he thought it was safe and politic for him to say just then, and assuming that this is in truth the mode of settling the property question which seems to him most equitable, who can not see that Mr. Odger's views are not of the slightest value as indicating what will be the policy of his party when once it comes to the test ? It is just here that English writers seem to lose sight of the very different steps taken by a revolution when in the process of preparation, and after it has reached the explosive stage. The disaffected masses are, as we have said, singularly docile to their leaders ; but it is only so long as they believe these to be leading them to their desired aim, through paths however trying or obscure. Let the moment but come for action, and let these but feel their own power, and it is in vain for a leader to attempt to check them or turn them aside. Those only can guide them who will keep before them on the way they are going ; and those who bid them pause and consider, are denounced as half-hearted friends, if not traitors. Let the distribution of property once commence, no matter with what promises or pledges, and a Mr. Odger who should remind the sharers that in some way or other it was all to be paid for, would very speedily find himself set on one side, perhaps with his head on his shoulders, and perhaps with it off.

But, if not to the self-restraint of the discontented, or to the restraining power and will of their leaders, to what force does England look to prevent this catastrophe ? To the wisdom of her own statesmen ? But with these partisan spirit has risen to such a pitch that they will stake the welfare of the country any day on the chance of a political triumph ; and it has been by this very thing that this crisis has been brought about. To overthrow a Ministry has long been, to the political mind, the highest and indeed the only object of ambition for a party not in office ; and that of the party in office, to retain its position. It is not to be supposed that this object will be attempted by any measures, however wise, that will lessen the popularity of their advocates with the new constituency, be the ultimate consequences what they may.

Personal loyalty to the Sovereign and the reigning family has at all times been a force in Europe which we can not easily estimate here.



But for years past, in England, this feeling has been on the decline, and its diminution has been aided, partly by the faults, and partly by the misfortunes of those who are its objects. The attachment founded upon the mere *bourgeoises* virtues, if not very deep or enthusiastic, is at all events easily won : but even this the present heir to the throne seems not to have cared to acquire. It is quite probable that his indolence or incuriousness in this matter will have cost him what we can not but consider his very slender chance for the crown. In any case, personal devotion to the Sovereign can not be relied upon as a restraining force now.

It is worth noting here that exactly five hundred years ago (1371), a Parliament met which by boldly attacking what may be called the Ministry — that is the confidential advisers of the King — for abusing the power which the sovereign's age and infirmities had placed in their hands, commenced the modern political history of England. And the leader in this joint reformation was another Edward, Prince of Wales, the best beloved of all Englishmen, who had won the battle of Crécy at sixteen years of age, and that of Poitiers at twenty-six, and who now, worn out by mortal disease, rose from his death-bed to defend the rights and liberties of his countrymen, who were never to be his subjects.

Nor is anything to be hoped from foreign help. It has been England's extraordinary misfortune of late years so to conduct her foreign policy as to alienate all her friends ; and her time of greatest need is her time of greatest isolation. In a comparatively short space she has offended or estranged Russia, Germany, France, and the United States ; and unless it be in Portugal, Italy, Belgium, or Holland, neither of which can help her, it is doubtful if she has a friend in Europe. And in case of all her energies being taxed to resist domestic insurrection, it is easy to conjecture what would be the action of three out of the four great Powers we have named.

Our own anticipations, or conjectures, are, that in the event of the Queen's death, there will be a simultaneous and very formidable uprising in all the great manufacturing districts, with the proclamation of a republic, and that these forces will be speedily swelled by a great multitude of the rural laborers, colliers, and others. That this will be the signal for an insurrection in Ireland, reinforced by large numbers of Irishmen and volunteers from the United States, this Government offering every facility and acknowledging the republic. Either as declared foes, or as nominal friends, foreign powers will intervene, and then will be the opportunity for glutting all hatreds and satiating all rapacities. Russia wants Turkey and Hindostan, Germany wants Holland, Belgium and Denmark, the United States want Canada. How many of these wants will be gratified, it is not easy to foresee ; but we can safely predict that before the trouble is over, there will be extensive changes to be made in all maps of the world.

And yet, strangely enough, those who from their position and opportunities of knowledge should best estimate the gravity of the danger, seem to regard it as rather grotesquely ugly than really formidable, and in their most serious reference to it there is a touch of

contemptuous amusement, as if they were watching the uncouth gambols and rude play of some lubberly *poltergeist*, whose pranks are rough and boisterous enough, but do no damage beyond a little broken crockery, and who will return to his drudgery presently, and earn his accustomed bowl of cream. It will not be long, we think, before they will discover that misshapen and grotesque though he may be, Jacques Bonhomme is not Robin Goodfellow, but Seismos, the Earthquake Spirit,\* who is even now growling and muttering very near the surface,—

“Einmal noch mit Kraft geschoben,  
Mit den Schultern brav gehoben!  
So gelangen wir nach oben  
*Wo uns Alles weichen muss!*”

WM. HAND BROWNE.

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## THE DOCTOR'S KISS:

### A REMINISCENCE OF PLATTE STATION.

“**A**PPPEARANCES are always to a greater or less extent deceiving,” said my companion, taking a fresh start in his conversation. “I have lived a long time in this vexed world, and like the old heathen, have drunk many flagons and uttered many reproaches. I believe I understand human nature reasonably well—that is, as well as anything so composite and variable admits of being understood at all. I have an instinctive knowledge of an honest man; and an instinctive aversion for one who is capable of cheating me, and maybe watching his opportunity to do so. But I never could claim to have mastered the mystery of physiognomy. I have known good men whose faces seemed hideous masks, scarcely to be recognised as human. I have seen fellows hanged in the Rocky Mountains whose hands were red and whose souls were black with murder, and whose faces and figures would have served for the models of a studio. I say, appearances are deceiving—*ne crede colori*,” continued my companion, who sat in front of me, *vis-à-vis*; and he thoughtfully touched the guitar which he held as he was speaking.

And then there ensued a pause, which was, as are most American pauses, a brief pause. My friend was not in the habit of pausing much or long; and his “intervals of sound” were not filled, as were those

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\* *Faust*, Zweiter Theil.

of Mr. Tennyson's fair woman, with "light." He occupied them in playing with little babies. He was grim and grizzled, and like most other good fellows, was fond of babies. He was particularly and emphatically fond of my oldest and youngest and only offspring, and therefore, in my eyes, a particularly clever fellow and elegant judge of babies. He took up his skein of talk as follows:

"Nobody would have suspected that a woman so demure and so child-like had ever passed through any adventures or experienced any romance. She had a soft face, bright eyes, and a warm rich color. Almost any man would have called her pretty; in that country almost any man would have called her beautiful. She was a quiet little woman, and looked up at her brawny, broad-shouldered husband with an expression of love and trust that was touching or tantalising to behold, according to your humor."

I ventured to interline his observations with the remark that he hadn't yet said what woman it was he referred to, or when he had met her, or what romance she had been born to, or had achieved, or had had thrust upon her: in short, I *sotto-voced* that he was quoting at random from his drama, without having announced the *dramatis personæ*, and their several and respective casts.

My friend never declined a challenge such as the invitation above extended, to complete the picture whose outlines he had sketched so hurriedly and indistinctly. He was filled to the brim with the well-kept stores of anecdote and adventure accumulated during five years' travel and residence in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. He was also charged to the muzzle with thoughts and facts and fancies gathered from the study of books in many long nights of winter in that drear distant country. My friend was an elegant and accurate scholar, of varied and valuable accomplishments, and a man of striking and original ideas on a wide range of subjects. He had gone to Montana at the close of the civil war in pursuit of his fortune. He had come back home at the end of five years, moderately well provided with the glittering metal which had lured him so far from all he loved on the earth, but rich in added resources of experience and observation, possessed of a profound knowledge of the world, and racy as the fresh air of the Western mountains with incidents and illustrations of the wild society and strange unique characters of the far Northwest.

Such was the gentleman, hurriedly and imperfectly sketched, who had the floor, and to whom I was listening with the eager interest which attached alike to his reminiscences and his opinions. Many an hour which flew by on noiseless pinions had he held us enchanted by descriptions of magnificent mountain scenery, or thrilled by true tales of adventure and danger, or amused with quaint sketches of Indian character and customs, and the inimitable heathen Chinese. After so long an isolation from all to whom he could open his heart, or who could appreciate his thoughts and feelings, Tom's tongue was ever ready to unfold the rare treasures of experience which had so long lain covert. And we, as I have said — by "we" I mean all of the family, great and small — were always equally glad and ready to hear, and could see in fancy the wild sights his eyes had dwelt on,



and pass through all the strange passages of his romantic life, under the inspiration of his personal presence and the pictures so lightly but so dexterously and gracefully drawn.

"Well," observed Tom, "there isn't much of a story to tell after all; and a much more thrilling romance can be bought for a dime at any news-stand. I do not know why the girl's face should have looked in to-night on my memory, or why I should have referred to the incident, rather comic than romantic indeed, which was told me about her. I will not refuse to repeat it, however, if you care to hear.

"I was on my way from Helena, Montana Territory, to the States in 1867. At that time the Union Pacific Railroad had not been constructed, and the only communication for passengers or mail-matter was by way of the great overland stage line of Wells, Fargo & Co., and its various branches and connections. The main line extended from Atkinson, Kansas (which is just across the Missouri border), to Sacramento City, California, a distance of twenty-two hundred miles. The line touched Salt Lake City, which stands nearly equidistant between the two terminal points; that is, it is twelve hundred miles from Atkinson and one thousand miles from Sacramento. At Salt Lake, the line from the north connects with the main through line. It is five hundred miles from Helena to Salt Lake City. Everything in the West, you see, is done on a grand scale; everything is done there in a hurry. For instance, grand as those distances are through a wild and rugged and almost uninhabited tract, we managed to move over the mountains and along the rough roads with considerable speed. The beasts were put on their mettle. At every station were fresh relays, and the close of every twenty-four hours found us a hundred miles further on the way than we were at their beginning; for we travelled all day and all night under whip and spur, and stopped only for meals and to change our horses. Except for the lady whom we might keep waiting, I might give you some points of interest in connection with stage-coach travelling. But they will keep till a more convenient season.

"Coming through Bridger's Pass, we halted early one morning at Platte Station, on the North Platte river, to get our breakfast. The night had been keenly cold, and the sharp mountain air had penetrated the armor of all our robes and furs and blankets, and made us suffer considerably notwithstanding our close companionship and the tightness of the coach. Sleep was out of the question. You can understand how grateful was the sight of the station, with the blue smoke curling up from its big-mouthed chimney, and the red light shining through the open doors. Very soon all the party showed evident marks of improvement, and the frozen current of talk was melted and fluent. The boys had washed from their faces the stains of travel, adjusted their dress, and thawed their stiff and half-petrified limbs; and their beards for the most part were redolent after a fashion that Mr. John Gough would have disapproved. Total abstinence is not yet firmly rooted in the West; the boys lead hard and stirring lives, and whiskey always comes handy.

"Presently breakfast was announced as ready, and we took our seats at the board. The host was a large, rough, coarse-bearded,

red-headed man ; not an easy man to handle in any little unpleasantness, and still not of sinister expression or violent manners. His wife was the only woman on the premises, perhaps in the range of many miles about us. No picture could be sweeter than her soft, fair, becoming face. She lacked expression only, the fire of the eyes and grace of motion, to make her a perfect beauty.

"I have made my introduction so long, and gotten my characters in position with so much elaborate care, that I'm almost ashamed to tell you the story, there seems so little of it.

"Well, it happened not long before we arrived there and partook of the hospitalities over which she presided, that this little woman, sweet and innocent as she was, came near being the means of a deed of bloodshed and murder.

"The little woman, until that day, so memorable in her household, had had one misfortune, one skeleton which could not be concealed, one grief of which she was always painfully reminded. She was a devoted wife, and her husband loved her and was proud of her beauty ; only that beauty had one great defect, the little woman was dreadfully *cross-eyed*, and all the symmetry of her round, neat form, nor the brightness of her eyes nor the sweetness of her voice, could wholly avail to redeem the one sad stain which marred her beauty.

"One day, a gentleman who was on his way to his home in California, after a visit to the East, stopped with other passengers on the coach at Platte Station for breakfast. During the meal, his eyes, which seemed indeed very bright and intelligent and vigilant eyes, observed the deformity which disfigured the face of the hostess, and they did not fail to observe as well the embarrassment and pain which the consciousness of its possession caused her. After breakfast the master of the house withdrew from the room, perhaps to look after the team or attend to the wants of the driver. The stranger moved up to the lady and asked permission to look into her eyes.

"She knew not what object he had, nor whether his curiosity was benevolent or malicious, nor whether the freedom he took was right or wrong. She yielded to the request without question or misgiving, and was moved close under the light of the window, where the stranger closely examined the strabismic eyes, without, however, giving utterance to any word of comment. Presently he took from a case in his pocket a little lancet, and touched the woman just over her nose, in the skin of the forehead. A nerve or tendon was severed by the skilful and delicate surgery, and quick as thought the eyes rolled back to their proper positions.

"Whether it was the surprise and gratification, or the slight pain caused by the lancet's touch, or the strange and sudden motion of the eyes, I do not know ; but the long, soft lashes of the little woman filled with tears, through which her bright and beautiful eyes shone with added lustre, and a softer and sweeter expression than ever before dwelt in their dark depths.

"The stranger looked on her angel face a moment, and giving way to an impulse sudden and thrilling, he folded the sweet form in his arms, and gave her lips a long and ardent kiss.

"And now for a *mise en scène*. *Tableau* : the little woman, wrapped

in the fond arms of the stranger, and showing no resistance, and indeed no disposition to resist. Enter husband, who beholds the embrace. Exit husband, who means business. Re-enter husband with a double-barrelled shot-gun, his mind still intent on business.

"Just at the moment when the buck-shot would have been transferred from their place in the gun-barrels, to the liver or lights or brain or breast of the gay and festive stranger, the little woman lifted her face and met her husband's squarely; and a light shone in it from every line and feature so radiant, so witching, so guileless, that the wrathful gentleman dropped his weapon, uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise, and gazed on his wife with a look in which wonder and admiration were strangely and comically blended.

"The *éclaircissement* was soon made. The stranger was a physician and surgeon of national fame, who had been on a visit to his friends in the East, and was on his way back to San Francisco, where he enjoyed an extensive and lucrative practice. His professional interest had been excited by the case of his little hostess at Platte Station, and an examination confirmed his impression that the defect could be readily remedied. His lancet was always at hand, and relief at once followed its application.

"He could offer no apology for the liberty he had taken with the lips of the little woman, except that she looked so beautiful that he could not resist the temptation. "Once how, he could not well define, unless perchance they kissed." He said that he claimed no other fee, however, and would promise to behave better next time. The joyful husband saw nothing so wonderful in the doctor's surrender to a temptation so attractive, which proved that he too was sensible of its power and charm. When the time arrived for the stage to leave, the new friends parted with mutual assurances of respect and goodwill; and the curtain descends over a happy family at the North Platte Station.

"I claim this much in behalf of my narrative, which, as I previously warned you, isn't much of a narrative at all—that it is at least the only romance on record, so far as I know, the heroine of which is a cross-eyed little woman."

E. S. GREGORY.



LORD KILGOBBIN.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR PLEASURE!

WHEN Dick Kearney waited on Cecil Walpole at his quarters in the Castle, he was somewhat surprised to find that gentleman more reserved in manner, and in general more distant, than when he had seen him as his father's guest.

Though he extended two fingers of his hand on entering, and begged him to be seated, Walpole did not take a chair himself, but stood with his back to the fire—the showy skirts of a very gorgeous dressing-gown displayed over his arms—where he looked like some enormous bird exulting in the full effulgence of his bright plumage.

"You got my note, Mr. Kearney?" began he, almost before the other had sat down, with the air of a man whose time was too precious for mere politeness.

"It is the reason of my present visit," said Dick, drily.

"Just so. His Excellency instructed me to ascertain in what shape most acceptable to your family he might show the sense entertained by the Government of that gallant defence of Kilgobbin; and believing that the best way to meet a man's wishes is first of all to learn what the wishes are, I wrote you the few lines of yesterday."

"I suspect there must be a mistake somewhere," began Kearney, with difficulty. "At least, I intimated to Atlee the shape in which the Viceroy's favor would be most agreeable to us, and I came here prepared to find you equally informed on the matter."

"Ah, indeed! I know nothing—positively nothing. Atlee telegraphed me, 'See Kearney, and hear what he has to say. I write by post.—ATLEE.' There's the whole of it."

"And the letter—"

"The letter is there. It came by the late mail, and I have not opened it."

"Would it not be better to glance over it now?" said Dick, mildly.

"Not if you can give me the substance by word of mouth. Time, they tell us, is money, and as I have got very little of either, I am obliged to be parsimonious. What is it you want? I mean the sort of thing we could help you to obtain. I see," said he, smiling, "you had rather I should read Atlee's letter. Well, here goes." He broke the envelope, and began:—

"MY DEAR MR. WALPOLE,—I hoped by this time to have had a report to make you of what I had done, heard, seen, and imagined

since my arrival, and yet here I am now towards the close of my second week, and I have nothing to tell; and beyond a sort of confused sense of being immensely delighted with my mode of life, I am totally unconscious of the flight of time.

"His Excellency received me once for ten minutes, and later on, after some days, for half an hour: for he is confined to bed with gout, and forbidden by his doctor all mental labor. He was kind and courteous to a degree, hoped I should endeavor to make myself at home,—giving orders at the same time that my dinner should be served at my own hour, and the stables placed at my disposal for riding or driving. For occupation, he suggested I should see what the newspapers were saying, and make a note or two if anything struck me as remarkable.

"Lady Maude is charming,—and I use the epithet in all the significance of its sorcery. She conveys to me each morning his Excellency's instructions for my day's work; and it is only by a mighty effort I can tear myself from the magic thrill of her voice, and the captivation of her manner, to follow what I have to reply to, investigate, and remark on.

"I meet her each day at luncheon, and she says she will join me 'some day at dinner.' When that glorious occasion arrives, I shall call it the event of my life, for her mere presence stimulates me to such effort in conversation that I feel in the very lassitude afterwards what a strain my faculties have undergone."

"What an insufferable coxcomb, and an idiot to boot!" cried Walpole. "I could not do him a more spiteful turn than to tell my cousin of her conquest. There is another page, I see, of the same sort. But here you are—this is all about you: I'll read it. '*In re* Kearney. The Irish are always logical; and as Miss Kearney once shot some of her countrymen, when on a mission they deemed national, her brother opines that he ought to represent the principles thus involved in Parliament.'"

"Is this the way in which he states my claims?" broke in Dick, with ill-suppressed passion.

"Bear in mind, Mr. Kearney, this jest, and a very poor one it is, was meant for me alone. The communication is essentially private, and it is only through my indiscretion you know anything of it whatever."

"I am not aware that any confidence should entitle him to write such an impertinence."

"In that case I shall read no more," said Walpole, as he slowly re-folded the letter. "The fault is all on my side, Mr. Kearney," he continued; "but I own I thought you knew your friend so thoroughly that extravagance on his part could have neither astonished nor provoked you."

"You are perfectly right, Mr. Walpole; I apologise for my impatience. It was, perhaps, in hearing his words read aloud by another that I forgot myself, and if you will kindly continue the reading I will promise to behave more suitably in future."

Walpole re-opened the letter, but, whether indisposed to trust the

pledge thus given, or to prolong the interview, ran his eyes over one side and then turned to the last page. "I see," said he, "he augurs ill as to your chances of success; he opines that you have not well calculated the great cost of the venture, and that in all probability it has been suggested by some friend of questionable discretion. 'At all events,'" and here he read aloud,—"'at all events, his Excellency says, 'We should like to mark the Kilgobbin affair by some show of approbation; and although supporting young K. in a contest for his county is a 'higher figure' than we meant to pay, see him, and hear what he has to say of his prospects—what he can do to obtain a seat, and what he will do if he gets one. We need not caution him against'"—hum, hum, hum," muttered he, slurring over the words, and endeavoring to pass on to something else.

"May I ask against what I am supposed to be so secure?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing. A very small impertinence, but which Mr. Atlee found irresistible."

"Pray let me hear it. It shall not irritate me."

"He says, 'There will be no more a fear of bribery in your case than of a debauch at Father Mathew's.'"

"He is right there," said Kearney, with great temper. "The only difference is that our forbearance will be founded on something stronger than a pledge."

Walpole looked at the speaker, and was evidently struck by the calm command he had displayed of his passion.

"If we could forget Joe Atlee for a few minutes, Mr. Walpole, we might possibly gain something. I, at least, would be glad to know how far I might count on the Government aid in my project."

"Ha, you want to — in fact you would like that we should give you something like a regular — eh? — that is to say that you could declare to certain people — naturally enough, I admit; but here is how we are, Kearney. Of course what I say now is literally between ourselves, and strictly confidential."

"I shall so understand it," said the other, gravely.

"Well now, here it is. The Irish vote, as the Yankees would call it, is of undoubted value to us, but it is confoundedly dear! With Paul Cullen on one side and Fenianism on the other, we have no peace. Time was when you all pulled the one way, and a sop to the Pope pleased you all. Now that will suffice no longer. The 'Sovereign Pontiff dodge' is the surest of all ways to offend the Nationals; so that, in reality, what we want in the House is a number of Liberal Irishmen who will trust the Government to do as much for the Catholic Church as English bigotry will permit, and as much for the Irish peasant as will not endanger the rights of property over the Channel."

"There's a wide field there, certainly," said Dick, smiling.

"Is there not?" cried the other, exultingly. "Not only does it bowl over the Established Church and Protestant ascendancy, but it inverts the position of landlord and tenant. To unsettle everything in Ireland, so that anybody might hope to be anything, or to own heaven knows what — to legalise gambling for existence to a people who delight in high play, and yet not involve us in a civil war, — was



a grand policy, Kearney, a very grand policy. Not that I expect a young, ardent spirit like yourself, fresh from college ambitions and high-flown hopes, will take this view."

Dick only smiled and shook his head.

"Just so," resumed Walpole. "I could not expect you to like this programme, and I know already all that you allege against it; but, as B. says, Kearney, the man who rules Ireland must know how to take command of a ship in a state of mutiny, and yet never suppress the revolt. There's the problem,—as much discipline as you can, as much indiscipline as you can bear. The brutal old Tories used to master the crew, and hang the ringleaders; and for that matter, they might have hanged the whole ship's company. We know better, Kearney; and we have so confused and addled them by our policy, that if a fellow were to strike his captain he would never be quite sure whether he was to be strung up at the gangway or made a petty officer. Do you see it now?"

"I can scarcely say that I do see it—I mean, that I see it as *you* do."

"I scarcely could hope that you should, or at least that you should do so at once; but now, as to this seat for King's County, I believe we have already found our man. I'll not be sure, nor will I ask you to regard the matter as fixed on, but I suspect we are in relations—you know what I mean—with an old supporter who has been beaten half-a-dozen times in our interest, but is coming up once more. I'll ascertain about this positively, and let you know. And then"—here he drew breath freely and talked more at ease—"if we should find our hands free, and that we see our way clearly to support you, what assurance could you give us that you would go through with the contest and fight the battle out?"

"I believe if I engage in the struggle I shall continue to the end," said Dick, half-doggedly.

"Your personal pluck and determination I do not question for a moment. Now, let us see"—here he seemed to ruminate for some seconds, and looked like one debating a matter with himself. "Yes," cried he at last, "I believe that will be the best way. I am sure it will. When do you go back, Mr. Kearney,—to Kilgobbin, I mean?"

"My intention was to go down the day after to-morrow."

"That will be Friday. Let us see, what is Friday? Friday is the 15th, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Friday"—muttered the other—"Friday? There's the Education Board, and the Harbor Commissioners, and something else at—to be sure, a visit to the Popish schools with Dean O'Mahony. You couldn't make it Saturday, could you?"

"Not conveniently. I had already arranged a plan for Saturday. But why should I delay here—to what end?"

"Only that if you could say Saturday I would like to go down with you."

From the mode in which he said these words it was clear that he looked for an almost rapturous acceptance of his gracious proposal; but Dick did not regard the project in that light, nor was he overjoyed in the least at the proposal.

"I mean," said Walpole, hastening to relieve the awkwardness of silence—"I mean that I could talk over this affair with your father in a practical business fashion that you could scarcely enter into. Still, if Saturday could not be managed, I'll try if I could not run down with you on Friday. Only for a day, remember. I must return by the evening train. We shall arrive by what hour?"

"By breakfast-time," said Dick, but still not over-graciously.

"Nothing could be better; that will give us a long day, and I should like a full discussion with your father. You'll manage to send me on to—what's the name?"

"Moate."

"Moate. Yes; that's the place. The up-train leaves at midnight, I remember. Now, that's all settled. You'll take me up then here on Friday morning, Kearney, on your way to the station, and, meanwhile, I'll set to work and put off these deputations and circulars till Saturday, when, I remember, I have a dinner with the Provost. Is there anything more to be thought of?"

"I believe not," muttered Dick, still sullenly.

"By-bye, then, till Friday morning," said he, as he turned towards his desk, and began arranging a mass of papers before him,

"Here's a jolly mess, with a vengeance," muttered Kearney as he descended the stair. "The Viceroy's private secretary to be domesticated with a 'head-centre' and an escaped convict. There's not even the doubtful comfort of being able to make my family assist me through the difficulty."

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### PLMNUDDM CASTLE, NORTH WALES.

AMONG the articles of that wardrobe of Cecil Walpole's of which Atlee had possessed himself so unceremoniously, there was a very gorgeous blue dress-coat, with the royal button and a lining of sky-blue silk, which formed the appropriate costume of the gentlemen of the viceregal household. This, with a waistcoat to match, Atlee had carried off with him in the indiscriminating haste of a last moment; and although thoroughly understanding that he could not avail himself of a costume so distinctively the mark of a condition, yet, by one of the contrarities of his strange nature, in which the desire for an assumption of any kind was a passion—he had tried on that coat fully a dozen times, and while admiring how well it became him, and how perfectly it seemed to suit his face and figure, he had dramatized to himself the part of an aide-de-camp in waiting, rehearsing the little speeches in which he presented this or that imaginary person to his Excellency, and coining the small money of epigram in which he related the news of the day.

"How I should cut out those dreary subalterns with their mess-room drolleries, how I should shame those tiresome cornets whose only glitter is on their sabretaches," muttered he, as he surveyed himself in his courtly attire. "It is all nonsense to say that the dress

a man wears can only impress the surroundings. It is on himself, on his own nature and temper, his mind, his faculties, his very ambition — there is a transformation effected ; and I, Joe Atlee, feel myself, as I move about in this costume, a very different man from that humble creature in gray tweed whose very coat reminds him he is a ‘cad,’ and who has but to look in the glass to read his condition.”

On the morning that he learned that Lady Maude would join him that day at dinner, Atlee conceived the idea of appearing in this costume. It was not only that she knew nothing of the Irish court and its habits, but she made an almost ostentatious show of her indifference to all about it, and in the few questions she asked, the tone of interrogation might have suited Africa as much as Ireland. It was true, she was evidently puzzled to know what place or condition Atlee occupied ; his name was not familiar to her, and yet he seemed to know everything and everybody, enjoyed a large share of his Excellency’s confidence, and appeared conversant with every detail placed before him.

That she would not directly ask him what place he occupied in the household he well knew, and he felt at the same time what a standing and position that costume would give him, what self-confidence and ease it would also confer, and how, for once in his life, free from the necessity of asserting a station, he could devote all his energies to the exercise of agreeability and those resources of small-talk in which he knew he was a master.

Besides all this, it was to be his last day at the Castle — he was to start the next morning for Constantinople, with all the instructions regarding the spy Sperionides, and he desired to make a favorable impression on Lady Maude before he left. Though intensely — even absurdly vain — Atlee was one of those men who are so eager for success in life that they are ever on the watch lest any weakness of disposition or temper should serve to compromise their chances, and in this way he was led to distrust what he would in his puppyism have liked to have thought a favorable effect produced by him on her ladyship. She was intensely cold in manner, and yet he had made her more than once listen to him with interest. She rarely smiled, and he had made her actually laugh. Her apathy appeared complete, and yet he had so piqued her curiosity that she could not forbear a question.

Acting as her uncle’s secretary, and in constant communication with him, it was her affectation to imagine herself a political character, and she did not scruple to avow the hearty contempt she felt for the usual occupation of women’s lives. Atlee’s knowledge therefore actually amazed her ; his hardihood, which never forsook him, enabled him to give her the most positive assurances on anything he spoke ; and as he had already fathomed the chief prejudices of his Excellency, and knew exactly where and to what his political wishes tended, she heard nothing from her uncle but expressions of admiration for the just views, the clear and definite ideas, and the consummate skill with which that “young fellow” distinguished himself.

“We shall have him in the House one of these days,” he would say ; “and I am much mistaken if he will not make a remarkable figure there.”



When Lady Maude sailed proudly into the library before dinner, Atlee was actually stunned by amazement at her beauty. Though not in actual evening dress, her costume was that sort of demi-toilette compromise which occasionally is most becoming; and the tasteful lappet of Brussels lace, which, interwoven with her hair, fell down on either side so as to frame her face, softened its expression to a degree of loveliness he was not prepared for.

It was her pleasure — her caprice perhaps — to be on this occasion unusually amiable and agreeable. Except by a sort of quiet dignity, there was no coldness, and she spoke of her uncle's health and hopes just as she might have discussed them with an old friend of the house.

When the butler flung wide the folding-doors into the dining-room and announced dinner, she was about to move on, when she suddenly stopped, and said with a faint smile, "Will you give me your arm?" Very simple words, and commonplace too, but enough to throw Atlee's whole nature into a convulsion of delight. And as he walked at her side it was in the very ecstasy of pride and exultation.

Dinner passed off with the decorous solemnity of that meal, at which the most emphatic utterances were the butler's "Marcobrunner," or "Johannisberg." The guests, indeed, spoke little, and the strangeness of their situation rather disposed to thought than conversation.

"You are going to Constantinople to-morrow, Mr. Atlee, my uncle tells me," said she, after a longer silence than usual.

"Yes; his Excellency has charged me with a message of which I hope to acquit myself well, though I own to my misgivings about it now."

"You are too diffident, perhaps, of your powers," said she; and there was a faint curl of the lip that made the words sound equivocally.

"I do not know if great modesty be amongst my failings," said he, laughingly. "My friends would say not."

"You mean, perhaps, that you are not without ambitions?"

"That is true. I confess to very bold ones." And as he spoke he stole a glance towards her; but her pale face never changed.

"I wish, before you had gone, that you had settled that stupid muddle about the attack on — I forget the place."

"Kilgobbin?"

"Yes, Kil-gobbin — horrid name! for the Premier still persists in thinking there was something in it, and worrying my uncle for explanations; and as somebody is to ask something when Parliament meets, it would be as well to have a letter to read to the House."

"In what sense, pray?" asked Atlee, mildly.

"Disavowing all; stating that the story had no foundation; that there was no attack — no resistance — no member of the viceregal household present at any time."

"That would be going too far, for then we should next have to deny Walpole's broken arm and his long confinement to house."

"You may serve coffee in a quarter of an hour, Marcom," said she, dismissing the butler; and then, as he left the room, — "And you tell me seriously there was a broken arm in this case?"

"I can hide nothing from you, though I have taken an oath to silence," said he with an energy that seemed to defy repression. "I

will tell you everything, though it's little short of a perjury, only premising this much that I know nothing from Walpole himself."

With this much of preface, he went on to describe Walpole's visit to Kilgobbin as one of those adventurous exploits which young Englishmen fancy they have a sort of right to perform in the less civilised country. "He imagined, I have no doubt," said he, "that he was studying the condition of Ireland, and investigating the land question, when he carried on a fierce flirtation with a pretty Irish girl."

"And there was a flirtation?"

"Yes, but nothing more. Nothing really serious at any time. So far he behaved frankly and well, for even at the outset of the affair he owned to — a what shall I call it? — an entanglement was, I believe, his own word — an entanglement in England —"

"Did he not state more of this entanglement, with whom it was, or how or where?"

"I should think not. At all events they who told me knew nothing of these details. They only knew, as he said, that he was in a certain sense tied up, and that till fate unbound him he was a prisoner."

"Poor fellow; it *was* hard."

"So *he* said, and so *they* believed him. Not that I myself believe he was ever seriously in love with the Irish girl."

"And why not?"

"I may be wrong in my reading of him, but my impression is that he regards marriage as one of those solemn events which should contribute to a man's worldly fortune. Now, an Irish connection could scarcely be the road to this."

"What an ungallant admission," said she, with a smile. "I hope Mr. Walpole is not of your mind." After a pause she said, "And how was it that in your intimacy he told you nothing of this?"

He shook his head in dissent.

"Not even of the 'entanglement'?"

"Not even of that. He would speak freely enough of his 'egregious blunder,' as he called it, in quitting his career and coming to Ireland; that it was a gross mistake for any man to take up Irish politics as a line in life; that they were puzzles in the present and lead to nothing in the future, and, in fact, that he wished himself back again in Italy every day he lived."

"Was there any 'entanglement' there also?"

"I cannot say. On these he made me no confidences."

"Coffee, my lady!" said the butler, entering at this moment. Nor was Atlee grieved at the interruption.

"I am enough of a Turk," said she, laughingly, "to like that muddy, strong coffee they give you in the East, and where the very smallness of the cups suggests its strength. You, I know, are impatient for your cigarette, Mr. Atlee, and I am about to liberate you." While Atlee was muttering his assurances of how much he prized her presence, she broke in, "Besides, I promised my uncle a visit before tea-time, and as I shall not see you again I will wish you now a pleasant journey and a safe return."

"Wish me success in my expedition," said he, eagerly.

"Yes, I will wish that also. One word more. I am very short-

sighted, as you may see, but you wear a ring of great beauty. May I look at it?"

"It is pretty, certainly. It was a present Walpole made me. I am not sure that there is not a story attached to it, though I don't know it."

"Perhaps it may be linked with the 'entanglement,'" said she, laughing softly.

"For aught I know, so it may. Do you admire it?"

"Immensely," said she, as she held it to the light.

"You can add immensely to its value if you will," said he, diffidently.

"In what way?"

"By keeping it, Lady Maude," said he; and for once his cheek colored with the shame of his own boldness.

"May I purchase it with one of my own? Will you have this, or this?" said she, hurriedly.

"Anything that once was yours," said he, in a mere whisper.

"Good-bye, Mr. Atlee."

And he was alone!

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### AT TEA-TIME.

THE family at Kilgobbin Castle were seated at tea when Dick Kearney's telegram arrived. It bore the address, "Lord Kilgobbin," and ran thus:—"Walpole wishes to speak with you, and will come down with me on Friday; his stay cannot be beyond one day.—RICHARD KEARNEY."

"What can he want with me?" cried Kearney, as he tossed over the despatch to his daughter. "If he wants to talk over the election, I could tell him per post that I think it a folly and an absurdity. Indeed, if he is not coming to propose for either my niece or my daughter, he might spare himself the journey."

"Who is to say that such is not his intention, papa?" said Kate, merrily. "Old Catty had a dream about a piebald horse and a haystack on fire, and something about a creel of duck-eggs, and I trust that every educated person knows what *they* mean."

"I do not," cried Nina, boldly.

"Marriage, my dear. One is marriage by special licence, with a bishop or a dean to tie the knot; another is a runaway match. I forget what the eggs signify."

"An unbroken engagement," interposed Donogan, gravely, "so long as none of them are smashed."

"On the whole, then, it is very promising tidings," said Kate.

"It may be easy to be more promising than the election," said the old man.

"I'm not flattered, uncle, to hear that I'm easier to win than a seat in Parliament."

"That does not imply you are not worth a great deal more," said



Kearney with an air of gallantry. "I know if I was a young fellow which I'd strive most for. Eh, Mr. Daniel? I see you agree with me."

Donogan's face, slightly flushed before, became now crimson as he sipped his tea in confusion, unable to utter a word.

"And so," resumed Kearney, "he'll only give us a day to make up our minds! It's lucky, girls, that you have the telegram there to tell you what's coming."

"It would have been more piquant, papa, if he had made his message say, 'I propose for Nina. Reply by wire.'"

"Or, 'May I marry your daughter?'" chimed in Nina, quickly.

"There it is now," broke in Kearney, laughing, "you're fighting for him already! Take my word for it, Mr. Daniel, there's no so sure way to get a girl for your wife as to make her believe there's another only waiting to be asked. It's the threat of the opposition coach on the road keeps down the fares."

"Papa is all wrong," said Kate. "There is no such conceivable pleasure as saying No to a man that another woman is ready to accept. It is about the most refined sort of self-flattery imaginable."

"Not to say that men are utterly ignorant of that freemasonry among women which gives us all an interest in the man who marries one of us," said Nina. "It is only your confirmed old bachelor that we all agree in detesting."

"Faith, I give you up altogether. You're a puzzle clean beyond me," said Kearney, with a sigh.

"I think it is Balzac tells us," said Donogan, "that women and politics are the only two exciting pursuits in life, for you never can tell where either of them will lead you."

"And who is Balzac?" asked Kearney.

"Oh, uncle, don't let me hear you ask who is the greatest novelist that ever lived."

"Faith, my dear, except *Tristram Shandy* and *Tom Jones*, and maybe *Robinson Crusoe*—if that be a novel—my experience goes a short way. When I am not reading what's useful—as in the *Farmer's Chronicle* or *Purcell's Rotation of Crops*—I like the 'Accidents' in the newspapers, where they give you the name of the gentleman that was smashed in the train, and tell you how his wife was within ten days of her third confinement; how it was only last week he got a step as a clerk in Somerset House. Haven't you more materials for a sensation novel there than any of your three-volume fellows will give you?"

"The times we are living in give most of us excitement enough," said Donogan. "The man who wants to gamble for life itself need not be balked now."

"You mean that a man can take a shot at an Emperor?" said Kearney, inquiringly.

"No, not that exactly; though there are stakes of that kind some men would not shrink from. What are called 'arms of precision' have had a great influence on modern politics. When there's no time for a plebiscite there's always time for a pistol."

"Bad morality, Mr. Daniel," said Kearney, gravely.

"I suspect we do not fairly measure what Mr. Daniel says," broke in Kate. "He may mean to indicate a revolution, and not justify it."

"I mean both," said Donogan. "I mean that the mere permission to live under a bad government is too high a price to pay for life at all. I'd rather go 'down into the streets,' as they call it, and have it out, than I'd drudge on, dogged by policemen, and sent to jail on suspicion."

"He is right," cried Nina. "If I were a man I'd think as he does."

"Then I'm very glad you're not," said Kearney; "though, for the matter of rebellion, I believe you would be a more dangerous Fenian as you are. Am I right, Mr. Daniel?"

"I am disposed to say you are, sir," was his mild reply.

"Ain't we important people this evening!" cried Kearney, as the servant entered with another telegram. "This is for you, Mr. Daniel. I hope we're to hear that the Cabinet wants you in Downing Street."

"I'd rather it did not," said he, with a very peculiar smile, which did not escape Kate's keen glance across the table, as he said, "May I read my despatch?"

"By all means," said Kearney; while, to leave him more undisturbed, he turned to Nina, with some quizzical remark about her turn for the telegraph coming next. "What news would you wish it should bring you, Nina?" asked he.

"I scarcely know. I have so many things to wish for I should be puzzled which to place first."

"Should you like to be Queen of Greece?" asked Kate.

"First tell me if there is to be a King, and who is he?"

"Maybe it's Mr. Daniel there, for I see he has gone off in a great hurry to say he accepts the crown."

"What should you ask for, Kate," cried Nina, "if fortune were civil enough to give you a chance?"

"Two days' rain for my turnips," said Kate, quickly. "I don't remember wishing for anything so much in all my life."

"Your turnips!" cried Nina, contemptuously.

"Why not? If you were a queen, would you not have to think of those who depended on you for support and protection? And how should I forget my poor heifers and my calves—calves of very tender years some of them—and all with as great desire to fatten themselves as any of us have to do what will as probably lead to our destruction?"

"You're not going to have the rain anyhow," said Kearney; "and you'll not be sorry, Nina, for you wanted a fine day to finish your sketch of Croghan Castle."

"Oh! by the way, has old Bob recovered from his lameness yet, to be fit to be driven?"

"Ask Kitty there; she can tell you perhaps."

"Well, I don't think I'd harness him yet. The smith has pinched him in the off fore-foot, and he goes tender still."

"So do I when I go afoot, for I hate it," cried Nina; "and I want

a day in the open air, and I want to finish my old Castle of Croghan ; and last of all," whispered she in Kate's ear, "I want to show my distinguished friend Mr. Walpole that the prospect of a visit from him does not induce me to keep the house. So that, from all the wants put together, I shall take an early breakfast and start to-morrow for Cruhan — is not that the name of the little village in the bog?"

"That's Miss Betty's own townland — though I don't know she's much the richer of her tenants," said Kearney, laughing. "The oldest inhabitants never remember a rent-day."

"What a happy set of people!"

"Just the reverse. You never saw misery till you saw them. There is not a cabin fit for a human being, nor is there one creature in the place with enough rags to cover him."

"They were very civil as I drove through. I remember how a little basket had fallen out, and a girl followed me ten miles of the road to restore it," said Nina.

"That they would ; and if it were a purse of gold they'd have done the same," cried Kate.

"Won't you say that they'd shoot you for half-a-crown though?" said Kearney, "and that the worst 'Whiteboys' of Ireland come out of the same village?"

"I do like a people so unlike all the rest of the world," cried Nina ; "whose motives none can guess at, none forecast. I'll go there to-morrow."

These words were said as Daniel had just re-entered the room, and he stopped and asked, "Where to?"

"To a Whiteboy village called Cruhan, some ten miles off, close to an old castle I have been sketching."

"Do you mean to go there to-morrow?" asked he, half carelessly ; but, not waiting for her answer, and as if fully pre-occupied, he turned and left the room.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### A DRIVE AT SUNRISE.

THE little basket-carriage in which Nina made her excursions, and which courtesy called a phaeton, would scarcely have been taken as a model at Long Acre. A massive old wicker-cradle constituted the body, which, from a slight inequality in the wheels, had got an uncomfortable "lurch to port," while the rumble was supplied by a narrow shelf, on which her foot-page sat *dos-à-dos* to herself — a position not rendered more dignified by his invariable habit of playing pitch-and-toss with himself, as a means of distraction in travel.

Except Bob, the sturdy little pony in the shafts, nothing could be less schooled or disciplined than Larry himself. At sight of a party at marbles or hop-scotch, he was sure to desert his post, trusting to short-cuts and speed to catch up his mistress later on.

As for Bob, a tuft of clover or fresh grass on the roadside were



temptations to the full as great to him, and no amount of whipping could induce him to continue his road leaving these dainties untasted. As in Mr. Gill's time he had carried that important personage, he had contracted the habit of stopping at every cabin by the way, giving to each halt the amount of time he believed the colloquy should have occupied, and then, without any admonition, resuming his journey. In fact, as an index to the refractory tenants on the estate, his mode of progression, with its interruptions, might have been employed, and the sturdy fashion in which he would "draw up" at certain doors might be taken as the forerunner of an ejectionment.

The blessed change by which the county saw the beast now driven by a beautiful young lady, instead of bestrode by an inimical bailiff, added to a popularity which Ireland in her poorest and darkest hour always accords to beauty; and they, indeed, who trace points of resemblance between two distant peoples, have not failed to remark that the Irish, like the Italians, invariably refer all female loveliness to that type of surpassing excellence, the Madonna.

Nina had too much of the South in her blood not to like the heart-felt, outspoken admiration which greeted her as she went; and the "God bless you—but you are a lovely crature!" delighted, while it amused her in the way the qualification was expressed.

It was soon after sunrise on this Friday morning that she drove down the approach, and made her way across the bog towards Cruhan. Though pretending to her uncle to be only eager to finish her sketch of Croghan Castle, her journey was really prompted by very different considerations. By Dick's telegram she learned that Walpole was to arrive that day at Kilgobbin, and as his stay could not be prolonged beyond the evening, she secretly determined she would absent herself as much as she could from home—only returning to a late dinner—and thus show her distinguished friend how cheaply she held the occasion of his visit, and what value she attached to the pleasure of seeing him at the castle.

She knew Walpole thoroughly—she understood the working of such a nature to perfection, and she could calculate to a nicety the mortification, and even anger, such a man would experience at being thus slighted. "These men," thought she, "only feel for what is done to them before the world; it is the insult that is passed upon them in public, the *soufflet* that is given in the street, that alone can wound them to the quick." A woman may grow tired of their attentions, become capricious and change, she may be piqued by jealousy, or, what is worse, by indifference; but while she makes no open manifestation of these, they can be borne: the really insupportable thing is, that a woman should be able to exhibit a man as a creature that had no possible concern or interest for her—one who might come or go, or stay on, utterly unregarded or uncared for. To have played this game during the long hours of a long day was a burden she did not fancy to encounter, whereas to fill the part for the short space of a dinner, and an hour or so in the drawing-room, she looked forward to rather as an exciting amusement.

"He has had a day to throw away," said she to herself, "and he will give it to the Greek girl. I almost hear him as he says it. How

one learns to know these men in every nook and crevice of their natures, and how by never relaxing a hold on the one clue of their vanity, one can trace every emotion of their lives."

In her old life of Rome these small jealousies, these petty passions of spite, defiance, and wounded sensibility filled a considerable space of her existence. Her position in society, dependent as she was, exposed her to small mortifications; the cold semi-contemptuous notice of women who saw she was prettier than themselves, and the half-swaggering carelessness of the men, who felt that a bit of flirtation with the Titian girl was as irresponsible a thing as might be.

"But here," thought she, "I am the niece of a man of recognised station; I am treated in his family with a more than ordinary deference and respect—his very daughter would cede the place of honor to me, and my will is never questioned. It is time to teach this pretentious fine gentleman that our positions are not what they once were. If I were a man, I should never cease till I had fastened a quarrel on him; and being a woman, I could give my love to the man who would avenge me. Avenge me of what? a mere slight, a mood of impertinent forgetfulness—nothing more—as if anything could be more to a woman's heart! A downright wrong can be forgiven, an absolute injury pardoned—one is raised to self-esteem by such an act of forgiveness; but there is no elevation in submitting patiently to a slight. It is simply the confession that the liberty taken with you was justifiable, was even natural."

These were the sum of her thoughts as she went, ever recurring to the point how Walpole would feel offended by her absence, and how such a mark of her indifference would pique his vanity even to insult.

Then she pictured to her mind how this fine gentleman would feel the boredom of that dreary day. True, it would be but a day; but these men were not tolerant of the people who made time pass heavily with them, and they revenged their own *ennui* on all around them. How he would snub the old man for the son's pretensions, and sneer at the young man for his disproportioned ambition; and, last of all, how he would mystify poor Kate, till she never knew whether he cared to fatten calves and turkeys, or was simply drawing her on to little details which he was to dramatise one day in an after-dinner story.

She thought of the closed pianoforte, and her music on the top—the songs he loved best; she had actually left Mendelssohn there to be seen—a very bait to awaken his passion. She thought she actually saw the fretful impatience with which he threw the music aside and walked to the window to hide his anger.

"This excursion of Mademoiselle Nina was then a sudden thought, you tell me; only planned last night? And is the country considered safe enough for a young lady to go off in this fashion? Is it secure—is it decent? I know he will ask, 'Is it decent?' Kate will not feel—she will not see the impertinence with which he will assure her that she herself may be privileged to do these things; that her 'Irishry' was itself a safeguard, but Dick will notice the sneer. Oh, if he would but resent it! How little hope there is of that. These young Irishmen get so overlaid by the English in early life they never resist

their dominance ; they accept everything in a sort of natural submission. I wonder does the rebel sentiment make them any bolder ? ” And then she bethought her of some of those national songs Mr. Daniel had been teaching her, and which seemed to have such an overwhelming influence over his passionate nature. She had even seen the tears in his eyes, and twice he could not speak to her with emotion. What a triumph it would have been to have made the high-bred Mr. Walpole feel in this wise. Possibly at the moment the vulgar Fenian seemed the finer fellow. Scarcely had the thought struck her than there, about fifty yards in advance, and walking at a tremendous pace, was the very man himself.

“ Is not that Mr. Daniel, Larry ? ” asked she quickly.

But Larry had already struck off on a short-cut across the bog, and was miles away.

Yes, it could be none other than Mr. Daniel. The coat thrown back, the loose-stepping stride, and the occasional flourish of the stick as he went, all proclaimed the man. The noise of the wheels on the hard road made him turn his head ; and now, seeing who it was, he stood uncovered till she drove up beside him.

“ Who would have thought to see you here at this hour ? ” said he, saluting her with deep respect.

“ No one is more surprised at it than myself,” said she laughing ; “ but I have a partly done sketch of an old castle, and I thought in this fine autumn weather I should like to throw in the color. And besides, there are now and then with me unsocial moments when I fancy I like to be alone. Do you know what these are ? ”

“ Do I know ? — too well.”

“ These motives then, not to think of others, led me to plan this excursion ; and now will you be as candid and say what is *your* project ? ”

“ I am bound for a little village called Cruhan ; a very poor, unenticing spot ; but I want to see the people there, and hear what they say of these rumors of new laws about the land.”

“ And can *they* tell you anything that would be likely to interest *you* ? ”

“ Yes, their very mistakes would convey their hopes ; and hopes have come to mean a great deal in Ireland.”

“ Our roads are then the same. I am on my way to Croghan Castle.”

“ Croghan is but a mile from my village of Cruhan,” said he.

“ I am aware of that, and it was in your village of Cruhan, as you call it, I meant to stable my pony till I had finished my sketch ; but my gentle page, Larry, I see, has deserted me ; I don’t know if I shall find him again.”

“ Will you let me be your groom ? I shall be at the village almost as soon as yourself, and I’ll look after your pony.”

“ Do you think you could manage to seat yourself on that shelf at the back ? ”

“ It is a great temptation you offer me, if I were not ashamed to be a burden.”

“ Not to me, certainly ; and as for the pony, I scarcely think he’ll mind it.”



"At all events I shall walk the hills."

"I believe there are none. If I remember aright, it is all through a level bog."

"You were at tea last night when a certain telegram came?"

"To be sure I was. I was there, too, when one came for you, and saw you leave the room immediately after."

"In evident confusion?" added he, smiling.

"Yes,—I should say in evident confusion. At least, you looked like one who had got some very unexpected tidings."

"So it was. There is the message." And he drew from his pocket a slip of paper, with the words, "Walpole is coming for a day. Take care to be out of the way till he is gone."

"Which means, that he is no friend of yours."

"He is neither friend nor enemy. I never saw him; but he is the private secretary, and, I believe, the nephew of the Viceroy, and would find it very strange company to be domiciled with a rebel."

"And you are a rebel?"

"At your service, Mademoiselle Kostalergi."

"And a Fenian, and Head-Centre?"

"A Fenian and a Head-Centre."

"And probably ought to be in prison?"

"I have been already, and as far as the sentence of English law goes, should be still there."

"How delighted I am to know that! I mean, what a thrilling sensation it is to be driving along with a man so dangerous that the whole country would be up and in pursuit of him at a mere word."

"That is true. I believe I should be worth some hundred pounds to any one who would capture me. I suspect it is the only way I could turn to valuable account."

"What if I were to drive you into Moate and give you up?"

"You might. I'll not run away."

"I should go straight to the Podestà, or whatever he is, and say, 'Here is the notorious Daniel Donagan, the rebel you are all afraid of.'"

"How came you by my name?" asked he curtly.

"By accident. I overheard Dick telling it to his sister. It dropped from him unawares, and I was on the terrace and caught the words."

"I am in your hands completely," said he, in the same calm voice; "but I repeat my words: I'll not run away."

"That is, because you trust to my honor."

"It is exactly so — because I trust to your honor."

"But how if I were to have strong convictions in opposition to all you were doing; how if I were to believe that all you intended was a gross wrong and a fearful cruelty?"

"Still you would not betray me. You would say, 'This man is an enthusiast — he imagines scores of impossible things — but at least he is not a self-seeker — a fool possibly, but not a knave. It would be hard to hang him.'"

"So it would. I have just thought *that*."

"And then you might reason thus: 'How will it serve the other cause to send one poor wretch to the scaffold, where there are so many just as deserving of it?'"

"And are there many?"

"I should say close on two millions at home here, and some hundred thousand in America."

"And if you be as strong as you say, what craven creatures you must be not to assert your own convictions!"

"So we are — I'll not deny it — craven creatures; but remember this, Mademoiselle, we are not all like-minded. Some of us would be satisfied with small concessions, some ask for more, some demand all; and as the Government higgles with some, and hangs the others, they mystify us all, and end by confounding us."

"That is to say, you are terrified."

"Well, if you like that word better, I'll not quarrel about it."

"I wonder how men as irresolute ever turn to rebellion. When our people set out for Crete, they went in another spirit to meet the enemy."

"Don't be too sure of that. The boldest fellows in that exploit were the liberated felons; they fought with desperation, for they had left the hangman behind."

"How dare you defame a great people!" cried she, angrily.

"I was with them, Mademoiselle. I saw them and fought amongst them; and to prove it, I will speak modern Greek with you, if you like it."

"Oh! do," said she. "Let me hear those noble sounds again, though I shall be sadly at a loss to answer you. I have been years and years away from Athens."

"I know that. I know your story from one who loved to talk of you, all unworthy as he was of such a theme."

"And who was this?"

"Atlee — Joe Atlee, whom you saw here some months ago."

"I remember him," said she, thoughtfully.

"He was here, if I mistake not, with that other friend of yours you have so strangely escaped from to-day."

"Mr. Walpole?"

"Yes, Mr. Walpole; to meet whom would not have involved *you*, at least, in any contrariety."

"Is this a question, Sir? Am I to suppose your curiosity asks an answer here?"

"I am not so bold; but I own my suspicions have mastered my discretion, and, seeing you here this morning, I did think you did not care to meet him."

"Well, Sir, you were right. I am not sure that *my* reasons for avoiding him were exactly as strong as *yours*, but they sufficed for *me*."

There was something so like reproof in the way these words were uttered that Donogan had not courage to speak for some time after. At last he said, "In one thing your Greeks have an immense advantage over us here. In your popular songs you could employ your own language, and deal with your own wrongs in the accents that became them. *We* had to take the tongue of the conqueror, which was as little suited to our traditions as to our feelings, and travestied both. Only fancy the Greek vaunting his triumphs or bewailing his defeats in Turkish!"

• "What do you know of Mr. Walpole?" asked she, abruptly.

"Very little beyond the fact that he is an agent of the Government, who believes that he understands the Irish people."

"Which you are disposed to doubt?"

"I only know that I am an Irishman, and I do not understand them. An organ, however, is not less an organ that it has many 'stops.'"

"I am not sure Cecil Walpole does not read you aright. He thinks that you have a love of intrigue and plot, but without the conspirator element that Southern people possess; and that your native courage grows impatient at the delays of mere knavery, and always betrays you."

"That distinction was never *his* — that was your own."

"So it was; but he adopted it when he heard it."

"That is the way the rising politician is educated," cried Donogan. "It is out of these petty thefts he makes all his capital, and the poor people never suspect how small a creature can be their millionaire."

"Is not that our village yonder, where I see the smoke?"

"Yes; and there on the stile sits your little groom awaiting you. I shall get down here."

"Stay where you are, Sir. It is by your blunder, not by your presence that you might compromise me." And this time her voice caught a tone of sharp severity that suppressed reply.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## THE LOST CAUSE.

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**T**WAS on the banks of Roanoke,  
In a cabin begrimed by time and smoke,  
Beside a light-wood fire,  
On a dreary, cold December night,  
That a maiden fair, in wretched plight,  
Sat with her gray-haired sire.

His eyes were bent with a saddened gaze  
Upon the light-wood's flickering blaze;  
While through the dusky room  
Fantastic shadows came and fled:  
Phantoms of images long dead  
Swept ghost-like through the gloom.



Above the mantel-piece there hung  
A sword whose deeds were never sung,  
    Though worthy of hero's fame ;  
For he who bore it in the fray  
Went down on Gettysburg's sad day,  
    And sleeps without a name.

An old gray jacket, faded and worn,  
With a single rent in the left breast torn,  
    Hung by the chimney side ;  
But he who wore it at Gaines's Mill,  
And rode the foremost at Malvern Hill,  
    Will never more homeward ride.

In the corner a rusty rifle stood,  
Leaning against the wainscot-wood,  
    With its butt upon the floor ;  
But the steady hand and the steady eye  
That ranged it at Chickahominy,  
    Will draw the bead no more.

The maiden looked upon her sire,  
While he upon the flickering fire  
    His mournful glances cast ;  
Yet ever and anon his gaze  
Turned from the light-wood's fitful blaze  
    To these relics of the past.

He murmured words that she could not hear,  
But she watched his face as a single tear  
    Stole down his furrowed cheek :  
She felt that words were all in vain  
To turn the current of such a pain,  
    And so she did not speak.

And thus they sat while the fire burned low,  
And the old clock's pendulum to and fro  
    Kept beating a doleful time :  
Without, the storm-winds shrieked and wept,  
And through the tall pine forests swept  
    A symphony sublime.

At length the maiden spoke and said :  
" Father, we know that they are dead,  
    That they in honor died :  
But shall we not let the dead past sleep ?  
What profits us that we should weep  
    For what is lost ? " she cried.

"Ah, child!" the father made reply,  
"It is not all of death to die"—

And here he seemed to pause:  
"It is not for them alone I mourn—  
The rifle, the sword, the jacket torn:  
I weep for our lost cause!

"Had we but won I could have died  
Strong in a patriot father's pride,  
I could have borne the cost;  
But now I weep with a bitter pain  
To think the sacrifice was vain—  
That all, all, all is lost."

"Not lost, not lost!" the maiden cried:  
"The cause for which my brothers died  
Can never be lost to me:  
They fought, you say, the bitter fight  
To prove a people's sacred right  
To shape their destiny.

"I feel, though conquered, that they won;  
For every Southern mother's son  
Will learn by grief and wrong,  
When these dark clouds at length shall lift,  
That life's race is not to the swift,  
Nor the battle to the strong.

"To lose sometimes is the surest gain:  
Life's grandest blessings spring from pain:  
And when their work is done,  
Those who have lost in this bitter fight  
Will prove that wrong can be conquered by right—  
That they in truth have won.

"Our mothers shall teach our Southern youth  
To conquer yet with the sword of truth,  
And high and lofty aim;  
And the world shall see that a conquered race  
A nobler destiny can trace  
Than ever a victor's fame."

"God bless your words!" the old man said,  
As he laid his hand upon her head,  
With a choking voice and low:  
"I never the cruel past will blame  
If all my people can say the same  
Before I hither go.

"May every Southern daughter and son  
Feel that our cause is truly won ;  
And that whatever the cost,  
In the eyes of Him who waiteth long,  
Who marketh the sorrow and sees the wrong,  
*No cause is ever lost."*

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### A NEW HERESY.

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THE world will have more grounds than one for feeling sorry that Mr. Froude has brought his noble History to an end. Never since the days of the old Globe Theatre, when at Shakspeare's call the kings and fighters, the fair women and wily statesmen of old England woke to a new life upon his stage, have the characters and events of that strange history been brought before the minds of men with a dramatic power so great, with an insight so sharp as Mr. Froude's. To those who have from year to year looked forward from volume to volume, the ending of the series means the loss of a keenly felt delight. But they who have come to love the man whose learning and imagination have thrown for them a new light over English history, will feel yet another ground of regret. Since the eloquent historian gave up his accustomed task he has been doing an evil work for himself and for his times. There was always a love of paradox in his subtle genius. It seems, as he has grown older, to have grown stronger and less rational. Kept at check in his great work by his enormous learning, it has burst out in his latest writings with a strange intensity of perversion and wrong-headedness. It is in his theory of education that this bad tendency has come most clearly to light.

But though this evil has grown, it is the same evil that all the while has been lurking in his thought and his feeling. He is never more himself, never more vigorous in thought, more brilliant in style, than in throwing himself athwart the current of common feeling. He has made poor Anne Boleyn look blacker than she was, because men loved to think kindly of her. Because the modern world loathed the traditions of the brutal Henry, he has sought to array a coarse and headstrong tyrant as the model of knightly wisdom and piety. That there was wrong in the old beliefs he has proved with arguments so ingenious as to crush opposition. But he has poured in the antidote till the poison was extinguished and the remedy itself became a new danger. There is a lack of sober dis-



crimination in Mr. Froude's very nature, a certain over-heat in temperament. His scales always kick the beam with a violence that leads us to distrust their poise.

Even in his *History*, this lack of self-control, and the resulting inability to make a just comparison between the weight of conflicting evidence, have been remarked and regretted. In his lesser works these faults are still easier to see. But in his writings on Education they affect not details only, but the whole system of his thinking. There are fallacies throughout them none the less dangerous that to his mind they seem obvious truths, not to be reasoned about at all, but only eloquently stated. In deceiving others he is the more successful because he has deceived himself. There is honest belief everywhere, blending noble truths and monstrous delusions into an entangled whole. All this makes him a most dangerous enemy. Bright suggestions are always flashing from his pen. Principles are stated, convictions uttered so earnest and so wise as to take the judgment by storm. Then, under cover of his eloquence, a conclusion is juggled in so adroitly as to disguise its falsity. On many subjects his views are marked by a wisdom and uttered with a force that will command all teachers' assent. We are shocked, on reading a page further, to find that in assenting we have seemed at least to adopt some fatal heresy. It is worth while then to see how we may hold fast to the true in him, and throw off the false.

It was in his famous address, as Rector of St. Andrews, in 1869, that Mr. Froude began his attack upon the modern school system. In his late essay on "Progress," he has gone further in developing the same line of thought. In reading these two papers together, they seem to flow from the same source, to be colored by the same feelings, to be working to the same end. That end in both, hidden somewhat in the first, but outspoken in the other, is to rob the school of its literary character, to leave the book element out of popular education, to convert the scholar into an apprentice, the teacher into a master-mechanic. They form together a protest against knowledge, an indictment of education as the source and cause of our modern social evils. The teacher has then to bear the brunt of Mr. Froude's assault; but the teacher stands by no means as the sole offender. The social condition of the modern world is, in his eyes, rotten to the core. If the modern school is inferior in its results to the old apprentice system, modern government, too, with its emancipations, its liberties, its free trade, and parliamentary rule, is less wise and less efficient than the old-world system of restrictions, tariffs, and sumptuary laws. If the modern teacher be a less useful man than the master who taught and flogged the prentice-boys of old England, the church too of to-day has fallen from its usefulness, and the learned clergy of our time, with their pure lives and noble aspirations, are inferior in their work to the fox-hunting, hard-drinking priesthood of past centuries. The results of increasing knowledge and of widening thought are, in Mr. Froude's eyes, the same everywhere, and everywhere bad. A state of things so evil calls for an extraordinary remedy. Extraordinary, in truth, and appalling is the remedy that he leads up to. The belief in man's immortality,

he thinks, acts with us, as it acted in old Egypt, to stimulate the wickedness of the times, to harden rich men's hearts against the poor, to deaden the sense of right. His remedy is then to suspend or abrogate this belief. "It may be that by natural and intelligent agencies, in the furtherance of the everlasting purposes of our Father, it may again be about to be withdrawn." We are glad that Mr. Froude has thus, by extending his lines of attack, enfeebled them. Against the school alone his protest might have been dangerous. Against the whole civilisation of his age it must be impotent. There is a wildness in his system of reaction, from which no respect for his great name, no admiration for his eloquence, can altogether strip the absurdity.

And yet there lies a deep significance in seeing the enemy who began by attacking school-masters, wind up by running amuck against mankind. It is no mere accident that this new apostle of ignorance, in his onslaught upon the school has been led on, step by step, to assail the social organisation of our time, the industrial civilisation under which we live, the liberties for which we strive, the church in which we worship, the very faith in God and immortality which gives its crowning glory to the teacher's work. Here our enemy may teach us. The identity of the school with the inmost life of modern society could not be shown more clearly than by the fact that the blows aimed at the one fall of necessity upon the other.

There lies thus in Mr. Froude's own argument its own *reductio ad absurdum*. But of such a man, even the blunders are instructive. It will be well, then, to look at those blunders more nearly.

"Education has," he tells us, "two aspects. On one side it is the cultivation of man's reason, the development of his spiritual nature. One man in a million may be allowed to go no further, and may spend his time in pursuits merely intellectual. A life of speculation, to the multitude, however, would be a life of idleness and uselessness. They have to maintain themselves in industrious independence in a world in which it has been said 'there are but three possible modes of existence: begging, stealing, and working.' Education means also the equipping a man with means to earn his own living."

If this were honestly meant in Mr. Froude's mind, and honestly carried out in his theory, it would deserve every man's assent. Education does mean both these things, and fairly combined they may be considered a fair definition. But both elements must be applied to every man, not one to one man, one to another. And they must be applied in such order of succession as first to develop the intellectual and spiritual nature, then to equip the man thus developed as perfectly as may be with the means of earning a living. But in spite of his words this is not the meaning of Mr. Froude. Instead of combining the elements, he seeks in practice to divorce them. The one man is to be spiritually developed, the others of the million to be merely equipped with the means of earning a living. The general education is not to precede the special, but in the vast majority of cases the general is to be passed over, and education made but a mechanical training in some department of labor.

"Five out of six of us have to earn our bread by manual labor," he goes on to say, "and will have to earn it so till the end of the chapter."

"Five out of six children in past generations were apprenticed to some trade or calling. They learnt to do good and valuable work. The problem [of education] was understood in old England better probably than the platform-orator understands it, and received a more practical solution than any which on our new principles has yet been arrived at."

This, then, is the practical result which a great author holds out to civilised mankind as the best solution yet arrived at to the problem of education. Work is better than knowledge. To train the child's hands to a trade is wiser than to train his mind to thought, and his character, for the problems of life. "Five out of six of us have to earn our bread by manual labor,"—such is the true premiss in this hideous logic. Therefore, is the quiet assumption, the true education for children is to teach them how to do manual labor. Therefore, is the monstrous conclusion, intellectual education is, for all except the lucky few, a failure and a fraud.

Stated thus in its naked deformity, there is in this reasoning a cynical scorn of humanity that makes it as odious to the heart as it is false to the reason. Were mere efficiency in handicraft the sole end to be gained, even then such a system would break down by its own narrowness and unwisdom. The work-shop can not be converted into a healthy school. The aims of practical life can not be forced upon the child without a permanent weakening of the vital powers of body and mind. The colt that is ridden at two years will be worthless at four. The child-apprentice will rarely come, through ignorance and spiritual abandonment, to be in his manhood a healthy or a happy worker. Were a boy destined from his babyhood to be a smith, a wise father would still not condemn his bright young days to the weary work of the smithy. Abroad in the pure air, running through fields, swimming rivers, in healthy contact with nature, in merry play with young comrades, the child might far more wisely and more effectively develop the strong muscle and steady nerve that were needed for the work to come. But if even by this crude test of brute strength and physical efficiency the fallacy of such reasoning be shamed, how much falser must it seem to eyes that have been taught by religion and by reason to look in every man, and in every man's work, for something higher and better than mere working powers of bone and muscle. Life is a game too complicated to be played successfully by those who know only the dull routine work to which ignorance confines them. Work is indeed man's appointed task, but not the work of the brute or of the savage. The work grows with the man. He will do it best who has been best trained to feel, to think, to contrive. And outside of the working hours which make not a half in the life of even the busiest hand-worker, is there no need of education to fill up the hours that might be drowned in drink? Has the State no need of educated men to wield the ballot? Has society no interest in seeing that all the ennobling restraints of moral and of intellectual culture be thrown



around the "five out of six" who, besides being workers, are sons, and husbands, and fathers? The tool that we have worked with all day we can set at night-fall in a corner. We can, when it is broken or worn out, cast it away. But in using the workmanship of men, there is, for their fellow-men, a responsibility infinitely solemn. The human machine, after working its ten hours, may go to live its true life in ignorance, or in debauch, or in crime. And when it is used up and cast aside, a man's soul will creep from it, brutalised but yet immortal, to plead before Heaven against those who have given work enough but no teaching. To teach a man how to work is by no means to teach him how to live.

In any wise system of education, that special skill by which the man is to make a living is to be added on to that general knowledge of man, and of nature, and of God, by which the child is to be made a man. Any system is good in so far as it approaches this. Every system is bad which breaks the harmony or the due succession of these essential elements. Mr. Froude's system is the worst of all, because he renounces the higher element in order to concentrate all upon the lower. All through his discussion runs the unproved and degrading assumption, that education is itself a hindrance and a hurt in earning a living by labor. "An enthusiastic clergyman," he tells us, "gave to his village boys the same education which he had received himself. He taught them languages and literature, and moral science, and art and music. He unfitted them for the state of life in which they were born. He was unable to raise them to a better." Again, with the same scornful spirit, he says, "A sharp lad, with general acquirements, yet unable to turn his hand to one thing more than another, drifts through life like a leaf blown before the wind." We may fancy that, with the same character, a lad without the sharpness or the general acquirements would have had the same fate. Again the same fallacy under a new form: "After years, more or less, the pupil will be launched into life, as unable as when he first entered the school door, to earn a sixpence." But will he not, if he have been well taught, be better able to learn then to do that for which man will be glad to pay him? And, once more, he substitutes a general reflection for a special case: "General knowledge means general ignorance, and an ignorance, unfortunately, which is unconscious of itself." Had Mr. Froude read the address of his great predecessor at St. Andrew's, he might have saved himself from a blunder so strange and a sneer so laughable. "General knowledge," says John Stuart Mill, "has been well discriminated from superficial knowledge. To have a general knowledge of a subject is to know only its leading truths, but to know them not superficially but thoroughly. There is no incompatibility between knowing a wide range of subjects up to this point and some one subject with the completeness required by those who make it their occupation." It is on this obvious distinction, overlooked by Mr. Froude, that the whole theory of true education is based. Yet we might have hoped from Mr. Froude's learning and his fairness, a freedom from this vulgar cant. Is it true that the pupil of a good school is launched into life as unable to earn a sixpence as when he first entered the school door? Is it not rather

a monstrous untruth, false to experience and thought, to say that education unfits men for the state of life in which they are born, is unable to raise them to a better, and serves only to involve them in discontent and crime? We may refer to each man's experience of life to overwhelm such absurdities. There are of course exceptions. The education may be bad in itself, or may work evil in its effects on morbid character. A half-taught lad may, in the midst of an ignorant community, be corrupted by self-conceit into a silly scorn of labor. Where education is not general, an educated man or woman may be foolish enough to fancy that their exceptional knowledge should give them exemption from the duties of life. A disappointed vanity may fall back into bitterness or crime. But make education general, and the fancied privileges of knowledge disappear. The German boy does not think himself too good for the workshop or the farm because he has read Homer. The German girl makes the best domestic servant in the world, though many times she is more refined and better educated than her American mistress. The world has just seen how, from gymnasia and universities, there can pour forth an army of soldiers far better, in the man and in the mass, than could be made from those ignorant peasants whom Mr. Froude calls forth to be the saviours of France. The history of mankind is one long protest against the assumption that ignorance is the mother of virtue or of power. Each man's chances in life stand on the average in a direct ratio to the education of his faculties. The power of the State, in peace or in war, is proportioned to the amount of educated intelligence which stands at its control. We too should despair of humanity and long with Mr. Froude to re-enter the dark ages, could we believe that the power of man as a worker in the world was likely to be lessened by enlarging his intelligence.

But our author gives us himself the test of the truth. "Labor is the inevitable lot of the majority, and the best education is that which will make their labor most productive." Had Mill written this lucid sentence, Mr. Froude would have sneered at it as part of "the rich man's creed" of political economy. But for all that it is a great and a saving truth. The theory of the school has never been more neatly uttered. The test throws open to us a field of statistic demonstration. In the same society the work done by the educated workman is known to be more productive and therefore better paid than his unlettered rival's. Between different nations and different epochs in the same nation, the same law holds good. Compare the results of head-work or of hand-work in Prussia with what they are in Austria or in France. Compare the wages of the skilled workman in New England with those of the untaught field-hands on a Southern plantation. Let Mr. Froude compare the effectiveness of English labor under the apprentice system with what it is becoming under the school system. From all comparisons the same result will be come to — a result which experiment has shown independently of reason, and which reason could indicate independently of experiment. The educated laborer who brings to his daily task the habits of mind and of observation as well as the general knowledge conferred by school training, has over the uneducated an advantage which grows

in steady progression with his industry and his experience. His mind lends itself more easily to new circumstances. He is less bound by tread-mill routine, more ingenious, less servile. If we leave out a few disturbing causes, it may safely be asserted that the progress of education is uniformly followed by a corresponding progress in the productiveness of labor, in the rate of wages, and in the moral and material well-being of the workers themselves. If Mr. Froude finds a growing pauperism in England, if his outlook into the future is saddened by the sight of millions of his countrymen becoming year by year more wretched and more wicked, let him lay the fault where it belongs, not on education but on lack of education. Of civilised European countries, England has fought, until of late, the most stubbornly against the theory and the machinery of public education. Her school system has been, to a shameful degree, inefficient for the rich, inadequate for the poor. Shall the school be held to answer for evils that have come from lack of schools?

From a present which seems to him full of evil, and from a future that looms up loweringly, Mr. Froude turns with pride and delight to the past. His heart dwells with a pardonable fondness on the deeds and characters and achievements of historic England. The "Golden Age" of peace, and virtue, and happiness which for Mr. Tennyson lies far among the cloud-lands of the future, lies for Mr. Froude behind us in the past. As near as we can fix the date, it was the reign of Henry VIII., and Henry himself was its Saturn. If he did not eat his children, he at least butchered his wives. "It was then," says Mr. Froude, "that the body of the people were prosperous, well fed, loyal, and contented. In all points of material comfort they were as well off as they had ever been before, better off than they have ever been in later times." We may fear, as more than one reviewer has shown, that the coloring of this charming picture is due rather to the artist's eye than to the beauties of the original. But again and again, in belittling the efforts and spirit of his own time, he turns, as for a contrast, to this well-fed and happy past. Sometimes, however, it is only to draw forth another fallacy for the bewilderment of his contemporaries. "If we look down the roll of English worthies," he tells us, "we see at once that the road must have been always open for boys of genius to rise. . . . Talent is not the thing which we need be anxious about. We have to consider the millions, not the units; the average, not the exceptions. . . . A Canova or a Faraday makes his way through all impediments."

This fallacy has been often used by stupid men. It is worth while, perhaps, on finding it made respectable by a man of genius, to grapple with it once again. Because some few are strong enough to make their way through all impediments, shall we leave those impediments to break the strength and wear out the hearts of countless others less strong or more sensitive? For one of those English worthies who succeeded, God alone can tell how many thousands, as worthy of success as he, have failed and fallen by the wayside. We may not call that a road through which a few, by special strength or special good fortune, pass bruised and torn to their goal. It must be such that the average thousands may pass along it in peace and



security. A few in every age are found strong enough to conquer education. But for the vast majority, to be cut off in childhood from the school is to be cut off in life from usefulness and honor. From the terrible strife of early years, we see that even the strongest come forth mutilated, with spirit embittered and minds made narrow. Is it reasonable to think that where the strongest suffer so deeply, the weaker do not perish? Every teacher's experience may here give him an insight that Mr. Froude has not seized. Talents are not lavished, in the economy of God, on a few favored children. They are distributed more or less abundantly in the hearts and heads of almost all God's children. To find a child altogether deficient is almost as rare as to find one with extraordinary endowments. But seldom in our teacher's work do we meet with any one, among the young and fresh, so hopelessly bad in character or so hopelessly weak in mind as to be beyond the reach of kindness, instruction, and enlightenment. There are millions of such children whose fate hangs vibrating. They will succeed if help reach them. They will fail if left to struggle alone. With education, they will rise to be good and educated men. Without it, they will sink into brutes or criminals. The responsibility of the decision lies upon society, and upon government as society's agent. There is among every million human beings an amount of talent, scarcely variable perhaps, which may be developed and used, or crushed and wasted. Under the worst system a little will struggle through. Under the best, a little will be lost. Between these two extremes lies the whole range of man's effort in education. That State is best organised which so arranges its institutions as to give the best chance of education to the largest number. The result of absolute failure to fulfil this duty we may see in any barbarous nation, living through stagnant centuries without throwing to the surface one man eminent in knowledge or achievement. The result of fulfilling it well and honestly we may see in that little Prussian State which has lately, under the shock of war, crystallised an empire about itself. The secret of its success has been simply to avail itself of its available forces. It has thrown out its schools into the people as a tree throws down its roots into the soil. From the people, through the schools, it has drawn talents for all its needs, filling every avenue of State life with officials capable and intelligent in their appointed work. What Prussia has done, every State in its own way may do. In spite of Mr. Froude's cavils, they must do it or perish.

In dealing with Mr. Froude's argument, we have not been wholly silent as to the literary charm of his brilliant essay. In wit, in noble simplicity of diction, in exquisite illustration and imagery, it stands almost unequalled even among his writings. There is, we think, in him an intellectual fault which he shares with other authors, the most fascinating and the most dangerous of our time. The power of expression has been developed far beyond the power of abstract thinking. The faculty of feeling emotion and of exciting emotion in others has outgrown and dwarfed the faculty of patient and thoughtful reasoning. Thus we find in them fallacies in thought that are almost childish, half hidden under clusters of glorious words; sentences so

elegantly wrought as to blind us to their falseness ; many a series of brilliant remarks, witty, cogent, beautiful, leading by absurd deductions to a supremely false conclusion. Not to read them would be a self-denial that few of us could practice. But they must be read with care. We can wisely suffer them to control our taste. Our feelings too we may, up to a certain point, subject to the charm of their touch, to be roused to hate or scorn or enthusiasm by the play of their emotions. But our reason at least and our convictions of duty we must keep safe from their unwitting sophistries. It will go ill with mankind if they give up free government at Carlyle's bidding, or follow Ruskin in his crusade against Adam Smith, or try with Froude to make a work-shop of the school-room.

THOMAS R. PRICE.

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## GERMAN EATING.

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“ — Ich schäme mich fast, mit gebrühten Kartoffeln !  
Hans, nur tüchtig den Braten gedreht ! Heut Abend ist Hochzeit ! ”  
—Voss : *Luise*.

**G**ASTRONOMICAL critics judge one's character rather from what a man eats than from the manner in which he does it. For the use of the two formulas that may be picked out of the above paragraph, no very broad distinction can be made ; though there is a universal inclination to determine nationality from dishes, so that in almost all Europe an Englishman is known as a *Goddam Bifsteak* ; and we are all apt to pass judgment upon the private character of all those with whom we eat, according to their deportment on the momentous occasion.

I propose in this article to discuss especially the relation of the German to the animal and vegetable kingdom as served up to man ; confining myself to solid dishes, and avoiding beer, which is to be taken by the reader in a future article, as it were at the close of his present repast. Like Captain Cook, the unfortunate navigator who fell a victim to unnatural appetites, I shall describe rather the islands of my discoveries than the seas.

It seems in America to be an accepted law of good society that one must not display too great an interest in the food set before him, nor permit the fervor of his grace to be modified by an unctuous smell ; nor to more than nibble at a dish that seems to be a bait set there by

the wary hostess to catch you in some transgression: in short, to present an utter indifference to the past, present, and future of the welcome guests of the stomach. Even philologists have forgotten how to *discuss* a sirloin or steak; and he is a very bold gentleman who dares to incorporate in his person more than one fragment of a fowl at the same meal, unless he happens to be in refuge from society's nonsense at the table of some country relative, and listens to the instincts of a healthy digestion. The entire life of man practically, and of woman theoretically in addition, is culinary education; yet many seem to regard appetite as a sort of secret disease. The cry, with different modulations, What shall we eat to-morrow? goes up over the world; yet there is a polite philosophy abroad that one must shut his eyes and eat, which no one in right mind would do, unless he were an ass and content with thistles. In Europe it is different. Most Frenchmen approach a dish as cautiously as a cat, and subject it to a nasal analysis, as if they were smelling for a rat.

I have rarely seen Americans fresh from their country who did not long for their own flesh-pots, and continually lament their separation from hot rolls. To one not familiar with kitchen botany, it is of course surprising to find a *garçon* perfectly ignorant of a sweet potato, and with but a faint conception of buckwheat cakes. Of course there is no appellation opprobrious enough to express one's contempt of such an individual. Never heard of a buckwheat cake! There was my friend Brown, a chance acquaintance from New York, who had been, according to his account, successfully engaged in converting the heathens of that State for years, who could not retain Christian equability in speaking on this subject. The truth is he was too old a sinner in respect to cakes and molasses, to be converted to the faith of *Vol au vent*, *Omelettes aux confitures*, etc. On one occasion a pyramid of fruit, constructed on a foundation of fresh leaves, was brought to Brown; after finishing the structure he consulted me upon the propriety of devouring the foundation. I assured him that they certainly possessed nutritive properties, whereupon he sent the foundation after the pyramid, which as intimated had preceded apex foremost. On another occasion he declared war against the waiter for bringing him a piece of roast-beef with suspicious strips of fat sticking in it and extending through it. The waiter endeavored in vain to explain this masterpiece of the cook, for Brown sent it out, declaring it unclean. He assured me that it was trichina.

European kitchens are neat, nor is an army of assistants needed by the cook in white apron and cap, who seems to consider himself (in France) and herself (in Germany) competent to meet all the emergencies of man's daily bread. The cook, however, is not so taxed as in America, for the grand dinners and wedding dinners are generally held in restaurants which are adapted to such entertainments. There is neither breakfast nor supper to be cooked in large quantities. With the exception of dinner, the other meals are but snatches. Where we cook wholesale, the Germans cook retail. A barbecue entire roasted ox belongs to the glories of feudal history and the Middle Ages. The great feature of German eating is the consumption of coffee, it being taken like a prescribed dose about



every third hour. The amount of liquid in his person is about as carefully watched by a German as the quantity of water in the boiler is observed by the engine-driver. I am inclined to believe there is hygiene in this, as there certainly is in most German things. For instance, in a heated state he would about as willingly drink a dilution of Prussic acid as ice-water. Dinner is opened with soup invariably ; at least I have been a spectator at several dinners, as may be supposed, during a two years' residence in Germany, and am confident that I have partaken of just seven hundred and thirty soups in that time. Dinners are sometimes swallowed wrong end foremost, so to speak, as pudding is sometimes eaten before the meat, perhaps in order to have the hardest part of the job, the meat, at the end. *Sauer kraut*, contrary to the general belief, is rather a Low German (Platt Deutsch) dish. The goose is the national dish. If Noah had been a German I imagine he would have laid in more than a couple for forty days. The goose is the Christmas turkey ; in fact these two fowls balance each other in every respect of use and estimation 'in the culinary scale of America and Germany. Goose is the ground color in all that the culinary imagination of the German paints.

The German poet Blumauer sings the praise of goose, although in a travestied sort of strain, because he was capable of no other style ; but he conveys in his song many merry things that have been thought on the burial of the goose in Teutonic sepulchres. Voss, the antipode of Blumauer, in his tender idylls, though he pays an occasional compliment to the fowl under discussion, may be said to pour his high-sounding verse like a gravy over potatoes. Indeed, Immermann designates him as the "Potato Poet." Voss seems to have written in that sleepy hour that might ensue after a dinner of potatoes and goose, and with "his own gray goose-quill" to have immortalised himself—in the estimation of some Germans.

The fever for goose which accompanies its consumption is rather intermittent than hectic. The goose season does not really last more than five months from October ; however, the public finds consolation in the pickled breasts of Westphalia and in other embalmments of the fowl in the meantime. It is my custom from time to time to make a tour on foot through the country a day or so remote from Berlin, not for the sake of scenery, for the country resembles Sahara half civilised, but in order to obtain goose. Upon your arrival at the village hotel you can rest satisfied that a goose dies that day. One or two well-to-do tradesmen, regular guests, augmented by some sagacious loafer, or more properly dropper-in, for loafing is an unknown profession in Germany, constitute (not forgetting yourself) the Board of Managers, or for the sake of making it plainer to my commercial readers, the joint stock company. Presently the well-to-do tradesman who has kept an eye on the door utters a prophetic Hm ! an exclamation of triumph—for the goose is coming, followed by a strong support of gravy, the rear being brought up by a regiment of potatoes. In order that all may get some share in the engagement, it is arranged that the tradesman attack the main body, while the loafer and others must fall in the rear and endeavor to disconcert the potatoes. Thus one's journey through the land is a continual

triumph over goose. The most approved manner of preparing the fowl is to hang it out by the neck like a criminal until it is supposed to be sufficiently mortified. The grease of the goose is widely used for butter.

Next to goose, sausage demands attention from the present critic, as it does from the German nation. The variety of them is astonishing and perplexing; and in my opinion it has something to do with the problem of German unity, for if they could agree on one sausage as a standard sausage, I am sure there would soon be a politically united Fatherland: it would moreover be to the good of mankind. The old Virginia sausage, savory with sage, I am sorry to say is not known to the epicures of Germany. It may exist in some sausage district that I have not yet discovered. There are Göttinger sausages, Brunswick sausages, Thüringer, Vienna, all sorts, small and large, demure looking and portly, of all colors and shapes, modified with bread, qualified with fat, built of horse-flesh, constructed of swine, of beef, made of coagulated blood, and all named sausage. But if one is bewildered in the wilderness of sausage, he is lost in the labyrinth of cheeses. It is useless to classify them into divisions in the hope of recognising this by the nose, that by the eye, and the other by the taste. The fact is, in regard to these things one must content himself with a smattering knowledge. The variety spoils one's appetite, ruins one's judgment. Indeed, the man that eats *Kuh Käse* in its most approved state is temporarily insane. I have dined at hotels where at least twenty sorts of cheese were brought on as samples. Indeed, this French or European style of eating, prevalent in all restaurants, even in America, is fatal to pure taste. It has its justification, however, for people from everywhere must be served. The bad effects of restaurant-eating on the style of eating I shall touch upon below. But the restaurant-eater, before many years, has made such strides from the simple bread and butter of youth that he can never return.

The German beefsteak is half hash, and hash is always suspicious. The stew-hash eaten in America is certainly no native of Germany. The German steak costs a trifle less than the so-called English beefsteak, which name, by the way, is perhaps the most universal in the world. But these so-called steaks have never kissed the glowing coals nor been hugged in the embraces of a gridiron; but they are presented to the Englishman, as he complains, very complacently quite raw, as if he were a cannibal. The widest distinction between German and American eating is made by the absence of corn or maize, which is the foundation of so much health and sensual gratification in our land. Maize is grown in the Lombardy Valley, and its products are consequently known as Italian dishes (*Italienische Speisen*). Hominy, johnny-cakes, batter-cakes, hoe-cakes have no meaning in Germany; and corn-pudding — but hold, I'll continue the soliloquy no longer, else, like Brown, I shall entertain a supreme contempt for the entire nation. Molasses I have never seen upon any table, and am quite certain that I paid a dollar for a bottle of popular quack medicine that was nothing upon earth but New Orleans molasses. Butter has not the dignity of an independent dish, at least upon the dinner table; and it is said that in Southern France butter is rarely

used for any purpose. I am told that squirrels are regarded as unclean beasts. Ham is eaten, but it has not the same prominence in the bill of fare as in America ; it is true, Westphalian hams have a world-wide reputation, but they are eaten more abroad than at home.

The favorite dish of the Vienna public is a sort of cutlet known as Vienna *snitzel*; the Berliners eat goose ; the people of Munich *knödel*, a dish whose composition I am not aware of ; and so on, beyond my ken.

I am acquainted with a gentleman whose dinner at one of the first hotels in Berlin is regularly ten thalers ; and with another whose dinner—perhaps it is not proper to apply the same word to both meals—costs four groschens, or ten cents. Both dinners end in smoke, but that of the one resembles what must be the fumes from the Great Spirit's pipe of peace, the other from a cigar made of rags, as it were for beggars. Yet the latter gentleman is a student and a German, whose neat personal appearance, according to German conception of propriety, is not at all in conflict with the small account of his small dinner. Many students and others bargain for their dinners to be sent to their rooms in a cylindrical basket, the dishes fitted upon each other therein. I am acquainted with a dramatic author who assures me that he has lived for indefinite periods upon nothing more solid at dinner than a single dish of soup, which, added to a cup of coffee morning and night, is little enough. The peasants generally cook everything together like the witches in *Macbeth*, and eat out of the same common receptacle. The German renders thanks or "grace" practically, but not in words. In the Tyrol, however, I remember to have heard thanks offered by a peasant's family in a sort of song, the youngest bearing its part like the rest. It is otherwise prevalent among the peasants or petty farmers' families, who know nothing of modern speculation, for the children to utter the formula, the parents remaining silent.

As before intimated, restaurant eating is injurious to one's style, so to speak. Germans naturally eat with vehemence. They generally resemble globes, which exercise an irresistible attraction toward the centre. A German gets excited, loses his presence of mind at the sight of soup, when it is just under his nose. If a war-horse ate soup, I am quite certain he would snuff the breeze just so, according to Job. He takes the soup up and examines it through his spectacles, for they are an unfortunate nation with their poor eyes ; the inquest seems not to be after dirt, but to assure the owner of the spectacles that the soup is really there, which assurance usually causes a smile of intense satisfaction and serenity mingled with the pleasures of hope and imagination to wreath itself on his face ; as if, as Jean Paul would say, he were being tickled by an angel. The last drop only seems to succeed in resisting the energetic endeavors of the relentless spoon. It is really unpleasant to eat with a table full of hungry students or half-starved clerks, nor is it entirely different at a table of a different standard. I always feel in regard to them as Shylock did in regard to Christians : "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following ; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you."



## RUN TO EARTH.

### CHAPTER VI.

A YLETT and Collyer (or Morgan, for the gentleman had been known to answer, from stress of untoward circumstances, to more than one name, by the first of which, above-written, we shall henceforward almost altogether designate him) remained in the room and sitting at table together for some time after Col. Dalby's departure, exchanging looks after he had left the room and was heard descending the stairs.

"The Colonel seems more disturbed to-night than I have seen him in many a long year," said Aylett; "I wonder what he'll do now?"

"I'll tell you what he'll do," replied Collyer fiercely; "he'll set the devil in his heart to work, and call in the help of the men who have already put him where he is, to carry out his plans. If Col. Dalby's house doesn't come rattling down about his ears, you may be sure it will be our hands must be put forth to prop it up."

"Well, what if all this is so? I guess you are patching up your own roof when you are building for him. He never got your assistance, Collyer, without paying for it, and handsomely too; you must own that."

"I suppose my terms were not much harder to meet than your own. Why don't you say *we* anyhow, while you're at it? Do you believe I have been so blind as not to see from beginning to end that you two concoct and whisper and scheme while I go forward to do your bidding?"

"Well, this much is certain, we are bound to our patron for good or evil now. I reckon we have kept near enough together in acting and concocting to be dependent one upon the other, and if Col. Dalby falls we fall."

"Ay! But there's something of a difference between plain Jack Collyer and the aristocratic Col. Dalby. I am not one of the fine gentlemen of the land, and I'll try, when the worst comes, not to fall so very far. I can make our ways lie very far apart."

"Oh me! I fancy Col. Dalby folding his arms and playing the martyr for the accommodation of his friends. And I fancy William or Henry Merton, either, should they get the upper hand in this matter, resting satisfied with the principal without the accessories. Jack Collyer would find himself about that time a very important individual, much sought after in the city of New York, or wherever last seen."

"Yes, curse them! you talk sense there, I'll say that for you. If it's only for the hate I bear them, I am almost willing to say I am ready for anything. Work for money or what you will, you other two, I work for revenge."

"Work for life, say rather. I tell you" (and here Aylett's pale blinking eyes seemed to go clear out of sight in their sockets, and his dirty complexion turned a shade more sallow and livid), "if Col. Dalby fails now, that for you!"

The fellow made a significant gesture, at which the other scowled darkly, but made no answer.

Dick Aylett rose and tilted the bottle up, and finding something still left therein, poured it out and drank.

"Well, Jack, your liquor has made me sleepy, and as it is nearly gone I'll get to bed. Lucky for me I haven't such a walk to take as our friend the Colonel. I'm far astray if there isn't a great deal working in his brain by this time, although, for all that he accomplished or decided on, he might have stopped away from here to-night. Mark what I say, we'll hear from Col. Dalby before forty-eight hours have passed away, and to a purpose too. Good night."

The echo of the man's footsteps grew fainter and fainter as he passed down the stairs, out of the house, and along the narrow and now deserted street, and silence settled back upon the dark old gloomy house he had left behind him. Collyer remained in his position long after his companion had taken his departure, as if he meant to follow the darkness of the night-time through and wait for the dawning of the day. He sat there and noticed not the door open and the girl enter the room again. She approached and stood at his side, and laid her thin white hand upon his shoulder, when he started as if a ghost had come upon him.

"Why, Molly! Death! The Colonel was right, you come upon a fellow like a spirit from another world. What, girl, not asleep at this late hour! Come, go to bed, go to bed; it must be hard on one o'clock."

The girl smiled faintly and sadly as she stood looking down into his face.

"Well, father, and why are you, too, still awake? You must need rest as well as I. Father, I cannot, oh I cannot creep away in the darkness and go to sleep when that man Aylett comes to sit the night with you. Then your better nature dies clear away; and if I dare to come anear you, you scowl upon me as if you would strike me to the ground."

"Poor girl! poor girl! What! lay hand on you! Strike you a blow!"

"Father, as there is a God above us there have been times when, had I come in upon you and caught one whisper of you three plotting round this table, my poor weary life would have paid the penalty of the rash act."

"Plotting! Say, Molly, what do you mean? Can't friends spend a sociable hour together without doing harm or plotting evil?"

"Not such men as you. Friends! Are you and that villain Aylett friends? A friend to the wretch who would have— Oh, father, I have no patience—I cannot speak of it—your poor daughter—can you not feel more for me!"

The vivid color flamed out for a moment on the poor girl's cheeks, and she covered her face with her hands. Collyer watched her, and

his better feelings struggled for the mastery. On that rough, passion-furrowed face a strange look of love and tenderness rested. The man's better angel was hovering about him and standing by his side this night, if never again, in all his reckless, misspent life, the blessing of its gentle influence was destined to come upon him.

"And then, father," continued Molly, turning her face toward him once again, "is that fine gentleman a friend of yours? I saw him riding the other day along Broadway. Does he bring his shining coach and prancing horses and seat you by his side, and carry you up with him into his better life, his life of luxury and pleasure? No! He steals here in the night-time, and orders you to shut me up and keep me out of sight, so careful is he of his presence in what he calls your den."

"You don't know — you can't understand —"

"I *do* know. I know that my life is wearing, grinding away day after day, and that you are no better. Oh, how changed you are, father!" and here she clasped both hands upon his shoulder and bent nearer to him. "Father, let us go back to England. Three months ago you told me we should return. Let us go now — before the week is out; I can be ready in a day, yes! in an hour."

"Oh, it's impossible! We can't —"

"Why impossible? I have the money for the passage home — the money that you gave me long ago, with something added to it. Let us go home."

"Home, you silly girl! we have no home; this den's as much a home as any we can claim on all God's earth."

"Yes, we have a home. Our home is across the waters, where we have left a grass-grown grave. Our home is down where the waves are beating on the white beach, and mother's bones are resting. Let us go there, and leave this cruel; cruel city."

"What could we do? Remember, I am poor, and we must live."

"I care nothing for poverty; I am young and strong, and I am used to work. We were poor before we ever left dear old England; but, father, we were free and happy. You were a lowly fisherman, but no stain was on your name, and no dark cloud had come across your threshold. You would take your boat and go dashing over the bright waters in the glad sunshine, and mother and I would be busy through the live-long day in our humble little home, and at evening we would sit on the porch outside and watch away out where the red sun was setting until the skiff 'Molly' came gliding back. Mother is gone, father, but we'll go back and watch over her resting-place, and I will try to take her place in your house and heart."

"Hush, girl! you torture me! I cannot bear this talk."

"Father, you must hear me. I feel to-night as if what I have upon my mind would weigh me down and kill me if I brooded over it and kept silent longer. Father, there are some things that I have kept locked in my own breast through many a long year for your sake; but I must speak of them or my heart will break. When these two men crossed your path, their shadows fell like a blight upon our home, and blotted out its life and happiness. Mother drooped and died, heart-broken, I verily believed as I watched at her bedside, by



some secret, deadly blow. You were not there when the last sigh fluttered from her lips, but you would have said that not the body failed, but that the heart sickened unto death and the spirit was broken. And when we left St. Leonard's we left even our honest name behind us ; and here we hide like guilty things, living among strange people, who know us not nor care for us, and yet we fear them as if we were hunted down for crime. For the love of God, father, for the love of my dead mother, take me back to St. Leonard's ! I feel that I can never speak this way again ; I feel that hereafter it will be too late ; something tells me that I am working now to ward off some dreadful blow that must fall upon us if we stay here ! ”

“ Let me hear no more. You don't know what you are saying, Molly ; you have run wild with passion. Go to bed and sleep away these foolish notions. ”

The girl sighed heavily, and with an agitated face, full of sad disappointment, slowly left the room.

Collyer stood looking after his daughter as she left him, and it was plain that he was moved as he was little wont to be — terribly shaken by her feeling and her sorrow. But if she had touched any chord in his heart, or awakened to life any long dormant noble feeling in his bosom, it was not for long, for he shrugged his great brawny shoulders, muttered to himself, “ The jade is right, it would be best ; but no, it's too late ” — shook his head over it all, and with the lamp in his hand went shambling down the dark, narrow passage.

Richard Aylett was right ; Col. Dalby was to be heard from before forty-eight hours had passed, and to a purpose. Whether a little incident which took place before he reached his lodgings had anything to do with quickening his motions and rousing him to action, I know not : I'll give the incident for what it is worth. I only know that Dalby said once in an after-period of his life ; confessed, at a time which some men see come upon them, a crisis when the most secret thoughts and actions are revealed by confession, or by the pressure of such trial and ordeal as no man can bear up against — confessed that on the occasion to which I am about to refer he believed for the first time in the judgment of God, believed that it was possible for a man to fall in his tracks and die of fear or horror.

When he first left Collyer's house he went, stumbling often, along the dark streets and alleys, like a man who was thinking little of the way before him or heeding where his footsteps carried him. He was busy with his thoughts, new and troublous thoughts that affected him anon with wonderment, perplexity, rage, and terror. But when he turned into Broadway, and the glare of the lighted thoroughfare fell on him, change of scene seemed to change his feelings ; he quickened his pace, and was himself again. He went striding forward easily and rapidly, swinging his cane, and looking curiously in at such doors and windows as were still open at that late hour of night. He passed one large, marble-fronted building that sent out upon him a perfect flood of light, and with it the sound of clinking glasses and mirth and life within. Col. Dalby halted after he had passed this place a few steps, then turned back and entered the saloon, one of the largest

and most fashionable in the city — ablaze with lighted chandeliers, resplendent with mirrors, gorgeous with fine pictures and decorations, luxurious with sofas, lounges, and easy-chairs. There were some six or eight persons at and around the bar, two or three drinking, but the majority gathered about a man who was reading aloud from a paper in his hand. The bar-tender was himself absorbed in what was going on, and Col. Dalby, unnoticed, poured out a glass of water from the silver pitcher on the counter.

"Be sure your sin will find you out! For nearly fourteen years he lived rich, honored and respected; for fourteen years he carried with him everywhere the secret of this dreadful crime. Only to fall at last. Only to have the mask torn off at last, and stand before his fellow-men, the hideous criminal; the law awards him its severest penalty, and humanity calls him monster. And to-day he expiates his most shameful crime by a shameful death, and his poor, heart-broken wife receives his felon's body at the foot of the gallows, to bear it off and give it decent burial."

Crash!

The barkeeper started and looked around, and the whole group turned at the sound. A sick man, evidently: the glass was shattered at his feet, and he leaned heavily against the counter, pale and trembling. He rocked to and fro as if he would have fallen, but he feebly motioned the man away who seemed to wish to take him by the arm to give relief, and in a thick, labored voice, asked for brandy.

"It is nothing. I am a little nervous — a faintness overtook me coming from the cool night air into the close room. Give me the French brandy; I need only that."

The bystanders eyed him with considerable curiosity, and even solicitous interest, as he slowly straightened himself up, and wiped his damp forehead with his handkerchief.

But he drank the glass half full of brandy eagerly, paying heed to none about him; and after receiving change for the money he had thrown down in payment, left the saloon, walking seemingly by an effort, it is true, for he no longer twirled his cane but leaned upon it, but as calm and steady in every feature of his face as when he entered.

"The gentleman was taken very sudden, it appears to me," said the barkeeper; "I thought he was about to fall when I first looked at him."

There was quite a hum of conversation over the incident, and some inquiries were made as to who the stranger was, but it seemed as if no one present happened to know him.

"Blest if I don't think the gentleman was sick at what he heard from you, sir," said a man, rather slovenly dressed and rather disreputable-looking, one of those who had been drinking — "you, Sir, that read the paper."

"Me! Why, you are surely mistaken, my friend; I did not even know the man was near me. I was reading the *Herald's* editorial concerning the execution at Newburgh to-day."

"That may be, Sir. I don't say 'twas the stranger's brother or any of his kith or kin that the beaks had hold of and was stringing up;

I don't say as how he's cause to fear the rope himself—he looked a good man and a decent one; but if the gentleman didn't turn white as paper, and stare and give way in his legs when he looked at you and heard the words as you read 'em out, then I was looking at him for mighty little use. Come, Bill, we had best be moving, we that have work to do betimes in the morning." The man, after vouchsafing this singular explanation, left the saloon with his companion.

With every step that carried him nearer to his lodgings those dreadful words were ringing in his ears. Col. Dalby murmured them over and over again, and such was their effect upon him that he sounded them in the very tone of the man who read them at the bar. "Be sure your sin will find you out!" Good God! what devil turned me back into that place to hear those words. "For fourteen years (fourteen!) he lived rich, honored and respected, only to have the mask torn off at last." Bah! I am a fool! Scared by some foolish newspaper clap-trap!

But it was all in vain: the words seemed to be hissed at him in the silence of the night. Over and over again he had them in his mind and on his lips, and the sunrise streamed in at his window and found him tossing back and forth upon his bed.

On the following morning Mary Collyer sat sewing in the room where we last saw her, at a window which looked out upon the narrow street below. It was rare indeed that such confidences passed between father and daughter as we have narrated, and the agitation of the preceding night had not yet left her. Hers was a strange, sad life assuredly—this fair young girl, endowed with a refined and sensitive nature, full of noble feeling and passion, chained down to such an existence. But we have seen enough to know that the strange rough being from whom she claimed a parent's love, stained with vice and sin, with some portion of his past life blackened by crime, it might be, yet gave that love, as far as his nature was capable of feeling a pure affection for any living being. Towards her, at least, he was ever kind and gentle in his own uncouth manner; in her eyes he ever strove to appear at his best. No one perceived more clearly than himself the great difference between them; no one acknowledged more readily than himself how immeasurably far above him was this motherless daughter, passing her days in the same sphere of life, and yet without a single thought or feeling in common with such as he consorted with. Mingled with his love he felt a reverence for the pure womanly nature which had over and over proved so staunch and tender in days of trial and adversity; he worshipped the goodness and greatness of soul displayed before him every day, though only half able to appreciate and understand it. As she grew in years, merging from child to woman, still ever faithful in her duty and her love, he came to fear more and more the reproachful expression of those deep pleading eyes, and to listen more and more seriously to the quiet, earnest tones of that low voice.

I do not believe that Collyer was a bad man from choice—because from inherent wickedness and evil he loved vice and abhorred virtue (there are some such); and this girl was always pulling at his heart-



strings to lead him into the brightness of her own pure way. I think that the future will show the father never to have entirely forgotten that the daughter was like the dead mother, and that the mother, dead to him and her, was an angel in heaven. I am willing to believe that if Jack Collyer had listened to the passionate pleadings of the night before, and gone back to the old country and to St. Leonard's, the two would have passed out forever from the darker pages of this history — reserved for something better, brighter, in a new and future life. But it was not to be.

As Molly's nimble fingers flew along the work she frequently cast her eyes out upon the street, and once, as she looked down upon the busy throng below, she started back, and the blood surged up in her cheeks and died away, and came rushing on, and then left her sitting pale and cold and still, listening. The work dropped from her hands, and she sat with head bent forward, watching, waiting. And not in vain. A quick step sounded on the stairs, and came on up to the floor on which she lodged, and stopped. Somebody knocked a double knock, and she was forced to rise. She moved slowly across the room, and once as she went she put her hand to her heart. But she was quiet and composed when she opened the door and admitted her visitor. A young man entered not more than twenty-two or three, just such a one as you would expect to come bounding up stairs and knocking double-knocks; a fine young fellow, stalwart, ruddy, handsome, the very model of fine animal health and spirits. His brown hair curled close about his head, and his clear blue eye looked straight forward, the right sort of eye to add additional welcome to the honest hand that met yours in friendly grasp. He caught the girl's hands in both his own and drew her closer to him. I think this impetuous boy-lover was reaching for the dear lips of his love, and would have had her in his arms in another moment, but something in the face upturned to him checked him, and his own glad happy face changed like magic.

"Why, Molly! what a greeting for a sweetheart! My coming seems to have turned you into stone. What! not a single kiss or loving word? I thought to find you ready —"

Words were out of place and idle with such a storm of passion working on the woman before him, still with her hands tightly and convulsively grasping his, but with her head bowed down until it rested on his arms, her slender form shivering and shuddering under the force of great sobs that seemed to choke her, sinking, sinking slowly down, until she was crouching at his feet.

The young fellow, who would have died for this poor stricken girl if she had bid him go to his death, groaned in agony over this terrible burst of grief, this abandon of his love. He threw himself down upon the floor beside her and drew her head upon his breast. He poured tears and imprinted kisses on her hair and white brow and cheeks and lips. He was struggling and panting in that fever of passionate love that sometimes seizes even the strong man, that is terrible to look upon — a passion which, if any other way evoked, would be ludicrous. He called her by endearing names that came back to him like lost melodious echoes from his childhood, names that a fond

mother lavishes on her babe. He rocked her back and forth as he would soothe a child, fondling her cold hands and pressing her to his heart again and again. He implored her to speak to him, or tell him to go away and come again if he had pained her. Ah, me! to write of it seems tame indeed. But those two young things, locked in each other's arms, were breathing out a last farewell with every lingering kiss; it was the parting of their fond and loving hearts, struggling and pleading in the last embrace. It was inexpressibly sweet to Molly, all these foolish pet-names and adoring epithets. How dear he was to her, this great pink and white blundering boy, that came rushing up into her room two steps at a time, his eyes sparkling and his cheeks aglow with happiness! And before it all she had fallen crushed and stunned, as if his loving words had stabbed her! How tenderly he held her to him as if he would never let her go!

But she disengaged herself from his clinging arms at last, and rose.

"Oh, Fred! dear Fred! forgive me! I could not help it; indeed, indeed, I could not! I had been grieving so much all the morning, and you looked so happy — and I felt that I must end it all!"

"End what? Why, Molly, have you gone daft? You cannot end my happiness unless you die, and then you would not end it, for I'd die too."

"Never mind it all now. I was foolish, and worried and unnerved. Let us think of something else. Come, sit here and tell me about yourself. You are going South, you say?"

"Oh, yes! and that is what I came to tell you. That is the news I was bringing, so that you would share my happiness. Yes, dearest, I am going. I have received the long-expected letter from Dr. Wallace, and I am to go on next week. And in six months at farthest, darling, I'll come back, and then —"

There was not the manner to greet an eager lover, telling rapturously of the hour when he would come back to claim his bride. The hand that lay in his was cold as clay. Her face was turned aside, and death could not have made it whiter; the last flickering moments of this life could not set upon the features such a look of pain and anguish.

"Molly, dearest Molly, have you nothing to say? Great heaven! what do you mean? Are you not going to be my wife? Speak! Has it all along been only a foolish dream of mine that you loved me and would some day marry me?"

"Fred, please, please leave me, just for to-day. Come to-morrow or next day, and I will tell you all."

"I will not leave you! Right now and here I'll have your answer, if you kill me with it." And here Fred rose. (We have had our introduction of this young gentleman from Molly's lips, and hence we have known him so far only as Fred, but his name in full prosaic English was Frederick Carmer.) He stood before her and glared down upon her. Like all easy natures, in proportion as his great grief took possession of him his passion increased to fury. "I have offered you a true and honest love and you accepted it. For what? To trample it under foot and spurn it at the last?"

"Oh, no! no! you are cruel, cruel!"

"Cruel? If I am cruel, you are not honest. Take that! Oh, Molly, my own, my darling, how could you?"—and he was down at her side again, imploring and beseeching her to say she would be his wife that very day, that very hour: he would not wait one minute. The temptation was a terrible one and bore hard upon the poor girl, but she was firm through all, and only moaned and shook her head.

"Fred, as heaven is my witness I do not spurn your love. You said that in your passion; you do not think it, dear. I can never tell how sweet and precious that love has been. But I have known through all that it could never be. Fred, you must go away, and not even—think—of me. My father—"

"What! you cast me off to cling to that heartless, unfeeling —"

"Hush! hush! now you are unjust. He is my father, good and kind and loving to me; but I am only a woman, a weaker woman even than I imagined. I thought, dearest, that this would be our last meeting. But oh! I have been sorely tried to-day. I have something to tell you, Fred, but we must wait till another time. And, besides, I am a poor man's daughter, and there are duties of this humble household waiting for my attention. You see," and she smiled upon him with something of the bright tender look that he knew so well, "I must send you away."

"Oh, Molly, do not send me away from you now until you have told me something, until you have given me some hope."

"Come the night before you leave New York. I will contrive that we shall be alone. But now, you must go."

Frederick Carmer knew very little of the world, and he knew not a bit of women; he had never even studied the nature of this one that he loved with such blind devotion. But he was quick enough to see that his only hope was to leave his fate trembling in the balance until the meeting that she had appointed, and with a deep sigh and despairing face he took his hat from the table. And then a proud, determined expression came upon his young face, and he strode toward Molly with such an air of newly-aroused dignity and consciousness of power that she watched him with surprise. He took her in his arms and kissed her once, twice, again and again, and left her without a word. Oh, poor fellow! he went stalking slowly down those dingy stairs, that he had bounded over an hour before as if he were climbing a golden ladder to the bower of his love, as if he were descending to his grave.

## CHAPTER VII.

DR. WALLACE started out of F—— about an hour by sun one evening, to pay a visit to a patient a short distance in the country. He usually made this call in the morning, as a part of his regular professional round; but circumstances had deranged his generally well-appointed system of daily duties. He had set apart a good portion of his morning to the task of receiving a new assistant, and regularly inducting him into his position. This was a protégé of the Doctor's, an importation (if you'll tolerate the word) from abroad, that is, from



the North. I believe Dr. Wallace was influenced more by the promptings of friendship and his private feelings than by any professional need, when he determined to bring in help to subdue the ailments that afflicted F—— and the surrounding country. He first came in contact with young Frederick Carmer in one of the large hospitals of the city of New York, where the young man was employed as subordinate, and was improving himself as student of the noble but not far advanced science of medicine. There was, doubtless, a similarity in the lives of the two men that drew them together. Wallace sympathised with the earnestness and energy displayed by his young friend in the calling he had chosen for himself; and in his every effort for advancement, displaying an honorable and high ambition, he saw his own youth and early manhood acted over again; and then, too, there was a charm hard to resist in the simplicity and freshness of the honest heart and open nature which he began to know more intimately day by day. A sincere friendship grew up between the two, cemented more and more completely with the lapse of time; and rare as it was between persons of such disparity in age, the more constant for that very reason. As for Carmer, impelled by his ardent temperament to yield entirely always to his feelings, he was filled with admiration and devotion for his new friend. Affected first with gratitude for the generosity that prompted a man, already distinguished and full of honors, to bestow a portion of his time and attention upon the task of lightening the labors and smoothing the difficulties of one whom accident had thrown in his way, that very generosity afterward served to elevate him to a more thorough appreciation of himself and his own abilities; and he soon came to cherish the man as a valued friend, whom, at first, he had only admired at a distance. Carmer was poor, but of very good parentage; he had health and pluck, and looked forward to his share in the world's doings with confidence. One dear wish of his heart was to live South, the praises of whose people he never wearied of sounding; and when Dr. Wallace left the city for his new field of labor, he promised his friend that he should have his interests always at heart, and if an "opening" ever presented itself, Carmer should immediately hear of it. Without stopping to scrutinise the Doctor's judgment in persuading himself of such "opening," it suffices to say that the thing was done, and here Frederick Carmer was in F——.

Dr. Wallace rode rapidly away from town for about a mile and a half, and turned down a long lane, through extensive fields of grain and pasture-lands. A few hundred yards further on he drove up to a large farm-house, irregularly built, and boasting several different styles of architecture, as additions had been made from year to year. The proprietor, when he tacked on a broad piazza or projected a new wing, evidently had an eye more to comfort than taste; and the whole premises, with the substantial buildings and numerous out-houses, and the great spreading shade-trees, were eloquent of that very thing—comfort and quiet home-life. This was the residence of his patient, Joseph Wheeler, a man of wealth and liberality. The Wheelers—Joseph Wheelers—had possessed and protected the old place time out of mind; and the homestead and the name had been handed down from generation to generation, unchanged to a dot. Joseph Wheeler

was sixty-odd years old, and boasted that he never had a sick day in his life ; but nevertheless he took his bed three months before, and kept it up to date. He was one day superintending the setting of a heavy sleeper under his barn, when by some mismanagement the timber fell, crushing his leg under it badly. He was getting over it now, thanks, he said, to a doctor who was willing to let him get well, and the best daughter in the world to nurse him and not cross him. I haven't time to describe Mr. Wheeler's sore leg ; I brought Dr. Wallace along to take that very matter off my hands. The visit was stretched out to the farthest professional limits, for the old gentleman was a talker ; but at length the physician managed to back to the door, and escape with a parting polite nothing, appearing immediately afterward upon the piazza with Miss Anne Wheeler. This young lady was the eldest daughter of the family, who had taken the head of her father's household after Mrs. Wheeler's death, three or four years before, and ever since had held sway in her own quiet, gentle way. It was a heavy charge shifted on that young, light-hearted girl, but she met it nobly and faithfully. That she entered so heartily upon the manifold duties before her, and identified herself so thoroughly and unselfishly with the quiet life around her, was perhaps the secret of her great success and admirable management. She knew every acre of the estate, was well posted in the different crops, and any day could have sold off every head of cattle and other stock with a judgment of their value little inferior to her father's. She was an excellent horsewoman, gloried in a spirited horse and an exciting ride, and often galloped over the farm from end to end. Sam, one of the oldest and most trusted negroes owned by Mr. Wheeler, was wont to tell with great delight how "young Missus teach dat idiot Jo how to drinch a hos." "Bress de Lord !" he would break out in the kitchen, "dat cussed fool," pointing to the culprit, his own son, "done bin rode evry crittur bar-back all ober de plantation, time young Miss was little pickaninny in old black Judy arms. And dar he stan, dat day, Mars George's black horse down a rollin and kickin ; an Jo, he stan dere, and pop he white eyes at de crittur, and swoller he bref, untel Miss Anne, she dash out de house, and put some gumption in his woolly head, and cure de mar !" She rendered some of Mozart's and Mendelssohn's gems of melody and song with marvellous skill upon her piano, a very fine instrument ; and occasionally entertained Dr. Wallace with some beautiful ballads, which she sang with much sweetness and feeling. Old black Sam never enumerated these accomplishments among her fine "points," probably had never had his attention particularly called to them ; but he'd smack his lips, and "declar dem pickles and dat jam Missus mek with her own lily-white han — golly, boys ! dem's hebenly !" The old rascal knew of what he talked ; he was a favorite, had sounded his young mistress's weak points, and got by far the lion's share of those dainties.

As Anne Wheeler stood facing Dr. Wallace on the piazza, where he leaned against one of the upright posts, a stranger would have had fine opportunity to examine her critically and fall in love with her. Her attitude just then was captivating: her hands crossed behind her with a sort of business-like, authoritative air that suited

her exactly. She was tall, well proportioned and handsome, by reason of good gifts both in feature and complexion. Her hair — let me see: I have used up my golden and my black hair in previous chapters. Make the best of it by guessing after I tell you that it suited the girl — her face, form and all — and could not have been improved on. Finally, that she could talk sense and keenly enjoy a frolic, keep the smoke-house in trim and deport herself gracefully in the drawing-room: this much inventoried, and we know as much of Miss Anne Wheeler as that lady allowed society in general to know of her. Something of reserve, worn among strangers and in a mixed social circle, restrained the natural buoyancy and lightness of her spirits, and checked a little, too, the unaffected earnestness of her nature; and she showed to best advantage only to her intimate friends, with one of whom she is now engaged in conversation. Rather risky companionship, you'll say, perhaps — this charming young lady and an unmarried gentleman of fine character, position, person and address. These two did not think so, if they ever thought about it at all; and I doubt if Miss Anne Wheeler ever to herself quoted, "Oh! do buds of friendship always blossom into flowers of love?" — that is, if she knew that such stuff had once dripped from a goose's quill, to be perpetuated by printer's ink.

"Dr. Wallace, I hear that the fine old Horton place has found an owner at last."

"Yes. Mr. Merton, brother of the unfortunate gentleman who died at the 'Eagle' a short time since, has purchased it. It is a fine piece of property, one of the most valuable in the county."

"I was a good deal surprised to hear of it. Do you know whether the Mertons intended making the purchase before they came here?"

"Oh yes. Mr. Wells had been acting as agent for them, and had already completed all the negotiations before their arrival. But you know that Mr. Wells is reticent, even for a lawyer, and hence, as he kept his business to himself, we all felt some surprise to learn for the first time that these strangers had come among us, with such extensive arrangements made beforehand for their reception and settlement here."

"And have they taken possession yet?"

"The house was furnished and ready for occupation a few days ago, and the family are already installed there, with the exception of Mr. Merton, who is absent on some necessary business."

They were by this time walking slowly through the yard to the gate, where Dr. Wallace's carriage stood.

"Doctor, how is Mrs. Dalby? I learn that she has been utterly prostrated since Kate's death, never since having had strength to rise from her bed."

"Mrs. Col. Dalby? Why, she has left home. I called three or four mornings ago, and was much astonished, knowing her condition as I did, to learn that she had gone North. Urgent family affairs, the servant said, required her to join her husband immediately."

"That is very strange!"

"Strange indeed! You can imagine my surprise, for I looked upon her as seriously ill and greatly shaken by the recent calamity."



Anne stopped and rested her hand upon the gate.

"Dr. Wallace, like all other women under such circumstances, I have reserved for the last moment the discussion of the most important matter on my mind. If you can devote a little more time to me, I want to talk to you about brother George."

Dr. Wallace looked in his companion's face, and his serious attention was arrested in a moment. He knew Anne Wheeler to be a girl of wonderful nerve and courage (before we part I'll tell you how he found that out), and he was convinced that no small trouble was impelling her to seek his confidence and counsel.

"About George? Why, what is the matter?"

"Have you seen him lately, Doctor?"

"Yes — no — well, he rode by my office yesterday; but to have any conversation with him, no."

"Oh, I am so much troubled about him! You know how fearfully he was stricken by poor Kate Wilton's death. He loved her very dearly, and they were to have married in about a year. But something more than grief for the loss of his love rests on him now."

"Miss Anne, what can you mean?"

"I hardly know myself what I do mean. For the first time in his life he does not confide in me; rather repels every proffer of sympathy. And that makes it so much harder to see him suffer — suffer alone, in silence. I thought at first he was nursing a sort of morbid remorse and torturing himself with self-reproach. The evening Kate disappeared, she had intended to come out here, and George was to meet her on the way and accompany her, but some urgent business affair of father's prevented him from doing so. He raved over that, saying that if he had gone he might have saved his darling's life. Up to that time I could sympathise with him and mourn with him, but since then he has changed. He goes doggedly about the plantation, superintending everything as usual, as if he were trying to school himself to severe self-control; and it is more dreadful — this calmness — than if he gave way to his feelings. He looks utterly wretched, and worse than all, I am afraid that once or twice recently he has been drinking deeply. Sometimes he loses all command of himself, and bursts forth, and startles me with the violence and intensity of his passion. Last night we were alone together on the piazza, after tea, and after giving way for some time to his incontrollable grief, he got up and came and stood over me, and said: 'Sister, my poor darling was murdered, cruelly, foully murdered! And I'll track the villain to his death whose red hand took her precious innocent life!' He looked so wild and strange that I was frightened, and almost feared he was losing his mind. I tried to calm and soothe him, and then he walked up and down, and once he stopped and told me that it would be no vain search of his to find the murderer, that he had a clue, could put his hand upon the man; and then I could not understand him any farther, nor would he talk any more."

Dr. Wallace, who had been listening with great interest to the speaker, sympathising deeply in the girl's feelings, started, and received these last words with undisguised amazement.

"Why, what in the world can the poor fellow be thinking of?"

"I cannot imagine; I am entirely astray about it all. Those

strange horrid facts brought out at the inquest have sunk deep into his mind. He is continually on the road between here and Mr. Henry Dean's. He will make Mr. Dean sit down and tell him over and over again all the evidence that he gave in before the coroner's jury, describing the strange man, and going minutely over all the facts connected with the matter. The old gentleman stopped at the gate the other morning in genuine distress ; he said he was afraid George was going crazy over this sad affair. I wish you would see him, Doctor, and try to divert his mind, and draw him as it were away from himself."

"I will do all that I can, be assured. If he comes into town to-morrow—I have a young man with me now, and I would like to bring them together ; a young gentleman, Mr. Frederick Carmer, whom, by-the-bye, I would like to have the pleasure of bringing out to see you. But what has come over the young fellows? This young man, whom I left in New York as happy as the days are long, comes here now by appointment, wearing a face as woe-begone and heaving sighs as deep as if he had lost his last and only friend. But I would like to make the two acquainted ; I know they would be firm friends directly, and it might benefit them both. Tell George, if he comes to town to-morrow, that I wish to see him particularly."

"I will. I thought that if any one could help me in this, you could and would."

"I will do all in my power for your sake, Miss Anne, and for George's sake. In the meantime, do not take it too much to heart. George is young ; this fierce grief is natural, but it will wear itself away in time."

Anne said nothing, but she sighed and mournfully shook her head. "However, I have no right to usurp your valuable time by the hour in this summary manner. You are very kind and patient to take so much interest in my troubles. I hope they may all prove at last to be but foolish fears."

"I hope so indeed. In truth, I am troubled somewhat myself by what you have told me. Do not fail to confide in me, and together we'll do all that is possible to help poor George."

As Dr. Wallace drove back to town his face showed that his interview with Anne Wheeler had given him much to ponder over seriously. He was absorbed in his thoughts for the greater part of the way. As he passed over Moss-Seat Bridge, he looked down into the waters, upon which the gloom of night, fast closing in, was settling ; looked down into the whirling eddies that had cruelly tossed and buffeted poor Kate's lifeless body.

"Another on his track ! Another ! Great heaven ! can it be that this awful suspicion is the first glimmering of the truth which but to whisper makes a man shudder and grow sick at heart ? If it be so, the end will come ! come soon ! And then !"

Dr. Wallace did not say what "then." Perhaps he could not shape the consequence in words. He shook the reins over his good horse, and trotted into F—— just as the day had died entirely away, and lights began to wink and sparkle out upon the growing darkness.

## SOVEREIGNTY IN THE UNITED STATES.

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CODDEN, in 1865, proposed an Oxford professorship of American geography and history for the instruction of the rising statesmen of England. A provision for this, coupled with one compelling American politicians to learn their own constitutional history and philosophy in the library of the British Museum (the best place and means in the world for such instruction), would have made a very valuable and mutually advantageous article in the last Anglo-American treaty. Surely these nations should know themselves, and each other, better. England is deeply interested in Anglo-Saxon and constitutional liberty being preserved as a heritage to her posterity and an example to her empire ; so, *à fortiori*, with America herself. Besides, American politicians, who control American destinies, begin as adolescents and know-nothings ; at once become completely absorbed in vote-seeking and partyism ; do not learn even the rudiments of their polity ; adopt the falsehoods of "expounders" and conventions, and never search for the truth ; study what is popular rather than political science ; and altogether promote private and party, but never, except incidentally, the public interest, so that, although Americans do not yet realise it, the mind and heart of their republic hasten to decay, and their freedom is dying, if it is not already dead. In the said library, such politicians would be away from these misleading influences, and could learn their polity in the light of its founders' expositions, which are full and very clear ; so that, having "tarried in Jericho till their beards are grown," they may be able usefully, if not brilliantly, to serve their government.

After practising my profession for many years in America, studying meanwhile her institutions, and finding many reasons for doubting the truth of Story and Webster's statements of fact concerning the American polity, I investigated the subject in the said library, and found, as I had apprehended, that their assertions are untrue and their "expoundings" sophistical, and that the true theory of American constitutional liberty is the antithesis of that prevailing in the United States.

In attempting to show these things, I start with a little skeleton of postulates, which I aver is supported by all history and contravened by none.

I. In a republic such as yours (or indeed in any), sovereignty resides in, and never leaves, the people.

II. That "the people of the United States" only exist, and act, politically as commonwealths.

III. That as commonwealths they "ratified," and thereby "ordained and established" the Constitution.

IV. That they *federally* associated in the character of sovereign commonwealths, *to govern themselves conjointly* in general affairs, *i. e.* to act as a "republic of republics," or union of republican States ; *while each continued to govern herself* in all home affairs.



V. That all the fathers expressly or impliedly agreed to this view.

VI. And that the Federal Constitution not only consists with, but proves it.

#### GRADES OF AUTHORITY.

All people agree that sovereignty made the Constitution, Federal as well as State; and that this instrument provides for, directs, and controls the Government, which in turn rules the persons and things subject to it, *i. e.* the people and their belongings. To illustrate, I will draw four horizontal lines, to represent the different grades spoken of:

- I. Sovereignty—the people .....
- II. The Constitution .....
- III. The Government .....
- IV. Persons and things .....

We see here that the people govern, and the people are governed. This necessitates, in each republican citizen, two capacities, one corporate and political, and the other personal. In the former he is a member and an integral part of society, and therefore a part of the governing authority, and in the latter he is a subject. It is, however, only as a commonwealth that the citizens have political sovereignty, this being only predicable of an organised community.

#### AN AMUSING MISTAKE.

Owing to ignorance or forgetfulness of this double capacity of citizens, our modern so-called statesmen, in their expositions of the Constitution, make most amusing mistakes. Mr. William M. Evarts, in defending President Johnson against impeachment, in 1868, thus alludes to the people: "Masters of the country and masters of every agent and agency in it, they bow to nothing but the Constitution." By not heeding the above distinction he makes the people, in their governing capacity, bend the knee to their own authority—a genuflexion impossible even in Utopia, and the very one alluded to by Gov. James Sullivan, of Massachusetts, as follows: "You may as well attempt to erect a temple beneath its own foundations as to erect a government with coercive power over itself." (*Amory's Life of Sullivan*, Vol. I., p. 231.) Hon. A. H. Stephens makes the same error in his *War between the States*, Vol. I., p. 40: "The exercise of supreme law-making power, even over the authority delegating it, may be legitimate so long as the delegated power is unresumed." This simply means that so long as sovereignty allows its delegations to remain in its created agency, it is subject to the government and coercion of that agency. By parity of reasoning, if Mr. Stephens were to give his son, or head-servant, authority over his household affairs, it could be used to command him and coerce his obedience. But Mr. Stephens only follows, though he does not cite, illustrious authority. The Supreme Court of the United States, in *McCulloch vs. Maryland* (4 *Wheaton*, 316), says: "The Government of the Union

is a government of the people. It emanates from them ; its powers are granted by them, and are to be exercised directly on them, and for their benefit." Many similar quotations might be given, for this idea is very common with "the expounders" and their thoughtless followers. It is, indeed, an essential part of the modern Massachusetts theory ; and it is a mystery how Mr. Stephens, who is really on the opposite side, could have mixed such an error with his truths. The advocates of this theory dare not reason about the two capacities of citizens, for it suggests two lines of thought, both of which lead inevitably to the body-politic, in which the citizen is absolutely merged, and in which sovereignty must dwell ; to the fact that the State is the only such body ever formed ; and to the conviction that the said "expounders" intended fraud in promulgating such theory, or did not understand the subject.

"THE STATES ARE SOVEREIGN, EXCEPT," &c.

Let us now proceed to expose another flagrant error (or blunder) of the "expounders," on this subject. Judge Story, in his *Bills of Exchange*, §23, thus sets it forth : "Each State is absolutely sovereign in its political organisation and government and dominion, saving and excepting only so far as there is a limited supreme sovereignty conferred upon the National Government by the Constitution of the United States."

Webster, in a letter to Baring Brothers & Co., October 16, 1839, said : "Every State is an independent sovereign political community, except in so far as certain powers, which it might otherwise have exercised, have been conferred on a general government, established under a written constitution."

Hon. A. H. Stephens, in his *War between the States*, vol. 1., p. 403, claims that Mr. Webster in the above, and in his argument in the "Bank of Augusta vs Earle," (13 *Peters* 599), fully admits that "the States are sovereign, except in so far as they have delegated specific sovereign powers." It is difficult to see how this so-called admission helps Mr. Stephens' argument, or proves a change in Mr. Webster's views between 1833 and 1839. I fancy Mr. Webster might cogently if not conclusively reply as follows : "You state my admission correctly. I made it in '33 as well as '39 ; and on the former occasion I added, as on the latter I implied, that so far as those 'specific sovereign powers' go, 'so far State-sovereignty is effectually controlled.' By claiming my admission of your statement, you admit mine. We agree, then, that as to the 'specific sovereign powers' the States are not sovereign, and that hence 'so far State-sovereignty is effectually controlled.'" Should not Mr. Stephens to escape change his base, and say he did not mean *sovereign* powers? In truth, there are no such in the Constitution — all being subordinate. However, all the writers of the Massachusetts school state the doctrine exactly as Mr. Stephens (inconsistently with his theory) seems to admit the same.

I will present here two more expressions, because of their representative character, and because they show that as to constitutional views there is little or no difference between the great parties of the day.

George H. Pendleton said in a speech at Bangor, Maine, in 1868: "*The men of 1787 . . . committed to the Federal Government inter-State and international affairs. All the rest they reserved to the States themselves. Within this narrow sphere they made the Federal Government supreme. All beyond remained to the unimpaired sovereignty of the several States.*" Further along he calls our system "*a Union of States . . . sovereign, except in so far as they have delegated the exercise of some powers,*" etc. Is there any difference between Mr. Pendleton's statement and that of Mr. Stephens? And the New York *World* agrees with its neighbors, the *Tribune* and the *Times*, on this point. Its expression is that the States are "*not sovereign except as to their reserved rights.*" By "reserved rights" it means such as are *reserved* to the States in the general Constitution.

Do not these expounders all stand upon Lincoln's dogma, that the States of the Union are but counties or municipal divisions of a great nation, with no rights at all except what the said Constitution *reserves* to them; or Webster's equivalent that "*the nation*" "*ordained*" "*the Constitution,*" "*and therein they established a distribution of powers between this their general Government and their several State governments*"? Obviously, the only respect in which Webster *et al*s differ from Lincoln, is that this "expounder" blurts it out that States are counties, while those merely imply—but as certainly mean—the same. Indeed, one of the ablest writers of this school said in the *North British Review* for January 1870, that "the history of State-sovereignty ends, and the history of State-rights begins, at the Federal Convention of 1787"—meaning by State-rights those provided for and guaranteed in the Federal Constitution. Practically, no one of the school teaches or believes that the States have any rights or *status* whatever independently of the general Constitution. This is logically Webster's view of '33. It should seem that one must be stupid or knavish to say that rights and powers "*retained*" or "*reserved*" (see Amendments IX. and X.) were not kept *out* of the Constitution, and *in* the pre-existent States that ratified and established it. Webster himself says that where well-known words are used we must take them in their well-known sense. As the absurd or rather silly dogma in question is the corner-stone, nay, the whole foundation of the Massachusetts school, the reader may wish to see it in its most respectable dresses. Let him look, then, at Brownson's *American Republic*, Draper's *Civil War*, Cooley's *Constitutional Limitations*, Greeley's *American Conflict*, Jameson's *Constitutional Convention*, Lunt's *Origin of the War*, Parker's *Harvard Lectures of 1865-6*, etc., etc.

#### THE FATHERS NEVER HELD SUCH DOGMA.

Though the fathers sometimes gave the word "sovereignty" the sense of government rather than the right of government, they nowhere say or hint that the States as political bodies are sovereign, except so far as they are not sovereign—this being precisely the idea of all these modern expounders. In those days the fathers were to be excused for misnomers, for the subject was comparatively



new to them, and all their political ideas and language came from European sources, where powers of government are held of original right, and wielded by the visible government, this being monarchical; while in the United States the Government has no original rights and powers whatever, and the sovereignty dwells down in the people always, and is only manifested through "substitutes and agents." Moreover, the powers of making war, peace, treaties, coinage, and of taxing, etc., were commonly called "sovereign powers"; and the fathers, to be intelligible, spoke to the people in common parlance, not dreaming that their language would make confusion of ideas and furnish pretexts for fraudulent exposition in the future. At all events, they nowhere hint the idea of Webster, that "so far as the delegated powers in the Constitution go, so far State-sovereignty is effectually controlled."

#### POLITICIANS, LIKE SHEEP, FOLLOW A BELL.

It is doubtful if any man ever lived who was capacitated to entertain the idea of a sovereignty delegating a sovereignty, which could rightfully coerce the sovereignty that did the delegating—at least until office-seeking came to be a profession, and facts, falsehoods, sound arguments, sophistries, and frauds equal cards in all political games. Politicians now adopt and follow the doctrines of leaders and conventions as thoughtlessly as sheep follow bell-wethers. Is there not as much of intellectual exertion in the spoutings of a school of grampuses as in the spoutings of the Massachusetts school so far quoted?—in such a phrase, for instance, as "*the States are sovereign, except*"—*when they are not so!* Says Jeremy Bentham, in his *Fragment on Government*, p. 25: "Under the sanction of a great name, every string of words, however unmeaning, will have a certain currency. Reputation adds weight to sentiments which, had they stood alone, might have drawn nothing perhaps but contempt. . . . Wonderful is that influence which is gained over young minds by the man who, on account of whatever class of merit, is esteemed in the character of a preceptor. Those who have derived, or fancy they have derived, knowledge from what he knows, or appears to know, will naturally be for judging as he judges, reasoning as he reasons, approving as he approves, and condemning as he condemns." Here we have the reason of our public men following bell-wethers, and not testing the truth of the above, and other sophisms. This is why they all start from Story and Webster's dogmas as from postulates or premisses. If they delve at all in the mine of constitutional history, they pass by a thousand proofs of the falsehood of those dogmas to cull a few seeming evidences of their correctness. They dare not bring out the truth, for although it may "run and be glorified," it runs slowly, and they cannot go into the next generation to run for office on it. Would Seymour have received a vote in the Convention of 1868 if he had expressed the views of Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, and Madison? Would George H. Pendleton be thought of for the Presidency if his was the faith of the fathers (for instance the ideas of Chancellor Pendleton in the Virginia ratifying convention) instead

of the Massachusetts school? The modern Pendleton thinks the powers delegated by the States can be used by the subjects of the States to coerce these bodies into obedience to the said powers. And, *mirabile dictu!* Hon. A. H. Stephens "leaves his own to stand on foreign ground," and strays into the flock. Let us see. Of course he concedes that all the powers of the Federal Constitution are to be enforced. Then the "*specific sovereign powers*" he speaks of are to be enforced "*over the authority delegating*" them, so long as they "*are unresumed.*" Hence Mr. Stephens' own words assert a coercive power in the Federal pact over the States. The theory of his book, however, is, or seems to be, the one unanimously held by the fathers, to wit: that the States were to associate, and conjointly act, in general government with entire voluntariness, and that this inconsistent and mischievous war-power of coercing States was to be carefully excluded.\*

It is well to observe here that all the fathers strongly condemned this very idea of coercing States whenever it was presented, especially in the Convention of 1787, as well as in the several ratifying conventions, and carefully excluded it from the Constitution. Moreover, fearing its possible rise from implication, they counselled and induced the States to adopt the IX., X., and XI. Amendments to forefend the danger. But this important matter will be distinctly treated, for it involves absolute and independent proof of the sovereignty of the States in the Union, while as a crucial argument, testing as it were previous ones, it will be found invincible.

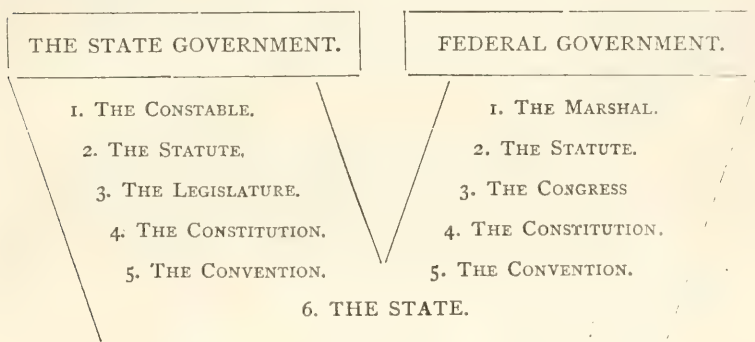
Though the above theory of the expounders is testified to by a "cloud of witnesses," namely, all American politicians, yet any child of larger or smaller growth will see, by looking thoughtfully at the above illustration, and what the four lines symbolise, that it is as impossible for Government to get above and control sovereignty as it is for Mr. Stephens to carry himself "puss-back," a girl-child to be its own mother, or a bottom-rail, *ex proprio vigore*, to get on top. Such child can readily see that it was, with the fathers, an accepted principle that the States are not subjects of Government, but are themselves the Government — being republics or self-governing peoples, acting through representatives, *i. e.* "substitutes and agents," and that this was why they kept coercion of States out of the Constitution. And such child, even with cursory reading, must see that Washington, Hamilton, Madison, and all the rest of the fathers, considered "the people of the United States" as organised as the top rail (to use a rough but striking simile); the Constitution as the second; the Government as the third; and the people and their belongings as the bottom one; and must therefore despise the statement that "the Government" has, in any sense, or over anything whatever, "absolute supremacy," as was mendaciously asserted by the Philadelphia Convention of 1866.

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\*Will some "expounder" inform us at what time, and by what act, in our history this voluntariness, which everybody admitted, was changed to involuntariness — this of course making the indissoluble Union of States? If States are voluntary members they can secede.

## EXPERIMENTUM CRUCIS.

The truth of the above collocation of grades can be strikingly and decisively proved to the simplest mind by an experiment — a crucial one. Let him trace the authority of a constable or United States' Marshal through all the links up to the original source, keeping in mind that at or before the adoption of the State or the Federal Constitution the people were never organised except as States, and had no capacity whatever for political action except as such. The said State (*i. e.* the collective people) investigates, reasons, judges and wills through a convention. This, by vote, determines and speaks her will as an independent political unit. Thus a convention adopted a Federal Constitution for a given State, and a convention adopted the State one. Hence the chain in the two cases will appear pictorially as follows :



To establish their respective State Constitutions, the States acted separately. To establish the Federal one, they acted independently in power, time and place, but conjoining their wills in the ordaining of it. The last has no other life and power than that derived from States. History, by showing this, proves the system to be a federation of sovereignties.

If we, in the above mode, start from any Federal institution or functionary, and go up through the chain of actual and historical impartations of power to the source of all authority, we shall inevitably reach the self-organised and self-governing commonwealths of people. Look at that stupendous enginery of power, the army and navy, for instance. They are controlled by their officers, and these by the commander-in-chief. Is he sovereign? No; he and they are alike under a law, hired, told what to do, and paid wages. Is "the Government" — the legislative part of which made the law — sovereign? No; the Congress and President, as well as the judiciary, are provided for and authorised in the Constitution, and are engaged, as persons, for service, at stated wages, told what to do, and paid for their work. Is it the Constitution, then, that is sovereign? No; this is a fundamental law, ordained by conventions. Are (or were) these sovereign?



No ; they were mere delegative bodies, acting for the people, *i. e.* the States — the said people being only organised and capacitated to act as States. As such, they exercised their wills upon a plan or system they had had prepared, and ordained and established the same as their *Federal* (or leagual?) Constitution. Such wills existed and operated within them, and survived the act of establishment, to watch the workings of the system, and amend (according to the pact), or abolish, as might be deemed necessary. Each, according to its nature, must act for itself. It cannot bind itself not to act — cannot indeed relinquish the right of reversing its will and dissolving its self-imposed tie.

#### COMPLETE CORROBORATIONS.

Whenever the above test is applied, the States themselves will appear as the real sovereignty and government of the country. They must be *the Government*, because they are republics, that is *self-governing* bodies of people. And the Federal pact entirely corroborates this view, by calling the system “the United (*i. e.* associated) States,” and the agency of it “the Government of (*i. e.* belonging to) the United States.”

Again, the fathers in the Convention of '87 *unanimously* declared as follows : “The style of *the Government* shall be *the United States of America*” ; and they never reconsidered or reversed their declaration, though it was omitted. *The Government* then is *State*, — “the United States” : the thing at Washington is an agency. The right of this thing to be and act was “written by the mighty hand of the people” ; and if it swerve one hair from its authorisations, the mighty foot of the people should crush it !

#### A FIT SUMMING UP HEREOF, BY JAMES WILSON.

This chapter sets forth precisely the theory of the fathers, which Story and Curtis have attempted to conceal. James Wilson, one of the profoundest statesmen and jurists of that period, presented the grades I have indicated, as follows (II. *Ell. Deb.* 432) : “To control the power and conduct of the Legislature by an overruling Constitution, was an improvement in the science and practice of government reserved to the American States. Perhaps some politician who has not considered with sufficient accuracy our political systems, would answer that in our governments the supreme power was vested in the Constitutions. This opinion approaches a step nearer the truth, but does not reach it. The truth is, that in our governments the supreme, absolute, and uncontrollable power *remains* in the people. As our Constitutions are superior to our Legislatures, so the people are superior to our Constitutions. Indeed the superiority in this last instance is much greater, for the people possess over our Constitutions control in *act* as well as right.

“The consequence is that the people may change the Constitutions whenever and however they please. This is a right of which no positive institution can ever deprive them. To the operation of these truths we are to ascribe the scene, hitherto unparalleled, which

America now exhibits to the world — a gentle, a peaceful, a voluntary, and a deliberate transition from one constitution of government to another. . . . Oft have I marked with silent pleasure and admiration the force and prevalence through the United States of the principle that the supreme power resides in the people, and that they never part with it."

P. C. CENTZ, *Barrister.*

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### A VIGIL.

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LAST eve you left my silken bower  
And clambered to your grim old tower,  
And kept a vigil all the night,  
Gazing upon your darlings bright.  
How with your magic telescope  
You garnered wisdom, joy, and hope!  
How did the plains sidereal rove,  
And light on many a treasure-trove!  
With star-dust was your pathway strewn?  
Could you see Neptune's fairy moon?  
Held Jupiter high tide that night  
With his great silver lamps alight?  
Did Mars reveal his cipher red?  
And *is* our fair moon cold and dead?  
Where worlds around two centres run,  
Liked you the gold or azure sun?  
How matched our Milky Way's pearl string  
With Saturn's diamond-studded ring?  
How sped Arcturus? At what gait  
Tend we to Hercules, our fate?  
You filled your wallet with dry bones,  
Nor chanced upon some precious stones?  
You gathered roots of potency,  
Yet did not cull a flower for me?  
In wisdom's golden house, my king,  
Did love beneath the windows sing?  
Among her seven pillars, did  
You fail to find sweet fancy hid?

List! When the sky was luminous  
I saw the night woo Hesperus;  
For him she wore her garments rare,  
For him begemmed her ebon hair;  
To his she turned her sibyl eyes,  
That as twin suns did o'er her rise;  
And if a cloud, like silver wool,  
Passed o'er his face most beautiful,  
She sighed, and smiled when cleared the air  
Because her lover was so fair.  
Sooth was he lord of that blue field;  
Before him dropped each starry shield;  
Lone stood he on the gleaming slope;  
Who of the sphered could with him cope?  
And radiant and satisfied,  
Upon him gazed his lustrous bride;  
And pouring at his feet love's dower,  
Forgot she was queen of the hour.

And when the leaves grew tremulous  
I saw the night mourn Hesperus.  
Wan on the chill dark plain he lay  
And heard death coming with the day;  
And Night knelt by, her one desire  
That life should from her eyes in fire  
Leap to his dim eyes, so she might  
Die blissful in the happy sight.  
But vain for him those full orbs burned;  
Even from her he weary turned,  
And faint and shadowy and white,  
He sank below the verge of sight.

And Night arose all thrilled with grief  
From out her dream of joyance brief.  
Ah! drear it was to see her face  
Pallid with pain, and drear to trace  
The meaning in her anguished eye:  
"If I could die! If I could die!"

With aimless feet the eastern height  
She neared, when lo! a vision bright  
Met her sad view, for Morn, the maid,  
O'er kindling peak and dewy glade,  
Hasted, with waving amber hair  
Blown backward, and her fingers fair  
Lifting her gown, that yet more fleet  
Might trip her slender rosy feet;  
Her little ears bent to surprise



The earliest sound, her eager eyes  
Searching the dark, her lips most sweet  
Parted with first fond words to greet  
Afar her mighty love the Sun,  
Ere in the great course he should run,  
Or ere with shafts and crest of light  
He gat him shining to the fight.  
And at this joy that knew no pain  
Night felt her heart grow warm again,  
And at this hope untouched by fears  
Night melted into sudden tears,  
And clasped and kissed her in the way,  
Then faded down the heavens gray.

Why, child, what is it troubles you?  
Sweetlips, the story is not true!

Too true! They lived, they loved, they died:  
The tale of love: and nought beside?  
Ah yes! Leal souls, when hence they go,  
The dearer love, the deeper know.  
Then clasp and kiss *me*! Not to us  
Is death the end, my Hesperus!

MARY CARROLL.

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## A STREAK OF LUCK.

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THE rear-room of Messrs. Lilly & Yensen's drug-store was comfortably fitted up, and on long winter evenings, when customers were not troublesome, we whiled away the hours playing whist, that favorite game of dear old Mrs. Battle, who, Lamb assures us, is "now with God." Both of my employers were good players, and I, who had not always been a drug-clerk, also knew a thing or two about taking tricks. Mr. Creighton, an old bachelor neighbor, generally completed the set. He was the eldest of the party—sixty years old at least—and having acquired wisdom with age, was the best player of all.

On the evening of which I now write we had played three games

very smoothly, Messrs. Creighton and Yensen, as usual, winning "the rubber." The almost exact similarity of two successive hands during the last game led to some remarks on the freaks of cards, and probably suggested the relation of the following experiences.

"I was walking down Main street, in Richmond, one night several years ago," said Mr. Yensen, "when I was affected by a very singular sensation. Though not a gambler by habit, I was suddenly possessed with the feeling that I had scarcely time enough to reach Murillo's, a celebrated gaming-saloon, in time to bet against the ace. The feeling was wholly unaccountable and almost irresistible. It first exerted itself when I was about half a block above the 'Spotswood,' and hastening along under the curious impulse, I rang the bell and rushed up stairs to the gaming-table. 'Faro' was in full blast, and the room was filled with a crowd of excited players. Pushing my way rather unceremoniously through the throng, I reached the bank just as the dealer was about to make a turn. Without stopping to see what other cards were in the case, I said:

"Wait a minute, Mr. Dealer, and please copper this on the ace."

"By my hurried entrance and the abruptness of my manners I had attracted general attention. The dealer with a twinkle of satisfaction, as if he would take that and as much more as I or anybody else chose to risk, took my twenty-dollar bill (which I had unconsciously drawn from my pocket as I hurried along the street), and folding it up, placed a 'copper' on it, and laid it on the ace. One of the players, amused at my air of certainty, said, 'That gentleman thinks he knows what's coming; I have felt so too, but as I've generally been mistaken, I believe I will bet against him.' He placed a ten-dollar chip open on the ace, and the game proceeded. The next card was the ace of diamonds! I drew my forty dollars, drank a glass of wine and left the room.

"As the chances for winning and losing were very nearly equal, I do not think that there was anything very remarkable in the doubling of my stake; but it is a little curious that I did it in such a short time, that the *next turn* brought an ace when the probabilities were as twelve to one that I would have to wait. But the most inexplicable part of the whole matter to me was the strange feeling which impelled me to the table. It is possible that sensations similar to this are often experienced by gamblers, but then, you know, I repel the idea of being considered a member of the fraternity. Indeed, I had passed this very saloon hundreds of times before, at nearly the same hour, and scarcely ever thought even of looking at the light above the door. And I am positive that I had not been in Murillo's, nor any other gaming-saloon, for more than twelve months. On that particular night nothing could have been farther from my thoughts than the idea of gambling. When the impulse seized me I was walking leisurely down to my room, having just left the bedside of a wounded friend. I was impelled, you observe, not only to go to the gaming table, but I was also directed to make a particular bet, regardless alike of reason and the 'cue.' These directions were obeyed, and I reached there as I have stated, just in time to make and win the bet."

We all agreed that it was somewhat singular, and Lilly suggested something about a visitation from the spirit of a deceased gambler.

Mr. Lilly was the next speaker.

"My gaming experiences," he said, "would scarcely entertain a novice. It is true, though, that I have had one or two little streaks of luck, but they were on such a small scale that it is hardly worth while to relate them ; especially since there was no appearance of the supernatural in the proceeding. I once entered the jungle — properly so-called — with one hundred dollars, and began to tempt the tiger with fifty-dollar baits. During the entire evening I did not lose a single bet. When my hundred had grown into ten hundred, I asked the dealer to cash my 'chips,' and remarking that I did not often get out of his clutches with a thousand dollars, I was about to bid him good-night.

"But you have not won a thousand — only nine hundred ; you put in one hundred to begin with."

"His manner of saying this was half seductive and half taunting. No one but a gambler could say it as he did, and no one but a stout-spirited fellow could disregard it. Resuming my seat, I placed a hundred-dollar bill on a favorite card, and felt that I would stop after that turn whether I won or lost. Luck being in my favor it won, and I began to grow excited. Taking a glass of brandy-and-water, the game now fascinated, and my play which hitherto had been calm now became reckless. But, as I mentioned before, I did not lose a single bet that night. About three o'clock next morning I left the room with a brain highly excited, and — a check for twenty-eight thousand dollars.

"On one other occasion I played all night without losing ; but the stakes were small, and my winnings did not amount to more than ten or twelve thousand. I generally stop playing by making what is denominated a 'call.' This is done by naming the cards in the order in which they will come from the case on the last turn. Suppose, for instance, that the queen is on top, and that the ten, deuce, and ace are in the case. We will say that some one 'calls' it 'ten-ace' ; that is, Mr. Van Wyck, as you have never seen the game, that the ten is under the queen, the ace under the ten, and the deuce at the bottom. There are five or six chances against the person making this bet, but if he wins the dealer pays him four times the amount of his stake. Instead of ten-ace, the cards may come out ace-ten, ace-deuce, deuce-ace, deuce-ten, or ten-deuce ; in all of which cases the bet would be lost. On this lucky night I made a successful call, and going to the roulette-table made the other hazardous bet, that is, on the eagle. There are twenty-eight chances to one against the better on the eagle ; and by way of compensation for the great risk, if you win, the banker pays you twenty-seven dollars for one. My final bet that night was an X on the eagle. The wheel whirled around in one direction, the marble in another, and although the latter had twenty-eight other places to go to, it dropped into the little compartment of the national fowl, thereby causing an indebtedness to me of two hundred and seventy dollars.

"On the whole, however," concluded Mr. Lilly, "ivory is a decidedly fluctuating commodity, and I am rather disposed to think that I have lost more than I have won."



Mr. Lilly having finished, Mr. Creighton was induced to tell us *his* card story. It is a very wonderful one, but as we all knew the narrator, we accepted it as truthful.

"In the spring of 1854 I visited the city of Havana, with the expectation of engaging in business ; and to aid me in this purpose, I carried with me several letters from prominent houses in London to some of the first merchants in Cuba. I was received, therefore, without any difficulty, into the wealthiest circles of the island. Having been there three or four weeks, and having decided upon my future plans, I had made myself easy, and was enjoying to the fullest extent the hospitalities of my exceedingly hospitable friends. All public places of amusement having been visited, many private but magnificent parties having been attended, several sugar plantations having been inspected, Dominica's been lounged in, the Paseos of Tacon and Isabella having been ridden through, music listened to in the grounds adjoining the palace of the Captain-General, and the rounds of gaiety generally indulged in, nothing was now left to afford pleasant occupation for my leisure but to connect myself with the Havana Club.

"This was an association consisting of fifty or sixty of the nabobs of the island, and it met once a week at the residences of the different members. For its size it is probably one of the richest clubs in the world, not a single member counting less than a million, and half of them, at least, worth from thirty to fifty or sixty millions of dollars. Of course it would be a difficult thing, ordinarily, to gain entrance to this club, but once in, your standing in the mercantile world was firmly established. Thanks to the unimpeachable character of my letters of introduction, my admission was granted as soon as proposed. The object of this club was amusement, recreation, and social intercourse. After supper, the members would separate into little groups, and engage in conversation, card and billiard playing. Most frequently, however, they would all join in a game in which any number can play, and which resembles *Lansquenet* more than any other I have found treated of in the books.

"My first attendance was at the house of Señor Alvarez, and there I became acquainted with some thirty-five or forty of the wealthiest citizens of Havana. Supper over and cigars and cigarettes lighted, the club game was opened, and I was soon inducted into its mysteries. We took seats around a long table, five or six packs of cards were shuffled, and each player received five. The deal passed to the left, and the dealer was always supposed to lose, while a few others of the party would win two, three, five or ten dollars. In this way an entire evening would pass without any one winning more than one or two hundred dollars. The wealth of the members and their standing in society precluded the idea of gaming for the sake of adding to their fortunes. Seldom had any one been known to win as much as five hundred dollars, and not since the formation of the club had any member been so lucky as to win a thousand.

"As the deal passed around in succession, each player would, in turn, have to accept the disadvantage of being almost certain to lose his stake of one dollar. So sure was the dealer to lose that in case

he won he had to deal over again, the stakes being doubled, thus rendering it almost impossible for him to win while dealing. Probably not once in a century would the same person have to deal more than three times at a sitting. If he did, his gains would increase in arithmetical progression, and this would be kept up until he lost all. The cards had been dealt around five or six times, and now I became dealer. This thing which does not happen once in a century now happened to me. And what probably never happened before, and will never happen again, the cards remained in one hand for thirty-one successive deals. There were forty players on the night in question, and the stakes having been put up, the play proceeded. I dealt and won. The stakes were doubled, and I dealt and won again. Again the stakes were doubled, and again I dealt and won. Doubling the stakes again, the process was repeated again and again. Whether the cards were bewitched or not that night I cannot say, but again, again and again would I deal and win.

"By the tenth or twelfth deal there were at least a bushel of doubloons on the table, and many of the players had become greatly excited. Whispers began to circulate around the board to the effect that I was a blackleg, and that I had used my letters of introduction for an improper purpose. The players no longer having money enough to double their bets, I accepted their I. O. U.'s. Towards the fifteenth deal the excitement was about to grow beyond bounds. I had already won millions, but the rules of the game were such that I had to continue until all was lost, or until a compromise was effected. I was shocked at the idea of being considered a gambler, and I had decided to play on until I lost. Deal after deal was kept up, and my winnings were doubling every game. It is utterly impossible for me to explain my feelings. I get excited every time I think about it. Even my friends, those who had introduced me to the club, began to grow suspicious, and thought that I was assuming an air of innocence in order to ruin them. With another deal and another accumulation of I. O. U.'s, the excitement became frantic. Friends came to me, begging me to compromise. They said they would make up for me ten or fifteen millions of dollars, but I must save my honor.

"There is no way that I know of to account for the running of the cards that night, but such hands were certainly unprecedented in the history of gaming. If you toss up a penny and it comes 'heads' ten times in succession, the chances are precisely the same that it will come 'heads' the eleventh, but ninety-nine men out of a hundred will bet that it will be 'tails.' And for the twelfth toss the entire hundred will bet against heads — some of them, perhaps, betting two to one. Or, if two players of exactly equal capacity play five games, one winning every game, betters will give odds that he will not be successful the sixth time. Yet why should he not? The chances are exactly equal.

"Chance played a singular freak that night in Havana. Because the cards acted very extraordinarily once whilst I was dealer, they continued to act more and more extraordinarily for thirty successive times. I was determined not to have my reputation tarnished by the suspicion that I was a gambler, so I decided to keep on playing

without a compromise. This was looked upon by many present as a blind to lead them to deeper ruin. The play lasted all night, and some of the players had become almost wild. At daylight I too had to give way, as my nervous system was almost shattered. I do not remember the exact sum I won that night, but I will say that it was nearly enough to pay the national debt. When we separated at daylight I had more than a bushel of gold, and the I. O. U.'s of all the richest men in Havana for millions and millions more. You can calculate the exact sum if you choose, by remembering that there were forty players that night, and that I won thirty-one times in succession. Begin with forty dollars and increase it in arithmetical progression thirty-one times."

While Mr. Lilly was making the calculation, Mr. Creighton said: "And this is what pride will do — false pride, too, I am now convinced. Instead of compromising the club's indebtedness by accepting ten or fifteen millions of dollars, which, judiciously managed, would have made me comfortable for the remainder of my life, I thought so much of my reputation and of the circumstances attending my admission to membership that I must needs make a fool of myself and give it nearly all up. I accepted only what would have been my largest winnings had the game progressed in its usual order; that is, saying there were forty players and that I won a dollar from each one thirty-one times, you will see that I received only twelve hundred and forty dollars. And this, too, when my friends were anxious that I should compromise by accepting the larger sum.

"I never like to think of that night. The scene it presented is most painfully impressed on my mind. It is a terrible thing to have friends grow suspicious. Mine became so on that eventful night, and plainly intimated that I had abused their confidence by taking an undue advantage of my letters of introduction. I have been shipwrecked in sight of the rocks of Scylla; I have been on Mount Vesuvius when it was in fearful eruption — experiencing in reality what Bulwer only *imagined* Zanolini to have experienced on the same spot; I have been shaken by an earthquake in the Indies; have had the scorching breath of the simoom to smother me in Morocco; but never before the night of the 10th of April, 1854, did I feel that the top of my skull was uncovering my brain. The Havana papers got hold of this gaming incident, and created such a panic about it that the Captain-General was obliged to give it his official attention. A day or two afterwards he issued a proclamation forbidding the game ever being again played on the island. I think I have some of those old papers yet, and if I can find it I would like to show you the *Diario's* account."

Mr. Lilly finished his calculation after the departure of Mr. Creighton, and this, if his figures are correct, is the little sum our friend won: Forty-two billions, nine hundred and forty-nine millions, six hundred and seventy-two thousand, nine hundred and sixty dollars.

D. P. RAMSEUR, M. D.



## REVIEWS.

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*Manual of Geometrical and Infinitesimal Analysis.* By B. Sestini, S. J., &c. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1871.

THIS manual is prepared as an introduction to the study of physical science. It compresses the "principles" of Analytical Geometry and Infinitesimal Calculus into one hundred and twenty pages, "excluding all discussions the results of which are seldom or never called into use in the applications." It is a book of principles, there being no examples or practical problems in it. This omission detracts from the value of the manual as a text-book. A few practical applications inserted at intervals would give facility in the use of the principles without materially lengthening the course. As it is, the teacher will have to supply examples. He is an adventurous pedagogue who undertakes to lead a class through one hundred and twenty pages of abstract principles unrelieved by a practical application. His ranks would be decimated by asphyxia, and the few "panthers" answering to roll-call at the close would have terrible recollections.

The author's purpose has been to secure great brevity, and it is in this respect that the demonstrations and discussions differ most from those in common use. Brevity is not necessarily an advantage. With an intelligent scholar or a good teacher, the condensation will be an unquestioned benefit; but with a dull boy or a heavy dominie, "the soul of wit" is often the source of darkness. Books must be made for the average boy; unfortunately, the average boy is as yet undiscovered, and hence the direful wars over school-books.

We cannot venture in its full length the critic's hackneyed phrase, and say that this manual "supplies a real want;" but there is certainly a need for a good text-book on the higher mathematics having reference to the study of physical science. In most of our colleges where the curriculum prevails, the study of the Calculus is postponed to such a late time in the course that the student has little opportunity to use it in its applications to physics; and in colleges where the elective system has been adopted, students often wish to make some progress in physical science before they have completed their mathematical studies. Two devices have been recommended for obviating these difficulties.

The first is to avoid the use of the Calculus in the course of physics. This, in the elective colleges, draws into the physical class many of the mathematically feeble who would be frightened off by that dread word—Calculus. But we do not hesitate to pronounce the plan most unsatisfactory. The methods and demonstrations are circuitous and unwieldy; and how not to do a thing in the shortest and best way often amounts to how not to do it at all. This is one of the cases in which the science of going around presents more

obstacles than the science of meeting and overcoming. Those students who cannot meet and overcome had better take to philology, metaphysics, or the "melancholy hoe."

The other plan proposed is for the Professor of Mathematics or Physics to give a hurried course on Geometrical and Infinitesimal Analysis as an introduction to physics. In one of our leading colleges this plan has been very successful. It is for such a course this manual is prepared, and it enters the text-book world almost without a rival—a thing that can be said of few text-books now that the book-makers and publishers are active beyond all precedent. We recommend the examination of it to Professors. Whether "all discussions the result of which are seldom or never called into use in the applications" are excluded, and whether all which are so called into use are inserted, are questions not to be answered without too elaborate a comparison of the course of physics with the mathematics. We of course discover those of commonest application.

R. M. V.

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*Culture and Religion.* By J. C. Shairp. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1871.

THIS small volume is a reprint of a series of five lectures delivered by the author before the students of the united colleges of St. Salvator and St. Leonard, St. Andrews, Scotland. While therefore they are specially interesting to young men looking forward to professional life, they contain much that may be useful to the more advanced reader. Their subject is one of abiding importance, though it has been much hackneyed of late; and we must be grateful to any one who contributes even the most trivial aid to the reconciliation of modern literature and science with the Christian religion. That there is a complete harmony between all that is noble and beautiful in humanity, all that is true in nature, and Christianity as properly understood, no Christian man can entertain a doubt. And from the growing interest which the subject awakens we cannot but hope that the long-deferred day when religion and culture shall be at one, draws near.

The first of these lectures treats of the Aim of Culture, and its relation to Religion. The term Culture as now used by its disciples, the author understands to mean "the educating or drawing forth all that is potentially in a man, the training all the energies and capacities of his being to the highest pitch, and directing them to their true ends." After expounding this definition, and alluding to the various means used by Culture to secure its ends, he draws the following comparison between the two influences under discussion:—

Culture proposes as its end the carrying of man's nature to its highest perfection, the developing to the full all the capacities of our humanity. If, then, in this view, humanity be contemplated in its totality, and not in some partial side of it, Culture must aim at developing our humanity in its Godward aspect, as well as its mundane aspect. And it must not only recognise the religious side of humanity, but if it tries to allot the due place to each capacity and assign to all the capacities their mutual relations, it must concede to the Godward capacities that paramount and dominating place which rightfully belongs to them, if they are recognised at all. That is, Culture must embrace Religion, and end in it.

Again, to start from the side or point of view of Religion:—The ground of all religion, that which makes it possible, is the relation in which the human soul stands to God. This relation is the root one, and determines what a man really is. As à Kempis says, "What thou art in the sight of God, that thou truly art." The practical recognition of this relation as the deepest, most vital, most permanent one, as that one which embraces and regulates all others, this is religion. And each man is religious just in proportion as he does practically so recognise this bond which binds him to his Maker.

If, then, religion be this, it must embrace culture: first, because it is itself the culture of the highest capacity of our being; and secondly, because if not partial and blind, it must acknowledge all the other capacities of man's nature as gifts which God has given, and given that man may cultivate them to the utmost, and elevate them by connecting them with the thought of the Giver, and for the purpose for which He gave them. We see, then, that religion, when it has its perfect work, must lead on to culture. If this view be true, culture and religion are not when rightly regarded two opposite powers, but they are as it were one line with two opposite poles. Start from the manward pole and go along the line honestly and thoroughly, and you land in the divine one. Start from the divine pole and carry out all that it implies, and you land in the manward pole, or the perfection of humanity. Ideally considered, then, culture must culminate in religion, and religion must expand into culture. So it ought to be; so, we sometimes imagine, it might be. But it requires little knowledge of history and a very small observation of men to convince us that so it has not been in the past, so it is not now. Goethe, the high-priest of culture, loathed Luther, the preacher of righteousness. And Luther, likely enough, had he seen Goethe, would have done him but scant justice.

In the second and third lectures, the scientific and literary theories of Culture are reviewed as respectively represented by the views of Professor Huxley and Matthew Arnold. The opinions of each of these eminent men are treated with great fairness, but are nevertheless found to be radically defective.

Mr. Huxley's theory of culture may be summed up in the following words of his own:—

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that as a mechanism it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic-engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as fuze the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operation; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty whether of nature or art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

Of this theory, Professor Shairp remarks that it gives no sufficient account of the moral elements of human nature which it postulates; and further, that it leaves out of view facts of man's nature which are as certain as gravitation or any other facts which science registers—facts which the truly scientific spirit would note and seek an explanation of.

Mr. Arnold's ideal, though a more elevated one than Professor Huxley's, is no less defective, in that it places "in the second and subordinate place that which should be supreme, and elevates to a position of command a power which if rightly understood should be subordinate and ministrant to a higher than itself." The whole chapter in which Mr. Arnold's views are discussed is one of much interest and suggestiveness, but any extract would fail to give its spirit or indicate the force of the argument.



The last two lectures discuss various hindrances to spiritual growth and the combination of culture and religion. The reader who is least in sympathy with the Christian system will find nothing in them that he could consider narrow or illiberal, while there is much penetrating observation, some philosophy, and useful suggestion suited to both young and old.

The South, whether from the natural bias of her people, or from the character of her institutions hitherto, or both combined, has happily escaped in a great degree the influence of many modern heresies in thought and morals. But from their general prevalence now throughout the world she can hardly expect to escape them unless she uses all diligence in grounding her youth in sound principles, and teaches them to unite reverence and careful, patient study with all their habits of inquiry. All educators, and those placed in positions of influence over the growing national character, should vividly feel the responsibility that rests upon them, and should use every means to keep themselves awake to their high duty. If false philosophy follows in the wake of our national defeat, our horizon is dark indeed.

We candidly commend this little book to students and Professors and the general reader as well worth a careful perusal, containing as it does many thoughts and hints to assist them in giving a right direction to their studies and self-cultivation.

LAWRENCE TURNBULL.

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*A Greek Grammar for Beginners.* By William Henry Waddell, Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of Georgia. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1870.

*A Latin Grammar for Beginners.* By William Henry Waddell, Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of Georgia, Author of "A Greek Grammar for Beginners." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1871.

WHY these books should have been published we are at a loss to imagine. The author is reputed to be a man of ability and of fine attainments, and can hardly be unaware of their defects. All that is good in them may be found, almost verbatim, in other books, while the omissions are such as to deprive them of value to beginners, and the positive errors are not a few. The employment of the same phraseology, when practicable, in both the Greek and Latin Grammars, is however a good feature, and much facilitates the necessary but unpleasant duty of giving a few examples to justify our estimate of the books.

First, the absence of definitions. In regard to the different parts of speech, to person, gender, number, etc., the pupil is left to obtain information from his teacher, without any help from his text-book. True, the teacher ought to be able to give the information; but if he is to be the sole dependence, what need of books? We should like also to ask if Professor Waddell does not consider *meus, tuus, suus*,

*noster* and *vester*, in Latin, *ἐμός*, *ός*, etc., in Greek, to be personal pronouns. Certainly he seems to exclude them from that class.

But the most remarkable blunder that met our eyes is the statement found in both books, that "The passive voice represents the *agent* as being acted upon by some person or thing." Of course this is nothing but carelessness, but we are sorry to say that examples of similar carelessness are very numerous.

R. A.

*Dukesborough Tales.* By Philemon Perch. Baltimore: Turnbull Brothers. 1871.

MOST writers who attempt to give a faithful picture of what our author happily calls "the grim and rude, but hearty old times" in the South and Southwest, fall into the great error of mingling coarseness and vulgarity with the quaintness and fun essential to a faithful picture of those queer, rough times. But "Philemon Perch" (since so it pleases him to be known) has shown that it is quite possible to convey their racy spirit in the vehicle of a humor as innocent as it is quaint. The character the narrator assumes — that of an old man, a little left behind by this fast-racing time, which he cannot quite understand, and reverting with half regret to the way things used to be when he was young, — is well chosen and admirably sustained.

Even in the slight sketches the reader can see that "Philemon Perch" has that rare gift, the power of dramatic presentation of character. By this power things in themselves trivial become invested with strange interest, and we follow the persecutions of a hardly-used school-boy (in *The Goose-pond School*) with as rapt attention, and exult as triumphantly in the peripeteia, when he thrashes his brute of a master, as if we had been witnessing some grand drama of heroic suffering and heroic victory.

The chief fault we have to find with this little book is that there is not enough of it. We have taken a fancy to these queer, simple, harmlessly grotesque people, and would like to see a little more of them. We want Mr. Bill Williams to take another tremendous "responsibility," or pursue with his characteristic temerity and fine tact another delicate and perilous "investigation"; or the great-hearted Brinkly Glisson to give us some taste of his quality as a man full-grown, before we bury them and all the quaint company with the past-away "old times" to which they belong.

*Paris Brulé par La Commune.* Par Louis Enault. Paris: Henri Plou. 1871.

THIS book, written by a journalist who was an involuntary witness of the scenes he describes, though somewhat too sensational and interjectional in style, has considerable interest both as giving a connected narrative of the events which accompanied the brief despotism of the Commune, and from its vivid descriptions of those scenes which fell under the author's own eyes.

The disasters which befel Paris after the *dechéance* our author

attributes to three principal causes. First, the imbecility of the Government of the 4th of September, which knew neither how to command events nor to discover those who could; and by placing arms in the hands of the populace, laid the city at the mercy of its worst enemies. Second, the worthlessness of the National Guard, even where its tendencies were not destructive. Fed at public expense and lodged gratis, free from all care, as no debts were to be paid, and from danger, as they shirked active duty, they became utterly demoralised, and of no use either against the foe without or the foe within. "Of the 300,000 of these men enrolled on paper, there were not 30,000 who ever saw the enemy, not 10,000 who ever passed the lines of defence, not 3000 who burned a cartridge."

The third chief cause our author finds in the International Society, of which we have elsewhere spoken, that for some eight years had been carrying on a vigorous propaganda among the workmen of Paris, by whom their programme promising the abolition of public worship, of private property, of inheritance, of the family and of the nation, a revolution "which would give the workingmen the sceptre of the world" (as he quotes from one of their manifestos), found ready acceptance. From the Central Council at London, our author says, where minute registers are kept, came detailed instructions, and lists of those persons whose wealth or whose hostility marked them as the fittest objects of cupidity or vengeance.

This then was the condition of things: the "Government of the National Defence" notoriously incapable, the National Guard thoroughly demoralised, and the affiliates of the International ready, when a blunder brought about the catastrophe which could not have been much longer deferred. The Government sent troops to take possession of the cannon in charge of the National Guard at the Buttes Chaumont and Montmartre. No serious resistance was offered; but when the guns were taken, it was found that no horses were provided to remove them. This blunder was their ruin. "The rappel was at once beaten in the disaffected quarters, the International awoke, the National Guards rushed to arms. A battle was to be fought.

"The battle was not fought. When the order to fire was given the Government troops, the 88th regiment *reversed their arms*. It seemed to be a signal. From this moment the revolt ran like a train of powder, and Paris perceived herself given up to the tender mercies of a horde whose strength and malice she knew not yet, but from whom she felt already that she had everything to fear!" The same day the Generals Lecomte and Thomas were murdered, the Government retired to Versailles, and the *Central Committee* took control of Paris.

On the 20th an attempt was made to organise a resistance to the Committee, by drawing together the well-affected troops. On the 23d a well-meant but unwise "demonstration" of unarmed "friends of order" was fired on by a federal battalion, and the "army of order" gradually withdrew to Versailles. The red flag now waved over the whole city, and from the mockery of an election arose the Commune.

The Commune lived awhile, not in virtue of any intelligence possessed by its chiefs, for these were for the most part beneath con-



tempt, nor in virtue of decision and unanimity, for their councils were perpetually divided, but by the potent forces of terror and bribery. The disaffected were in dread of their ubiquitous spies and delators; and their supporters were paid by requisitions on the Bank of France, on the railroad companies, on private bankers, and finally, on money wherever they could find it.

Thus the Commune held its desperate position for two months. But they knew that their cause was desperate, and they resolved that when they fell, Paris should fall with them. In preparing this catastrophe they showed, for the only time during their brief tenure of power, the capacity for effective concerted action. Paris was to be burnt; for this purpose they scientifically disposed enormous quantities of petroleum, of gunpowder, and of other explosives and combustibles, so as to render the conflagration irresistible and universal, and organised incendiary corps as a General disposes his forces for battle. Casks of petroleum were placed in houses at central points, mines of powder at others, incendiary bombs and fire-balls were distributed to special squads. The gas-pipes in public buildings and warehouses were laid bare, ready for cutting and firing; and hundreds of casks of petroleum were emptied into the sewers, that the flaming vapor might burst up the earth and into the cellars of the houses above. Men armed with brushes and buckets of petroleum went about, saturating the wood-work of houses; and our author confirms the statement that they had arranged a fire-engine to spout petroleum from a reservoir into those buildings which seemed indisposed to burn.

The time soon came. Forced back from point to point, the forces of the Commune, on the night of the 21-22 May, saw the last bastion fall into the hands of the National Army, and the tricolor hoisted on the Arc de l'Etoile and the heights of the Trocadéro. At dawn the army began to enter Paris, spreading itself out laterally on either side, and steadily forcing back all resistance. The hour had now come, and on the night of the 23d, Paris was in flames. Our author thus describes the scene:

I had taken refuge from the shells, with some friends, in the cellar of a large house. When we had arranged matters so as to make our position moderately comfortable, I felt a strong desire to see what was going on in the city, and to this end I went to the roof of the house, where I knew I could find a safe place between two high chimneys and obtain a view over nearly the whole of Paris. On reaching the roof I beheld a spectacle like a vision in the Apocalypse.

All through the air, around me and above me and below me, were flying clouds of case-shot and shell, furrowing the darkness with lines of fire, and deafening the ear with their incessant hoarse shriek, mingled with the roar of the artillery and the crackling of the mitrailleuses which seemed to tear the air. Through it all could be perceived a shrill humming sound, like that of angry bees, which arose from the balls of the chassapots, which I could hear striking the walls and the roofs.

At times there was a lull in the uproar, and the ear could distinguish the bells of the distant churches sounding the tocsin, which seemed the knell of a city in the death-agony.

It was a fine May-night: the crescent moon displayed its thin sickle in the eastern [qq. western?] sky, and the stars shone in all their splendor.

But suddenly the sky grew dark, and the stars were hid from sight. Immense columns of smoke of brownish color, almost black, rose into the air, then spreading and falling covered all the horizon with an impenetrable dome. Soon this was cleft by shafts of flame, rolled together, dispersed, and all the air seemed aglow with fire.

The flames were seen springing up at various points, along endless lines, from which they spread towards each other on all hands, threatening to convert the whole city into one blazing pyre. As the flames spread, they increased in intensity and volume with terrific velocity: it was not merely the blind fury of the elements, but a conflagration planned with the precision of science, and armed with the forces of chemistry.

From time to time a noise which rose above all the other sounds, indicated the fall of some large building. Occasionally the fury of the flames seemed to be lulled; it appeared to fall back upon and into itself. Then suddenly it burst forth with increased rage, shooting out at twenty points at once, coiling round the objects of its wrath, springing to their summits, and behaving as if endowed with life and intelligence.

Nor was there an awful beauty wanting to this scene of terror. The flame assumed hues according to the nature of the materials it was feeding upon; tints of blue, green, violet and amethyst, flashes of scarlet, orange and crimson, rapidly succeeding or playing into each other, presented colors as strange, as brilliant, and as changeable as those displayed in theatrical pyrotechny. Despite myself, I could not avoid a shuddering admiration at a sight of such terrible sublimity.

The following is M. Enault's account of the massacre of the hostages:—

The day following the entry of the troops into Paris, notice was given to the Archbishop, M. Bonjean, and the most of the ecclesiastics confined in the Mazas prison, that they must prepare to remove; this notice being accompanied by the wardens with the information that their last hour had come.

They were placed in open carriages, and at once surrounded by a raging drunken mob, thirsting for blood, who yelled incessantly "Kill them!" In this way they were conveyed to La Roquette. They exhibited perfect resignation; not a word of complaint passing their lips.

The evening of the following day, Wednesday, May 24, at a quarter to eight, Ferré, delegate to the Committee of Safety, presented himself in the fourth division of the prison, followed by two *brigadiers* and the Director. "We have lost six of our men," he said, referring to members of the Commune who had been shot by the soldiers; "we must take six," and selected from the register of prisoners his six victims.

The Director of the prison, a man named Lefrançois, who had spent six years in the *bagne*, mounted the stairs at the head of fifty federals, whom he posted in the corridor on which the doors of the cells opened. An officer then unlocked that of the archbishop, and called him in a low voice. The prelate answered "Present!" and came out, saying in a low voice, "*La justice des tyrans est bien lente à venir.*"

In the same way were summoned the president Bonjean, the abbé Allard, Father Ducoudray, Father Clerc, and the abbé Deguerry. As soon as the name of each was called, he was led into the corridor and thence to the stairway leading to the *chemin de ronde*. In making this transit he had to pass through a double line of federals, who heaped insults and outrages upon the men they were about to murder. At the foot of the stairway the victims met and embraced. A few moments were allowed them, and then they were bid march on.

M. Allard was at the head of the little troop, his hands folded in the attitude of prayer; after him came Mgr. Darboy, arm-in-arm with M. Bonjean, and last that venerated old man whom we all know, M. Deguerry, assisted by Father Ducoudray and Father Clerc. The federals, with loaded arms, followed them in disorder. Here and there were wardens carrying torches, as it was already late, and the darkness was increased by the high walls on either side, and the sky obscured with smoke from the fires that were raging in the city.

In this way they reached the second outer *chemin de ronde*, which was the place ordered for the execution, where they found a file of soldiers drawn up. The prisoners were placed with their backs to the wall. The archbishop then stepped forward, and addressed a few words to the assassins, assuring them of his forgiveness. Two of them approached him, and falling on their knees implored his pardon; upon which their comrades fell upon them, and dragged them away with insult, after which, turning to the prisoners, they outraged them with the vilest language. The officer in command grew indignant, and uttering an oath ordered them to be silent, saying, "You are here to shoot these men and not to insult them." The federals

then were silent, and were ordered to load their pieces. The prisoners remained perfectly calm.

Two volleys were then fired, with a brief interval between, and then were heard single shots at those who still showed signs of life. The file was commanded by a man in a blouse, of middle stature, lean and sinewy, and with a cold, implacable face. He seemed to be about thirty-five. His name—a foreign one—was Virigg, and he commanded a company of the 180th battalion. It was he who, after the volleys had been fired, despatched the archbishop with his own hand.

About three on the following morning the bodies of these six victims were brought to the cemetery of Père Lachaise, where they were thrown into a trench dug at the south-east corner.

On the following Sunday, when the soldiers had obtained possession of the cemetery, the trench was opened and the bodies removed and placed in coffins. The body of the archbishop had been despoiled of all his insignia, his pectoral cross and his episcopal ring; his hat had been flung with him into the trench, but the golden tassel was missing.

The second massacre took place on Friday the 26th, at Belleville, in what is called *la Cité de Vincennes*. It included fourteen ecclesiastics and thirty-six Gardes de Paris. On Thursday evening they were removed from the prison of La Roquette and conveyed to Belleville. It is not known where these unfortunate persons passed the Thursday night and the principal part of the following day; but about six in the evening the inhabitants of the Rue de Paris saw them marched past, fifty in number, escorted by National Guards, and preceded by a military band, playing a march.

Greeted on all sides by the insults and execrations of the mob, among whom the women distinguished themselves by their ferocity and vindictiveness, they passed up to the end of the street. Here, after a moment's hesitation, the escort turned to the right, and entered the Rue Haxo, at No. 83 of which is the entrance to the Cité de Vincennes. To enter this one crosses a small vegetable-garden, at the back of which is a large court-yard belonging to a building which served as head-quarters to the insurgents. On the other side of this building, a little to the left, is a second yard, in which, when the war broke out, preparations were going on to construct a ball-room. At a few yards' distance from one of the enclosing walls there had been a foundation-wall built, about the height of a man's breast, to support the frames of the ball-room, so that the space between this foundation and the outer wall formed a wide trench, ten or twelve metres long. In the middle was a square window opening into a cellar. Here was the spot chosen for the assassination.

The Rue Haxo, and all those obscure purlieus about the Cité of Vincennes, were filled with an excited crowd, thronging and surging to and fro, like the waves in a storm. But the prisoners traversed this infuriated mob with calm courage. Some of the priests' faces were bruised and bleeding, but all wore an expression of resignation, peace and serenity.

The victims and the assassins entered the court together. A horseman who followed, cried out, as he entered, "A good catch, my friends: shoot the whole lot!" He was probably one of the heroes of the faubourg, for the crowd applauded. A quite young man, pale and with blond hair, but elegantly dressed, seized the hand of the horseman and entered with him. He also excited the crowd, pointing to the hostages, and crying "Shoot them! shoot them!" This was evidently a man of superior station to the wretches who surrounded him, and he seemed to have considerable influence over them.

The staffs of several legions were already in the court; and when the fifty hostages and their executioners had entered, it was filled, and but very few of the crowd outside could gain admission.

For seven or eight minutes there was a scene of tumult; the explosions of fire-arms were heard, mingled with imprecations and cries. The victims had been thrust into the trench and shot with revolvers like game in a battue. When the tumult had subsided, a few dropping shots were heard, and then all was silence.

Presently a man came out of the yard, wearing a blouse and a gray hat, and carrying a musket in a sling. The crowd applauded him with transport; even young women rushed to him, seized his hands and clapped him on the shoulders, crying "Well done; a good piece of work!"

The bodies were then thrown into the cellar; the priests first, and then the Gardes de Paris.

Those who were kept at Mazas were subjected, during the last days of the



Commune, to the most cruel treatment. They were nearly starved, and were constantly menaced with massacre in their cells. At last, when the liberating army was at hand, the doors of the prison were opened, and they were told to go. They thought they were set at liberty. But just outside the doors were armed men who received them with volleys of musketry. Those who escaped the first discharge, fled in all directions, but all around the prison were barricades manned by insurgents who fired upon them, and scarcely one escaped.

At La Roquette there were a number of hostages, who were to be shot in this prison where the Commune had taken up its last abode. But at the instigation of one of their keepers named Pinet (who belonged to the old prison-force) they revolted, and preferring to die fighting to being massacred in cold blood, they barricaded themselves in, and succeeded in holding out until the time when the Commune, seized with panic, took to flight, carrying off the cash belonging to the prison.

When the first assault was threatened upon their barricade, one of the sergents-de-ville (a prisoner) said to the priests, "Gentlemen, your robe does not permit you to fight: keep in the rear and let us defend you." "It is true that we may not fight," answered the curate of Notre Dame des Victoires, "but we can give you our blessing." Then elevating his voice, he said, "My friends, my children, we are about to die. You have been born Christians, and in your childhood have been told of God: we are about to appear before him. Make the sign of the cross that your priests may bless you."

All fell upon their knees, and in the midst of solemn silence the ten priests recited the words of benediction. Then arising, these men vowed to hold firm to the last man. Presently the Communists returned in force, with cries and menaces; but the prisoners let them know that they had arms, and the others did not venture an assault. This state of siege endured for several hours. The Communists tried to set fire to the mattresses of which the prisoners had constructed their barricade; and failing in this, they withdrew.

An hour later they came again, offering favorable terms. They said that the prison was about to be set on fire, and that if the prisoners would follow them, no harm should be done them. The prisoners naturally refused to trust their word, and asked them to hand over their muskets as a pledge of good faith. This the Communists refused to do, and presently retired finally.

At last, about four in the morning of the following Sunday, the prison was entered by soldiers of the army. At first the prisoners thought that a trick was attempted; but after a brief explanation they threw themselves into the arms of their deliverers, and were conducted into Paris under an escort of soldiers of the Loire. By this brave defence sixty-six hostages saved their lives.

W. H. B.

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*Pike-County Ballads: Jim Bludso; Little Breeches.* By John Hay.  
Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co.

IN current magazine publications, we have met with nothing more noxious than these rhymes. They effectively popularise Swinburne's uncleanness and blasphemy, while they add a nauseous vulgarity all their own. The hero of the first sketch is a reckless, foul-mouthed Mississippi steamboat engineer, with —

"One wife in Natchez-under-the-hill,  
And another here in Pike."

He is represented as possessing unflinching bravery, and the one incident of the piece is his losing his life in standing at his post while the passengers escape from the burning boat. This incident we may say is almost the only thing out of keeping. Such men *are not*, as a general thing, brave, and still less commonly generous. For the rest, nature seems to us (*haud expertis*) fairly enough copied. There is a vigor and *vraisemblance* in the limning that incline us to accept it

as a life-like portrait of one of Mr. Hay's cherished intimates. This is a free country, and every man in it, author or other, may select his company ; but this liberty does not confer the privilege of introducing his chums into good society. Nor could this be done without the aid of others who possess some adventitious advantages.

And here we change our attack from the author to the publishers. These lines, offensive to decency, and offending against something, as we shall see directly, of more importance than minor morals, appeared originally, we believe, in the *New York Tribune*, and were afterwards reproduced in *Every Saturday*; *Jim Bludso* being nowhere else presented with such luxury of type and illustration. Hardly can a prophet perish out of Jerusalem! Boston has not a monopoly exactly, but a settled preëminence in mischief, political, social and moral. In the pages of *Every Saturday* we have had the hero presented by S. Ettyng, Jr., in a most artistic Don Juan woodcut, with one of his semi-wives hanging admiringly on his arm, and afterwards, with a background of smoke and flame, holding "her (the steamboat's) nozzle agin the bank." Does this differ from the vile things that are sometimes thrust into the sight of decent people by corrupt men and boys at railroad stations and steamboat landings? Yes, in superiority of execution and perniciousness of effect; being otherwise the same. The main devilishness of the thing, however, is in its sardonic blasphemy. Mr. Hay describes the character of his hero, his mode of life and his end; he is also particular to say of his religion —

"And this was all the religion he had,  
To treat his engine well:  
Never be passed on the river:  
To mind the pilot's beil."

Now, not content with affiliating with his hero in manners and morals, Mr. Hay in his last verse deliberately adopts his religion thus:—

"He were'nt no saint, but at Judgment  
I'd run my chance with Jim,  
'Longside of some pious gentlemen  
That wouldn't shook hands with him.  
He seen his duty, a dead sure thing—  
And went for it thar and then,  
And Christ ain't agoing to be too hard  
On a man that died for men."

Now, again we say that this is a free country, and Mr. Hay may select his companions here and hereafter according to his own sweet will ; but what condemnation is too severe for a magazine that, claiming admittance everywhere, does not shrink from giving circulation to lines that, in a way causing the blood to run cold, make the death of this sodden wretch analogous to that of the Son of God? The author's blasphemy we may thus speak of, his theology we pass by. It is the recognised theology of Boston, adapted to popular use. Theodore Parker preached it, and the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table philosophised it in his gay way. Let a man do something well — write a book, paint a picture, make a speech, give good dinners and shine socially, and things are never going to be too hard with him.

Of course such doctrine is too comfortable to be monopolised by the solid men of Boston and the literati of Cambridge, and so Jim Bludso puts in his democratic claim for himself and his brother engineers. Doubtless some other Mr. Hay will rise and offer a resolution in favor of the heroes of the prize-ring.

In the second piece, entitled *Little Breeches*, Mr. Hay introduces to us a prairie friend of less vigor than Jim Bludso, and, it may be presumed, of less vice, as nothing is said about bigamy. In this respect, however, the opportunities for one living on a prairie were less favorable than for an engineer running on the Mississippi. We are spared in this sketch any positive indecency of expression or pictorial illustration. Mr. Hay, however, has partly indemnified himself for his self-restraint in this particular by intensifying, if possible, his vulgarity. In the matter of religion his latter hero is rather an improvement upon Jim Bludso, who believed in nothing but his engine. Mr. Hay's present friend believes in God and angels, that is, has believed in them since last spring. We are left to infer that before last spring his religious creed was the same as Bludso's minus the engine. His conversion was due to the unexpected deliverance of his four-year-old child from perishing in a snow-storm. How proud his father was of Little Breeches, and how much he had done for him, we are told in this delicate verse:

"I come to town with some turnips,  
And my little Gabe came along;  
No four-year-old in the county  
Could beat him for pretty and strong:  
Peart and chipper and sassy,  
Always ready to swear and fight,  
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker,  
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white."

The child, lost in a snow-storm, is presently found safe in the midst of a flock of sheep under a shed. His safety the grateful father attributes to the interposition of angels. The father's feelings on the occasion may be inferred from the remarkable reflection he makes in the concluding verse:

"How did he git thar? Angels.  
He could never have walked in that storm.  
They jest scooped down and toted him  
To whar it was safe and warm.  
And I think that saving a little child,  
And bringing him to his own,  
Is a derned sight better business  
Than loafing around the Throne."

Mr. Hay is an epigrammatic writer, and reserves his point for the conclusion, as we see in these two pieces. The poison is in the bottom of the cup. Evidently, each piece has been constructed expressly with a view to its peculiar moral: in the first to assert that one good deed is enough to atone for all manner of unspeakable sin; in the second that all necessary theology is included in an impertinent and blasphemous recognition of some sort of beneficent Providence.

The excuse may be offered for his characters that from their mode of life they were not in a way to know any better; and for aught we



know, the same extenuation may be pleaded for Mr. Hay. But for *Every Saturday*, such a defence is inadmissible. It must be held up to the responsibility of those who, knowing what these things mean, not only do the same, but take pleasure in those that do them.

S. L. C.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Companions of My Solitude.* By Arthur Helps. 16mo. 276 pp. Boston : Roberts Brothers.

*More Happy Thoughts.* By F. Burnand. Boston : Roberts Brothers.

*The Angel in the Cloud.* By Edwin W. Fuller. 12mo. 106 pp. New York : E. J. Hale & Son.

1 *Greek Grammar for Beginners. A Latin Grammar for Beginners.* By William Henry Waddell, Prof. Anc. Lang. University of Georgia. New York : Harper & Brothers.

*Dukesborough Tales.* By Philemon Perch. Sm. 4to., 232 pp. Baltimore : Turnbull Brothers.

*The King's Godchild, and Other Tales.* Translated from the German. By M. A. T. Sm. 12mo., 198 pp. Philadelphia : Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

*Little Gems for Little People.* Compiled by S. H. Peirce. Sm. 12mo. 239 pp. Philadelphia : Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

*Rookstone.* By Katherine S. Macquoid. (Illustrated). 8vo. 145 pp. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co.

*Le Cid*, a Tragedy by P. Corneille ; and *Athalie*, a Tragedy by J. Racine. Edited for students by Prof. Edward S. Joynes, M. A. 12mo. pp. 110 and 117. New York : Holt & Williams.

## THE GREEN TABLE.

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THERE is no lesson more urgently needed in this country and age, no more vital truth that we could commend to our readers' attention, than is conveyed in the following passage from Ruskin's Oxford Lectures :

"I believe it to be one of the crowning wickednesses of this age that we have quite starved and chilled our faculty of indignation, and neither desire nor dare to punish crimes justly. We have taken up the benevolent idea, forsooth, that justice is to be preventive instead of vindictive ; and we imagine that we are to punish, not in anger, but in expediency ; not that we may give deserved pain to the person in fault, but that we may frighten other people from committing the same fault. The beautiful theory of this non-vindictive justice is, that having convicted a man of a crime worthy of death, we entirely pardon the criminal, restore him to his place in our affection and esteem, and then hang him, not as a malefactor, but as a scare-crow. That is the theory. And the practice is, that we send a child to prison for a month for stealing a handful of walnuts, for fear that other children should come to steal more of our walnuts. And we do not punish a swindler for ruining a thousand families, because we think swindling is a wholesome excitement to trade.

"But all true justice is vindictive to vice as it is rewarding to virtue. Only—and herein it is distinguished from personal revenge—it is vindictive of the wrong done, not of the wrong done *to us*. It is the national expression of deliberate anger, as of deliberate gratitude ; it is not exemplary, or even corrective, but essentially retributive ; it is the absolute act of measured recompense, giving honor where honor is due, and shame where shame is due, and joy where joy is due, and pain where pain is due. It is neither educational, for men are to be educated by wholesome habit, not by rewards and punishments ; nor is it preventive, for it is to be executed without regard to any consequences ; but only for righteousness' sake, a righteous nation does judgment and justice."

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THE Paris journal *Figaro* makes known the key to the cipher by which the correspondence between the Government of Paris and the delegation of Tours was carried on during the siege. At the beginning of the investment the Ministers of Paris and the delegation agreed upon a number composed of several figures, no matter which. Let us take, for instance, 3, 2, 0, 7, 4, 9, 8. Admitting, now, that General Trochu wanted to send to MM. Cremieux and Glais-Bizoin the following despatch : "Gambetta arrive," the expeditor proceeded in the following manner : He had under his eyes the twenty-six letters of the alphabet—A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z. He wrote the number as many times as it was necessary, and under each figure the corresponding letter of the despatch, in observing the rotation. That done, he counted three letters after the G to I, two letters after A to C, the O (zero) represented the veritable letter M ; seven letters after B to I, and so on. The following will better explain the system

3 2 0 7 4 9 8 3    2 0 7 4 9 8  
G A M B E T T A    A R R I V E .  
J C M I I C B D    C R Y M E M

The last series of barbarian consonants left for Tours ; and, in order to decipher the despatch, the person to whom it was addressed had only to do the contrary operation, count three letters before the I, two letters before the C, and so forth ; and he obtained the words "Gambetta arrive."—*Exchange*.

This cipher—which we do not for a moment believe was really the cipher

used by the Government of Paris—is in fact by no means a very complicated or difficult one, provided the decipherer had a long despatch to operate upon. It is what a cryptogrammatist might call a cipher of the third order; the first order being where each letter of the cipher stands at the same distance in the alphabet from the letter it represents — *m* standing for *a*, for instance, *n* for *b*, *o* for *c*, etc.; the second order being where a letter on its first use is represented by a certain sign, on its second use by another, and so on until the system of variants is gone through, when they are begun again; and the third, as above, where the variant is determined by the place of the letter in the sentence.

Here there is a system of seven; consequently whenever a letter occupies the eighth place, or the place following any multiple of seven, from its previous appearance, it would be indicated by the same character, as is the case in “Gambetta arrive,” where the third *a* is the eighth from the first. Had the word following been “par” or “dans,” or any other bringing an *a* into the fifteenth place from the first, it also would have been ciphered by a *c*.

Now the art of deciphering rests first upon the proportionate occurrences of letters which are constant in every known language. In English, for instance, *e* is of the most frequent occurrence, *a* next, and so on; and this rule will always apply if the text be of moderate length.

Consequently in such a cipher as that given above, the coincidence that any letter should recur at the 8th, 15th, 22d, etc., place from its former appearance (which would cause it to be represented by the same variant), will be just in proportion to the frequency of its occurrence in the text; so that the rule of repetitions will be as applicable here, as the basis of deciphering, as in a simpler cipher. Having found two letters, say *i* and *c*, of more frequent occurrence than any other, and that these are more frequently repeated after 6 intervening letters than after any other number, we should say that they represented respectively *e* and *a*, and that it was a cipher of 7 recurring variants. By applying this test-repetition after 6 intervening letters, we can reduce it from a variant to a constant cipher, and the tentative process will soon disclose the key.

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### THE DEAD CONFEDERACY.

(LINES WRITTEN IN 1865.)

Pale, stark and cold she lies in utter silence,  
No more to rise up from that deathly swoon,  
To weeping States that whisper in great anguish,  
“Dead, dead, so soon.”

Ah! mourn for her with tender love and pity,  
Ye men that strove to lengthen out her years!  
A little child grown old and gray with sorrow,  
Demands your tears:

A little child with blood upon her ringlets,  
A faded banner wrapping her tired arms,  
Bruised feet that faltered in the sweet revealing  
Of Freedom's charms.

Hushed into mute and reverent emotion,  
The people pass beneath the heavy skies,  
Knowing, to-day nor yet upon to-morrow,  
Will she arise:



*The Green Table.*

Arise to spread her banner in rejoicing,  
 To beckon honor from the waiting years!—  
 Who hints of faults, with every stain upon her  
     Washed out in tears?

The faulty idol of a faulty people,  
 Who loved her better that her faults were theirs,  
 Who see her deaf, blind, dead to all perfection  
     The Future bears.

As dead as those who sought to be her armor,  
 Who held their hearts as shields 'twixt her and death,  
 And died to cherish into fuller being  
     The infant breath.

Strong hearts, that in the rush and roar of battle  
 Poured out their noble blood like holy wine,  
 Wasting its wealth and richness on a broken  
     And blasted shrine:

A blasted shrine, yet even in its blighting  
 Crowned with the homage of a million hearts,  
 Whose burning tears poured out the last libation  
     That Love imparts.

A faded hope, yet fairer in its fading  
 Than Victory's temples reared above the dead,  
 And sweeter, blasted, faded, broken, than rich incense  
     For conquests shed.

Pale, pale she lies: the Autumn cometh gently  
 And clasps its crimson fingers round her feet,  
 And throws a golden spell upon the forest,  
     As is most meet.

It is most meet that one who died in childhood,  
 Who smiled upon us from the purple West,  
 Should take amid the crimson and the golden  
     Her final rest.

All cold she lies; the spirit of the winter  
 Hushes the careless river at her side;  
 'Tis well, we think, that thus should sleep in silence  
     A people's pride.

She lieth still; we dare not sing her requiem;  
 The Western star has faded out of sight,  
 Like her who was the idol of our worship,  
     Leaving us night.

IPHIGENEIA.

A FRAGMENT.

LIGHT after light along the dusky shore,  
Shine out the galleys of the Grecian host;  
The sea-breeze, singing fitfully, brings up  
The clang of arms, the neighing of the steed,  
And all the noises of the busy earth.

Oh, dear, lost earth! oh, comfortable earth!  
What care I for the converse of the gods?  
Dearer the homely tongues of men that trip  
And pause in the utterance; greetings, morn and night;  
The distaff's hum, and lowing of the herds,  
Than all the music that Apollo hears!

Oh, dear, lost earth! oh, comfortable earth!  
I care not for Olympus, no, not I!  
The fall of waters, scent of flowering thyme  
Along the garden walls, and humming bees  
From high Hymettus, sweeter are to me  
Than all the grave-faced gods Olympus shows!

Oh, my lost earth! oh, dear and happy earth!  
What should I do in those Elysian fields,  
'Mongst shades, myself a shade? *My* pulses throb  
Hot with quick blood; I dearer love the touch  
Of hands like mine that clasp and hold, the thrill  
Of arms that close, of lips that linger still!

His shoulders broader than Apollo's show,  
His footsteps sound upon the echoing floor,  
His voice sings on above the echoing tread;  
And those dim fields of unsunned asphodels  
Will never wear the fragrance nor the bloom  
Of those lost flowers I gathered in my spring.

E. F. M.

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THE demon Empusa, says Landor, was represented by the ancients with one foot of iron and one an ass's hoof. Beautiful type of the party at present in power, which, with the foot of deliberate cruelty tramples on the liberty and prosperity of the South, and with the foot of reckless stupidity on those of the North.

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*Singular if true.*—Many of our readers who have visited Paris in the last few years, will remember an old blind beggar who used to play an accordion on the Pont des Arts. There were others who were addicted to the same atrocity, but this particular beggar was notable for the almost incredible wheeziness of his instrument, and for a very handsome old black dog, apparently part retriever, who received the offerings of charity in a little wooden dish he held in his mouth. Well, one day the old man died, and the dog came alone to his old stand, and worked on his own account. Those who saw him concluded that his master was too sick to come out, and

admiring the animal's intelligent fidelity, the small change fairly rained into the dish. As the dish was soon filled, some obliging person presented the dog with a bag, and poured the contents of the dish into it. The intelligent quadruped understood the proceeding at once; and thereafter regularly, when the dish was full, he emptied it into the bag himself, carrying both bag and dish home with him at nightfall.

This had gone on so long that it had ceased to astonish any one, when one day the dog disappeared. At once curiosity was excited, and after much trouble his habitation was found in an old empty cellar, whither he had removed on the death of his master, to escape robbery, it was thought. In his bed of straw was found no less a sum than 12000 francs, which had probably been amassed sou by sou. About half of it was in five-franc pieces and gold, and the rest in 4 per cent. city stock (coupons payable to bearer).

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THE poem entitled "Under the Setting Sun," which appeared in our August No., is an extract from a poetical work called *Visions of Hope*, upon which the author, Mr. Morrison Heady, is at present engaged.

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THE paper in the present No. entitled "A New Heresy," is republished, by permission, from the *Virginia Educational Journal*.

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*Erratum.*—In the review in our August No. of Lord Hobart's article (p. 239,) the number of Federal troops ready for active service on March 1st, 1865, should have been given as 602,698, instead of 202,698.



THE  
SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1871.

SPIDER'S-WEB PAPERS.\*

IV.

THE last insects we caught were prodigious, and our web seemed to be in great danger. You, perhaps, feared that it could not bear such a strain; but there is a good deal of sleight in handling heavy and cumbrous objects. A stock-breeder's Thesaurus and gardener's Manual ought not to be beyond the capacity of an ordinary intellect, even if it indulge in flights of fancy.

I mean no disrespect to Mr. Darwin when I speak of his books in this way. I thereby testify that his time and labor have not been wholly lost. He is not the first man who has intended to make one thing and has found that he has made an entirely different thing. Indeed, I believe that gunpowder was the result of an endeavor to make the philosopher's stone; and I know that a number of other great discoveries have been thus undesignedly made, though it is not worth the trouble to make a list of them just now. A spoon that is spoiled, though it spoil the horn as a horn, yet is not necessarily wholly lost; for horn-chips and splinters may be put to many uses. If Mr. Darwin and his co-laborers will turn their attention to the practical, legitimate results of the laws upon which they have founded their theory of man's origin and development, they should easily

\* Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1871 by John Saunders Holt in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

succeed in giving us turkeys all breast, and dog-defying sheep, while they may also produce mangosteen pears, pine-apple potatoes, and camellia-japonica violets. Why not? At any rate they can try, and some good is likely to result. And if they will only add to their books of philosophy clear, practical directions for the various processes employed and to be employed, they will have the whole army of stock-breeders and gardeners as assistants.

But let us shake away the fragments left after our last anatomical lesson, and entrap, if we can, a new subject.

Here comes one which I recognise by its short and wayward flight to be a Merchant; and as Mr. Buckland showed us that there are wonders in a horse-pond, so you will find, when we catch him, that there are amazing things about even so common an organism as our subject. Here he is, brought up short in this corner. Now I have him, and you see that he seems nerveless; a pious Mohammedan could not be more resigned to fate. Or perhaps he holds still that I may relax my grasp so as to permit him to ease himself away (an idiomatic expression which means a good deal in this connection) and renew his flight. But I know the genus.

I shall in this lecture only anatomise his soul; in other words — to leave our figurative speech — I wish to speak of the ethics of trade; and those who think it a dull subject may find themselves mistaken, though I shall quote neither prose nor verse, ancient or modern, to entertain readers who think that a good memory is a sure sign of a good intellect. A silk-worm which reproduces pieces of mulberry leaf has a poor digestion, and is useless as a silk-worm.

In spite of Ishmael and Esau, I am forced to think that the trading spirit is hereditary; but that is not the question. Let me analyse, if I can, the spirit of trade itself; which is: to acquire for as little as possible, and to dispose of for as much as possible. The reason I use the words acquire and dispose of instead of the words buy and sell, is, that merchants who buy and sell are not the only persons who have the trading spirit. It has been common to all ever since they had the curse of labor to avoid; that is to say, ever since each has depended upon the labor of others. We will not reduce it to its first principle, selfishness, for then our subject would be too vast and the point of heredity would be too plain.

Trade, being the science of changing *minus* into *plus*, has a great many axioms and corollaries which are technical; that is, which are just and proper only to that science. Applied in the same way outside of trade, some of them would land the person in the lunatic asylum or the penitentiary.

These technicalities are generally truisms which have double meanings. The stress in trade is laid upon the double meaning, and he is the best trader who best understands the accent and intonation of the shibboleth. For instance: there can be nothing truer and fairer than that a thing is worth just what it will bring. If I sell a pound of meat for ten cents and a pound of flour for five cents, they pay me perhaps a fair profit, and are *worth* just what they bring — the accent upon *worth*. So also, if a starving man come who can get no food elsewhere, and I make him pay ten dollars for the one

and five dollars for the other, they are worth just what they *bring*. But in this case the emphasis is upon *bring*, and it makes the axiom technical and the trader successful.

The articles were worth in the latter case just exactly what they were worth in the former ; but the man's life was worth more in his own estimation, and he had to choose between parting with his money and parting with his life.

It may be said that this is an extreme case, that I might as well use a highway robbery in illustration. But this is a great mistake ; there is nothing which trade more abhors than violence. My illustration contains the very root of the matter — the unfair meaning placed upon the word worth. A banker or capitalist finds men suddenly forced to have money or to lose their credit, or part with their property at a great sacrifice ; and he lends to them at three or five per cent. per month with good security, and says that the cash is worth that much to the borrower. Analyse the case and you find precisely the same element of unfairness. It is your money or your credit or property ! But there is no vulgar and demoralising violence used ; the man is left free to take it or to leave it. The chances are that he would not be in that strait if he had not been himself trying to make some such tremendous percentage.

The money is not worth that much in any fair sense. If in any case it give so great a profit as to be worth that much, the lending resolves itself into simply a sharing by the capitalist to that extent in what he and the borrower should call "a plant," for I do not think that there is any strictly fair commercial transaction in which there is so great a profit. You will understand my meaning better, and will regard what I say more charitably, if you will read on a little further.

Money, it appears to me, is worth only that fair average percentage which economical and industrious farmers are able to make from the soil upon the capital they have invested in the soil and in their necessary implements, buildings, stock, etc., etc. This is the only standard I can imagine. The cultivation of and the various yields of the soil are the primary source of the wealth of the world, and the profits of the soil should naturally be the standard by which the profits of other capital should be calculated. Laws which correctly estimate the amount of this average profit, and strictly confine the profits of money to that standard, are therefore wise and just laws — if any laws are proper upon such a subject. It is argued that money is as much property and as much entitled to profit as dry-goods and all other articles of commerce. This is perfectly true ; and the laws are short of their duty when they distinguish against money. If it were possible, they should also regulate all commercial profits ; and while they do not, money-lenders have an excuse to throw themselves upon the law of their nature, and say : My money also is worth what it will bring.

We have, however, nothing to do with usury laws ; we are looking only at fairness and morals. The average profit of the soil is the standard by which the worth of any capital should be judged. The proof of it is that the cultivators of the soil, who in nine countries



out of ten constitute, as they do in America, the bulk of the population, have eventually to bear the burden of all that is unfairly required beyond it ; as we shall presently see more fully.

We were speaking just now about usury. Why is it that in all times and in all countries, usurers have been regarded with contempt and hatred? Is it because men are glad to borrow but do not like to pay back? Is it because promptness and exactitude in repayment are inexorably demanded? Not at all. Men naturally like to pay back, and if possible to pay promptly and exactly ; just because they naturally dislike to be under obligations, or to have the slightest imputation upon their honesty and credit. Though his profession is despised, a money-lender who is known to put out his money at a reasonable rate of interest, however prompt and exact he may be, loses no respect individually, unless by his promptness and exactitude he should violate the sentiments of humanity. The hatred and contempt for usurers then does not arise from the forgetfulness or ingratitude of the borrowers, but from that deep-seated, almost intuitive knowledge by mankind, high and low, reflecting and unreflecting, borrowers and the too-poor-to-borrow, that though they may be acting lawfully they are not acting fairly ; that they are getting from their capital, because it is of a certain conventional sort, much more than others can get from theirs which is of intrinsic value ; that they are, in fact, to some degree monopolists ; and that while those with whom they deal, and all the remainder of the community, are growing poorer, they are growing richer.

But I am getting decidedly too profound. It is really a personal grievance I am dealing with in this paper ; for I know that if commercial matters were arranged by the standard I propose, either my publishers could pay my amanuensis twice as much for my articles, or he should be able to buy twice as much with the amount which is paid him. What is three hundred dollars for an article when — But I must not reveal the secrets of the press. My amanuensis too, I regret to say, has the trading spirit ; I confess it ; and if any reader should think that I am harsh in my analysis, let him imagine how severely I am beating and reproaching *him*. “ Miserable creature that you are ! ” I exclaim as I knock his head against his desk ; “ why should you make me uncomfortable by your grasping spirit ? Profit is the only standard by which to judge the commercial worth of brains ! Aspire to that nobler worth which outlives copyrights, which outlives governments and current languages, and which will at last be found to have outlived time itself ! ” Hoping, dear reader, that you will accept this my deprecation of your wrath, let us go on.

The corollaries of this primary axiom are of course such as naturally flow from that emphatic use of the word bring ; for trade is a logical science. The article must bring all it can be made to bring ; and it must by every means be made to bring enough to cover all actual cost, and all the probable and possible cost to replace it, calculating this cost upon the hypothesis of the very highest possible sudden rise in the market. Besides this, it must bring enough to cover all expenses for its sale, and all losses upon other articles ; and after this, the greater the percentage of clear profit which can be got, the greater the clear gain.

All this is certainly healthy exercise for the soul ; and its powers would never relax but for the decalogue of trade, which excepts itself from most if not all the commandments of Moses. As, for instance, Thou shalt not covet, etc., except in the way of trade ; Thou shalt not bear false witness, except in the way of trade ; and so on, even, I fear, to Thou shalt not commit adultery. These exceptions to the old commandments, together with the new commandments it has adopted with undisputed authority, force a degree of repose upon the soul which far exceeds the effects of hasheesh in its languor and its brilliant fancies ; and yet they wonderfully sharpen the wits. Nothing can be more exhilarating to the wise man than the second primary axiom, *Caveat emptor* ! — let the buyer take care of himself. It opens a broad field to the ingenuity of the seller, and directly tends to encourage learning by inducing the study of the law as it defines patent and latent defects, and all that series of encouragements to common-sense and shrewdness. The whole spirit of commercial law, indeed, including statutes of limitation, protest and notice, bankruptcy and insolvency, seems directed to incite men to that shrewdness, promptness, and exactitude which make the wisdom, justice, and holiness of a trader. Goodness has no place in his attributes as a trader, and truth is only a public virtue subject to private constructions — good in law, but often doubtful in fact.

I am not retailing wholesale charges against any class of men. One cannot analyse the true spirit of trade, wherever it is found among men, without appearing to say rough things. Analyse any perfect harmony and you find apparent discords. “A thing is worth what it will bring” and “*Caveat emptor*” are as great principles among savages trading peltries and boomerangs, as they are among Christians selling horses and cargoes of tea and coffee, or lending money ; and they, together with all the other principles, and all the consequences which flow from them, were as well understood in the earliest times as now.

There were the Carthaginians, for instance, who, springing from Tyre, the then greatest school of traffic in the world, became almost at once great and successful in trade, and consequently soon rendered themselves famous for dishonesty among those nations which did not appreciate the higher laws by which their transactions were governed. Until what seems the dishonest cunning of some modern nation shall become equally unappreciated and more notorious, Punic Faith will be the synonym of all that is to be distrusted, and the Carthaginian disposition the idea of all that is mean. “Craft and cunning lead naturally to lying, duplicity, and breach of faith ; and these by accustoming the mind insensibly to be less scrupulous with regard to the means for compassing its designs, prepare it for the basest frauds and the most perfidious actions,” and the result of a national devotion to trade is necessarily the Carthaginian disposition.

Truly, we moderns have little to boast of in the way of wisdom or skill in affairs when we compare ourselves with the ancients. The Carthaginians remained at home and made money with which to pay foreigners and hirelings to do their fighting. Speaking of a battle in which Timoleon defeated them, Plutarch says :—

Among the ten thousand that were killed, it is said there were three thousand natives of Carthage ; a heavy loss to that city : for none of its citizens were superior to these, either in birth, fortune, or character, nor have we any account that so many Carthaginians ever fell before in one battle ; but as they mostly made use of Lybians, Spaniards, and Numidians in their wars, if they lost a victory it was at the expense of the blood of strangers.

One should almost believe that the soul then inhabited the body of some man whose name ended in *o* or *bal*, which would reappear two thousand years afterwards in one named Benjamin Franklin. But we must reflect that the same causes always produce the same effects. The glory of fighting is not near so satisfactory to the commercial mind as are the pleasures of making and spending money, and it is decidedly the more dangerous occupation. The true policy of trade has always been to adopt the Carthaginian mode ; though it has hitherto invariably led to such a decay of patriotism, that when reverses came and the making of money was checked, every one took care of himself, and the nation was a defenceless prey to its rival in wealth or military prowess. But the first generations find that it pays well in money, personal safety, and public reputation ; while it gives more leisure for the worship of Moloch, for thoughts and plans for revenge upon enemies. Young Carthaginians, in boasting of national victories won by Numidians, Gauls, Greeks, Lybians, and Spaniards, could also boast of the wisdom of their fathers in employing such excellent substitutes ; but in a few years their descendants in exile had to curse the policy which made their country a workshop and a depôt of commerce at the expense of all those manly virtues which render a nation magnanimous and permanently prosperous.

I, for one, while I wish no evil, and would do all in my power to avert the necessity of its infliction, am always ready to applaud the punishments decreed and executed by natural laws ; and I know that my shade, though destitute of rancor, will be eternally ready to do the same. A nation which by its own sordidness allows a decay of patriotism, or allows a Battle of Dorking to be possible, at once deserves its fate and illustrates the innate weakness of popular government, which is bound to reflect popular vices.

I do not wish to be understood as comparing England with Carthage. This would be unjust in some degree, for the English have a sturdy spirit of loyalty which, while it endures and is general, will neutralise that individual selfishness intensified by trade, which in a time of great calamity and emergency leads each man to seek only his own safety. The Carthaginians had no such powerful tie. They were not so much a nation as a colony of traders, who, for greater private advantage, had assembled upon a particular suitable area, and by the necessities of the case instituted a government. Whatever the loud enthusiasm of their demagogues, it was not so much national glory as general gain which actuated them in all their public acts. They were a great partnership in commerce, and Phœnicia was their real "old country," the home whence they came and for which alone they could have a national affection. The English have glorious national traditions ; the Carthaginians had none. However they might brag of their wars and heroes, their wars



were speculations in favor of trade ; their victories, won for the most part by mercenaries, were simply so many items placed upon the credit side of their ledger. And when the items upon the debit side were the greater in amount they became bankrupt, because they had no great reserve fund of patriotism to draw upon. When the English people forget that they owe their blessings to the prudent conduct of their government as it has been for so long time constituted — monarch, commons, and lords, plebeians and aristocracy — and arrogate to their mass the power to change and govern as a mob, they will no longer be a united, loyal people, and may expect to meet with the fate of Carthage.

But I am not writing a historical essay or a treatise upon government. And please to understand, dear reader, that my only aspiration at any time is to suggest ideas to your mind, not to elaborate subjects and exhaust them as a teacher.

It appears to me that a glance at the various commercial money-making "rings" of our own country, if I may be allowed so to speak, should convince any one of the demoralising tendency of the spirit of trade, and of its ethics. Monopoly is the philosopher's stone of trade, and is guarded against by the fundamental laws of every enlightened government of our times, as ruinous to the mass of the people, and consequently in the end ruinous to the government and nation. But the object of traders, whether only two in a village or thousands in a city or in a section of a country, is to produce a state of affairs as near a monopoly as possible. Hence the pork rings, the tobacco rings, the cotton, railroad and bank rings, and stock rings of all sorts. And the falseness and cunning of every manner and degree used to create these rings and to make them effective, would appal men not altogether hardened, or not wholly deceived by the base and insidious ethics of trade. Reflect, if you please, upon the universal frauds and hardships imposed by these rings which act upon the axioms I have mentioned ; the getting of their stock from first hands at the lowest prices to which the bears can pull them, and the extortion then of double and quadruple prices from all consumers. Then take the political view of the case, and try to imagine the utter selfishness which excludes from these traders every feeling for country or for people. They neither possess nor can possess any patriotism, though by means of their wealth they rule the country. They can look with complacency upon the degradation of sovereign States, because it assists in destroying all the constitutional checks which might restrain the desires of trade ; just as they can contemplate unmoved the sufferings of individuals, because they are caused by the extortions of trade.

A commercial people ! To my mind the epithet means delivered over to the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life ; it means insincerity, cowardice, and cruelty ; it means the abasing of the dignity of man in every point which makes him worthy of imitation, abasement of soul and intellect. The poets, painters, orators, historians, sculptors of such a people will show their sordidness by the meanness of their creations ; and he of them whose creations are not mean will pine for lack of appreciation, and his merits, discovered

by other more polished people, will be reflected back to his own people, to be gloried in after he has been for perhaps many years laid in an obscure grave and his family are scattered and undistinguishable. "Thy princes are rebellious, and companions of thieves; every one loveth gifts and followeth after rewards; they judge not the fatherless, neither doth the cause of the widow come unto them." "The heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money: yet will they lean upon the LORD, and say, Is not the LORD among us? none evil can come upon us."

These opinions and sentiments of mine regarding the spirit of trade and its consequences, are very, very old-fashioned, and are therefore all the more likely to be true. The cause and the effects are an old story; older than Venice, older than Carthage, older than Tyre, older than history; and the same cause must produce the same effects. There is no help for it. Any reform must be radical.

I have a little story to tell you; but I must first clear myself from the imputation of folly, which any radical reformer is bound to incur. I have not the slightest expectation of seeing any reform. Commerce in all its branches is a necessity. Man's needs, whether good or bad, cannot otherwise be provided for; man's progress, whether to good or to bad, cannot otherwise be carried on. Human progress, of the better kind, is to attain better and cheaper food, clothing, and conveniences of life; and the spread of civilisation means the spread of these blessings. There is an æsthetic progress and an ethical progress with which men delude themselves, and which take place in only two ways: first, by killing off the old inhabitants by imported vices, and supplying their place with a people already possessing this æsthetic and ethical advance; or, second, by pushing aside the old inhabitants, and in spite of them and in spite of nature educating the rising generation to the point to which the educators have progressed. Both of these plans have been tried; the first successfully in this country; the second unsuccessfully, so far, in many countries; the result having invariably been an equalisation between the educators and their victims, making a nauseous and useless temperature, neither one thing nor the other.

I have no wish to interfere with this or with any other progress, though in some regards it is a great pity. It is a great pity that it is essential to the progress of trade or civilisation, as the traders term it, that peaceable savages should learn to wear clothes and use Manchester or Connecticut tools, and to read and write, and so plunge themselves into increased miseries here and a hotter fire hereafter. It is a great pity; but if it must be so, let it be so — I would not interfere. It is not possible to put an end to trade. It might be possible that the spirit of trade should restrain itself to the technical practice of its axioms within certain limits, say, eight per cent.; but I have no hope of it. If capital could only once be convinced that it is far more permanent and more sure of its future designs when it contents itself within this limit than when it tries to profit beyond it, the whole race would be far more virtuous and happy. And I think that it can be easily demonstrated that the capitalist, whether savage or enlight-

ened, whether water-melon seller, country store-keeper, or city banker, who goes beyond this or some lower reasonable limit, while he is an enemy to his race, in reality saps the foundation of his own wealth.

When I recollect those who were merchants and traders in my early boyhood and look around for them now, I find not one living who permanently prospered in trade. Some have broken over and over again; some are clerks or book-keepers to their former clerks, or are engaged in other subordinate positions; some are looking for situations. A few of them who quitted trade and invested their capital in real estate, though now much worsted, as are the remainder of us, still possess some of their capital. It will perhaps surprise you, if you will yourself look around among your acquaintance, to find how short has been their average period of prosperity in trade. A grand beginning, a rapid success, a halt, a speedy or a gradual decadence to poverty or shiftiness, all within twenty or less than twenty years, is about their story; and the exceptions to it are extremely rare in this country, which believes in from thirty to ninety per cent. per annum profit. In other countries, where a small percentage of profit is the rule in the highest and smallest transactions, this is not so soon and so commonly the case. And the reason for the difference is plain if you will take into view the fact I have stated, that the source of wealth is the soil, and that the wealth of the world cannot increase any faster than as it is produced by its soil. Commerce does not increase wealth; it only accumulates and distributes it. A purely commercial people, like the Carthaginians, may, it is true, collect great wealth by handling the products of other countries; but such wealth is a mere collection, is for the most part conventional, and is, all of it, like the wealth of one of our modern merchant-princes, at the mercy of man and the elements, and subject to sudden destruction. We will, however, take a country like this, or like modern Europe, as the locality for our argument. Manufactures do not increase wealth; they only put it in a form to be developed. The money of a country is not its wealth; it only conventionally represents it. To manufacture broadcloth for one dollar per yard, or to import it for one dollar a yard, and then to sell it here at five dollars the yard, is merely a transfer by unfair means of three dollars and ninety-two or ninety-four cents, representing wealth, from the buyer to the seller. The wealth of the country is not increased by it, and by thus decreasing the means of the buyer he is unable perhaps to meet some liability to another trader, and in the end the disaster is found to reflect itself back to the seller of the broadcloth, and he loses more than the four dollars he has gained.

This trivial example illustrates the course of trade. What one gains beyond a certain limit another absolutely loses, and if the seller do not invest his profits in real property, but continues in his trade, he is bound to meet with this fate. His profits have not increased the general amount of wealth, and his exorbitance has weakened the ability of those who trade with him, and in turn weakens those who are dependent upon this ability; and so it infects the mass until, as a conclusion, it reflects itself back to the first party, on the one hand, whom it ruins; and on the other, reaches the cultivator of the soil,



who is the only creator of wealth, and who supports the whole fabric of credit. Say that the capital invested in the soil exactly equals the capital invested in commerce, and that the capital of the farmers produces six per cent. profit, where is the thirty or sixty per cent. demanded by commerce to come from? It does not come at all. No such profit really exists, and a part of the capital itself of commerce must be used to make it up. Hence merchants fail, and so the whole system is a destructive cheat. And it is the same thing if the capital of agriculture greatly exceed or be less than that of trade; except that in the case of its exceeding it, agriculture is more independent and in less danger of having its capital change hands: commerce has none the less to consume itself, unless it should resort to violent robbery; for the land demands that a good portion of its profits should be spent upon itself to keep up its productiveness; and if none of the remainder were reserved or invested in more property, the farmer could never become the richer. Say that two per cent. out of the six per cent. profits of the land under cultivation in the world were each year spent in trade, for each merchant to make sixty per cent. upon his capital there would have to be eighty farmers of equal capital; and there is no such disproportion even in this country. I doubt if the proportion of farmers in the whole world to those engaged in trade be even as forty to one; and it would have to be at the rate of fifty-four to one or commerce would eventually feed upon itself and be ruined to make more than eight per cent.

It resolves itself into this: If by common consent the profits of trade (including of course bankers, manufacturers, mule-traders, and all) were limited to the ratio of the profits of the soil, trade would be upon a firm basis, and we should never hear of panics or commercial distress. What this limit of per cent. should be, would have to be fixed somewhat arbitrarily, for it is dependent in a great measure upon the cost of living and of labor, which are regulated in each country by the moderation or exorbitance of commerce; but it could not greatly vary from what it now, perhaps, actually is — about six per cent. upon the capital invested. I know that it is not more than that with cotton-planters who owned the land before the war.

All this may appear very crude to the commercial mind, for I do not profess to have studied the abstrusities of political economy, as it is called. I merely suggest a few ideas which appear to me common-sense, to those who have neither leisure nor taste to study Adam Smith and his successors. Of course no change will take place in accordance with these ideas, though their reasonableness should be self-evident, and though trade would not thereby be forced to abandon one of its axioms. Men could cheat just as industriously and eagerly within the limits of six per cent. as beyond them; but vastly less harm would be done; there would not be so much destitution and so much oppression in the world.

It appears to me that this subject is worth more than my little story; so, with your kind permission, we will defer that while we look a little further into the affairs of trade.

A man with a capital of a million can take only five per cent. profit and still have a snug income of \$50,000 a year. But a



merchant with \$10,000 capital finds that he will break if he get only eight per cent., though he get it three times in the year — making twenty-four per cent. — for that would be only \$2400, out of which he has to pay house-rent, clerk-hire, and all other expenses of his business, besides his loss of a portion of his capital in unsaleable goods. Thirty per cent. three times a year — making ninety per cent. — will do, and he can prosper, he thinks.

Now, besides that, as I think I have shown, he and all his tribe will necessarily break at this exorbitant rate of profit, this view of his is altogether one-sided. He looks at the case from the mercantile point only; let us view it from the position of his customers.

Whose fault is it that he has miscalculated and has bought unsaleable goods, that they should be called upon to make up the loss? They made no agreement, express or implied, that if he would provide such things as they needed or liked they would save him from loss upon that which they did not desire to purchase. His telling them that he is obliged to charge this huge percentage upon that which they do buy in order not to lose upon that which they do not buy, is then but a piece of cool insolence, a mere customary commercial excuse for — well, whatever it is. And his telling them that he so charges those who pay to save himself from loss by those whom he has credited and who do not pay, is as odd a piece of morality; though the honest man declares and practises both the one and the other in perfect good faith, so much has his conscience been perverted by the axioms of his employment.

If he tells us that his capital is small and his risks great, and that he cannot live by charging only eight per cent., or such a matter, we do not reply to him by the old cynicism that we do not see the necessity of his living. We are more reasonable; we argue, the risks of loss are your own fault, and it is your misfortune that you have so small a capital. The Spartan was told to add a step to his sword to make it long enough, but you cannot be allowed to add profits on your \$10,000 to make them equal to \$100,000. "But," he answers, "if my capital were \$100,000 I could not live on only eight per cent., for my expenses would be then proportionally increased, and I would have to turn my capital so as to make the profit twice or three times a year even at that. Why, Sir, a man might as well have nothing as to have \$10,000 if he can make only eight per cent. a year on it!"

As soon as our merchant tells us this we have two answers ready. Suppose, we first answer Socratically, that the manufacturers from whom you buy, and those from whom they buy, and all who are engaged in any way in trade, were to content themselves with eight per cent., would not eight per cent. support you? Your \$800 profit would then buy for your family more than twice that amount now will. To this he replies: "Neither \$800 nor \$1600 would support my family. My sons have to go to college; my wife and daughters have to be dressed in a manner becoming their station; and we must live and show as well as our neighbors, or else lose caste and lose business, the pleasures and the profits."

Here, then, comes in our second answer: You are mistaken, good

Sir. Eight per cent. upon ten thousand dollars will support any sensible, prudent farmer; and I'll warrant that as a class they would be glad to be certain of that rate. What right has farmer or merchant to live, or to allow his family to live, above the rightful gains of his capital, and to trust to the exorbitant exactions of trade to make up the difference? What is the sense in sending the boys to college? What right have the girls to silks when they can reasonably afford only calico and home-spun? Why should you use plate when delf is all you can pay for from reasonable profits? Are your fine carriage, your fine house, your luxury and show, the things dictated by common-sense and common honesty?

Alas that it should be so! The man with \$10,000 apes the man with \$100,000; and the \$100,000 man him with \$1,000,000, and they all break together; and the world tramples on over their wreck — a wreck which, by the course of trade, carries dismay and disaster to many another household, firm, and individual who perhaps never had a direct dealing with them, and never even heard their names.

Now to my little story: a very homely story, but one which, to my mind, teaches several lessons.

Among the older boys with whom I went to school when I was a little fellow was Frank Whitehead, a slender, light-haired, pasty-faced young fellow, not very bright, but quiet and steady, and very good. He was, in fact, a model held up to those of his companions whose animal spirits sometimes led them into noise and mischief; and in the matter of handwriting he was quite a genius. His ornamental capital letters, his old English text, and Gothic text and Greek text, were the pride of the school, and the envy of the boys with nice, small ambition.

When Frank was seventeen or eighteen years old he became a clerk at Jones & Griffin's dry-goods and provision store. It was the career which suited him, and in it he expanded to his full stature, as a quiet, timid little man always does when he feels himself employed to his taste and master of his employment. It is only a question of size. A timid little man at the head of a country-store may feel the same ease and power which the great Napoleon felt at the head of an army in the field. The most self-possessed man I ever knew was the fireman of a small steam saw-mill in the country. As he would poke into the furnace with graceful skill the half-dozen sticks of wood it took to fill it, he would exclaim, "That's the way to do it!" and then speak with contempt of the firemen on Mississippi steamboats and sea-going steamers who complained of the ardor of their work.

In due course of time Mr. Frank Whitehead was promoted to the chief post in the store, that of confidential managing clerk; and then he looked about for a wife. Such men as he, when they marry at all, generally marry early in life, and almost invariably find, as he did, wives who are just their opposites in disposition. Mrs. Whitehead was as self-asserting as he was retiring; as bold in her ideas of getting along in life as he was modest in his desires and designs. So they were exactly suited to each other.

This conclusion may seem paradoxical, but it is not so. It is only when a married pair resemble each other in disposition, have the

same force of will, the same tastes, the same principles, that they are not suited to each other. The contest which is bound to arise in this as in every other case, is too nearly equal not to be long and violent ; and it is most likely to end in mutual discomfiture and retirement from the field. Whereas, a wife altogether differing, as Mrs. Whitehead did, from her husband, at once and without opposition takes affairs in hand, and there is a quiet household, subject only to final and crushing disaster.

It did not suit Mrs. Whitehead that the legal master of her person and of the pleasant little cottage in which they lived, should always be a clerk. So, before their eldest child, a daughter, was five years old, he had borrowed a capital of some ten or fifteen thousand dollars (money was easy here in those days and credit was unlimited), and at once set himself up in business, without a Co. ; for Mrs. Whitehead was opposed to any rivalry of partnership. A sensible woman was Mrs. Whitehead ; and there is no doubt that in the then state of affairs, when actual capital was unnecessary beyond a small amount to give a ground for credit, Mr. Whitehead kept up all the longer for not having to share the profits with a partner.

It was a providential thought to go into that business at that very time ; and Mrs. Whitehead never ceased congratulating herself upon it, and was enabled to rule all the more quietly on account of it. It would have been blind folly to repay the loan, bearing only ten per cent. interest, when the profits from the use of the money were so much greater to himself ; and Mr. Whitehead used all his gains, beyond his family expenses and an occasional subscription to the Tract Society and the African Colonisation Society, to increase his stock. And by the time the eldest daughter was old enough to think of "coming out," she and her mother led the fashion in dress and equipage, and were followed by the wives and daughters of planters whose yearly incomes were greater than all Mr. Whitehead's possessions. There were bad debts in plenty ; a few of them which paid nothing and were hopeless, a good many which would pay a little and had much to be hoped of ; but all this was easily remedied by an honest adherence to the axioms of trade, and the addition of a slight percentage to the goods sold to the good customers. And so nicely did Mr. Whitehead calculate that at the end of each year, when he balanced his books, he found that he had received full pay in cash and notes for all his stock though a good deal of it still remained unsold.

But about this time Moses Meyer and Jacob Kopf, who had been peddling with packs around the country, searching the land for two or three years, settled themselves down in a first-rate "stand" in Yatton, and opened out a most attractive assortment of goods.

"Pooh !" said Mrs. Whitehead, "them Jews 'll find they've made a mistake. Respectable people won't deal with 'em." And this time Mrs. Whitehead was mistaken. These Jews knew by experience and observation just exactly what would suit the market, and how much of each article they could dispose of quickly ; and it soon became noised abroad that they had the most elegant stock ever seen in Yatton, and that they sold remarkably cheap — dog-cheap was the word.

Now I have yet to see the really sensible woman who is also : woman of good taste, who would not be attracted by such a story as this to, at least, go and look at the goods ; and then, of course, when she finds it is good and "pleasant to the eyes" she will buy, and she will induce her husband to look and to buy. The trait is historical and hereditary. The only time I ever knew Mr. Whitehead to appear angry and to assert his dignity against his superior wife was upon the occasion of finding that she and her eldest daughter had visited Meyer & Kopf, and had purchased a love of an organdie, or some such flimsy stuff, because of its beauty and cheapness. "Why, Mr. Whitehead," exclaimed Mrs. Whitehead in remonstrance, "it's cheaper than you could afford to let me take it out of the store for !" I have to laugh every time I think of Mrs. Whitehead's lesson in trade to her husband.

Meyer & Kopf did sell cheaply, as they declared they would do. They knew whom to trust unreservedly ; to whom they should lower their prices to induce cash payment ; and to whom to refuse credit ; and they were contented with profits which appeared to Mr. Whitehead and his brethren to be simply ruinous. "They can't afford to sell that calico at fifteen cents," said he. "It cost them a bit" (12½ cents), "and twenty cents is the lowest I can afford to sell it for." "But, Mr. Whitehead," was the reply, "they sell it for fourteen cents, cash." "They'll break at it !" exclaims Mr. Whitehead. "I have a large stock just like it, and I know that not a yard of it goes out of my store at any such prices !"

I give this example under a *videlicet*. Perhaps it was not calico, and perhaps those were not the prices. I am no merchant ; and it is principles not details we now search for, and wish to be precise about. These were the differing principles upon which these two classes of merchants acted, and the result was that Mr. Whitehead had left upon his hands a large stock of staple as well as fancy goods, while Meyer & Kopf renewed their stocks, purchased to every advantage, not only once or twice, but in a continual flow.

And Meyer & Kopf did not break. They were sure of the fact that fifteen per cent. four or five times a year and without loss was more profitable than thirty or sixty per cent. twice or three times a year with losses. Mr. Whitehead then had his stock, and it passed out of date, became unsaleable even at cost. He had to call upon his credit to get the next season's stock ; and when it came all in a lump, though he lowered his prices somewhat, much of it was unsaleable, and many of his credits were bad, and—and—the tide had turned from him forever. Though he had sold his whole stock out at auction, had swept his store, and had filled it again with the choicest articles at most moderate prices, he would have had hard work to recover his lost ground. But pride, and custom, and long habit forbade any such action ; and after struggling for three or four years with a constantly augmenting stock of unsaleable articles, he had to go to protest ; he could not stand up against sharp traders who went upon the principles, "Small profits and quick returns : smaller profits, and quick returns : barely a profit, and quick returns : a little loss but a quick return : be more cautious and wait for a chance."



All this was good theory, but, according to his views, not certain enough in practice.

So Mr. Whitehead had reached the end of his means and had to give up. He had an honest soul, though he had been so misguided by the axioms and customary practice of his business. His reputation was so good and the times were so prosperous that no creditor, not even those in Charleston, New York, and Boston, showed a disposition to press him; and he quietly himself, instead of the sheriff, sold his store, which he owned, and all his stock and his fine carriage and horses, and all that he could sell, and paid his creditors the amount they sold for, and gave his notes for the remainder. The cottage was already mortgaged for the borrowed capital he had never repaid in full, and of which an amount nearly equal to the value of the cottage and its land yet remained unpaid.

The first year after his fall he turned his attention to gardening for profit, and failed in it. He had the industry, but had neither the knowledge, the patience, nor the market for his produce. The next year he got a situation as clerk in a store; but in four or five years more his employers failed just as he had done, and then he sold his cottage for one or two thousand dollars over the amount yet due upon the mortgage, and removed with his family to Savannah.

But for fear of tiring you I would try to analyse the reasons which send to the nearest city every man who is entirely broken up at home. I will spare you for this one time, though it is a curious fact which I have seen illustrated very frequently. At any rate, Mr. Whitehead and his family went to Savannah; and several years afterwards, happening to be on a business visit to that city, and having always had a fancy for seeing the markets of the great strange cities I visit, I got up early the morning after my arrival, and, while drinking a cup of coffee at a market-stand, whom should I see but Mr. Whitehead, my old friend, with a great basket upon his arm, going from stall to stall examining and pricing, like one who was accustomed to it and who was bound to buy the cheapest. He looked even older than I knew he really was, and his straggling gray whiskers could not conceal the wrinkled leanness of his face, poor old fellow! He had always been neat in his dress, and he was neat still, early as it was in the morning; but the wristbands and collar of his well-starched shirt were frayed, and his freshly-blackened shoes had buckskin strings in them, and no longer stood upright on their heels; and his well-brushed black coat was white at the seams and elbows, and his black trousers were very shiny at the knees. He was laying in the daily supplies for the boarding-house over which his wife presided; and his attempt at cheerfulness as he warmly shook my hand, when I had attracted his attention by speaking to him, made me feel sad. He was never graceful in anything but his handwriting, and his condition excited pity rather than sympathy.

I called at his house, of course, upon his pressing invitation (I would have gone anyhow), and then I discovered that his wife very unphilosophically allowed her imagination to dwell upon the idea that he had by his criminal imprudence pulled her down from some high station; whereas she should have thanked him, and thanked her

stars, for having given her a number of years of not only satisfaction but glory in life which she could not otherwise have had to enjoy. I discovered a good many other things while sitting in the bare, wretchedly-genteel parlor engaged in chat with Mrs. Whitehead and her daughters (there were two of them, now oldish-young ladies) about the old home and acquaintance, and looking over the daguerreotypes and albums piled up on the centre-table. But I spare you all this for the present. It is not trade.

A year or two after this Mr. Whitehead visited Yatton as the agent and drummer for some commission-house, but I do not think that the house got many more bales of cotton by his visit. Then I heard of him as a travelling collector of subscriptions for certain great books about to be published. Then came on the war, which no doubt swallowed up the good man and most of his family in its vortex. If he be living now, he is, I am sure, an insurance agent. But I sincerely hope that he has gone to his eternal rest, and has thus escaped the shifty mode of existence which a poor old man must adopt who has given the strength of his life to the feverish dreams and practices of trade, to the warfare against natural laws of right and wrong, which always and inexorably avenge themselves by finally exhausting the spirit and substance of those engaged in it.

Meyer & Kopf, who by the introduction of a new system were the immediate cause of his failure, when they found the field their own, raised their prices, to lower them again when others of their brethren discovered the goodly land and settled in it. When they seemed to be doing their largest business they associated with themselves a Gentile planter named Adams, who had money he wished to invest profitably, and as soon as possible they each sold out to him, and he had it all his own way until he broke. They entered into a great wholesale business in Savannah, and after a while they broke too, or appeared to do so, which was the same thing to their creditors. Perhaps they appeared to break in order to avoid actually breaking. Prudent men do that at Poker sometimes, after a run of good luck; and the process requires some ingenuity in order to keep up their credit. That generally adopted is to gradually remove their gains from the table in the excitement of the playing, and sink them in their pockets; then they may with some face declare that they have lost a little, or quit about even.

I would not for an instant be thought to compare an honest merchant or trader to a poker-player, or to any other gambler; though some obtuse, practical minds have pretended not to be able to see the difference between them. There is this material difference. The merchant is bound to break if he keep long enough at the business, whereas the poker-player, at the end of a life-time of fair playing with fair men, would be puzzled to tell whether he had lost or gained on : cent; so the poor merchant is to be pitied and consoled with. There is, also, this other very material difference. The poker-player engages with vicious men, like himself, who have their money up on the table, and who, he knows, play sharply; while the merchant deals with the whole community, rich and needy, and often loses a stake he has won by all the rules of the game; I mean loses a gain by which he has

earned by all the rules of law and all the axioms of trade. No doubt there are other great differences if one should take the trouble to think them up.

No, no. It is only some of the pursuits of trade which can be compared even with what is called in Georgia rough gambling—"cutting trunks off from behind stages, and such like." But it is disagreeable to make comparisons of good and respectable things with bad and discreditable things; and even though I myself should prefer the poker as a more exciting mode of the same game, it is only a matter of individual taste, and it would be wrong to defy public opinion by any such declaration.

I am not obliged to resort to either gambling or trade, and for the sake of my amanuensis let me be respectable above all things. Commercial panics and general private distress; the corrosion or total destruction of patriotism; a plundered public treasury and grinding taxation to keep it supplied; general venality in office and frauds without number, and forgery a common story out of office; a generation of women debased to the appearance if not the practices of harlotry; sensuality in its grossness in the few palaces of shoddy, and want in its most pinching forms in the many hovels of honest labor—all speak more pointedly and severely against the spirit of trade than I could do; so what would be the use of my not being respectable and respectful?

It may be said that if trade were shackled within the limits I have suggested, the accumulation of wealth would be a very slow process. So it would be; and so in all fairness it should be. It is so to the cultivator of the soil, who produces the wealth; and it should be so to those who deal with his products. I know that it will not be so; and to tell the honest truth, am glad that I can only talk about it. If it should very gradually and of its own motion so restrict itself, very well. But I am a conservative to the marrow of my bones; and though I were a preacher, would not take the responsibility of turning all men to honesty or to Christianity to-morrow if I had the power to do so by a command. Evil as is the spirit of trade, it has prompted the execution of great things for our race, and while working out its own designs, is surely preparing the way for greater things. As displayed in England and America, it would turn the whole earth down-side up and teach all men English to make sixty *per cent.*, rather than content itself with three *per cent.*; and in turning up the earth and teaching men English, the race moves on to its appointed end. I will try to restrain the spirit in my amanuensis and in his family, and will tell you, my dear reader, what I think of it, for my duty impels me to do so; but I would go no farther even if I could.

JOHN S. HOLT.

## A DREAM OF ELD.

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**I** PONDERED the deep hidden things of life,  
And all the ancient chronicles have told  
Of man's proud yearnings and heroic strife,  
And aspirations bold.

Far through the vast untravelled realms of thought  
Roamed my wild fancy: tales of gramarye  
Rose to my mind, visions of wonder fraught  
With shapes of mystery; ■

Dreams of far lands beyond the sunset, where,  
Lapped in the calms of a divine repose,  
Rests the vexed soul, breathed round with balmy air  
And purged from earthly woes;

Tales of old story; fond imaginings  
Of many a buried hope and trusted truth;  
The legend of the enchanted vale where springs  
For aye the fount of youth;

Of lost Timbuctoo and fair Aidenn's grace;  
Of that far El Dorado's halcyon clime  
Where the full brightness of the Father's face  
Shines through the clouds of time.

I thought of that fair vale of Avalon  
Beyond the utmost sunset, billow-bound,  
Where rest the heroes, life's long labor done,  
With fadeless laurels crowned.

Gathered they are from every clime and nation,  
Clothed in the splendor of high duties done,  
Till hope shall have her perfect consummation  
And man's proud race be run;

Life's weary warfare over, and the path  
Of earthly toil and trouble safely trod,  
Sheltered alike from human love and wrath,  
They wait the trump of God.

And in my heart there grew a high resolve  
Of action proud and glorified endeavor,  
The passionate wish life's weary doubt to solve,  
And wholly to dis sever



The filaments of earth that bind our souls  
Down to the shores of time, while fast and free  
About our feet the broadening ocean rolls  
Of God's eternity.

Man stands between the far-off realms of faith  
And the long twilight of the buried years;  
He scans this mystery of life-in-death  
Dimly through doubts and fears.

His heart is heavy with the cares of earth,  
And with time's burdens all his limbs are faint;  
The consciousness of his immortal birth  
And of sin's evil taint,

The knowledge that through this world's dreary mist  
His feet must wander, until cleansèd, shriven,  
His hopes at last shall keep their holy tryst  
For aye in God's own heaven;—

These with an anxious fear and patient trust  
Must ever urge him onward to the goal  
Of his high faith, until this mortal dust  
Release the immortal soul.

---

I read a story of the olden days,  
Of high heroic faith and passion pure;  
A song of noble life whose lofty praise  
Forever shall endure.

I saw a mighty nation fill the plain  
Where Jordan's waves sweep onward to the sea,  
And Nebo's mount o'erlooks the fair domain  
To farthest Galilee.

Far on the other side stretched flowered meadows,  
A pleasant land of hill and vale and river,  
Where the lign-aloes through green cedar-shadows  
Toss their white crests forever.

And there, beneath the lime-trees' drooping shade,  
I saw an old man stand beside the stream;  
And back through time's dim mists my fancy strayed,  
As in a magic dream.

I thought I stood beside the Lotos river,  
In a far land where Southern sunsets glow,  
And o'er the banks the rushes sway and shiver  
As the breeze murmurs low.

*A Dream of Eld.*

Deep-cradled there among the sighing reeds  
I saw a Hebrew babe; and o'er his head  
The lilies waved their banners, and long weeds  
Twined round his lowly bed.

And like a silver sickle lay the moon  
Above in a broad harvest-field of stars;  
And in the tender light the foam-crests shone  
Like wheels of fairy cars.

Mysterious whispers seemed to fill the air,  
Breathed o'er the sleeping earth from groves of palm:  
Prophetic murmurs of a love-fraught prayer  
Throbbled through the holy calm.

And, sudden, on the south-wind's perfumed breath  
Thrilled forth an anthem of triumphant joy,  
And proudly bowed the lilies' snowy wreath  
Over the sleeping boy.

Down from the rose-hued mountain's flowered slope,  
Down to the mighty river's star-kissed wave,  
Swelled through the night a hymn of lofty hope,  
And love supreme to save.

And all my thoughts flew forward to the hour  
When hard by Horeb's rock the shepherd stood,  
And heard in all the majesty of power  
The glorious voice of God.

And once again that wondrous path I trod  
Up from fair Egypt's plains to Jordan's stream,  
And saw a mighty nation throng the road  
Like shadows in a dream.

---

Ah, never more through groves of whispering palms  
Comes God's own voice to our weak human souls;  
No more the echo of triumphant psalms  
On angel-voices rolls.

It is not ours on Sinai's solemn peak  
To tread the path the Prophet-Priest erst trod;  
Not ours in joy ineffable to speak  
As face to face with God.

We have no high behest whose Heaven-sent light  
Shall brighten time's dark waves forevermore,  
And cast prophetic gleams through life's dark night  
Of the eternal shore.

Yet each of us is called of Him to do  
With true and faithful heart our work on earth :  
We may not say our hopes are faint and few,  
Our task of little worth ;

For through earth's darkness gleams of heaven still shine,  
High hopes are ours, and through life's weary thrall  
May come some glimpses of that land divine  
Where God is all-in-all.

The aspiration for a holier life ;  
The cry for help when human need is sorest ;  
The dream of light when o'er our spirit's strife  
The shadows gather hoarest ;

All the bright visions of a dreamland, lost  
Amid the tumult of earth's jarring wills ;  
The far faint hopes whose gleams have sometimes crost  
Our sense of mortal ills ;

These are the shadows of that purer life  
For which we yearn, but ne'er on earth attain ;  
The gleams of that bright crown which noble strife  
Shall never seek in vain.

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Chaunt thou, O Jordan, with thy wind-swept waves  
A funeral march ! Proud forests, toss your plumes !  
Dark mountains, lift imperial architraves  
From out your cloud-wrapt glooms !

City of palm-trees, swell the solemn dirge !—  
This day a hero dies, a prophet falls !  
Old river, mourn him with thy ceaseless surge,  
Swept past thy rock-hewn walls !

Hark to the blessing of the man of God  
Before those feet shall tread death's solemn shadows,  
Which ne'er shall press the promised kingdom's sod,  
Or walk its flowered meadows.

Soft blow Jeshurun's breezes o'er thy plains,  
O Reuben ! and thy white tents glance and gleam  
From Arnon's wave to Gilead's fair domains  
Beside the ancient stream.

Hear Thou, O Lord, the humble prayer of faith,  
Guard Judah's borders from the foeman's spear,  
That he may dwell secure from fear of scaith,  
Held by Thy watchful care.

*A Dream of Eld.*

Lift o'er Thy holy One Thy guardian shield,  
 And drop Thy blessings on his head in dew;  
 Whom Thou unto Thyself for aye hast sealed,  
 Keep Thou forever true.

On the fair plains of Benjamin look down  
 The heights of Gibeon, and the breezes bless  
 His verdant valleys, for his God shall crown  
 His tents with happiness.

Over thy fair domain, O loved child!  
 Spread the rich blessings of the farthest hills;  
 All precious things are thine, O brother mild,  
 All love thy bosom fills.

From thy fair vales where the pomegranates glow,  
 And the oil-olive spreads her goodly bowers,  
 Thy peace in never-failing waves shall flow  
 Around thine ancient towers.

Come forth, O warrior brothers, to the strife,  
 Let all your trumpets sound with glad accord;  
 Live ever thus your grand heroic life,  
 O soldiers of the Lord!

Go forth, O Zebulon, upon thy quest  
 Where gleam the waters of the Southern sea;  
 Couch thou, O Issachar, in goodly rest,  
 For the Lord loveth thee.

Spread forth your snowy tents, O brothers twain,  
 From Jordan's stream to Carmel's pleasant hills;  
 God's peace shall brood upon each fruitful plain  
 And flower-fringed rills.

Ah, who is like Jeshurun's God, who rides  
 On the deep heavens and rules the stormy sky?  
 What foe shall touch the man whose hope abides  
 In Thee, O Lord Most High!

Around Thy saints shall flow Thy quickening breath;  
 Safe shall they dwell, unmoved by rude alarms;  
 Above, the eternal God; and underneath,  
 The everlasting arms!

And now the voice is mute; no more forever  
 Shall Israel bow before that reverend head;  
 The last soft echo dies along the river,  
 And the last prayer is said.



Up from fair Moab's plains tread thy lone path,  
And bow thy head at last in perfect rest  
Where dark Beth-Peor braves the storm-cloud's wrath,  
On Nebo's lonely crest.

No mortal music is that requiem strain  
Which from gray Pisgah's peak in grandeur swells,  
Resounding ever with its deep refrain  
Through Moab's bosky dells.

Look down, O pure-eyed stars, on that strange scene!  
And bear through rolling ages the proud tale,  
O full-orbed moon, that with thy light serene  
Floodest the purple vale.

Light! light in the dark valley! God's own glory  
Spread out upon the mountains for his shroud;  
And Heaven's high dome above the hill-tops hoary,  
Hung like a star-strewn cloud!

Chaunt the grand requiem, O ye winds of God!  
Far down the rocky valley's cloistered aisles;  
Let the proud anthem o'er that burial-sod  
Ring through the dark defiles.

Rest from thy life's long toil, O meek-browed saint!  
Rest with the guilt of Meribah atoned;  
Cleansed for aye from earthly soil or taint,  
In perfect peace enthroned.

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O thou who dreamest of a holy life,  
And a proud future of heroic deeds,  
Learn how the soul is purified through strife  
For her eternal needs.

E'en to the lowliest of God's creatures here  
Comes His own voice in purest love and ruth,  
And tells our better part to do and dare  
For his eternal truth.

That so in that fair Promised Land of rest  
Our soul's high hopes may find their full reward,  
High victors crownèd in life's solemn quest,  
"Forever with the Lord."

## ON THE ABUSE OF BOOKS.

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THERE'S some sound sense at the bottom of Mr. Gaston Phoebus's epigrammatic fling at the modern worship—I was going to say of books, but should rather say—of newspapers and light reading in general. You all remember the passage, for everybody read *Lothair* with avidity when it came out, and this was one of the best things in it; but to refresh your memories, and to please myself—which I do whenever I can—I shall quote it.

“Books are fatal; they are the curse of the human race. Nineteenths of existing books are nonsense, and the clever books are the refutation of that nonsense. The greatest misfortune that ever befel man was the invention of printing. Printing has destroyed education. Art is a great thing, and Science is a great thing; but all that art and science can reveal can be taught by man and by his attributes—his voice, his hand, his eye. The essence of education is the education of the body. Beauty and health are the chief sources of happiness. Men should live in the air; their exercises should be regular, varied, scientific. To render his body strong and supple is the first duty of man. He should develope and completely master the whole muscular system. What I admire in the order to which you [*Lothair*] belong is that they do live in the air; that they excel in athletic sports; that they can only speak one language; and that they never read. This is not a complete education, but it is the highest education since the Greek.

“No doubt every man should combine an intellectual with a physical training, but the popular conception of the means is radically wrong. Youth should attend lectures on art and science by the most illustrious professors, and should converse together afterwards on what they have heard. They should learn to talk; it is a rare accomplishment, and extremely healthy. They should have music always at their meals. The theatre, entirely remodelled and reformed, and under a minister of state, should be an important element of education. I should not object to the recitation of lyric poetry. That is enough. I would not have a book in the house, or even see a newspaper.”

Now this is the wit of graceful exaggeration; and it is really brilliant wit, the daring extravagance of thought in light, easy, dramatic language which has always constituted one of the charms of the writings of “him whom men call Dizzy.” But like all fine wit, it is based on a foundation of truth; and I assert that it has at bottom a good deal of sound sense. For one thing, from whose lips do we hear the best English, really good idiomatic English? First of all, from the women who move in good society, ladies whose reading is confined to some few old books of the better sort, and whose occasional taste of a novel or so has not had any palpable effect upon the excellent and simple language they use. Next after them in purity of

idiom come the gentlemen who have quite forgotten most of their college training, and have read so little since as to be quite untainted with the stilted style and the foreign structure of sentences, conscious or unconscious, of printed thought. Yes, I contend that the sweetest English we can hear is the English which hereditary use of the tongue has preserved in the families of the higher classes of society; and no amount of study in books can bestow the nameless grace and careless correctness of the language of good society. Priggish teaching, prim grammar-mongering, and above all, the peculiar veneering elegance of boarding-schools, have done their very best to destroy this sweet speech our mothers charmed us with first; but they cannot do it, though they may have foisted a shocking array of affectations upon it in certain sections. But in the main it abides wherever true culture and courteous manners and right thinking abide, in all its native dignity of simplicity.

But it is not only in the matter of spoken language that the superiority of social culture over book culture is to be seen. In mere mass and quality of knowledge even, commerce with the better sort of thinkers, close observation of men and manners, personal experience of life, and with it the cultivation of such habits of reflection as shall enable one to profit by it, not unfrequently give him who uses eyes and ears and tongue wisely, immense advantages over the mere conner of those fragments of themselves which alone even the greatest and wisest of mankind have been able to leave us. If besides all this the student of life as it is should have the good fortune to mingle freely among the great actors in life's perpetually shifting drama, and should have the still greater good fortune to know when and how to be a listener, he is gaining for himself day by day the highest and noblest kind of education. But this is not all. The *tone* of really good society is better in its living sweetness, in its daily out-showing of Christian graces and of the lofty principles of gentle blood, than all the books put together; for after all the worthiest of them are but spirit clothed in a form that stands midway between the life of the spirit and the life of the body; and nothing can teach so well as the spirit that speaks through living flesh and blood. No thought of the mind, no belief of the heart, can find its way home to another mind and heart so swiftly and so surely as from the mind and heart of a woman who loves to the man she loves, or from a man who loves to the woman he loves. The same is true in kind, though differing in degree, in the case of all the family relations in turn, and in the case of friend and friend. No education can be *better* than this, the traditionary education of good society. It is true that ampler knowledge is needed to enlarge and enrich it; and where the native powers prompt to the acquirement of fuller knowledge, it is well to encourage and aid in every way such eager desire and thirst after that which the doom of our race has made at the same time both curse and blessing. But while of course the infinite multiplication and minute subdivision of the various branches of knowledge which the world's large experience has produced, necessitates the use of books for him who would thoroughly know anything, there is yet a wide field of useful knowledge which the inquirer may just as readily, more

healthfully, and far more delightfully glean from personal observation and oral teaching. Nor should any inquirer, the more especially he who really thirsts after knowledge, ever be suffered to fall into the delusion that it is of itself education. Education is the judicious training of all the powers, all the instincts, tastes, and tendencies of the individual man in symmetrical proportion, that each and every one of them may shine forth with sweetest light and noblest force ; that worthy play may be given to the whole man in all his complexity of structure. This should be done by the wise use of all the means and appliances which the Creator has put at our disposal. Books, the books of the most richly gifted of our race, of course are among these means ; but the unreasonable exaltation of them in the modern views of what constitutes true education amounts to an abuse of one of the best things given for our use. The climax of folly is reached when the merest smattering of book-knowledge is set forth as the grand remedy for all those social evils which afflict the lower classes and endanger the frame-work of society itself. To name what I am convinced is the real and only remedy for these ills, and the only safe preparation for any cultivation of the mind in those whose moral corruption and physical misery engender vice and crime, may seem somewhat out of place here ; but I cannot touch upon this subject even remotely without declaring my earnest conviction that the real education of these classes is the proper work and duty of the Church of Christ. No sort or amount of mere knowledge will do them any good, but rather harm, until the purifying and ennobling influences of the Gospel have prepared a soil for any other sort of education to put its seeds into and bear good fruit from. As long as the soil is rank, the vegetation that grows up on it will be rank also. In all ages of the world, and indeed in all classes of society, mere intellectual culture without any sweetening element to refine and beautify the moral nature, has produced a Devil's harvest, which ensured ruin and shameful putrefaction for that false and hollow civilisation which mistook the means for the end.

We must then—to return to the thread of my talk—use books, but use them wisely, and use most those of the men who in the highest degree possessed and infused into their books that knowledge of the world which I say is the best kind of knowledge men can gather and grasp. Read more than all others Shakspeare and Cervantes, Horace and Montaigne, Sterne and Molière, and the early English novelists, and Sir Walter Scott. The only writers to read for any purposes of true education are the men of genius so catholic and so robust that they show in every sweep of their colors how thoroughly they know mankind. Above all is it true of the great creative natures that they are men of sympathies so broad that they understand and can enter into the coarser, rougher fibre of human feeling as well as the gentler and the nobler ; that they can even appreciate with a sort of clairvoyant power the intense delirium of delight which the worst passions fire men to, the morbid gloom of some peculiar temperaments, the graceful, airy wickedness of others. These successful students of humanity, and reproducers of its more striking traits in epitome, are especially worth the closest study from him who wishes



truly to educate himself, since the fulness of education consists in the equipment of self with all that may tend to reveal the ripest knowledge of man and the nature God has put around him. Of course, any fair study of these two reveals to the student also something of the nature of God who created them and of the duties which man owes to God, the knowledge of man's past history bringing with it a knowledge of that Revelation which his Creator long ago made to him of His will and His offered means of salvation from the curse he has borne with him almost from the time when his history began. This Book that comes from God he cannot too seriously study; and the books of the largest and grandest thinkers of his race should be looked into again and again. But the evil is that too often these very books, which lie so close to nature and to man, are the ones most neglected, while those that put the mask on both are so diligently read that real life in both man and nature, whenever forced upon our observation, is looked at through a false medium, and is misinterpreted. Idolatry of such books is a great evil, a great public calamity, the sure mark of a period of decadence; and when books are worshipped as the one great lever of social amelioration, it is just such books that men ignorantly worship. It is in this sense that I declare the modern prostration before the principle of book-education to be a great social injury, a subtle element of mischief to all classes of society. I know well that I set myself against the spirit of the age, and shall be looked upon as an outside barbarian, when I say in all seriousness that the hewers of wood and drawers of water, as a class, have no business at all with book-education, and that those whose means enable them to attain the highest education can get it much better and in a far more healthful style by using books far less than they do, and using their eyes, their ears, and their brains far more than they do. But I say it nevertheless with the firmest conviction that it is true, and that we all depend too much upon these uncertain and often fallacious appliances, blind guides to lead those who are blind themselves because they refuse to use their own eyes. Even to think well and worthily we must think for ourselves, and do something towards getting our own materials for thought. But thought itself, noble as it may be made by right training, is but the half of life. Action is necessary to keep thought healthy and to give the humanising element of hope, of love, of trust; thought's mission is to give action definiteness of purpose. The man is incomplete and is not truly educated who neglects either. Both are *modes* of being which should work in concert and act and react upon each other. Neither should be wholly the result of circumstance; both should be ready to seize the occasion of the hour, and aid in moulding circumstance. Nor is this all. We are so constituted that we need also the discipline of suffering to purify our aims, to fortify us with that blessed knowledge that advertises us of our weakness and of the need of higher strength than our own, and to ennoble us with the sense of there being something better to achieve than worldly success.

So much for the question of active life and individual thinking as opposed to the damaging influences of constant poring over books, in the light of what is best for the educating process. But there are

other points which might well be urged to show that the excessive use of books is a dissipation of the powers of the body as well as of the mind, a dissipation deplorable in its results and to be discountenanced far more than it is in this age of factitious progress. It will be enough merely to mention some of these: the blearing and blinding of eyes until it is difficult to find a person with perfectly sound vision; the enormous increase of all sorts of neuralgic and spinal complaints, from unhealthy tasking of the brain and the bad habits engendered by a sedentary life; awkward and ungraceful movements, from infrequent use of the body in open-air exercises; rudeness of manner, from habits of abstraction; deliberate omission of many of the most ordinary duties of life, from self-indulgence in going back, as soon as the more pressing calls of duty are over, to the fascinating book; neglect of hearty attention to the great duty of meals, from the same cause; and thousands of other evils from which every household and every individual suffers. Books have, in some form or other, become a more powerful rival of the wife than the husband's pipe, a more powerful rival of the husband than the wife's new bonnet, a more frequent cause of social coldness than the most vehement gossip. Dizzy's great Aryan was more than half right.

C. WOODWARD HUTSON.

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## SOVEREIGNTY IN THE UNITED STATES.

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### II.

#### SOVEREIGNTY IS NOT QUALIFIABLE OR LIMITABLE.

THE dogma that the States have sovereignty except so far as they have ceded it, if not intended as a deception, is a gross and deplorable blunder; and the following expressions, to be found in the speeches and writings of all American politicians of note, are both amazing and amusing for their solecistic absurdity: "Divided sovereignty," "delegated sovereignty," "qualified sovereignty," "limited sovereignty," "representative sovereignty," "Federal sovereignty," "sovereign powers vested in the Government," "surrendering essential parts of sovereignty," "dividing sovereignty between the Federal and State governments," "the States are sovereign, except so far as they have delegated specific sovereign powers"

[Webster], "each State is absolutely sovereign, except as to the limited supreme sovereignty conferred upon the National Government" [Story]; and so on through an immense number and variety of expressions, all absurdly coupling sovereignty with some qualifying word or phrase, or treating of it as susceptible of infinite division, in contempt of the great philologists of the age, who all unite in considering the *word* superlative in signification, and the *entity* referred to as indivisible and inalienable. [See also the opinions of Judges Taney and McLean, 5 *How.* 588; 21 *How.* 516.]

We shall soon see that sovereignty is indivisible, and is not composed of, or identical with, rights or powers. Society's sovereignty must be its supreme will over, and, so to speak, ownership of all persons and things therein. Like ownership, it involves the right of control and command as well as the *jus disponendi*. Will must be exercised and must have its mental adjuncts — perception, reason, and judgment. Can this mental unity be disintegrated so that a part of the faculties can be alienated and the rest retained? Can the subject persons and things be partitioned so that some can be under one supreme will and some under another? Can a citizen yield his obedience to more than one ultimate authority? Common-sense answers these questions negatively. Two sovereigns cannot have the same subject. No man can serve two masters. But one paramount authority can exist in any country. In a republic this must reside in the State. It does so in the United States. New York, Texas, or Illinois is of right as absolute as King William or the Grand Turk.

Can sovereignty divide itself? Can anything be excepted from its jurisdiction? And especially, can it become subject to the coercive authority of its own delegations?—for American "expounders" pretend that the commonwealths called "the united States" have become so subject. If sovereignty can be divided, it can be done in an aristocracy or a monarchy as well as a republic, for in each and every case it dwells in a unity, a "moral person." The king is the State; the queen and parliament are the State; the aristocracy is the State; and the republic is the State. In each there must be a will, a sovereign one, or there is no State.

#### MR. GEORGE T. CURTIS EXPOUNDS.

With amusing *naïveté*, Mr. Curtis, while declining, in a recent controversy with Mr. A. H. Stephens, to defend Mr. Webster's views on "political sovereignty," sets them forth as follows: "When the States ratified the Constitution, they parted with a part of their *sovereignty* and yet remained States. . . . The sovereign powers of a people are divisible, so that a portion can be granted irrevocably and a part can be retained." [See his letter in the *New York World*, August 23, 1869.] The reader will please notice here that the "sovereign powers" to be parted with, or reserved, are treated of as identical with "sovereignty."

The above expression may be taken as the views of Dane, Story, Webster, Curtis, G. H. Pendleton, and in short of the whole Massachusetts school. They admit, strange to say, that *the States* as sove-

reign political communities *ratified and established* the Constitution ; but they audaciously assert (and in doing so violate truth and common-sense) that the said States thereby excepted out of their sovereignty a national sovereignty which effectually controls them. Audaciously, I say, for the very Constitution itself with its "plain tale puts them down." What they falsely and sophistically call exceptions out of sovereignty are expressly characterised by the Constitution itself as *delegated* powers. And it contains no powers but delegated ones ; these, as the phrase solely means, being confided to agents or representatives for the use and behoof of the delegators or sovereigns. Those who act with delegated powers must be subjects and agents, while the authority delegating must be sovereign. Mr. Webster says the well-known words of the Constitution must be taken in their well-known sense ; and under his guidance we find the falsehood of his celebrated phrase—"So far as the Constitution goes, so far State sovereignty is effectually controlled."

Considering, now, this particular expounding degraded to the rank of falsehoods, I will now show it to be so egregious an absurdity that any worthy *élève* of the Massachusetts school, upon being convicted of it, would rather say : "I aimed to cheat with it," than "I believed it." The proverbial Massachusetts pride of 'cuteness must be kept in mind.

#### THE 'CUTENESS OF ARGUING FROM FALSE WORDS.

As the Constitution contains, and contemplates, no other "powers" than those "delegated," these must necessarily be used by agents or trustees, *i. e.* persons who act for the supreme authority that the said powers belong to. So when the Danes, Storrs, Websters, Jacksons, Curtises, Parkers, Brownsons, Drapers, Pendletons, Lincolns, Jame-sons, Greeleys, Johnsons, and others, talk and write of "ceding," "transferring," "parting with," "relinquishing," "surrendering"—all in the sense of alienating—sovereignty, and say it is done "irrevocably," while they suppress the real constitutional language which bears a totally different meaning, they only escape the imputation of ignorance by incurring that of deliberate falsehood ; and those of them who were officially sworn to support and preserve the Constitution, must, if they escape the former alternative, meet the additional charge of perjury.

It is certain that neither the Constitution nor the sacred teachings of the fathers contain any warrant for such a doctrine as the States committing suicide, or as their contemplating any other sovereignty to amend the Constitution than that which established it, namely their own. Hence the immortal Washington wrote "by unanimous order of the Convention" that making the Constitution was the "*delegating*" of an "extensive TRUST"—this agreeing strictly with the instrument itself, which expressly and exclusively provides for "powers delegated," and for none whatever that are "*granted IRREVOCABLY*." And hundreds of pages from the fathers could be here quoted to show the falsity of the idea that sovereignty was transferred at all—let alone "irrevocably"—but not a line in its favor. Nay more, I will



venture to say that as no man can believe an obvious untruth, the great mind of Webster never believed, and Mr. Curtis does not now believe, that "the sovereignty . . . of the people is divisible, so that a part can be granted irrevocably, and a part retained."

#### SOVEREIGNTY WILLS, AND REMAINS UNCHANGED.

Whatever was done in establishing the constitution of government, must have been done by sovereignty. Of course I speak of voluntary action, *i. e.* free exercise and effectuation of will. So that if any sovereignty was put in the Federal pact, sovereignty must *ex mero motu* have divided itself. It must have exerted its will, whether it intended to divide itself or delegate powers. When this will was exerted the Constitution was made and established, and *the said will necessarily existed through the act.* We know, then, that it was not sovereignty, but *something else* that was put *by sovereignty* in the Federal pact. The instrument itself says it was "powers," and that they were "delegated." "Powers," then, were transferred, while the will that did it remained untransferred in the moral person or persons that acted. We know it did thus remain, for it was exercised by each State on the proposed amendments several years afterwards. Here, then, we have absolute proof that there is *no sovereignty in the Constitution*; and that *sovereignty is out of it, and in the States* who ratified and ordained it.

#### IMAGINE KAISER WILLIAM'S AUTHORITY DIVIDED.

According to philosophy and common-sense, the essential idea of the superlative word "sovereignty" is of a *will* that rules over *everything* in its territory, and this will presupposes all the other attributes of a perfect mental unity through which those conclusions of judgment shall be made and those determinations of will reached which are indispensable in government. Through just such a mental unity William of Prussia commands every person and thing in his kingdom. His right of command must be a unity; and to think of what can be maintained in defiance of his will, in his own realm, is to think of what does not divide but destroys sovereignty; for even if the cap of Gesler can be kept in the market-place as an emblem against his will, he is not sovereign, for *an opposing will has risen above his own*, with all infinitude to expand in for domination over what is beneath. The sovereign entity, *i. e.* the mind or soul having the right of command, is the same (with its perception, reason, judgment, and will) in an aristocracy and a republic as in a monarchy.

#### WHAT SAY THE PUBLICISTS?

As they all agree, one or two quotations from those of the highest repute will suffice. Vattel says [Book I, § 65]: "Every sovereignty, properly so called, is, in its own nature, one and indivisible." Lieber in his *Civil Liberty and Self-Government* [chap. xiv] says: "What, in a philosophical sense, can truly be called sovereignty, can never be divided." In his *Political Ethics* [§ 63] he says: "Society can never

delegate or pledge away sovereignty"; and that "being inherent naturally and necessarily in the State, it can never pass away from it so long as the latter exists." See also Montesquieu, Locke, Puffendorf, Burlamaqui, Rutherford, Rousseau, and others.

Enough is now said and quoted to exhibit the mental unity, the moral person which dwells in one of our societies or States as its soul—this being sovereign, and acting so continually through the mental organism and faculties already brought to view.

#### RIGHTS AND POWERS ARE NOT SOVEREIGNTY.

All difficulties would disappear from this subject if we would discard the idea that sovereignty is composed of, or can be divided into rights and powers.

The general notion of the expounders seems to be that sovereignty is the sum of all rights and powers—"the embodiment of all powers," to use Mr. A. H. Stephens's expression. They (and he too, unfortunately) confound *it* with the powers which, by delegation and in writing, *it* entrusts to the governmental agency *it* creates. They admit the transfer to be by delegation, but say this is a ceding of a part of sovereignty, and irrevocable. Witness the absurdity. The people cannot govern directly: they can do it only by and through this very process of delegation. Now supposing all their governing powers, Federal or State, to be in exercise, the result of such theory would be as follows: If they put one-third of them in the Federal Constitution, one-third of their governing authority is "*irrevocably*" gone. The residue of two-thirds being vested in the State governments by precisely the same process, through State Conventions, the people have abdicated all of sovereignty; put an end to the republican form of government (which can only exist where they have the sovereignty, and govern absolutely at all times and in all things), and reduced themselves to allegiant subjects of agencies which they themselves created and empowered—the Federal one being paramount, imperial!

The effectuation of this theory, then, is the annihilation of sovereignty. This is the *reductio ad absurdum*; for sovereignty, whether it is that of a nation or of States, must always be supreme over every person and thing; and as long as the republic lasts it must remain in the people as organised, they choosing to politically exist as States and to govern themselves as such—separately as to domestic affairs, and conjointly in general and common ones. Both local and general governments are *their* creations, and have no other authority whatever than *their* delegations. This is the view of all the fathers.

#### HON. A. H. STEPHENS ON THIS SUBJECT.

Mr. Stephens after a wide circuit comes back to the ground criticised above, which is utterly inconsistent with his general theory. In his *War between the States* [Vol. I, pp. 488-9] he says that "sovereignty is the *highest and greatest* of all political powers; that it is the *source* as well as the *embodiment* of all powers"; that it is susceptible

of partition and transfer; that "if sovereignty is not parted with by the States in express terms, . . . it is still retained and reserved to the people of the several States, in that mass of residuary rights which was expressly reserved in the Constitution itself"; and finally, that it was "not expressly reserved in the Constitution at first," but was "soon after" "expressly reserved" in the Tenth Amendment.

This all means that sovereignty, which must be the peculiar and essential characteristic of a State—the very one that causes it to differ from a county or a province, which consists of the right of command over everything, and which was supposed to be above all rights and powers, and to have the absolute disposal of them—is divisible, and subject to grant or reservation; and that—though it might have been parted with—it is actually *reserved* to the States in the Tenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution—this being the sole source of and their only title to their sovereignty! Moreover, he calls these alleged fractions of sovereignty, "specific sovereign powers." All this resembles the doctrines of Dane, Story, Webster, Curtis, G. H. Pendleton, and the *New York World*; but not those of A. H. Stephens.

The former could say to Mr. S.: "As you assert, the sovereignty of the States 'was not expressly *reserved* in the Constitution at first,' but was afterwards 'expressly *reserved*' in the Tenth Amendment. Did not the Constitution thenceforward provide the practical means of preserving that sovereignty? Did not the guaranty of a republican form of government [Art. IV, § 4], and the amendment in question aided by other clauses, empower and charge the Government to see that the States are protected in their rights as reserved—including this right of sovereignty? As sovereignty is thus placed in and under the Constitution—as you admit—it must consist with the 'specific sovereign powers' which you say are granted in the other parts of the instrument. Do you not therefore admit that Mr. Webster is right in his *dictum*, that 'so far as the Constitution goes, so far State sovereignty is effectually controlled'?"

Does not Mr. S. then seem entangled in the meshes of his own logic, so that his only escape is to admit that the Constitution does not involve State or any other sovereignty; but that the fact—including the government it provides for—remains as a created instrumentality beneath and subject to the authority of the States which established it as the terms of their association? This indeed seems to be the general theory of his book.

In order not to do Mr. Stephens injustice, I here quote him at considerable length:—

. . . One of the main objects in forming the compact, as before stated, and as clearly appears from the instrument itself, was to preserve and perpetuate separate State existence. The guaranty to this effect from the very words used implies their sovereignty. There can be no such thing as a perfect State without sovereignty. It certainly is not parted with by any express terms in that instrument. If it be surrendered thereby it must be by implication only.

He shows that this cannot be, and proceeds:—

For sovereignty is the *highest* and *greatest* of all political powers. It is itself the source as well as *embodiment* of all political powers, both great and small. All

proceed and emanate from it. All the great powers specifically and expressly delegated in the Constitution, such as the power to declare war and make peace, to raise and support armies, to tax and lay excise duties, etc., are themselves but the *incidents* of sovereignty. If this great embodiment of all powers was parted with, why were any minor specifications made? Why any enumeration? Was not such specification or enumeration both useless and absurd?

All the implications are the other way. The bare fact that all the powers parted with by the States were delegated only, as all admit, necessarily implies that *the greater power* delegating still continued to exist.

If, then, this ultimate absolute sovereignty did reside with the several States separately, as without question it did up to the formation of the Constitution; and if in the Constitution, sovereignty is not parted with by the States in express terms; if, as Mr. Webster said in 1839, there is *not* a word about sovereignty in it, and if, further, this *greatest of all political powers* cannot justly be claimed as an incident to lesser ones and thereby carried by implication, then of course was it not most clearly still retained and reserved to the people of the several States in that mass of residuary rights, in the language of Mr. Jefferson, which was *expressly reserved* in the Constitution itself?

It is true it was *not so expressly reserved* in the Constitution at first, because it was deemed, as the debates in the Federal Convention as well as the State Conventions clearly show, wholly unnecessary; so general was the understanding that it could not go by inference or implication from anything in the Constitution, or, in other words, that it could not be surrendered without express terms to that effect. The general understanding was the universally acknowledged principle in public law, that nothing is held good against sovereignty by implication. But to quiet the apprehensions of Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, and the conventions of a majority of the States, this reservation of sovereignty was soon after put in the Constitution amongst other amendments in plain and unequivocal language. . . .

This amendment, which was promptly agreed to by the States, unanimously declared that all *powers not delegated* were *reserved* to the States respectively. *This of course includes in the reservation, sovereignty, which is the source of all powers, those delegated as well as those reserved.* This reservation, Mr. Samuel Adams said, we have seen in the Massachusetts Convention, was consonant with the like reservation in the first articles of Confederation. [1. Stephens's *War, etc.*, pp. 448-9.]

### SOME DECISIVE DEFINITIONS.

As Daniel Webster, in his speech of 1833, says that "well-known words" should be taken in their "well-known sense" in expositions of the Constitution, I will invite Noah to "come to judgment" and correct Daniel with the "well-known sense" of the leading words herein used. The hundreds of dictionaries in the library of the British Museum all agree with the impartial and decisive judgment (for such it may be considered) of the great American lexicographer.

"SOVEREIGNTY, *n.* Supreme power; supremacy; the possession of the highest power, or of uncontrollable power." It is obvious that the word has but one meaning; and that it is a superlative and unqualifiable word. This definition shows all the phrases quoted at the beginning of this chapter to be puerile blunders.

"WILL, *n.* 1. The power of choosing; the faculty or *endowment of the soul* by which it is capable of choosing; the faculty of selecting or preferring one of two or more objects. 2. The choice which is made; a determination or preference which results from the act or exercise of the power of choice; a volition. 3. The choice or determination of one who has authority; a decree; a command; discretive pleasure." [Web. Dic. last ed.]

In his edition of 1859, under "Will" is the following: "The will is directed or influenced by the judgment. The understanding or reason



compares different objects which operate as motives ; the judgment determines which is preferable, and the *will* decides which to pursue. In other words, we *reason* with respect to the value and importance of things ; we then *judge* which is to be preferred ; and we *will* to take the most valuable. These are but different operations of the mind, soul, or intellectual part of man." [See also Locke Und., B. II. c. 21.]

The error of the writers herein criticised seems to result from their not always keeping it in mind that "will" and "power" are totally different entities ; and that "sovereignty" is supremacy of will, while power or powers refer to the faculty or ability of doing, or the authority to do, what effectuates *will*. A paralytic may have will without power, and an idiot power without will. Hence we see that either of the said entities can exist without the other. Legislation is sovereign will in the shape of law, though it is ineffectual without executive power.

"DELEGATION, *n.* A sending away ; the act of putting in commission or investing with authority to act for another ; the appointment of a delegate. 2. The person deputed to act for another or for others. Thus the representatives of Massachusetts in Congress are called the *delegation* or *whole delegation*."

"DELEGATE, *v. t.* 1. To send away appropriately, to send on an embassy ; to send with power to transact business as a representative. . . . 2. To entrust ; to commit ; to deliver to another's care and exercise ; as, to *delegate* authority or power to an envoy, representative, or judge."

Here then is the plain teaching—"the well-known sense"—of these important words:—1. *The sovereign mind* (whether residing in a monarch, an aristocracy, or a State), in governing, *wills*. 2. *Powers* are by it delegated to agencies to effectuate its *will*. 3. All the *powers* of the Constitution of the United States are *delegated*, and are so many specific authorisations to "substitutes and agents" to carry out sovereign *will*. Such will must ever reside in the people as States, for only thus did they ever organise themselves. Republican sovereignty cannot be in constitutions or governments, not only because it must be in the people who have ever the right of government, but because the so-called governments are *by the people created and endowed* with "delegated" authority, and are administered by the people's *representatives*, who must be members and citizens, and necessarily subjects of States.

P. C. CENTZ, *Barrister.*

## AN INCIDENT AT CASTLE THUNDER.

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THE precise date of the occurrence I wish to record is of but little moment ; let it suffice to say that it took place during the spring of 1863. I am assisted in fixing it upon that season by the distinct recollection I have of some changes which broke in upon the rather hum-drum life I was then passing at Richmond, waiting for promotion and field-service. Whatever notes, diary or memoranda I may have kept of current events, "went up" with my commission of surgeon in the army of the Confederate States, and all my other impedimenta in the retreat towards Appomattox Court-House. One of these changes was that our mess resorted, of necessity and choice, at about that time, to fricasseed rats as a dainty substitute for Nassau bacon ; (but let it be here recorded that the narrator stood faithfully by his rations of "lively Nassau.")

It also succeeded the irksome period in which, with Surgeon Bolton and Assistant-Surgeon Brock, we visited every house in Richmond, under order of the Surgeon-General, collecting vaccine-virus for use in the armies and prisons of the Confederate States. I wish to state emphatically that our orders were strict that none should be collected except from healthy cases. We vaccinated for sanitary purposes all desiring it, but in obedience to orders collected only the purest and best. My colleagues were well-known Richmond gentlemen, and chosen for the duty that they might have access to the best houses in the city.

At the time of my appointment, not being a Virginian, I was told to report and apply for instructions to Surgeon Bolton. Fortunately, I was ordered by him to give the virus as I collected it to the Surgeon-General, who, I distinctly remember, showed me the wide-mouthed one-ounce quinine bottle of *powdered* virus which was used as a receptacle for our united collections. The wisdom of powdering and mixing all together may be questioned, but certainly the fact ought to disarm all calumny. It subsequently fell to my lot to have to make requisition for virus for the prisoners, and I was supplied with a small quantity of the same powder I had helped to collect, carefully enveloped in tin-foil ; and with it I vaccinated prisoners and soldiers alike. I am thus minute because it will be remembered that we were accused falsely of using impure virus for our prisoners and pure for our own troops.

I had been recently ordered for temporary duty to the warehouses which were used as prisons under the general title of Castle Thunder, where Assistant-Surgeon Smith had more to do than he could attend to, as a part of Libby Prison had been added to his duties. In Castle Thunder our own soldiers were confined, as well as political prisoners, *i. e.* citizens from within and without our lines, and also surplus United States prisoners from the Libby Prison. I had little to do professionally for the so-called political prisoners, as they were healthy and robust compared with our army men ; and no wonder, when there was such a difference in the food which was supplied to them. How my

mouth has watered as I read the gaudy labels on their cans of preserved fruits and vegetables sent them through the lines, and thought of the rats on my mess-table! And those Irish potatoes! when had I tasted one? I will not more than mention the excellent soup distributed to all there alike, from the general kitchen; it is hard to tell how it would taste now: its fumes were distracting then. To this day I am at times haunted in my dreams by the memory of the pangs of hungry longings produced by those agonising sights and smells; and while looking back on those dark days, I find myself wondering again why those men were better supplied with necessary food than were the medical officers. But two suggestions have been presented: either our Quartermaster was inefficient, and any one who knew Captain Knox of Alexandria knew better than that; or the Confederate authorities were determined to prevent all grounds of complaint on the part of the powers at Washington.

Nor were the prisoners satisfied with their rations—not they! And that dissatisfaction exhibited itself strangely among the United States prisoners in a constant demand for castor oil. I remember well one long, thin, cadaverous man in particular who was unremitting in his attentions to “sick call,” presenting himself equipped with a china cup without a handle. My hospital-steward, losing all patience at last with my greenness, informed me one day that I was the victim of an imposition, and was supplying the prisoners with *butter*.

Now to my story. As I approached Castle Thunder early one morning, I overheard some one in a group of men say that another party had dug out of the prison in the night. This had become so common that the holes were almost as plenty as the burrows in a warren. I looked at the place and passed on to my duties for the day. While prescribing in one of the passages, two of the officers of the building passed me, and warned me not to put my head out of any window, as such orders had been given to the prisoners, and the guard below were instructed to shoot any one disobeying. They passed on to examine the prison, and hardly had a minute elapsed before a sharp report and cry of pain reached my ears. One of the two who had spoken to me, a Baltimore detective, strangely forgetting the danger, looked out of a window, as it was presumed, to let the guard know that they were passing through, and not to fire then; but before he could utter the words, the prompt sentinel shot him through the forehead. I hastened to him, but only to see him die.

The stern order may have been issued through the advice or influence of the very man who fell the first victim to it; I do not know. Why was it given? Because the guards had been so pelted with plaster and broken bricks torn from the walls that they could not attend to their duties, or hear the “moles” at their subterranean work under their feet. Death and wounds were not such rare sights for us to witness as that the tragic death of this one man should be thought of sufficient interest for the general reader, but the record is important, and should be made to establish the truth, and disprove the false statements so widely circulated by enemies in regard to this apparently cruel though necessary military order.

R. M.

*Surgeon 1st Regt. Engineer Troops, C. S. A.*

LORD KILGOBBIN.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE EXCURSION.

THE little village of Cruhan-bawn, into which they now drove, was, in every detail of wretchedness, dirt, ruin, and desolation, intensely Irish. A small branch of the well-known bog-stream, the "Brusna," divided one part of the village from the other, and between these two settlements so separated there raged a most rancorous hatred and jealousy, and Cruhan-beg, as the smaller collection of hovels was called, detested Cruhan-bawn with an intensity of dislike that might have sufficed for a national antipathy, where race, language, and traditions had contributed their aids to the animosity.

There was, however, one real and valid reason for this inveterate jealousy. The inhabitants of Cruhan-beg—who lived, as they said themselves, "beyond the river,"—strenuously refused to pay any rent for their hovels; while "the cis-Brusnaites," as they may be termed, demeaned themselves to the condition of tenants in so far as to acknowledge the obligation of rent, though the oldest inhabitant vowed he had never seen a receipt in his life, nor had the very least conception of a gale-day.

If, therefore, actually, there was not much to separate them on the score of principle, they were widely apart in theory, and the sturdy denizens of the smaller village looked down upon the others as the ignoble slaves of a Saxon tyranny. The village in its entirety—for the division was a purely local and arbitrary one—belonged to Miss Betty O'Shea, forming the extreme edge of her estate as it merged into the vast bog; and, with the habitual fate of frontier populations, it contained more people of lawless lives and reckless habits than were to be found for miles around. There was not a resource of her ingenuity she had not employed for years back to bring these refractory subjects into the pale of a respectable tenantry. Every process of the law had been essayed in turn. They had been hunted down by the police, unroofed and turned into the wide bog; their chattels had been "canted," and themselves—a last resource—cursed from the altar; but, with that strange tenacity that pertains to life where there is little to live for, these creatures survived all modes of persecution, and came back into their ruined hovels to defy the law and beard the Church, and went on living—in some strange, mysterious way of their own—an open challenge to all political economy, and a sore puzzle to *The Times'* commissioner when he came to report on the condition of the cottier in Ireland.

At certain seasons of county excitement—such as an election or an unusually weighty assizes—it was not deemed perfectly safe to



visit the village, and even the police would not have ventured on the step except with a responsible force. At other periods, the most marked feature of the place would be that of utter vacuity and desolation. A single inhabitant here and there smoking listlessly at his door; a group of women, with their arms concealed beneath their aprons, crouching under a ruined wall, or a few ragged children, too miserable and dispirited even for play, would be all that would be seen.

At a spot where the stream was fordable for a horse, the page Larry had already stationed himself, and now walked into the river, which rose over his knees, to show the road to his mistress.

"The bailiffs is on them to-day," said he, with a gleeful look in his eye; for any excitement, no matter at what cost to others, was intensely pleasurable to him.

"What is he saying?" asked Nina.

"They are executing some process of law against these people," muttered Donogan. "It's an old story in Ireland; but I had as soon you had been spared the sight."

"Is it quite safe for yourself?" whispered she. "Is there not some danger in being seen here?"

"Oh, if I could but think that you cared — I mean ever so slightly," cried he with fervor, "I'd call this moment of my danger the proudest of my life!"

Though declarations of this sort — more or less sincere as chance might make them — were things Nina was well used to, she could not help marking the impassioned manner of him who now spoke, and bent her eyes steadily on him.

"It is true," said he, as if answering the interrogation in her gaze. "A poor outcast as I am — a rebel — a felon — anything you like to call me — the slightest show of your interest in me gives my life a value, and my hope a purpose I never knew till now."

"Such interest would be but ill-bestowed if it only served to heighten your danger. Are you known here?"

"He who has stood in the dock, as I have, is sure to be known by some one. Not that the people would betray me. There is poverty and misery enough in that wretched village, and yet there's not one so hungry or so ragged that he would hand me over to the law to make himself rich for life."

"Then what do you mean to do?" asked she, hurriedly.

"Walk boldly through the village at the head of your pony, as I am now — your guide to Croghan Castle."

"But we were to have stabled the beast here. I intended to have gone on foot to Croghan."

"Which you cannot now. Do you know what English law is, lady?" cried he fiercely. "This pony and this carriage, if they had shelter here, are confiscated to the landlord for his rent. It's little use to say *you* owe nothing to this owner of the soil: it's enough that they are found amongst the chattels of his debtors."

"I cannot believe this is law."

"You can prove it — at the loss of your pony; and it is mercy and generous dealing when compared with half the enactments our rulers

have devised for us. Follow me. I see the police have not yet come down. I will go on in front and ask the way to Croghan."

There was that sort of peril in the adventure now that stimulated Nina and excited her; and as they stoutly wended their way through the crowd, she was far from insensible to the looks of admiration that were bent on her from every side.

"What are they saying?" asked she; "I do not know their language."

"It is Irish," said he; "they are talking of your beauty."

"I should so like to follow their words," said she, with the smile of one to whom such homage had ever its charm.

"That wild-looking fellow that seemed to utter an imprecation, has just pronounced a fervent blessing; what he has said was, 'May every glance of your eye be a candle to light you to glory.'"

A half-insolent laugh at this conceit was all Nina's acknowledgment of it. Short greetings and good wishes were now rapidly exchanged between Donogan and the people, as the little party made their way through the crowd—the men standing bareheaded, and the women uttering words of admiration, some even crossing themselves piously at sight of such loveliness as, to them, recalled the ideal of all beauty.

"The police are to be here at one o'clock," said Donogan, translating a phrase of one of the bystanders.

"And is there anything for them to seize on?" asked she.

"No; but they can level the cabins," cried he, bitterly. "We have no more right to shelter than to food."

Moody and sad, he walked along at the pony's head, and did not speak another word till they had left the village far behind them.

Larry, as usual, had found something to interest him, and dropped behind in the village, and they were alone.

A passing countryman, to whom Donogan addressed a few words in Irish, told them that a short distance from Croghan they could stable the pony at a small "shebeen."

On reaching this, Nina, who seemed to have accepted Donogan's companionship without further question, directed him to unpack the carriage and take out her easel and her drawing materials. "You'll have to carry these—fortunately not very far, though," said she, smiling, "and then you'll have to come back here and fetch this basket."

"It is a very proud slavery—command me how you will," muttered he, not without emotion.

"That," continued she, pointing to the basket, "contains my breakfast, and luncheon or dinner, and I invite you to be my guest."

"And I accept with rapture. Oh!" cried he, passionately, "what whispered to my heart this morning that this would be the happiest day of my life?"

"If so, fate has scarcely been generous to you." And her lip curled half-superciliously as she spoke.

"I'd not say that. I have lived amidst great hopes, many of them dashed it is true by disappointment; but who that has been cheered by glorious day-dreams has not tasted moments at least of exquisite bliss?"

"I don't know that I have much sympathy with political ambitions," said she, pettishly.

"Have you tasted—have you tried them? Do you know what it is to feel the heart of a nation throb and beat?—to know that all that love can do to purify and elevate can be exercised for the countless thousands of one's own race and lineage; and to think that long after men have forgotten your name, some heritage of freedom will survive to say that there once lived one who loved his country?"

"This is very pretty enthusiasm."

"Oh, how is it that you, who can stimulate one's heart to such confessions, know nothing of the sentiment?"

"I have my ambitions," said she, coldly, almost sternly.

"Let me hear some of them."

"They are not like yours, though they are perhaps just as impossible." She spoke in a broken, unconnected manner, like one who was talking aloud the thoughts that came laggingly; then with a sudden earnestness she said, "I'll tell you one of them. It's to catch the broad bold light that has just beat on the old castle there, and brought out all its rich tints of grays and yellows in such a glorious wealth of color. Place my easel here under the trees; spread that rug for yourself to lie on. No—you won't have it? Well, fold it neatly, and place it there for my feet; very nicely done. And now, Signor Ribello, you may unpack that basket and arrange our breakfast, and when you have done all these, throw yourself down on the grass, and either tell me a pretty story, or recite some nice verses for me, or be otherwise amusing and agreeable."

"Shall I do what will best please myself? If so, it will be to lie here and look at you."

"Be it so," said she, with a sigh. "I have always thought, in looking at them, how Saints are bored by being worshipped—it adds fearfully to martyrdom; but happily, I am used to it. 'Oh, the vanity of that girl!' Yes, Sir, say it out: tell her frankly that if she has no friend to caution her against this besetting wile, that you will be that friend. Tell her that whatever she has of attraction is spoiled and marred by this self-consciousness, and that just as you are a rebel without knowing it, so should she be charming and never suspect it. Is not that coming nicely?" said she, pointing to the drawing; "see how that tender light is carried down from those gray walls to the banks beneath, and dies away in that little pool, where the faintest breath of air is rustling. Don't look at me, Sir, look at my drawing."

"True, there is no tender light there," muttered he, gazing at her eyes, where the enormous size of the pupils had given a character of steadfast brilliancy, quite independent of shape, or size, or color.

"You know very little about it," said she, saucily; then, bending over the drawing, she said, "That middle distance wants a bit of color: you shall aid me here."

"How am I to aid you?" asked he, in sheer simplicity.

"I mean that you should be that bit of color there. Take my scarlet cloak and perch yourself yonder on that low rock. A few minutes will do. Was there ever immortality so cheaply purchased! Your biographer shall tell that you were the figure in that famous

sketch—what will be called, in the cant of art, one of Nina Kostalergi's earliest and happiest efforts. There now, dear Mr. Donogan, do as you are bid."

"Do you know the Greek ballad where a youth remembers that the word 'dear' has been coupled with his name—a passing courtesy, if even so much, but enough to light up a whole chamber in his heart?"

"I know nothing of Greek ballads. How does it go?"

"It is a simple melody, in a low key." And he sang in a deep but tremulous voice, to a very plaintive air,—

I took her hand within my own,  
I drew her gently nearer,  
And whispered almost on her cheek,  
"Oh, would that I were dearer!"  
Dearer! No, that's not my prayer:  
A stranger, e'en the merest,  
Might chance to have some value there;  
But *I* would be the dearest!

"What had he done to merit such a hope?" said she, haughtily.

"Loved her—only loved her!"

"What value you men must attach to this gift of your affection, when it can nourish such thoughts as these! Your very wilfulness is to win us—is not that your theory? I expect from the man who offers me his heart that he means to share with me his own power and his own ambition—to make me the partner of a station that is to give me some pre-eminence I had not known before, nor could gain unaided."

"And you would call that marrying for love?"

"Why not? Who has such a claim upon my life as he who makes the life worth living for? Did you hear that shout?"

"I heard it," said he, standing still to listen.

"It came from the village. What can it mean?"

"It's the old war-cry of the houseless," said he, mournfully. "It's a note we are well used to here. I must go down to learn. I'll be back presently."

"You are not going into danger?" said she; and her cheek grew paler as she spoke.

"And if I were, who is to care for it?"

"Have you no mother, sister, sweetheart?"

"No, not one of the three. Good-bye."

"But if I were to say—stay?"

"I should still go. To have your love, I'd sacrifice even my honor. Without it—" he threw up his arms despairingly and rushed away.

"These are the men whose tempers compromise us," said she, thoughtfully. "We come to accept their violence as a reason, and take mere impetuosity for an argument. I am glad that he did not shake my resolution. There, that was another shout, but it seemed in joy. There was a ring of gladness in it. Now for my sketch." And she re-seated herself before her easel. "He shall see when he comes back how diligently I have worked, and how small a share anxiety has had in my thoughts. The one thing men are not proof against is our independence of them." And thus talking in broken



sentences to herself, she went on rapidly with her drawing, occasionally stopping to gaze on it, and humming some old Italian ballad to herself. "His Greek air was pretty. Not that it was Greek; these fragments of melody were left behind them by the Venetians, who, in all lust of power, made songs about contented poverty and humble joys. I feel intensely hungry, and if my dangerous guest does not return soon I shall have to breakfast alone,—another way of showing him how little his fate has interested me. My foreground here does want that bit of color. Why does he not come back?" As she rose to look at her drawing, the sound of somebody running attracted her attention, and turning, she saw it was her foot-page Larry coming at full speed.

"What is it, Larry? what has happened?" asked she.

"You are to go—as fast as you can," said he; which being for him a longer speech than usual, seemed to have exhausted him.

"Go where? and why?"

"Yes," said he, with a stolid look, "you are."

"I am to do what? Speak out, boy! Who sent you here?"

"Yes," said he, again.

"Are they in trouble yonder? Is there fighting at the village?"

"No." And he shook his head as though he said so regretfully.

"Will you tell me what you mean, boy?"

"The pony is ready," said he, as he stooped down to pack away the things in the basket.

"Is that gentleman coming back here—that gentleman whom you saw with me?"

"He is gone; he got away." And here he laughed in a malicious way that was more puzzling even than his words.

"And am I to go back home at once?"

"Yes," replied he, resolutely.

"Do you know why—for what reason?"

"I do."

"Come, then, like a good boy, tell me and you shall have this." And she drew a piece of silver from her purse, and held it temptingly before him. "Why should I go back, now?"

"Because," muttered he, "because—" and it was plain from the glance in his eyes that the bribe had engaged all his faculties.

"So, then, you will not tell me?" said she, replacing the money in her purse.

"Yes," said he, in a despondent tone.

"You can have it still, Larry, if you will but say who sent you here."

"*He* sent me," was the answer.

"Who was he? Do you mean the gentleman who came here with me?"

A nod assented to this.

"And what did he tell you to say to me?"

"Yes," said he, with a puzzled look, as though once more the confusion of his thoughts was mastering him.

"So, then, it is that you will not tell me?" said she, angrily. He made no answer, but went on packing the plates in the basket. "Leave those there, and go and fetch me some water from the spring yonder." And she gave him a jug as she spoke, and now she re-

seated herself on the grass. He obeyed at once, and returned speedily with the water.

"Come now, Larry," said she kindly to him, "I'm sure you mean to be a good boy. You shall breakfast with me. Get me a cup and I'll give you some milk ; here is bread and cold meat."

"Yes," muttered Larry, whose mouth was already too much engaged for speech.

"You will tell me by-and-bye what they were doing at the village, and what that shouting meant,—won't you?"

"Yes," said he with a nod. Then suddenly bending his head to listen, he motioned with his hand to keep silence, and after a long breath said, "They're coming."

"Who are coming?" asked she, eagerly ; but at the same instant a man emerged from the copse below the hill, followed by several others, whom she saw by their dress and equipment to belong to the constabulary.

Approaching with his hat in his hand, and with that air of servile civility which marked him, old Gill addressed her. "If it's not displazin' to ye, Miss, we want to ax you a few questions," said he.

"You have no right, Sir, to make any such request," said she, with a haughty air.

"There was a man with you, my lady," he went on, "as you drove through Cruhan, and we want to know where he is now."

"That concerns you, Sir, and not me."

"Maybe it does, my lady," said he with a grin ; "but I suppose you know who you were travelling with?"

"You evidently don't remember, Sir, whom you are talking to."

"The law is the law, Miss, and there's none of us above it," said he, half-defiantly ; "and when there's some hundred pounds on a man's head there's few of us such fools as to let him slip through our fingers."

"I don't understand you, Sir, nor do I care to do so."

"The sergeant there has a warrant against him," said he, in a whisper he intended to be confidential ; "and it's not to do anything that your ladyship would think rude that I came up myself. There's how it is now," muttered he still lower. "They want to search the luggage and examine the baskets there, and maybe, if you don't object, they'd look through the carriage."

"And if I should object to this insult?" broke she in.

"Faix, I believe," said he, laughing, "they'd do it all the same. Eight hundred — I think it's eight — isn't to be made any day of the year!"

"My uncle is a Justice of the Peace, Mr. Gill ; and you know if he will suffer such an outrage to go unpunished."

"There's the more reason that a Justice shouldn't harbor a Fenian, Miss," said he, boldly ; "as he'll know when he sees the search-warrant."

"Get ready the carriage, Larry," said she, turning contemptuously away, "and follow me towards the village."

"The sergeant, Miss, would like to say a word or two," said Gill, in his accustomed voice of servility.

"I will not speak with him," said she proudly, and swept past him.

The constables stood to one side and saluted in military fashion as she passed down the hill. There was that in her queenlike gesture and carriage that so impressed them, the men stood as though on parade.

Slowly and thoughtfully as she sauntered along, her thoughts turned to Donogan. Had he escaped? was the idea that never left her. The presence of these men here seemed to favor that impression; but there might be others on his track, and if so, how in that wild bleak space was he to conceal himself? A single man moving miles away on the bog could be seen. There was no covert, no shelter anywhere. What an interest did his fate now suggest, and yet a moment back she believed herself indifferent to him. "Was he aware of his danger," thought she, "when he lay there talking carelessly to me? was that recklessness the bravery of a bold man who despised peril?" And if so, what stuff these souls were made of! These were not of the Kearney stamp, that needed to be stimulated and goaded to any effort in life; nor like Atlee, the fellow who relied on trick and knavery for success; still less such as Walpole, self-worshippers and triflers. "Yes," said she aloud, "a woman might feel that with such a man at her side the battle of life need not affright her. He might venture too far; he might aspire to much that was beyond his reach, and strive for the impossible; but that grand bold spirit would sustain him, and carry him through all the smaller storms of life; and such a man might be a hero, even to her who saw him daily. These are the dreamers, as we call them," said she. "How strange it would be if *they* should prove the realists, and that it was *we* should be the mere shadows! If these be the men who move empires and make history, how doubly ignoble are we in our contempt of them!" And then she bethought her what a different faculty was that great faith that these men had in themselves from common vanity; and in this way she was led again to compare Donogan and Walpole.

She reached the village before her little carriage had overtaken her, and saw that the people stood about in groups and knots. A depressing silence prevailed over them, and they rarely spoke above a whisper. The same respectful greeting, however, which welcomed her before, met her again; and as they lifted their hats, she saw, or thought she saw, that they looked on her with a more tender interest. Several policemen moved about through the crowd, who, though they saluted her respectfully, could not refrain from scrutinising her appearance and watching her as she went. With that air of haughty self-possession which well became her — for it was no affectation — she swept proudly along, resolutely determined not to utter a word, or even risk a question as to the way.

Twice she turned to see if her pony were coming, and then resumed her road. From the excited air and rapid gestures of the police, as they hurried from place to place, she could guess that up to this Donogan had not been captured. Still, it seemed hopeless that concealment in such a place could be accomplished.

As she gained the little stream that divided the village, she stood for a moment uncertain, when a countrywoman, as it were divining

her difficulty, said, "If you'll cross over the bridge, my lady, the path will bring you out on the high-road."

As Nina turned to thank her, the woman looked up from her task of washing in the river, and made a gesture with her hand towards the bog. Slight as the action was, it appealed to that Southern intelligence that reads a sign even faster than a word. Nina saw that the woman meant to say Donogan had escaped, and once more she said, "Thank you — from my heart I thank you!"

Just as she emerged upon the high-road, her pony and carriage came up. A sergeant of police was, however, in waiting beside it, who, saluting her respectfully, said, "There was no disrespect meant to you, Miss, by our search of the carriage — our duty obliged us to do it. We have a warrant to apprehend the man that was seen with you this morning, and it's only that we know who you are, and where you came from, prevents us from asking you to come before our chief."

He presented his arm to assist her to her place as he spoke; but she declined the help, and, without even noticing him in any way, arranged her rugs and wraps around her, took the reins, and, motioning Larry to his place, drove on.

"Is my drawing safe — have all my brushes and pencils been put in?" asked she after awhile. But already Larry had taken his leave, and she could see him as he flitted across the bog to catch her by some short cut.

That strange contradiction by which a woman can journey alone and in safety through the midst of a country only short of open insurrection, filled her mind as she went, and thinking of it in every shape and fashion occupied her for miles of the way. The desolation, far as the eye could reach, was complete; there was not a habitation, not a human thing to be seen. The dark brown desert faded away in the distance into low-lying clouds, the only break to the dull uniformity being some stray "clump," as it is called, of turf, left by the owners from some accident of season or bad weather, and which loomed out now against the sky like a vast fortress.

This long, long day — for so without any weariness she felt it — was now in the afternoon, and already long shadows of these turf-mounds stretched their giant-limbs across the waste. Nina, who had eaten nothing since at early morning, felt faint and hungry. She halted her pony, and taking out some bread and a bottle of milk, proceeded to make a frugal luncheon. The complete loneliness, the perfect silence, in which even the rattling of the harness as the pony shook himself made itself felt, gave something of solemnity to the moment, as the young girl sat there and gazed half terrified around her.

As she looked, she thought she saw something pass from one turf-clump to the other, and, watching closely, she could distinctly detect a figure crouching near the ground, and, after some minutes, emerging into the open space, again to be hid by some vast turf-mound. There, now — there could not be a doubt — it was a man, and he was waving his handkerchief as a signal. It was Donogan himself; she could recognise him well. Clearing the long drains at a bound, and with a speed that vouched for perfect training, he came rapidly forward, and, leaping the wide trench, alighted at last on the road beside her.



"I have watched you for an hour, and, but for this lucky halt, I should not have overtaken you after all," cried he, as he wiped his brow and stood panting beside her.

"Do you know that they are in pursuit of you?" cried she, hastily.

"I know it all. I learned it before I reached the village, and in time—only in time—to make a circuit and reach the bog. Once there, I defy the best of them."

"They have what they call a warrant to search for you."

"I know that, too," cried he. "No, no!" said he, passionately, as she offered him a drink. "Let me have it from the cup you have drank from. It may be the last favor I shall ever ask you—don't refuse me this!"

She touched the glass slightly with her lips, and handed it to him with a smile.

"What peril would I not brave for this!" cried he, with a wild ecstasy.

"Can you not venture to return with me?" said she, in some confusion, for the bold gleam of his gaze now half abashed her.

"No. That would be to compromise others as well as myself. I must gain Dublin how I can. There I shall be safe against all pursuit. I have come back for nothing but disappointment," added he, sorrowfully. "This country is not ready to rise; they are too many-minded for a common effort. The men like Wolfe Tone are not to be found amongst us now, and to win freedom you must dare the felony."

"Is it not dangerous to delay so long here?" asked she, looking around her with anxiety.

"So it is—and I will go. Will you keep this for me?" said he, placing a thick and much-worn pocket-book in her hands. "There are papers there would risk far better heads than mine; and if I should be taken, these must not be discovered. It may be, Nina—oh, forgive me if I say your name! but it is such joy to me to utter it once—it may be that you should chance to hear some word whose warning might save me. If so, and if you would deign to write to me, you'll find three, if not four, addresses, under any of which you could safely write to me."

"I shall not forget. Good fortune be with you. Adieu!"

She held out her hand; but he bent over it and kissed it rapturously; and when he raised his head, his eyes were streaming, and his cheeks deadly pale. "Adieu!" said she again.

He tried to speak, but no sound came from his lips; and when, after she had driven some distance away, she turned to look after him, he was standing on the same spot in the road, his hat at his feet, where it had fallen when he stooped to kiss her hand.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### THE RETURN.

KATE KEARNEY was in the act of sending out scouts and messengers to look out for Nina, whose long absence had begun to alarm her, when she heard that she had returned and was in her room.

"What a fright you have given me, darling!" said Kate, as she threw her arms about her and kissed her affectionately. "Do you know how late you are?"

"No; I only know how tired I am."

"What a long day of fatigue you must have gone through. Tell me of it all?"

"Tell me rather of yours. You have had the great Mr. Walpole here: is it not so?"

"Yes; he is still here—he has graciously given us another day, and will not leave till to-morrow night."

"By what good fortune have you been so favored as this?"

"Obviously to finish a long conversation or conference with Papa, but really and truthfully I suspect to meet Mdlle. Kostalergi, whose absence has piqued him."

"Yes; piqued is the word. It is the extreme of the pain he is capable of feeling. What has he said of it?"

"Nothing beyond the polite regrets that courtesy could express, and then adverted to something else."

"With an abruptness that betrayed preparation?"

"Perhaps so."

"Not perhaps, but certainly so. Vanity such as his has no variety. It repeats its moods over and over: but why do we talk of him? I have other things to tell you of. You know that man who came here with Dick. That Mr. ——"

"I know—I know," cried the other, hurriedly, "what of him?"

"He joined me this morning, on my way through the bog, and drove with me to Cruhan."

"Indeed!" muttered Kate, thoughtfully.

"A strange, wayward, impulsive sort of creature—unlike any one—interesting from his strong convictions—"

"Did he convert you to any of his opinions, Nina?"

"You mean, make a rebel of me. No; for the simple reason that I had none to surrender. I do not know what is wrong here, nor what people would say was right."

"You are aware, then, who he is?"

"Of course I am. I was on the terrace that night when your brother told you he was Donogan—the famous Fenian Donogan. The secret was not intended for me, but I kept it all the same, and I took an interest in the man from the time I heard it."

"You told him then that you knew who he was?"

"To be sure I did, and we are fast friends already; but let me go on with my narrative. Some excitement, some show of disturbance at Cruhan persuaded him that what he called—I don't know why—the Crowbar Brigade was at work, and that the people were about to be turned adrift on the world by the landlord, and hearing a wild shout from the village, he insisted on going back to learn what it might mean. He had not left me long when your late steward, Gill, came up with several policemen to search for the convict Donogan. They had a warrant to apprehend him, and some information as to where he had been housed and sheltered."

"Here—with us?"

"Here — with you! Gill knew it all. This, then, was the reason for that excitement we had seen in the village — the people had heard the police were coming, but for what they knew not; of course the only thought was for their own trouble."

"Has he escaped? Is he safe?"

"Safe so far that I last saw him on the wide bog, some eight miles away from any human habitation; but where he is to turn to, or who is to shelter him, I cannot say."

"He told you there was a price upon his head?"

"Yes, some hundred pounds, I forget how much, but he asked me yesterday if I did not feel tempted to give him up and earn the reward."

Kate leaned her head upon her hand and seemed lost in thought.

"They will scarcely dare to come and search for him here," said she; and, after a pause, added, "And yet I suspect that the chief constable, Mr. Curtis, owes, or thinks he owes us a grudge: he might not be sorry to pass this slight upon Papa." And she pondered for some time over the thought.

"Do you think he can escape?" asked Nina, eagerly.

"Who, Donogan?"

"Of course — Donogan."

"Yes, I suspect he will; these men have popular feeling with them, even amongst many who do not share their opinions. Have you lived long enough amongst us, Nina, to know that we all hate the law? In some shape or other it represents to the Irish mind a tyranny."

"You are Greeks without their acuteness," said Nina.

"I'll not say that," said Kate, hastily. "It is true I know nothing of your people, but I think I could aver that for a shrewd calculation of the cost of a venture, for knowing when caution and when daring will best succeed, the Irish peasant has scarcely a superior anywhere."

"I have heard much of his caution this very morning," said Nina, superciliously.

"You might have heard far more of his recklessness, if Donogan cared to tell of it," said Kate, with irritation. "It is not English squadrons and batteries he is called alone to face: he has to meet English gold, that tempts poverty, and English corruption, that begets treachery and betrayal. The one stronghold of the Saxon here is the informer; and mind, I, who tell you this, am no rebel. I would rather live under English law, if English law would not ignore Irish feeling, than I'd accept that heaven knows what of a government Fenianism could give us."

"I care nothing for all this, I don't well know if I can follow it; but I do know that I'd like this man to escape. He gave me this pocket-book, and told me to keep it safely. It contains some secrets that would compromise people that none suspect, and it has besides some three or four addresses to which I could write with safety if I saw cause to warn him of any coming danger."

"And you mean to do this?"

"Of course I do; I feel an interest in this man. I like him. I like his adventurous spirit. I like that ambitious daring to do or to be something beyond the herd around him. I like that readiness he shows to stake his life on an issue. His enthusiasm inflames his

whole nature. He vulgarises such fine gentlemen as Mr. Walpole, and such poor pretenders as Joe Atlee, and, indeed, your brother, Kate."

"I will suffer no detracton of Dick Kearney," said Kate, resolutely.

"Give me a cup of tea, then, and I shall be more mannerly, for I am quite exhausted, and I am afraid my temper is not proof against starvation."

"But you will come down to the drawing-room, they are all so eager to see you," said Kate, caressingly.

"No; I'll have my tea and go to bed, and I'll dream that Mr. Donogan has been made King of Ireland, and made an offer to share the throne with me."

"Your Majesty's tea shall be served at once," said Kate, as she curtsied deeply and withdrew.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

##### "O'SHEA'S BARN."

THERE were many more pretentious houses than "O'Shea's Barn." It would have been easy enough to discover larger rooms and finer furniture, more numerous servants and more of display in all the details of life; but for an air of quiet comfort, for the certainty of meeting with every material enjoyment that people of moderate fortune aspire to, it stood unrivalled.

The rooms were airy and cheerful, with flowers in summer, as they were well heated and well lighted in winter. The most massive-looking but luxurious old arm-chairs, that modern taste would have repudiated for ugliness, abounded everywhere; and the four cumbrous but comfortable seats that stood around the circular dinner-table — and it was a matter of principle with Miss Betty that the company should never be more numerous — only needed speech to have told of traditions of conviviality for very nigh two centuries back.

As for a dinner at "the Barn," the whole county-side confessed that they never knew how it was that Miss Betty's salmon was "curdier" and her mountain mutton more tender, and her woodcocks racier and of higher flavor than any one else's. Her brown Sherry you might have equalled — she liked the color and the heavy taste — but I defy you to match that marvellous Port which came in with the cheese, and as little, in these days of light Bordeaux, that stout-hearted Sneyd's Claret, in its ancient decanter, whose delicately fine neck seemed fashioned to retain the bouquet.

The most exquisite compliment that a courtier ever uttered could not have given Miss Betty the same pleasure as to hear one of her guests request a second slice off "the haunch." This was, indeed, a flattery that appealed to her finest sensibilities, and, as she herself carved, she knew how to reward that appreciative man with fat.

Never was the virtue of hospitality more self-rewarding than in her case; and the discriminating individual who ate with gusto, and who never associated the wrong condiment with his food, found favor in her eyes, and was sure of re-invitation.



Fortune had rewarded her with one man of correct taste and exquisite palate as a diner-out. This was the parish priest, the Rev. Luke Delany, who had been educated abroad, and whose natural gifts had been improved by French and Italian experiences. He was a small little meek man, with closely-cut black hair and eyes of the darkest; scrupulously neat in dress, and, by his ruffles and buckled shoes at dinner, affecting something of the abbé in his appearance. To such as associated the Catholic priest with coarse manners, vulgar expressions, or violent sentiments, Father Luke, with his low voice, his well-chosen words, and his universal moderation, was a standing rebuke; and many an English tourist who met him came away with the impression of the gross calumny that associated this man's order with under-bred habits and disloyal ambitions. He spoke little, but he was an admirable listener, and there was a sweet encouragement in the bland nod of his head, and a racy appreciation in the bright twinkle of his humorous eye, that the prosiest talker found irresistible.

There were times, indeed,—stirring intervals of political excitement—when Miss Betty would have liked more hardihood and daring in her ghostly counsellor; but heaven help the man who would have ventured on the open avowal of such opinion or uttered a word in disparagement of Father Luke.

It was in that snug dinner-room I have glanced at that a party of four sat over their wine. They had dined admirably, a bright wood-fire blazed on the hearth, and the scene was the emblem of comfort and quiet conviviality. Opposite Miss O'Shea sat Father Delany, and on either side of her her nephew Gorman and Mr. Ralph Miller, in whose honor the present dinner was given.

The Romish bishop of the diocese had vouchsafed a guarded and cautious approval of Mr. Miller's views, and secretly instructed Father Delany to learn as much more as he conveniently could of the learned gentleman's intentions before committing himself to a pledge of hearty support.

"I will give him a good dinner," said Miss O'Shea, "and some of the '45 claret, and if you cannot get his sentiments out of him after that, I wash my hands of him."

Father Delany accepted his share of the task, and assuredly Miss Betty did not fail on her part.

The conversation had turned principally on the coming election, and Mr. Miller gave a flourishing account of his success as a canvasser, and even went the length of doubting if any opposition would be offered to him.

"Ain't you and young Kearney going on the same ticket?" asked Gorman, who was too new to Ireland to understand the nice distinctions of party.

"Pardon me," said Miller, "we differ essentially. *We* want a government in Ireland—the Nationalists want none. *We* desire order by means of timely concessions and judicious boons to the people. They want disorder—the display of gross injustice—content to wait for a scramble, and see what can come of it."

"Mr. Miller's friends, besides," interposed Father Luke, "would defend the Church and protect the Holy Father,"—and this was said with a half interrogation.

Miller coughed twice, and said, "Unquestionably. We have shown our hand already—look what we have done with the Established Church."

"You need not be proud of it," cried Miss Betty. "If you wanted to get rid of the crows why didn't you pull down the rookery?"

"At least they don't caw so loud as they used," said the priest, smiling; and Miller exchanged delighted glances with him for his opinion.

"I want to be rid of them, root and branch," said Miss Betty.

"If you will vouchsafe us, ma'am, a little patience. Rome was not built in a day. The next victory of our Church must be won by the downfall of the English establishment. Ain't I right, Father Luke?"

"I am not quite clear about that," said the priest, cautiously. "Equality is not the safe road to supremacy."

"What was that row over towards Croghan Castle this morning?" asked Gorman, who was getting wearied with a discussion he could not follow. "I saw the constabulary going in force there this afternoon."

"They were in pursuit of the celebrated Dan Donogan," said Father Luke. "They say he was seen at Moate."

"They say more than that," said Miss Betty. "They say that he is stopping at Kilgobbin Castle!"

"I suppose to conduct young Kearney's election," said Miller, laughing.

"And why should they hunt him down?" asked Gorman. "What has he done?"

"He's a Fenian—a Head-Centre—a man who wants to revolutionise Ireland," replied Miller.

"And destroy the Church," chimed in the priest.

"Humph!" muttered Gorman, who seemed to imply, Is this all you can lay to his charge? "Has he escaped?" asked he, suddenly.

"Up to this he has," said Miller. "I was talking to the constabulary chief this afternoon, and he told me that the fellow is sure to be apprehended. He has taken to the open bog, and there are eighteen in full cry after him. There is a search-warrant too arrived, and they mean to look him up at Kilgobbin Castle."

"To search Kilgobbin Castle, do you mean?" asked Gorman.

"Just so. It will be, as I perceive you think it, a great offence to Mr. Kearney, and it is not impossible that his temper may provoke him to resist it."

"The mere rumor may materially assist his son's election," said the priest, silyly.

"Only with the party who have no votes, Father Luke," rejoined Miller. "That precarious popularity of the mob is about the most dangerous enemy a man can have in Ireland."

"You are right, Sir," said the priest, blandly. "The real favor of this people is only bestowed on him who has gained the confidence of the clergy."

"If that be true," cried Gorman, "upon my oath I think you are worse off here than in Austria. There, at least, we are beginning to think without the permission of the Church."

"Let us have none of your atheism here, young man," broke in his aunt, angrily. "Such sentiments have never been heard in this room before."

"If I apprehend Lieut. Gorman aright," interposed Father Luke, "he only refers to the late movement of the Austrian Empire with reference to the Concordat, on which, amongst religious men, there are two opinions."

"No, no, you mistake me altogether," rejoined Gorman. "What I meant was, that a man can read, and talk, and think in Austria without the leave of the priest; that he can marry, and, if he like, he can die without his assistance."

"Gorman, you are a beast," said the old lady, "and if you lived here you would be a Fenian."

"You're wrong too, Aunt," replied he. "I'd crush those fellows to-morrow if I was in power here."

"Mayhap the game is not so easy as you deem it," interposed Miller.

"Certainly it is not easy when played as you do it here. You deal with your law-breakers only by the rule of legality: that is to say, you respect all the regulations of the game towards the men who play false. You have your cumbrous details, and your lawyers, and judges, and juries, and you cannot even proclaim a county in a state of siege without a bill in your blessed Parliament, and a basketful of balderdash about the liberty of the subject. Is it any wonder rebellion is a regular trade with you, and that men who don't like work, or business habits, take to it as a livelihood?"

"But have you never heard Curran's saying, young gentleman? 'You cannot bring an indictment against a nation,'" said Miller.

"I'd trouble myself little with indictments," replied Gorman. "I'd break down the confederacy by spies; I'd seize the fellows I knew to be guilty and hang them."

"Without evidence, without trial?"

"Very little of a trial, when I had once satisfied myself of the guilt."

"Are you so certain that no innocent men might be brought to the scaffold?" asked the priest, mildly.

"No, I am not. I take it, as the world goes, very few of us go through life without some injustice or another. I'd do my best not to hang the fellows who didn't deserve it, but I own I'd be much more concerned about the millions who wanted to live peaceably than the few hundred rapsallions that were bent on troubling them."

"I must say, Sir," said the priest, "I am much more gratified to know that you are a Lieutenant of Lancers in Austria than a British Minister in Downing Street."

"I have little doubt myself," said the other, laughing, "that I am more in my place; but of this I am sure, that if we were as mealy-mouthed with our Croats and Slovacks as you are with your Fenians, Austria would soon go to pieces."

"There is, however, a higher price on that man Donogan's head than Austria ever offered for a traitor," said Miller.

"I know how you esteem money here," said Gorman, laughing. "When all else fails you, you fall back upon it."

"Why did I know nothing of these sentiments, young man, before I asked you under my roof?" said Miss Betty in anger.

"You need never to have known them now, Aunt, if these gentlemen had not provoked them; nor indeed are they solely mine. I am only telling you what you would hear from any intelligent foreigner, even though he chanced to be a liberal in his own country."

"Ah, yes," sighed the priest: "what the young gentleman says is too true. The Continent is alarmingly infected with such opinions as these."

"Have you talked on politics with young Kearney?" asked Miller.

"He has had no opportunity," interposed Miss O'Shea. "My nephew will be three weeks here on Thursday next, and neither Maurice nor his son have called on him."

"Scarcely neighbor-like that, I must say," cried Miller.

"I suspect the fault lies on my side," said Gorman boldly. "When I was little more than a boy, I was never out of that house. The old man treated me like a son. All the more perhaps as his own son was seldom at home, and the little girl Kitty certainly regarded me as a brother; and though we had our fights and squabbles, we cried very bitterly at parting, and each of us vowed we should never like any one so much again. And now, after all, here am I three weeks, within two hours' ride of them, and my aunt insists that my dignity requires I should be first called on. Confound such dignity, say I, if it lose me the best and the pleasantest friends I ever had in my life."

"I scarcely thought of *your* dignity, Gorman O'Shea," said the old lady, bridling, "though I did bestow some consideration on my own."

"I'm very sorry for it, Aunt; and I tell you fairly — and there's no unpoliteness in the confession — that when I asked for my leave, Kilgobbin Castle had its place in my thoughts as well as O'Shea's Barn."

"Why not say it out, young gentleman, and tell me that the real charm of coming here was to be within twelve miles of the Kearneys?"

"The merits of this house are very independent of contiguity," said the priest; and as he eyed the claret in his glass, it was plain that the sentiment was an honest one.

"Fifty-six wine, I should say," said Miller, as he laid down his glass.

"Forty-five, if Mr. Barton be a man of his word," said the old lady, reprovingly.

"Ah," sighed the priest, plaintively, "how rarely one meets these old full-bodied clarets now-a-days! The free admission of French wines has corrupted taste and impaired palate. Our cheap Gladstones have come upon us like universal suffrage."

"The masses, however, benefit," remarked Miller.

"Only in the first moment of acquisition, and in the novelty of the gain," continued Father Luke, "and then they suffer irreparably in the loss of that old guidance which once directed appreciation when there was something to appreciate."

"We want the priest again, in fact," broke in Gorman.

"You must admit they understand wine to perfection, though I would humbly hope, young gentleman," said the Father, modestly, "to engage your good opinion of them on higher grounds."



"Give yourself no trouble in the matter, Father Luke," broke in Miss Betty. "Gorman's Austrian lessons have placed him beyond *your* teaching."

"My dear aunt, you are giving the Imperial Government a credit it never deserved. They taught me as a cadet to groom my horse and pipeclay my uniform, to be respectful to my corporal, and to keep my thumb on the seam of my trousers when the captain's eye was on me; but as to what passed inside my mind, if I had a mind at all, or what I thought of Pope, Kaiser, or Cardinal, they no more cared to know it than the name of my sweetheart."

"What a blessing to that benighted country would be one liberal statesman!" exclaimed Miller: "one man of the mind and capacity of our present Premier!"

"Heaven forbid!" cried Gorman. "We have confusion enough without the reflection of being governed by what you call here 'healing measures.'"

"I should like to discuss that point with you," said Miller.

"Not now, I beg," interposed Miss O'Shea. "Gorman, will you decant another bottle?"

"I believe I ought to protest against more wine," said the priest, in his most insinuating voice; "but there are occasions where the yielding to temptation conveys a moral lesson."

"I suspect that I cultivate my nature a good deal in that fashion," said Gorman, as he opened a fresh bottle.

"This is perfectly delicious," said Miller, as he sipped his glass; "and if I could venture to presume so far, I would ask leave to propose a toast."

"You have my permission, Sir," said Miss Betty, with stateliness.

"I drink, then," said he, reverently, "I drink to the long life, the good health, and the unbroken courage of the Holy Father."

There was something peculiarly sly in the twinkle of the priest's black eye as he filled his bumper, and a twitching motion of the corner of his mouth continued even as he said, "To the Pope."

"The Pope," cried Gorman, as he eyed his wine—

"Der Papst lebt herrlich in der Welt."

"What are you muttering there?" asked his aunt, fiercely.

"The line of an old song, Aunt, that tells us how his Holiness has a jolly time of it."

"I fear me it must have been written in other days," said Father Luke.

"There is no intention to desert or abandon him, I assure you," said Miller, addressing him in a low but eager tone. "I could never—no Irishman could—ally himself to an Administration which should sacrifice the Holy See. With the bigotry that prevails in England, the question requires most delicate handling; and even a pledge cannot be given, except in language so vague and unprecise as to admit of many readings."

"Why not bring in a Bill to give him a subsidy, a something per annum, or a round sum down?" cried Gorman.

"Mr. Miller has just shown us that Exeter Hall might become dangerous. English intolerance is not a thing to be rashly aroused."

"If I had to deal with him, I'd do as Bright proposed with your landlords here. I'd buy him out, give him a handsome sum for his interest, and let him go."

"And how would you deal with the Church, Sir?" asked the priest.

"I have not thought of that; but I suppose one might put it into commission, as they say, or manage it by a Board, with a First Lord, like the Admiralty."

"I will give you some tea, gentlemen, when you appear in the drawing-room," said Miss Betty, rising with dignity, as though her condescension in sitting so long with the party had been ill rewarded by her nephew's sentiments.

The priest, however, offered his arm, and the others followed as he left the room.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### AN EARLY GALLOP.

MAURICE KEARNEY had risen early, an unusual thing with him of late; but he had some intention of showing his guest Mr. Walpole over the farm after breakfast, and was anxious to give some preliminary orders to have everything "ship-shape" for the inspection.

To make a very disorderly and much-neglected Irish farm assume an air of discipline, regularity, and neatness at a moment's notice, was pretty much such an exploit as it would have been to muster an Indian tribe and pass them before some Prussian *martinet* as a regiment of Guards.

To make the ill-fenced and mis-shapen fields seem trim paddocks, wavering and serpentine furrows appear straight and regular lines of tillage, weed-grown fields look marvels of cleanliness and care, while the lounging and ragged population were to be passed off as a thriving and industrious peasantry, well paid and contented, were difficulties that Mr. Kearney did not propose to confront. Indeed, to do him justice, he thought there was a good deal of pedantic and "model-farming humbug" about all that English passion for neatness he had read of in public journals; and as our fathers — better gentlemen, as he called them, and more hospitable fellows than any of us — had got on without steam mowing and threshing and bone-crushing, he thought we might farm our properties without being either blacksmiths or stokers.

"God help us," he would say. "I suppose we'll be chewing our food by steam one of these days, and filling our stomachs by hydraulic pressure. But for my own part, I like something to work for me that I can swear at when it goes wrong. There's little use in cursing a cylinder."

To have heard him amongst his laborers that morning, it was plain to see that they were not in the category of machinery. On one pretext or another, however, they had slunk away one by one, so that at last he found himself storming alone in a stubble-field, with no

other companion than one of Kate's terriers. The sharp barking of this dog aroused him in the midst of his imprecations, and looking over the dry-stone wall that enclosed the field, he saw a horseman coming along at a sharp canter, and taking the fences as they came like a man in a hunting-field. He rode well, and was mounted upon a strong wiry hackney — a cross-bred horse, and of little moneyed value, but one of those active cats of horse-flesh that a knowing hand can appreciate. Now, little as Kearney liked the liberty of a man riding over his ditches and his turnips, when out of hunting season, his old love of good horsemanship made him watch the rider with interest and even pleasure. "May I never!" muttered he to himself, "if he's not coming at this wall." And as the enclosure in question was built of large jagged stones, without mortar, and fully four feet in height, the upper course being formed of a sort of coping in which the stones stood edgewise, the attempt did look somewhat rash. Not taking the wall where it was slightly breached, and where some loose stones had fallen, the rider rode boldly at one of the highest portions, but where the ground was good on either side.

"He knows what he's at!" muttered Kearney, as the horse came bounding over and alighted in perfect safety in the field.

"Well done! whoever you are," cried Kearney, delighted, as the rider removed his hat and turned round to salute him.

"And don't you know me, Sir?" asked he.

"Faith I do not," replied Kearney; "but somehow I think I know the chestnut. To be sure I do. There's the old mark on her knee, however she found the man who could throw her down. Isn't she Miss O'Shea's Kattoo?"

"That she is, Sir, and I'm her nephew."

"Are you?" said Kearney, drily.

The young fellow was so terribly pulled up by the unexpected repulse — more marked even by the look than the words of the other, that he sat unable to utter a syllable. "I had hoped, Sir," said he at last, "that I had not outgrown your recollection, as I can promise none of your former kindness to me has outgrown mine."

"But it took you three weeks to recall it, all the same," said Kearney.

"It is true, Sir, I am very nearly so long here; but my aunt, whose guest I am, told me I must be called on first; that — I'm sure I can't say for whose benefit it was supposed to be — I should not make the first visit: — in fact, there was some rule about the matter, and that I must not contravene it. And although I yielded with a very bad grace, I was in a measure under orders, and dared not resist."

"She told you, of course, that we were not on our old terms; that there was a coldness between the families, and we had seen nothing of each other lately?"

"Not a word of it, Sir."

"Nor of any reason why you should not come here as of old?"

"None, on my honor; beyond this piece of stupid etiquette, I never heard of anything like a reason."

"I am all the better pleased with my old neighbor," said Kearney, in his more genial tone. "Not, indeed, that I ought ever to have dis-

trusted her, but for all that — Well, never mind," muttered he, as though debating the question with himself, and unable to decide it, "you are here now — eh! You are here now."

"You almost make me suspect, Sir, that I ought not to be here now."

"At all events, if you were waiting for me you wouldn't be here. Is not that true, young gentleman?"

"Quite true, Sir, but not impossible to explain." And he now flung himself to the ground, and with the rein over his arm, came up to Kearney's side. "I suppose, but for an accident, I should have gone on waiting for that visit you had no intention to make me, and canvassing with myself how long you were taking to make up your mind to call on me, when I heard only last night that some noted rebel — I'll remember his name in a minute or two — was seen in the neighborhood, and that the police were on his track with a warrant, and even intended to search for him here."

"In my house — in Kilgobbin Castle?"

"Yes, here in your house, where, from a sure information, he had been harbored for some days. This fellow — a head-centre or leader, with a large sum on his head — has, they say, got away; but the hope of finding some papers, some clue to him here, will certainly lead them to search the castle, and I thought I'd come over and apprise you of it at all events, lest the surprise should prove too much for your temper."

"Do they forget I'm in the commission of the peace?" said Kearney, in a voice trembling with passion.

"You know far better than me how far party spirit tempers life in this country, and are better able to say whether some private intention to insult is couched under this attempt."

"That's true," cried the old man, ever ready to regard himself as the object of some secret malevolence. "You cannot remember this rebel's name, can you?"

"It was Daniel something — that's all I know."

A long, fine whistle was Kearney's rejoinder, and after a second or two he said: "I can trust you, Gorman, and I may tell you they may be not so great fools as I took them for. Not that I was harboring the fellow, mind you; but there came a college friend of Dick's here a few days back — a clever fellow he was, and knew Ireland well — and we called him Mr. Daniel, and it was but yesterday he left us and did not return. I have a notion now he was the head-centre they're looking for."

"Do you know if he has left any baggage or papers behind him?"

"I know nothing about this whatever, nor do I know how far Dick was in his secret."

"You will be cool and collected, I am sure, Sir, when they come here with the search-warrant. You'll not give them even the passing triumph of seeing that you are annoyed or offended?"

"That I will, my lad. I'm prepared now, and I'll take them as easy as if it was a morning call. Come in and have your breakfast with us, and say nothing about what we've been talking over."

"Many thanks, Sir, but I think — indeed, I feel sure — I ought to



go back at once. I have come here without my aunt's knowledge, and now that I have seen you and put you on your guard, I ought to get back as fast as I can."

"So you shall when you feed your beast and take something yourself. Poor old Kattoo isn't used to this sort of cross-country work, and she's panting there badly enough. That mare is twenty-one years of age."

"She's fresh on her legs — not a curb nor a spavin, nor even a wind-gall about her," said the young man.

"And the reward for it all is to be ridden like a steeple-chaser!" sighed old Kearney. "Isn't that the world over. Break down early, and you are a good-for-nothing. Carry on your spirit and your pluck and your endurance to a green old age, and maybe they won't take it out of you! — always contrasting you, however, with yourself long ago, and telling the bystanders what a rare beast you were in your good days. Do you think they had dared to pass this insult upon *me* when I was five-and-twenty or thirty? Do you think there's a man in the county would have come on this errand to search Kilgobbin when I was a young man, Mr. O'Shea?"

"I think you can afford to treat it with the contempt you have determined to show it."

"That's all very fine now," said Kearney; "but there was a time I'd rather have chucked the chief constable out of the window and sent the sergeant after him."

"I don't know whether that would have been better," said Gorman, with a faint smile.

"Neither do I; but I know that I myself would have felt better and easier in my mind after it. I'd have eaten my breakfast with a good appetite, and gone about my day's work, whatever it was, with a free heart and fearless in my conscience. Ay, ay," muttered he to himself, "poor old Ireland isn't what it used to be!"

"I'm very sorry, Sir, but though I'd like immensely to go back with you, don't you think I ought to return home?"

"I don't think anything of the sort. Your aunt and I had a tiff the last time we met, and that was some months ago. We're both of us old and cross-grained enough to keep up the grudge for the rest of our lives. Let us, then, make the most of the accident that has led you here, and when you go home you shall be the bearer of the most submissive message I can invent to my old friend, and there shall be no terms too humble for me to ask her pardon."

"That's enough, Sir. I'll breakfast here."

"Of course you'll say nothing of what brought you over here. But I ought to warn you not to drop anything carelessly about politics in the county generally, for we have a young relative and a private secretary of the Lord Lieutenant's visiting us, and it's as well to be cautious before him."

The old man mentioned this circumstance in the cursory tone of an ordinary remark, but he could not conceal the pride he felt in the rank and condition of his guest. As for Gorman, perhaps it was his foreign breeding, perhaps his ignorance of all home matters generally, but he simply assented to the force of the caution, and paid no other attention to the incident.

"His name is Walpole, and he is related to half the peerage," said the old man, with some irritation of manner.

A mere nod acknowledged the information, and he went on:—

"This was the young fellow who was with Kitty on the night they attacked the castle, and he got both bones of his fore-arm smashed with a shot."

"An ugly wound," was the only rejoinder.

"So it was, and for a while they thought he'd lose the arm. Kitty says he behaved beautifully, cool and steady all through."

Another nod, but this time Gorman's lips were firmly compressed.

"There's no denying it," said the old man, with a touch of sadness in his voice—"there's no denying it, the English have courage; though," added he afterwards, "it's in a cold sluggish way of their own which we don't like here. There he is, now, that young fellow that has just parted from the two girls. The tall one is my niece; I must present you to her."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## LA ROCHE PERCÉE.

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[Translated from the French for THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE.]

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ON the lower coast of the roadstead of Brest, upon the narrow promontory known as the peninsula of Kelern, there is to be seen a hamlet, half hidden by the foliage of the beech, the elm and the ash; it is Roscanvel, whose pointed spire, rising high above the trees, serves as a landmark for the country round. The village scarcely contains thirty houses, in the midst of which stands the church, surrounded by its cemetery, shaded by huge walnut-trees.

A little distance from one of them, a grave had recently been dug, and they were planting there the cross, painted black and bedewed with tears, which in our humble country cemeteries takes the place of the tombstone. A man with bare head was kneeling on the sod, and two little children were praying at his side. The humble tomb contained the mother of the latter, the wife of the former—a gentle and brave creature, who had struggled for ten years with night-watchings, want and infirmities, and who had died scarce uttering a complaint.

After a long prayer, Claude Morvan rose, his children followed his example, and all took in silence the road which led to Kelern. The death of Catherine had deeply wounded the heart of the peasant, for he had loved her with all the love he could feel for woman; but his

grief did not deprive him of his courage. He hid it from view, like a wound that we cover over for fear of fainting at sight of it, and continued to love the dead in the children she had left him. The eldest, named Pierre, was in his ninth year, and had that aptitude for practical life which necessity teaches so early to the children of the people. Not only did he watch over his sister Renée, younger than himself by two years, but he aided in the cares of the household, ran errands, and shared his father's labors as far as his strength and skill permitted.

The three had followed a path which wound along the bare hill-side, and soon perceived the cabin, situated half-way between Roscavel and the citadel of Kelern. In looking on that roof of thatch, lighted by the setting sun, Claude felt his heart sink within him. He recalled, in spite of himself, the time when he heard from afar the voice of Catherine, telling the children of his coming, and the merry laughter of Pierre running with Renée to meet him. Now all was silent and lonely; death had visited his cabin, and had taken from it all its life and joy. Claude sighed heavily, took his two children by the hand and drew them to him. Henceforth they were to be his strength and consolation. Meanwhile, at a turn of the road, as he came opposite his cabin, he saw M. Royer, who was waiting for him, seated on the stone that stood near the doorway.

M. Royer was an old inn keeper of Brest, who had retired to Roscavel, where he had purchased certain property that included Morvan's hut. He inhabited a ruinous old manor-house, not far from the town, the land attached to which he cultivated after a niggardly and unskilful manner. Throughout the country he was accused of avarice, and more especially of violence. Two or three times he had been summoned before the Justice of the Peace on account of bad treatment to the people in his employment. In approaching him, Claude Morvan uncovered, and the little boy followed his example. M. Royer, who had remained seated, kept on his hat.

"Well, your wife is dead then," said he, with that harshness that fools and those of evil heart affect towards their inferiors. "Do you know what a misfortune this is to you?"

"I ought to know it, Monsieur," replied Claude in a troubled tone. "for no one knew as well as I what she was worth."

"And the worst of the matter is that she has caused you the loss of a good situation with M. Lenoir. How the devil is it that you have been from your work for eight days?"

"I had to take care of Catherine."

"Catherine, Catherine! You could have left her with the children. Moreover, there was no hope, you knew it."

"One is never sure of that when those one loves are about to die, Monsieur," said Claude, with natural and deep emotion. "So long as she looked upon me, so long as she spoke to me, I could not believe that she was going to leave us."

M. Royer made a movement of his head. "Well, see where this will lead you, you fool. She is dead, and dead eight days too late: for M. Lenoir, who could not wait, has sent to Brest for another workman for his brick-kiln. Where will you find work now?"

"I will seek it everywhere," replied Morvan.

"And you will not get it anywhere," added the old innkeeper; "you know as well as I it is the dull season. There are more hands than work. And moreover, you owe me three months' rent."

"I have not forgotten it, Monsieur, and I intend to pay you."

"Will it be with the pork that you sold to purchase medicine for the dead, or with the furniture that you have used to make for her a shrine, a coffin, and a cross?" asked M. Royer harshly — "as if you could not content yourself for your wife with a pauper's burial and a trench in the cemetery."

"Alas!" said Morvan, "it was the last thing I could do for her, Monsieur. Such promptings come to us instinctively. In refusing to her what we give to the other dead, I would have felt that I had insulted her memory. She who spent her life for us, had she not the right that we should honor her in death? With the cross at least we will know where her poor body lies and where we may go to kneel."

Royer shrugged his shoulders. "One more whom superstitions have made a fool of," he murmured. "But this matter aside, the result is you are ruined, and not able to pay me. Is it not so?"

"Now, it is true that I cannot," stammered Morvan.

"Well then, you will look out for a house elsewhere," resumed the retired innkeeper. "I have found another tenant, and you must move out to-morrow, since I am offered two sous' advance."

Although Claude did not expect so abrupt a dismissal, he made no resistance and showed no ill-feeling. "Every one is master of his own," he said; "and since Monsieur is offered a better rent, I do not desire to stand in his way. I have a cousin on the bay of Dinant who will not refuse me, I trust, a shelter, and I will leave to-morrow with the children."

"One moment," said the proprietor, who had risen; "once that you have left you will be out of my power. We must first settle our accounts."

"I thought I had told Monsieur that I was just at this moment without resources," said Claude in embarrassment.

"So be it," replied M. Royer; "but you are not without children. Give them both to me to keep my cattle, and I will give you a quittance for what you owe me."

At this unexpected proposition, Pierre and Renée, who had till then listened with the indifference of their age, quickly raised their heads.

"This will be a benefit to you," added the proprietor, "for you will be relieved of the trouble of these brats, and I will train them to work."

The children pressed to the side of their father.

"I do not wish to go with him," cried Renée, who looked at M. Royer with alarm.

"I do not want to go to the Manor-house," added Pierre, not less startled.

"What is it, then, what is it, then?" said the *bourgeois*, seizing the latter by the ear; "I think you are a refractory! You will go wherever I will lead you, you rascal."



"Excuse me, Monsieur," said Morvan, taking his son from him ; "I do not wish to separate myself from these two innocents."

"What ! you refuse to let me have them !" cried the *bourgeois*.

"I prefer to keep them near me," replied Claude, with some embarrassment ; "they are accustomed to me, and would get on but badly with others."

M. Royer reddened with passion. "Ah ! I did not expect this," he cried. "I offer him the means of acquitting himself of debt without opening his purse, and at the same time relieve him of a burden, and he refuses ! And from what motives ! Is it because they ask to remain with him ? But do they know why they ask it ? Come, you little rogue, what reason have you to give ?"

"I want to eat when I am hungry, and at the Manor they stint you," replied Pierre.

"What do you say ?" exclaimed M. Royer, raising his hand.

"I don't want to be beaten, and at the Manor they beat you," replied the child with firmness.

The innkeeper was about to seize him to punish him for the boldness of these accusations, unfortunately justified by facts, and well-known throughout the parish. Claude stopped him.

"Ah ! this is the way you bring up your children !" cried M. Royer, beside himself with passion ; "you teach them to insult their master, and to repeat falsehoods. But I'll meet with them some day or other, and bad luck to them if I do."

"It is to guard against that that I keep them with me," said Morvan, with some feeling. "No one has ever yet raised his hand against them, and no one shall do so so long as I can prevent it."

"You menace me !" replied the proprietor, in a fury. "This, then, is the price of my patience — or rather of my folly. But you shall abuse me no longer. Pay me the back rents, or I will drive you off this evening, this very instant."

Morvan trembled. "You cannot do that, Monsieur," he cried.

"No !" said Royer, exasperated. "Well, we will see about that. Are you going to pay me ?"

"Alas ! you know I cannot."

"Then I take my right," said the proprietor ; and taking out the key that had remained in the door of the cabin, he abruptly left Claude and disappeared down the path.

The peasant remained at first immovable through stupefaction ; then carried away by passion, he started in pursuit of the innkeeper, but the cries of the children suddenly stopped him. He reflected upon the probable result of a collision with this man ; he saw before his eyes a trial, imprisonment perhaps ; Pierre and Renée left without support : this suddenly quieted his indignation. He returned to the two children, took them by the hand, and remained for some moments standing undecided what to do before the closed cabin. Should he seek M. Royer to compel him to give up the key, or go at once to the house of his cousin ? After a few moments of reflection he determined to pursue the latter course. It was still early, and by making haste they could reach Dinant before they should have shut up their houses. He took down a basket that

had been placed in a little shed, and which contained a small amount of provisions. Then, encouraging Pierre and Renée to follow him, he ascended the hill, taking the road leading through Kelern to Dinant.

The presence of the children compelled him to walk slowly ; and preoccupied with his sad reflections, he took no notice of his surroundings. Meanwhile, the sky became more and more overcast ; heavy clouds, driven by the sea-breeze, enveloped the dunes, and when our travellers had reached the beach that separates Kelern from Camaret, the storm burst forth with alarming violence. Claude in alarm drew Pierre and Renée towards him and looked about for shelter ; but there were no houses near enough to think of reaching them. At length he fortunately recollected *La Roche-Percée*, and hastened thither, hurrying along with him the two children.

They give this name of *Roche-Percée* to a conical rock, the interior of which, hollowed out by nature, communicates with the summit by a kind of chimney. The fishermen, shepherds, and children of the neighborhood often resorted thither for shelter. It was beyond the reach of the waves, the highest tides scarcely bathing its base.

Claude and his two children found there the remains of a fire that had been lighted during the day, and some drift-wood that had been collected on the beach to keep it up. A quantity of pebbles had been placed so as to form a large hearth, about which some stones had been arranged by way of seats. A mass of dried sea-weed occupied the bottom of the grotto, and could if needed be used for fuel.

Morvan rekindled the almost extinguished fire, made the children seat themselves near it to dry their clothing, and took from the basket some provisions which he gave to them. The storm, far from abating, grew more violent every moment ; they heard the wind whistle through the fissures of the rocks, and the ocean roar as it dashed against the stones of the beach. The rain, borne in on the gusts, swept through the *Roche-Percée*, continually falling in showers on the sand. Claude knew enough of these ocean-storms to feel satisfied that this one would last at least during the night, and that he could not dream of quitting the asylum he had chosen until morning. He therefore made up his mind to spread out the dry sea-weed which was at the bottom of the grotto so as to form of it a bed for Pierre and Renée ; he then covered them with his coat, and returned to his place near the fire. The soft and regular breathing of the two children soon told him they were asleep. His mind at ease on that point, he rested his elbows on his knees, and leaning his head upon his hands, he tried to get some sleep. But the recollection of Catherine and the two poor orphans kept him awake in spite of himself. He asked of himself how he could replace to them the good and courageous mother they had just lost ; what he could do to ward from them cold and hunger ; when, finally, he could find work enough to support them all ? The difficulties suggested by M. Royer returned to his memory, and he was forced to acknowledge their justice. Employed first at Brest as a lime-burner, then at Roscanvel as a brick-moulder, he could neither manage a boat, a plough, nor a team, and by conse-

quence would find it difficult to obtain employment in a country which existed by agriculture and navigation. These reflections had the effect of saddening his mind more and more, and he began to regret having declined the offer of M. Royer, when he was suddenly attracted by the appearance of the pebbles which served as a hearth to the fire he had rekindled. Calcined by the heat, they had become whitened and had assumed the appearance of lime.

Morvan examined them more nearly, drew them from the fire and shoved them to the entrance of the Roche-Percée so as to subject them to the action of water, and satisfied himself that it really was lime. This was to him like a sudden illumination. If a portion only of the pebbles that covered the beach were calcareous, he had under his hand immense and imperishable wealth. Every tide brought up great quantities of this precious stone, already quarried and ready for the burning. This idea took possession of Claude and kept him awake the whole night. He asked of himself how he could utilise his discovery so as to exercise on his own account his old occupation as a lime-burner. Ah! if he had only enough money to construct a furnace, to purchase the necessary fuel. But he had only his good will and his trust in God. To Him then he addressed a fervent prayer for succor and counsel. The prayer was doubtless heard, for no sooner had the dawn of the early morning lighted up the interior of the Roche-Percée than Claude was suddenly struck with its shape, and saw that it formed a natural furnace, of which he could easily make use. He resolved to try it at once. After having conducted Pierre and Renée to their cousin's house in Dinant, who promised to take care of them for a few days, he returned to the Roche-Percée, got together a quantity of calcareous pebbles from the beach, collected as much as he could of dried sea-weed, arranged it all as his experience dictated, and set it on fire.

The results first attained were not entirely satisfactory, but they were sufficiently so to induce a farmer of the neighborhood to entrust him with a cart-load of faggots and rushes, with which he obtained lime of excellent quality, which was soon disposed of. This success decided the rest. At the end of a few years Claude Morvan was able to construct a furnace two hundred paces from the Roche-Percée, which had become insufficient to supply the demand; and a long time afterwards one might have seen, behind the furnace, a white house with a garden in front, enclosed by green railings, where an old man walked, supported by a young man and a young girl, who wore the rich costume of wealthy artisans of the town. It was Claude Morvan, with Pierre and Renée, who repaid him for all his former trials by their tenderness and gratitude.

They always exhibit to strangers the Roche-Percée, which was the origin of an important industry to the country, and which enriched a poor family. The old fisherman who acted as a guide to the author of this article said to him when pointing it out:

"They say that the time for miracles has passed, *my gentleman*; but this rock here is a proof that God, when He so wills, can change into gold the sea-weed of the rocks and the pebbles of the beach."

## THE AMBER NECKLACE.

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THE day was solemn, dark, and chill;  
The leaves shook downward sadly drear,  
And damply carpeted the earth  
To choke the footfall of the year,  
That like a weary traveller  
Hid up his face and turned away,  
With backward reaching out of hand  
And forward falling out of tear.

Unto my windowed wall the vine  
Clung mouldering, and dragged up high  
Its thick decays to gabled ledge  
That open was unto the sky  
In many chinks, where sharp made sigh  
The breezes that o'er all do love  
The stops of ruined walls and roofs  
To finger as they hurry by.

I had been sick, until my fears  
Went thick sidewise and clave to death —  
That sat companioning, and blew  
A laugh out frequent with his breath;  
And as the leaves fell dead beneath  
The trees that gloomed the hollow air,  
Down through the sod and shadows seemed  
My grave to deepen on the heath.

The while the odors, with thin hands  
Filled o'er with garden-gleanings, came  
And swathed their harvesture across  
My broad sun-ripened window-frame;  
Their scent breathed through my flickered flame  
Until it shot up fragrantly,  
Like a soft, lambent incense-fire  
Fed upward by some spicy dream.

And then a rustling crept along:  
'Twas not the leaves, for they slept down  
Where they shook out; it was the low,  
Soft whispering of a silken gown  
That thrilled my room, dark-portalled, brown,  
With echoings and perfumery:  
The subtle instinct of the world  
Shut out, and far from me had grown.



It might be but a dream, I knew ;  
Yet I lay there and loved to think  
It o'er, and was so passing weak  
That my poor mind lost out the link  
To past, and let it over-brink  
And mix the present ; still they grew,  
Those whisperings — now loud, now soft,  
As sense did weakly rise and sink.

And yet it could not be unreal  
That she whom I had loved beside  
My low couch stood, and bent her head,  
And drew her breath in quick and sighed,  
And kissed my hot lips oft, and cried  
A deep-down word within her heart  
(As though tears spake), not loud, but shrilled,  
Because to hush it she had tried.

I knew her when a sudden light  
Shot, broad and fierce, my window through,  
And quivered, full of dancing motes,  
Across my coverlid, and grew  
The dusky, rustling shades into ;  
And flecked out with its points of flame  
The amber band about her throat  
That heavy down her bosom drew.

And her proud head leaned over me,  
And her voice did the silence thrill ;  
And yet I had no power, so faint  
Was I, but to lie and be still,  
And let the hot tears course at will.  
“They said that thou wert dying, dear,  
And I know that I love thee now.”—  
O God ! the sun throbbed through the chill

Dark shadows, and my soul to-day  
Sang like the lark from morning-place ;  
And all the world seemed bright to me,  
As did the year a chrism of peace  
Leave backward in his trembling pace ;  
And then from out that amber band  
That necklaced in her throat, crept up  
The light. I knew her by her face !

## THE RAPE OF A TOMBSTONE.

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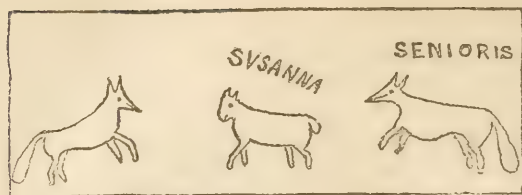
SINCE the days of childhood, the Catacombs of Rome had possessed for me a mysterious charm. It was therefore with feelings of peculiar satisfaction, not unmixed with awe, that on a bright winter day I found myself one of a carriage-load who were passing beneath the arch of the St. Sebastian Gate for a drive on the Appian Way and a visit to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. Before passing the gate we had visited several places, the inspection of any single one of which would have been worth the trip across the Atlantic. What camels' draughts we take in travelling! and in sitting down quietly after our tour is over, what an indescribable ever-growing yearning we feel to revisit and linger over scenes and places which we have passed so quickly!

Our first visit that morning had been to the Baths of Caracalla, built sixteen hundred years ago. Even now, bare as the walls are, and notwithstanding the destruction of the roof, the perfection of the floor of the great structure gives token of its former magnificence. After the lapse of these hundreds of destroying years, the beautiful mosaic pavement is in places as bright and fresh as if it were the work of yesterday. The next place of great interest had been the tomb of the Scipios, where we saw the model of the ancient sarcophagus lately removed to the Vatican, which once contained the bones of Cornelius Scipio Barbatus, now interred at Padua, where it is to be hoped that they may rest. Many of the younger Scipios, and the poet Ennius, were also buried here. A short distance further on we inspected an admirably preserved Columbarium — a sort of condensed Greenwood — being a building lined with pigeon-holes, each containing a small urn for the ashes of the dead. The guide drew out several and sprinkled in our hands what perhaps was heroes' dust.

After passing the gate we rolled swiftly and smoothly along the Via Appia, excavated within the last twenty years, and still justifying its ancient appellation of "Queen of roads." The Roman carriages of the present day are luxurious enough, and bear but slight resemblance, I opine, to the vehicles that first traversed it in 212 B. C. I could scarcely realise this fact, even as we drove over it. One is bewildered in thus looking back, almost as in looking forward to eternity. This road affords one of the most beautiful and interesting excursions into the Campagna. But as this is a story of the Catacombs, I can only briefly note the other objects of interest that we saw on that delightful day. Stopping at the little church of *Domine Quo Vadis*, we were shown the footprints in marble said to have been impressed by the feet of Christ. In Rome you are shown every imaginable relic, from Aaron's rod to the garments of the Virgin. A few minutes' drive brought us to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, for we had passed those of St. Sebastian as being of less interest. Over the entrance leading to the Catacombs is an inscription, and on either side it is shaded by cypresses, which give a funereal aspect well suited to these

abodes of death. A number of carriages were standing about, and finding a party of about twelve persons ready to descend, we concluded to join them. We had made our preparations that morning by furnishing ourselves with luncheon and tapers, but with provoking forgetfulness had neglected to provide ourselves with a *permesso*, without which it is understood to be impossible to enter. The guide went around, taking from each person this ticket of admission from his Eminence the Cardinal-Vicar, and we began to lament our inability to proceed. Fortunately, we spoke in English, and no one understood our dilemma. My husband with happy forethought dropped a franc into the hands of our carriage-driver, and all was right. The Italians of this class are very quick to understand, and a shrug of the shoulder or wave of the hand will often convey one's meaning more quickly than half-an-hour's conversation with an Englishman. Their love of small intrigue is also great. Taking advantage of these characteristics, and applying the gentle irritation of money to their palms — no matter how small the coin — one can generally have his way. Our driver was not an exception to this rule; he understood us, and, better still, the guide understood him, for when the latter came for our *permesso*, our Jehu, constituting himself courier for the party, slapped his breast-pocket as if he had a dozen permits, and the guide motioned us to follow. I thought it a little strange that he did not insist on the permit being given to him, as he had those of the others in his hand, but I dare-say that a hint in pantomime had been conveyed of the extra fee which was demanded on our return.

The guide made a short speech to the party before we descended, telling us to keep well together, and warning us not to turn from the path over which he would lead us. The constant turnings and branchings of these extensive subterranean passages would cause a person, once lost, to wander about for a long time, and perhaps even perish before he could be found. With these instructions we lighted our tapers and descended, the guide walking in front and the party following in "Indian file." The passages, carved out of a dark chocolate-colored stone of about the consistency of cheese, are exceedingly narrow, never more than three feet, and sometimes less, with other passages branching off every few yards in what seems a most puzzling confusion. They are furnished with shelf-like recesses in the sides, of the length of the body enclosed. These were originally closed with tablets of marble or other stone, bearing the name of the deceased, often accompanied by some rude design and simple epitaph. The words "In pace" are frequent, with rude drawings of a bird, a fish, a lamb, or occasionally something more elaborate. The paintings and sculpture in the chapels are alike rude, for the early Christians being of the humbler classes, could scarcely be expected to be in advance of their age, in which there was, notoriously, great degradation of art. There have been thousands of these sepulchral tablets and decorations removed to the Vatican and Lateran Museums, and it is much easier to pore over them there at one's leisure, and in the light of day, than in these damp, uncomfortable caverns by the smoky glare of tapers. One of these paintings struck me as being very quaint and unique. It was a symbolical representation of



Susanna and the Elders wherein Susanna appears as a lamb who turns her head with impartial severity from the Elders, who as ravening foxes seem ready to spring upon her from

either side. That his allegory may be patent to all, the artist has labelled the figures. This is something like it, from a sketch made at the time.

I confess, however, to having a somewhat confused recollection of detail in the Catacombs; my imagination is susceptible, and the close earthy smell, the heavy darkness, the remnants of tombs, supplemented by the warnings of the guide not to lose sight of him, had all operated to put me in a state of nervous excitement which brought vividly before me all my childish imaginings about these solemn precincts. Although I had since become aware that the latest investigations seem to repel the idea that the Catacombs were used, except on rare occasions, as hiding-places, or otherwise than as cemeteries, the first impressions proved the strongest. In fancy I again beheld the Christian martyrs trembling and hiding amid these dark caverns and secret chambers, while their brutal persecutors were seeking to drag them to a bloody death. I could almost fancy their spirits still gliding about, and that from out some dark turning they might, like Miriam's monk, come suddenly upon me. Full of these nervous fancies, while in one of the tomb-chambers peering into an ancient sarcophagus in which the remains of the dead were preserved like a mummy, I was led by what seemed an overpowering inclination to count our party, and oh! horror—two were missing. Thoroughly alarmed, I suggested the idea to my husband, but he thought I was mistaken. I, however, recollected the absent couple perfectly: a young German gentleman and lady, who, I now remembered, had not appeared to understand the instructions of the guide, which were given in Italian. Not being able to convince my husband, and there being no time for delay, I rushed up to the guide, and by my vehement gestures rather than my excited language, made him understand that two people were missing. He looked incredulous at first, but as he counted the persons present a look of real alarm settled on his face. He called aloud, we all called, but only our own voices echoed through the long vaults; there was no response. Charging us all to keep together and remain where we were, he left us and started back. He had been absent a few moments, though it seemed an hour, when again with united voices we shouted, and—joyful sound!—a shout came back. In a short time the guide appeared, conducting and scolding our two absentees. I don't believe they understood anything he said; at any rate they never answered one word, although we assailed them with questions in whatever tongue was most convenient to each. They walked on like two mechanical toys, and the white scared look never faded from their countenances during that morning.



The guide said he had found them some distance back in the passage we had previously traversed, frightened and trembling, but they made no explanation to him or to us. To this day I sometimes wonder what it was—whether the “Demon Monk” met and misled them and enforced silence, or whether they saw a ghost and were too frightened to tell it, or whether—a more reasonable conclusion, my husband says—they were simply fools.

After this adventure there was no further need to tell us to follow closely. An old gentleman from one of our Western cities amused me exceedingly. He was making the “grand tour” with his wife and daughter. He kept close to the guide, and every few moments would call back to his wife, “Jinny, keep close! don’t you git lost, Jinny, whoever else does.” They were an innocent simple party, and I wonder how they ever found their way abroad. Their courier had insisted on their seeing the Catacombs, and they were obediently walking through them. Of the actual history and interest of the place, they evidently had no clearer idea than of the merits of Raphael and Correggio. Some of our friends had met them in Naples a few weeks previously, where they were buying painted canvas by the square foot to fill certain recesses in their “brown-stone front” at home. I made myself nearly as ridiculous as the old gentleman in my endeavors not to be lost. I kept next the guide, and when my husband lingered to inspect more closely some broken fragment or rude inscription, I would undergo a severe mental struggle between the idea of losing him and losing myself. I believe self was generally victorious, though at one time, as we made a sudden turn, and he with several others lingered, I begged the guide to wait, and rushed back. I found the two girls of our own party trying to make him bring out a piece of broken tablet with a fragmentary inscription upon it. I had remarked when we first entered what pleasure it would give me to take home to a dear relative one of these fragments, knowing that it would be to him a great treasure, and thinking that, among his thousands of perfect specimens, Pope Pius could well spare one to his Christian brother in the New World. The girls had declared at the time that I should have a memento, and now had found one suitable in size, and interesting because it bore the last two or three letters of the “In pace” which is so common an epitaph. My husband refused at first to have anything to do with it, and though not large it was still too heavy for us to manage without his aid. Two priests were standing near, to whom early in the tour we had given tapers, they having neglected to provide them. We now appealed to them for advice, thinking, as it was the property of Pio Nono, that permission from one of his ministers might go far to remove the scruples of my liege. They cordially assented, declaring it was no harm, and the guide just then coming up to inquire into our delay, my husband, in a little confusion, disposed of the trophy somewhere in his capacious overcoat. I must here, in justice to myself, say that the reckless vandalism of tourists in breaking off pieces of marble and taking away relics has always been detested by me, and we had hitherto made it a rule to have nothing of the sort on our hands. But on this occasion the desire to possess and bring home to my friend a piece of a tablet from the Catacombs was irresistible

We were very glad to stand again above ground, and shake off the dust and mould of the Catacombs. We paid our fee and hurried to the carriage, very much to the satisfaction of my husband, who found the fragment sufficiently heavy. Stowing it away beneath the carriage seat, we got in and drove to the tomb of Cecilia Metella. Having had my curiosity fully satisfied for that day on the subject of tombs, I remained in the carriage while the others went in, and indulged in a little doze in the warm sunshine after my recent fatigue. The delicious sleepy languor produced by this warm atmosphere is enjoyable, and I could almost excuse the Italians whom I had so often seen sleeping in the sun.

About this time the whole party agreed in feeling hungry, so we got out beside a wayside *Osteria* to enjoy our luncheon. The gate was propped open by a broken statue, and the fragments of costly columns and broken tombs were scattered about. From this point we enjoyed a magnificent prospect of the wide expanse of the Campagna, encircled by those lofty mountains with their snow-capped peaks from which a few days before the chilly blast of the Tramontana had swept down upon us. Away in the distance lay the Eternal City with its domes and towers and obelisks, and floating as it seemed above all was that wondrous dome which claims the eye from every point in the vicinity. And here in the soft golden sunshine and under the clear blue sky we sat down and drank Orvieto and ate *paté*. Even here one must have substantial refreshment. We gave the remains of our feast to a few beggars who had collected about us. In my recollections of Italy, especially of the Papal States, no scene is without its beggars. They make their appearance as regularly as olive-oil with a salad. They are pleasant, merry beggars withal, and one manages to extract much amusement from them. Like everything else in Rome they grow upon us, and after a time, if we were to miss even their rags and their plaintive cries, Rome would seem to have lost one of the features of its picturesque beauty.

We returned to the city by a round-about route, which took us past the Church of St. Paul and to the beautiful little Church of the Three Fountains, where they show the visitor three springs about twenty feet apart, which are said to have started from the earth as the head of St. Paul made its several bounds after being severed from the body. Over each spring an altar is placed.

Our last visit that day was to the small Protestant cemetery outside the walls. Everything Protestant in Rome is without the walls. It does seem strange that the mighty Roman Church should evince such petty malice in the very presence of her monuments of religious persecution. With the great Coliseum almost yet red with Christian blood standing in view of the residence of her Pontiff, you wonder that she banishes outside her walls for worship and burial any people who confess Christ. This cemetery is one of the pleasantest spots about Rome. Beautifully situated on the side of a hill, with its rows of pyramidal cypresses, its well-kept flowery graves, with English epitaphs and names, it is more home-like to English and American eyes than any place in the Rome of the present. The sun was sinking behind the hills, and the memory of the unpleasant chilliness

that immediately follows warned us not to linger ; so we gathered a few violets growing over Shelley's heart, and turned sadly away, promising ourselves another visit. The Pyramid of Cestius is close by, but owing to the lateness of the hour we drove by, and soon reached our apartments on the Corso, where we deposited with great delight our trophy of the Catacombs, and after a hasty toilette were ready to enjoy the well-served dinner, good wine, and excellent coffee which the Café di Roma always supplied. With the inner man thus refreshed, we lost that feeling of weariness that had threatened to overpower us after our exhausting and exciting day of sight-seeing. We spent a merry evening, several friends calling in to see us. In this travelling Bohemian life there is great sociability and no formality ; you find yourself more intimate with the acquaintance of yesterday than with people at home whom you have visited for years under the established laws of etiquette. One of our visitors during the evening was a clerical friend from home. He mentioned, during the course of conversation, his intention to visit the Catacombs the next day, whereupon we gave him a description of our morning's adventures, and in conclusion I exhibited with great triumph my prize, asking him if he thought any one else had been so fortunate. He looked amazed. "Why," said he to my husband, "do you know what she has done? It's a serious matter ; the prohibitions are severely strict against touching anything in the Catacombs. You have violated the pledge made in obtaining your *permesso*." To give emphasis to his assertions, he drew forth his own *permesso* which he had provided for his next day's excursion. The last clause read, I think, thus : "Visitors are strictly prohibited to touch or remove any—even the smallest—object in these sacred precincts." "But," said my husband, "we had no *permesso*, so we did not promise, and did not know of these prohibitions." "And besides," I added, thoroughly frightened at what I had done, "the two Roman Catholic priests told us to take it." I was determined to make the most of my clerical permission, for a wild idea of probable arrest floated through my mind. "You don't tell me you went in without a permit?" said he. "We certainly did," said my husband, "and on this occasion 'ignorance was bliss.'" By this time I was so exercised on the subject as to declare that I would not have the thing about on any consideration. "What will you do with it?" said they, teasingly ; "you can't get rid of it. You had best hide it safely until you are well outside of the Papal Dominions, or you may be accommodated with an apartment in a dungeon." I was seriously disturbed ; the tombstone hung like a millstone round my neck, and there seemed no chance to rid myself of the emblem of my folly. I began to appreciate the story of the old woman who wished for the hot black-pudding to fall down the chimney, and it fell down and fastened to her nose, and she could never get it off. I had—no use to mince terms—stolen the fragment, and keep it I must.

About twelve o'clock that night there was a tremendous hubbub of voices in the street and a large stone came smashing through our window. Oh! the tablet! thought I in great fright ; they are going to mob us on account of the tablet. We quickly extinguished our

lamp and the noise passed on. The next morning, when our landlady came in, we questioned her as to the noise. "Oh!" she said coolly, "it was only rowdies." I afterwards found out that these rows were of frequent occurrence, and that the coarse iron grating which I had noticed before the lower windows of nearly all the houses, was to prevent these gentry from amusing themselves by breaking the glasses, as well as thieves from getting in to steal. There appeared to be no way of avoiding these two unpleasant little amusements, for the law and the police were equally inefficient.

I hid the tablet away the next day in the bottom of my trunk, securely wrapped up; but I never was quite easy about it until we passed the Papal frontier. If a gend'arme passed me, or a cowled monk looked at me, my heart would beat quickly beneath its tombstone weight; and when our baggage and passports were examined on leaving, I actually trembled. I don't suppose I had need to trouble myself, for I dare-say his Holiness would not care if I had brought away a dozen such specimens, and if he did, he has been fully employed about his own affairs since; moreover, as I had the absolution of two priests for my peccadillo, I'll e'en be content, and only state in conclusion that the tombstone was as silent as the grave, and never betrayed itself during our long journey; and that now, in a modest Rectory within view of the flashing waters of one of our mighty rivers, and beneath the shade of primeval forest-trees, it preserves the memory of that nameless Christian of the primitive Church who died "in pace."

P.

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## THOUGHT IN MUSIC.

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FROM the darkness that in recent times has overshadowed the various arts, the light of the Art of Music still shines out in the pure radiance of beauty. It is even more encouraging to reflect that this beauty must almost of necessity preserve its splendor; for it lies in the nature of music that it can neither be dragged down altogether into the realm of unbeautiful reality, nor can it be so elevated into the cloudy region of allegory and so-called thought as to become a vague, confused, and incomprehensible symbol. Music must be classically ideal, that is, must live and breathe in an atmosphere of clearness; for music appeals to our acutest sense as sense, that sense which can be least affected by argument, and which hence is most self-dependent and absolute: the sense of hearing. In sculpture.



architecture, painting, and poetry, the subject of the art-work may and often does influence the judgment, unless the judge be a true artist ; but in music such an influence is impossible. Whether you entitle your symphony *World-despair and Victory*, or leave it altogether unnamed, makes not the slightest difference so far as the effect upon the listener is concerned. He is moved by the tones and the rhythm alone, naught else ; and that listener who is not so entranced by his sense of hearing as to feel only the tones and the rhythm, proves by his half-attention either a want of mastery on the part of the composer or an imperfect development of his own sense of hearing.

Nevertheless, there is even within the realm of this art a cloud discernible, which, although it happily cannot affect the art itself, can at least affect its enjoyment. This cloud is an arising criticism which has for its object to reverse the nature of the enjoyment of music, as it has done with other arts, and to substitute for the real living delight of the sense of hearing a fictitious shadowy delight of so-called thought. As in all other fields of life, this tendency seeks in music to drive men from the region of actuality into the region of shadow ; and the universality of this tendency, grounded as it is in that original indolence of men which finds an easier opium-life in the region of unreal shadows than in the fresh morning-life of actuality, may well be a sufficient excuse for the present emphatic protest against it. It is a tendency which, strange as it may sound in these days of boasted positive science, rules in science as well as in arts, in schools as well as in homes : everywhere and in every shape mankind is taught to fly from true healthful life to the shadowy regions of so-called thought. The sort of musical criticism that is based upon this tendency has come to us from Germany, and under the false pretence of being the new faith and fundamental principle of composers of undeniable genius and musical culture. For such is not the fact ; and Richard Wagner, whose name is chiefly mentioned in this connection, is no more inclined to lower the character of his art in this matter than were Mozart or Beethoven. Indeed, Wagner's so-called new principles are only these two, as any one can ascertain from his writings, and of these two but one has reference to the art of music alone.

Wagner holds, first, as a general principle, that the arts should no longer be exclusive, but rather conspire in one common work, an opera, to heighten the effect of each other and of the whole. This is an old principle, so old that the Sanskrit language has a separate technical term for works of pure music wherein no other art coöperates, and another for works wherein as many arts as possible coöperate with music to produce one grand effect.

But to this arbitrarily laid down principle it may be replied, that empirical, psychological observations and experiments invariably show the presupposition wrong that a multitude of different agreeable sensuous impressions can produce a greater aesthetical enjoyment than may be derived from the pleasant effects of a single art. The variety of pleasures destroys the intensity of happiness ; and thus what the other senses gain by the delights of scenery, pantomime, etc., the sense of hearing and the pure art of music loses. Hence, however worthy of effort such operatic combinations of all arts are, it is a one-sidedness on the part of Wagner to inculcate their preëminence, at

least so far as the art of music is concerned. Pure music, music wherein our intensest sense, the sense of hearing, loses itself with most absolute intensity, demands the absence of all other allurements to the other senses, and still more of all matters that interest the intellect ; for intellectual effort deadens feeling.

Wagner's second principle is a purely musical one, and may be concisely stated thus : In operatic works — and Wagner's labors are almost limited to this class of compositions — the melodies should not be many, each in itself complete, and only externally connected by recitative, etc. ; but there should be only one infinite melody for every opera. As we know, this principle has not been carried out in *Tannhauser*, which Wagner on that account ranks in the old class of operas ; but he professes to have applied it to *Tristan and Isolde*. Later reports from Europe indicate, however, that Wagner has already abandoned this principle, and returned to the old fashion of fixed, complete melodies.

Nevertheless, it is worth while to investigate for a moment this principle of an infinite melody. In matters of music, arbitrary principles are of course utterly inadmissible ; the psychological and physiological judgment of the sense of hearing is the absolute law-giver and judge. Now this sense has, all the world over, decided in favor of limited melodies, that is, musical themes complete in themselves, with beginning, middle and end, which, by very reason of that limitedness, the ear can reproduce without much difficulty. A melody running through a whole opera is capable of no such clear reproduction, and hence its effect is an indefinite, merely suggestive one. Now inasmuch as clearness is the first requisite of art-beauty, and indistinctness its greatest blemish, by just so much must Wagner's doctrine necessarily fail of effect. By the prolonged melody the whole opera becomes, indeed, only one recitative, with no definite themes, though certainly with a sort of indefinite unity. There is, of course, a great truth in Wagner's idea ; but the advantages of this truth can be equally, nay, in a far higher degree, attained by the use of limited melodies. This truth is, that the music of an opera should be of one and the same spirit, as it were, and the limited melodies in a manner related to each other, though also completely self-dependent. This mode of treatment is illustrated in the greatest opera yet written : Beethoven's *Fidelio*. It is also wonderfully conspicuous in Gluck's *Orpheus*, and in Bach's *Passion-Music*.

It might be asked why Wagner does not pursue the same course, since he has undoubtedly an astonishing creative genius in melody. Sobolewski,\* who, with Schumann, may well rank next to Wagner, and is undoubtedly most competent to judge on this point, thinks that Wagner does not do so, and has adopted his principle because he lacks concentration : that power of holding fast a limited theme, and by the simple force of genius elaborating it into a work of infinite beauty, which Beethoven possessed so preëminently. Probably from a knowledge of this lack Wagner has created no great symphonies, sonatas or quartettes, works that preclude diffuseness and necessitate a limited form.

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\* This illustrious composer is still living in a log-house on his farm in North Missouri.

Now with these two principles Wagner's reforms in the art of music virtually cease. His sharp modulations, daring chords, etc., are by no means new with him: Sebastian Bach has been even more daring on all these points. To assert that Wagner as a third and indeed as his chief principle enunciated the doctrine that music must "in the future" rise to the expression of thought, is to assert what is not so. No real musician ever made such a statement in the sense in which it is now put forward. In this sense it has found its utterance through persons who knew a little about music and sought to hide the smallness of their knowledge by high-sounding phrases, or through persons who used the word "thought" loosely, and simply as a metaphor. This, indeed, happens but all the more frequently, as the looseness of language both in speech and writing is lamentably on the increase in our times of thoughtless hurry. Thus even musicians will say "a musical thought" when they mean "a musical theme," and speak of logic in a musical work when they refer to its thematic development. Apart from this impropriety of speech, there cannot be found a single instance where a musician has pretended that his art could express anything other than sensations or emotions and their succession. Nay, even these no musician has ever claimed the power to arouse except in the most *general* manner; so that when Beethoven wanted to excite *particular* feelings, as in the *Pastoral Symphony*, he was compelled to have recourse to language, mentioning the specific character of the emotions he wished to excite; or to mimicry, as in the same work the imitation of birds, of the storm, etc., and in the *Heroic Symphony* the imitation of the sounds of battle.

The knowledge of the fact that music can arouse emotions only in a most general way, led composers at an early time to confine the characteristics of their works to such very indefinite superscriptions as *allegro*, *andante*, *presto*, etc. All attempts to be more definite have proved comparative failures; indeed, Beethoven, who attempted it with his sonatas, gave up the task as a hopeless and needless one, "for those who cannot understand the music by itself, can understand it no better for my explanations." The case of the *Les Adieux* sonata is the same as the *Pastoral Symphony*, and belongs, indeed, together with Liszt's *Symphonic Poems* and similar works, to the class of compositions that are accompanied by words; that is, that are not works of pure music, but compositions created with a view to musically accompany certain written poems, dramas, or sketches, and which cannot be understood except with the aid of those writings. Understood; that is to say *musically understood*, and using the word somewhat metaphorically. In this sense I understand a work of pure music as such then, and then only, when with the peculiar emotion which the first theme arouses I perceive all the other emotions that are aroused by the subsequent developments of that theme and its counter-themes, etc., connected in a psychologically natural manner.

The composer had a feeling which manifested itself to him as a musician in the form of a musical theme. This feeling he musically grasped, and placing it under the supervising rules of his art, caused it to develop itself in its original psychological form. Inasmuch as he surrendered himself absolutely to this feeling with all its varied

accompanying shades, and kept reflection or thinking from destroying its continuity, the same development of that feeling must occur in the hearer of its musical expression: always provided that such hearer has cultivated his sense of hearing sufficient to permit his feelings to be thus excited by tones. The man of uncultured feelings—however cultivated his reasoning powers may be—is, however, at first capable only of distinguishing between two kinds, those that are awakened by the quickness and slowness of the *rhythm* of music, *allegro* and *andante*, to which the feelings excited by the jubilant and solemn *tones* of music have some correspondence. But as he begins to cultivate his ear and listen to his emotions, he will learn to distinguish the peculiar character or musical nature of many feelings. But all these expressions will be expressions only of emotions and not of thoughts; and however accurately a composer may express all the emotions excited by the play of *Hamlet*, for instance, he will be powerless to express a single one of its thoughts, or even the thought of the whole.

Is there then no thought at all in music? The question is somewhat absurd when asked as if implying that thinking is eminently exalted over feeling, and our senses wretchedly inferior to our intellect. Nevertheless that question has an answer. Yes, there is thought in music; but its name is *counterpoint*. This is, strictly speaking, the real “pure thought” in music, and of this “pure thought” there is enough in it to satisfy the most enthusiastic devotee of thought. To understand it, and in this not metaphorical sense of the word to follow the “thought” of a composition, there must be added to the first-mentioned culture of the feelings a thorough knowledge of the art of music; such a knowledge as will enable one to trace out the whole thematic unfolding of a piece from its fundamental theme.

The study of this “thought” is noble, instructive, invigorating; and art-criticism based upon it can be only just and furthering. But an art-criticism which, in the cheapest of all ways, obstructs either culture by putting forth at all critical occasions a series of commonplace or irrelevant phrases, is as disgusting as it is always pretentious.

A. E. KROEGER.

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## THE CITY OF PESTILENCE.

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HOW came the pestilence so dread?  
As steals the huntsman on the stag,  
Or flies the dart by archer sped  
That smites the eagle from his crag.

It came as come the earthquake's throes,  
Crushing gay dancers in bright halls,  
Startling the dreamer from repose  
With toppling spires and crumbling walls.

It came as hostile armies come  
At night upon a camping host,  
With muffled tread and noiseless drum,  
When sentries sleep upon their post.

It came as bursts the surging flood,  
Unwarned by storm or clouds of dun,  
The moon's white robes changed not to blood,  
Nor darkness veiled the stars or sun.

No cannon flashed from anchored fleets,  
No sword-blades glittered in the air,  
No trumpets echoed through the streets,  
And yet those streets grew still and bare.

A foe, concealed from mortal eyes,  
By day and night wide havoc makes ;  
Unmoved by prayers, or tears, or cries,  
No truce he gives, no respite takes.

Now ruddy cheeks are blanched with fright ;  
Forebodings shake the stoutest hearts ;  
In panic, thousands seek in flight  
A refuge from death's thickening darts.

Ah ! many now too late would flee ;  
In vain their hopes, in vain their haste ;  
Like pilgrims who a fountain see,  
Yet die ere of its streams they taste.

Death enters hovel, cot, and hall ;  
He spares not beauty, rank, or lore ;  
He leaves in every home a pall,  
His sable badge at every door.

No sign of change kind Nature shows ;  
The sun still shines with clear warm rays ;  
The dew-drop pearls the fragrant rose,  
And warbling birds still wake their lays.

The jasmine with its blooms of white  
Festooning o'er the lattice twines,  
And purpling in the golden light  
Grape-clusters droop the laden vines.

The fig-tree wears its richest green,  
The clouds distill their gentle showers,  
And wooing bees in glittering sheen  
Still banquet on the nectared flowers.

At night the stars gleam soft and bright,  
The summer winds in freshness blow ;  
The full-orbed moon sheds down her light  
On desert streets and homes of woe.

The Sabbath dawns, divine, serene,  
Morn of repose from toil and care,  
And yet no wending throngs are seen,  
No silvery chimes float on the air.

God's temples now are shut and dim ;  
Unread the sacred volume lies ;  
The anthem hushed, the lofty hymn,  
The organ's noble symphonies.

The watchman from his post retreats ;  
At night the dogs loud moan and howl ;  
Through silent lanes and lampless streets,  
Forsaken, they in packs now prowl.

The grating wheel of passing hearse,  
The dead-cart's rumble, dull and drear,  
The piercing wail, the dying curse,  
Are sounds that thrill the watcher's ear.

Some staggering by the wayside die,  
In solitude some raving sink,  
No friend to close the glazing eye,  
No hand to give the cooling drink.

Hearts that could once with pity throb  
Are changed to stone or cold as dead,  
And fiend-like, some the dying rob  
Ere yet the gasping breath has fled.

The suckling babe, the blooming maid,  
The hoary sire, the youthful bride,  
Alike now fell, alike were laid  
In gaping pits or trenches wide.

All night the sexton plied his spade  
By flickering torch or lantern-ray ;  
Each hour fresh pits and graves were made,  
And still the dead unburied lay.

Amid this reign of death and woe,  
Lo ! Science dares with dauntless band  
The charnel gates, and fronts the foe  
From which the bravest shrink unmanned.

They come, the good, the skilled, the learned,  
From kindred lands, o'er dark blue wave ;  
They came, but ah ! how few returned,  
How many found a stranger's grave !

They came, but not as conquerors come,  
With scarlet pennon, dancing plume,  
With bugle-blast and roll of drum,  
With sabre-stroke and cannon's boom.

O'er such the poet chaunts his lays,  
In tones through unborn years that roll,  
And History prolongs their praise,  
And gilds their conquests on her scroll.

For such the painter blends his dyes,  
The sculptor carves the shaft and bust,  
Whilst Abbey with Cathedral vies  
In homage to their mouldering dust.

Shall gory War forever wear  
The greenest bays on earth that grow ?  
To Charity no leaflets spare  
With which to twine her snowy brow ?

And shall their deeds no bard inspire  
On tuneful lyres their fame to swell,  
Who grappled with a foe more dire  
Than bayonet or bursting shell ?

Let marble shaft and sculptured urn  
Record their names, their actions tell ;  
Let future ages read and learn  
How well they fought, how nobly fell !

Like him who at Pompeii's gate  
 Stood sentry on her last dread night,  
 Who, though he saw his awful fate,  
 Yet scorned to stir his foot in flight.

Though rumbling earthquakes shook the spot,  
 Red lightnings glared and thunders rolled,  
 And ashes rained fast, thick, and hot,  
 He grasped his spear with firmer hold.

And lo ! when now our modern hands  
 The city's streets and arches clear,  
 His skeleton still upright stands,  
 His bony fingers clasp his spear.

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Now summer dies ; woods change their hue ;  
 The drifting clouds are gray and cold,  
 And russet autumn hastes to strew  
 Its bier with leaves of brown and gold.

Through forest roofs and mossy aisles,  
 Winds mutter dirges wild and dread,  
 Like priests in gloomy Gothic piles  
 Chaunting their masses o'er the dead.

The dry leaves rustling softly fall  
 In songless bowers and gardens sere,  
 Whilst curling from the chimneys tall,  
 The blue smoke stains the crispy air.

The frosted spires at dawn are white,  
 And sparkle in their jewelled sheen ;  
 Death's angel pauses in his flight,  
 And sheathes his sword-blade red and keen.

Her scattered hosts return once more ;  
 Ships seek her harbor now in fleets ;  
 The merchant opes his rusty door ;  
 The crowds refill the grassy streets.

Can Time the vacant chair refill,  
 Restore the hand we grasped for years ;  
 Re-warm the hearts now cold and still,  
 Re-open eyes we closed with tears ?

Ah ! no ; but still with soothing arts  
 Our souls from sorrow he beguiles ;  
 Applies a balm to bleeding hearts,  
 And brightens grief's wan cheek with smiles.



## MICROSCOPY OF THE GRAIN OF WHEAT.

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THE broadest and most obvious difference distinguishing the animal kingdom from vegetables and inorganic substances, is founded upon *motion* and *heat*. As a general rule all animals have the power of motion, and are more or less warmer than the surrounding medium. Consequently, as the exercise of these functions is always accompanied by a waste of tissue, which must be restored by the food, we may confidently expect that food to consist of substances capable of imparting these qualities.

Now, among inorganic elements there is one which is preëminently associated with the production of heat, and one which is preëminently associated with the development of force. Almost all kinds of fuel: coal, charcoal, wood, oils, fats, resins, alcohol, burning-fluids, burning-gases, consist, either in great proportion or entirely of *Carbon*; so that we are not speaking very unscientifically if we call carbon nature's great reservoir of heat.\*

Again, there is an element, *Nitrogen*, in its elementary state one of the most innocent and neutral of known bodies, which is yet in a remarkable manner associated with the development of force. Nearly all explosive substances, gunpowder, nitro-glycerine, dynamite, the fulminates, picrate of potash, etc., are composed in large proportion of nitrogen; and the nitrogen compounds are those which evolve the greatest force from the smallest bulk or weight of material. Hence *à priori* we might infer that the food of animals which is to bestow upon them the power of evolving force (as motion) and heat, would be likely to consist in great part of nitrogen-compounds and of carbon-compounds.

We have spoken of the waste of animal tissue as necessarily accompanying the exercise of animal functions. The reasons for this so familiar fact may not be altogether obvious. That a steam-engine should consume coal, or a galvanic battery zinc as a necessary condition of their effective action, may be plain enough; and yet that a muscle or a nerve should waste, as a necessary condition of contraction or sensation, be not so plain. By reference to one or two of the fundamental laws of physical science, the mystery, if not solved, may be linked with other phenomena, at least, and brought a little nearer solution.†

All substances are continually acted upon by forces, mechanical, chemical, or other, which tend to produce change either in the rela-

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\* It is, I am aware, somewhat the fashion to speak of the coal-beds as containing, as in a reservoir, the very heat of the sun which shone upon the forests of which they are the fossil remains, many thousands of years ago, and to describe the heat and glow of our coal-fires as the release of imprisoned sun-beams. This view is questionable for more than one reason. The heat evolved by the combustion of carbon, is rather, I should think, attributable immediately to the oxygen which enters into combination with it, as of the two elements the gas is the one which passes into a denser state. Still, whether the heat be literally evolved from the carbon, or whether the carbon be only the instrument or efficient cause of its evolution, for our present purpose it makes no difference.

† The three or four paragraphs which follow, originally appeared in an article by the present writer in the *Southern Review*, January 1868.

tions of the body acted on to other bodies, or in the relations of its parts to each other. But if each force so affecting it is counteracted by an equal force of an opposite tendency, or so nearly equal that no change is perceptible, the body is said to be in static equilibrium. When by any means any of the forces holding a body in equilibrium is caused to preponderate, two phenomena are usually observed or discoverable: one, the change in the body itself caused by the increase, absolute or relative, of the preponderating force, and the other, exterior to the body, arising from the liberation or abstraction of the force which is vanquished. Thus in a volume of gas composed of a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen, no change is perceptible so long as these remain in equilibrium; but the instant their chemical affinities are brought into play by an electric spark, the repulsive force which held their atoms asunder manifests itself externally—expends itself upon surrounding bodies in the form of heat—attraction predominates, and the result is increased density, the gases forming by their combination a minute quantity of water.

When the force necessary to change the relations of any body to other bodies, or the parts of any body to each other, is obviously as great as, or not much inferior to, that evolved in such change, the body is said to be in stable equilibrium. Thus a pyramid planted on its base, or a volume of water, are examples of stable equilibrium, the one in regard to gravitation, and the other to cohesion; as the power necessary to overturn the one or vaporise the other is not inferior to that evolved by the former in its fall or the latter in its expansion. In some bodies, however, the force resulting from a disturbance of the equilibrium is in great excess of that perceived in the disturbing cause; resembling a pyramid delicately poised upon its apex, which the lightest touch can overthrow; or the mixture of gases in our previous illustration, where the quantity of heat in the electric spark is as nothing compared with that evolved by their combinations. Such bodies are said to be in unstable equilibrium, and they are continually employed as reservoirs of force, which they yield in passing to a state of stability.

When a boy wishes to trap a mouse, he lays a weight upon a piece of board, rests one end upon the ground, and supports the other by an arrangement of three sticks, so contrived that a slight touch to the stick which holds the bait, deranges the support, and the weighted board falls with precisely the force that the boy had employed in raising it to its place. This is a simple instance of an unstable equilibrium put to use. The boy can leave the force his muscles enable him to exert, in a latent state, and it becomes available (or active) again the instant it is wanted.

When Constantius raised the great obelisk in the Circus Maximus, a vast multitude of men were employed in working the immense machinery by means of which it was slowly lifted to its position. Had this obelisk fallen immediately, or after the lapse of centuries, the force evolved by its fall would have been precisely equal to that employed in raising it.

Raised weights, bent springs, compressed gases, are instances of reserved forces in familiar use, and they are usually set free by some mechanical arrangement in unstable equilibrium.

The domain of chemical laws also gives us instances of enormous forces thus held in reserve in unstable equilibrium. Gunpowder is a familiar example, in which a mere elevation of temperature causes the explosive evolution of a great volume of gas. By igniting one particle of the powder, sufficient heat is evolved to propagate, in a succession so rapid that it seems to us simultaneous, the ignition throughout the mass. This chemical disturbance of equilibrium has been compared to a row of bricks set upon end, where the fall of the first transmits an impulse to the second sufficient to overthrow it also, and so on throughout the series. In a hair-triggered rifle there is employed a system of four unstable equilibria, two chemical and two mechanical. To disengage its imprisoned force, the powder requires that a minute portion should be raised to a red heat, and this is effected by the explosion of the percussion-cap, containing a substance in still more unstable equilibrium. The force necessary to explode the cap is furnished by the recoil of the bent spring when released by the trigger. The hair-trigger is to the lock what the fulminating powder is to the gunpowder — an exceedingly delicate equilibrium of force, which, when released by the lightest touch, is sufficient to disengage the main trigger.

But Nature herself furnishes us with instances of unstable equilibrium, if less violent in their action, far more important and beneficent than the contrivances of the workshop or the compounds of the laboratory. The human body is a machine intended to perform a certain amount of work, for which force is required, and this force Nature supplies in the substances used as food; especially, if not exclusively, in the compounds of nitrogen.

The ancient and natural division of the material world into the mineral, vegetal, and animal kingdoms, although the exact boundary lines may not yet be precisely defined, is still founded upon broad and obvious distinctions. The mineral or inorganic kingdom remains for the most part, at least to general observation, nearly in a state of chemical inertness. Its attractions are powerful, its combinations simple, and its changes generally few and slowly proceeding. The vegetal kingdom, on the contrary, is the theatre of the most energetic and conspicuous action. It is employed in appropriating repulsive force from without, using it to overcome the strong attractions of the inorganic kingdom, and forcing the elements of the latter from their simpler arrangements, to compel them into new and complex combinations in which this repulsive force is latent (we might almost say, is an element), and which by its means acquire new characteristics, energies, and properties. The animal kingdom takes from the hand of the vegetal these compounds, all which are in unstable equilibrium, employs the force inherent in them upon extraneous bodies in performing the various functions of animal life, and allows them to descend, by a rapid fall, to the simplicity of their first combinations. These two latter kingdoms form the organic world; and the power which the one is employed in accumulating and the other in expending, which is marked in the one by the faculty of growth and in the other by that of voluntary motion, is called *vital force*.

As the force yielded by a body in passing from a state of unstable



to that of stable equilibrium is the equivalent of that which changed it from the latter condition to the former, we should look *à priori* for the greatest evolution of force from those bodies whose elements are in the highest tension, or (so to speak) in the most unnatural arrangement. Narrowing our view to alimentary substances, considered as reservoirs of vital force, we should expect the greatest supply to be afforded by those substances whose elements are combined with the greatest complexity and in obedience to laws the most remote from those which regulate their combinations in the inorganic world. This is eminently the case with the protein compounds; one atom, for instance, of albumen consisting of nearly nine hundred other atoms combined in the remarkably complex arrangement  $10 (C_{40} H_{31} N_5 O_{12}) + S P_2$ .

It is not safe to use the teleological argument and say that certain substances were endowed with these properties that they might serve for animal food. It is quite as irrational to assert that the grass was made nutritious to feed the deer, as to say that the deer's flesh was made nutritious to feed the tiger. Just as the deer's muscle possesses certain properties necessary to the existence of the deer, of which the tiger takes advantage by eating and assimilation, so the leaf has certain properties necessary to the plant, of which the deer in like manner takes advantage.

Man, of all animals, is one which in a normal state consumes the smallest weight of food in proportion to the force and heat he is able to develop; consequently we may expect to find in his staple articles of food, some peculiar concentration, or qualities denoting peculiar concentration of potential forces. Now we find that almost the entire vegetable food of mankind consists of *seeds*, *roots*, or *tubers*, and all these have the power not only of producing new plants, but also of giving the young plant its first start in life, and enabling it at the outset to overcome the inorganic forces which resist its assimilation of the elements necessary for its growth, until it is provided with an apparatus of roots and leaves sufficient to enable it to shift for itself. The young bean-vine lives at first at the expense of its seed-leaves, or cotyledons; and the young potato-vine at the expense of the potato from which it grows, until it has perfected its nutritive system.\*

Of these substances we find *seeds* to contain in most condensed form the forces demanded by animal life; and of these seeds the family known as *cereals* — to which we may add *rice* — contain nitrogen-compounds and carbon-compounds in quantity and proportion most suitable to human nourishment; rice standing at the carbon end of the scale, and wheat at the nitrogen. But in its wide range of soil and climate, in its abundant yield, and in the excellence of the food prepared from it, as well as in its highly nutritive properties, wheat excels all the rest, and is justly entitled to be considered the chief of all vegetable alimentary substances.

Though we can not see the chemical processes by which the whole life and power of the plant are concentrated into minute cells and

\*Fruits, as the peach or date, are composed of a fleshy parenchyma, which to the self-sown seed, plays much the part of a tuber. The fleshy and nutritious leaves of certain biennials, such as the cabbage, are reservoirs of force for the second year's growth, as the cotyledons of the bean are for the first year's.



stored up for the benefit of the young plant, in carefully divided and sealed compartments, yet it may not be uninteresting to take a look into the workshop in which these wondrous processes are effected.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

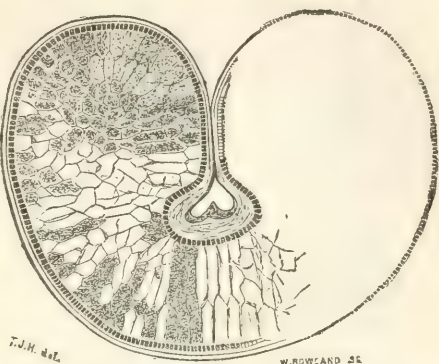
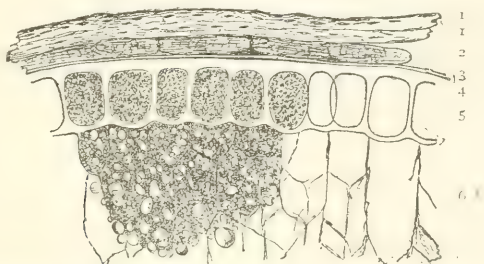


Fig. 1\* is a representation of a grain of white wheat magnified 6 diameters, showing the rolled-up form characteristic of monocotyledons. The use of the *brush*, or assemblage of bristle-like filaments at the distal end of the seed, is, we believe, unknown. They may perhaps serve to absorb moisture from the earth.

In Fig. 2 is shown a transverse section of a grain of white wheat, magnified 18 diameters. Here the rolled-up structure is very apparent, and the *sulcus* or furrow which incloses the germ is seen to be an open tube, lined with a much thicker husk than that which covers the rest of the grain. The main mass of the parenchyma is seen to be composed of polygonal cells surrounded by a layer of nearly square sacs, and the whole wrapped in the husk or bran.

Fig. 3.



When such a section is examined under a higher power, as in Fig. 3 (150 diameters), we are enabled to carry our analysis much further. Here the bran, which seemed to be but a single skin, is shown to be a system of thin membranes of woody fibre. It consists, first of a

\*The illustrations to this paper were drawn on the wood, under the camera lucida, by the writer's friend and kinsman, Mr. T. J. Hand.

double layer, called the "sarcocarp," (1, 1 in fig.) of cells elongated parallel to the axis of the grain; second, of a single layer, called the "endocarp," (2 in fig.) of cells at right angles to the former; third, of a thin cellulose membrane, the "testa," (3 in fig.) under which lie the sacks of gluten (5) covered over by the "secundine" (4) which dips between them. Under the layer of gluten-sacks, which covers the whole grain, are seen the polygonal cells filled with starch-granules which form the central mass.

In Fig. 4 we have these various investitures exhibited in an oblique section, the outmost being nearest the eye. The power is 150 diameters.

1. The outer true bran, or sarcocarp, composed of a double layer of cells, elongated parallel with the axis of the grain. In the figure the outlines of the second layer are dimly defined beneath the beaded divisions of the first, which was precisely in focus. The cells of the inner layer are not exactly like those of the outer: they are less distinct in definition and not conspicuously beaded. The cells of both layers are less oblong and more irregular in shape as they approach the ends of the grain, the skin thickening and roughening in these directions, and presenting, especially towards the base of the grain, a darker color and more woody texture.

2. Under this double coat is seen the inner true bran or endocarp, with its delicately beaded cells lying at right angles to those of the outer coat.

3. The testa is next perceived overlying and extending beyond the dark group of gluten-cells. In the unripe grain this membrane is seen to consist of a single layer of cells containing a very fine granulous substance of a yellowish or brownish color; but in mature wheat the cell-structure can no longer be distinguished, and the most careful engraving fails to do justice to its delicate filminess. It is this membrane which gives the characteristic

colors to the different varieties of the grain, varying from a pale yellow tint in white, to a deep orange in hard red wheats.

4. The inner membrane, or secundine, although thicker than the testa, is not visible in this figure (Fig. 4) on account of its extreme transparency: and when presenting its edge in a cross section, its line of contact with the gluten-sacks can only be defined under a much higher power, as in Fig. 5, which exhibits a longitudinal section, under a magnifying power of 400 diameters. Like the testa, it is composed in the unripe grain of a single layer of cells. As the grain ripens the outer and inner walls of these cells thicken, while the parti-

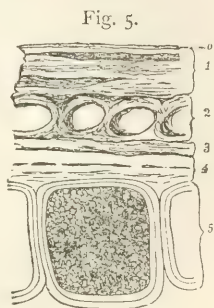
Fig. 4.



tions between them diminish and disappear, until the whole coat seems to consist of two thick homogeneous plates in close contact, but leaving here and there occasional lacunæ as remains of the original cell-structure.

5. This the first layer of cells, consists of a series of separate sacks compressed by crowding into irregular shapes, and averaging  $\frac{1}{675}$  of an inch in diameter in the specimens examined. These sacks are filled with gluten, mingled with a small proportion of oily and albuminous matter; the gluten being in the form of minute granules, about  $\frac{1}{15000}$  of an inch in diameter.

It is impossible to examine the structure of a monocotyledonous seed without being struck with the resemblance it bears to that of an egg. Thus our Fig. 2, in outline, would almost serve for a diagram of a section through the yolk of an egg. The sulcus and little chamber below it, which incloses the germ, corresponds to the canal and little cavity under the vesicle of Purkinje in the egg. The double layers of the sarcocarp correspond



pond to the double *membrana putaminis*, or duplicate membrane lining the shell of the egg; the endocarp corresponds to the *membrana vitelli*, or investing membrane of the yolk, and the testa and duplicate secundine to the serous, vascular, and mucous membranes of the blastoderm. Thus the grain of the cereals and other grasses corresponds more nearly to the eggs of tortoises and other air-breathing reptilia, which consist of a yolk alone; while the fruits of the date and other palms, in which the seed is covered with a fleshy parenchyma, rather resemble the eggs of birds, in which the yolk is imbedded in a mass of albumen.

WM. HAND BROWNE.

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## GHOSTS.

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EVERYWHERE, the human mind, in its rude and uncultivated state, is prone to a belief in the supernatural. As far back as we can trace in the mists which obscure the beginning of history, we find superstition the inevitable accompaniment of ignorance, and we all remember how in our childhood we shuddered at the creations of our own fancy when sent to bed alone in a dark room. Even in this enlightened age, when the sun of science has poured its direct rays

upon us and dissipated many of our childish illusions, there lurks in the dark corners of every mind some superstition which watches for an opportunity to take the judgment off its guard and rise up against it like "a strong man armed." Notwithstanding the many learned works which have been provided for our instruction by metaphysicians, the connection between mind and matter is so little understood, there are so many unexplored regions in the depths of the human mind, that there is still ample room for the operations of fancy; and the imagination, when heated by fever, exhilarated by wine or chilled by fear, often plays strange tricks with our judgment.

Ghosts figure conspicuously in the twilight of history, appearing when and where they pleased, and not even shrinking from the broad light of day. The frightful, blood-thirsty phantoms of early Scandinavian tradition made themselves quite at home in the haunts of men, and loomed upon the scene at all times and seasons. Modern ghosts seem, however, to be of a morose and unsociable turn; prowling about in damp church-yards, or establishing their headquarters in some ancient deserted mansion, from which they make occasional sallies, to the consternation of the nervous people whom they sometimes frighten into faith. It is generally understood that the orthodox ghost of this age walks only by night: he is never seen save by the uncertain light of the stars, or by the pale lustre of the moon; he melts before the solar rays more rapidly than a wreath of mist. He is never known to talk, contenting himself with merely appearing and then disappearing.

Last night my mother, my cousin Horace, our uncle Mayo, and myself and two or three friends were gathered round the fire in my mother's library. We had been discussing the political aspects of the day, and all agreed that the genius of freedom had forever fled from the councils of our unhappy country. Several surmises were made as to what had become of her; one thought she had fled from the halls of legislation and wandered disconsolate among the graves of the heroes, patriots and martyrs who had died for her sake; another thought she was a prisoner, and undergoing daily crucifixion at the hands of the fanatical rulers who had made so successful a fight against her. From this the conversation wandered off to the subject of ghosts generally, and it was proposed that each one of the company who had any experience in ghostly visitation should relate it for the edification of the rest. My mother, being the oldest, was called on first. "You all know," said she, "that I removed to Texas when it was a province of Mexico; the country was in part thinly settled, but almost everywhere it was a wilderness of woods and prairies. My father settled in the small, but even then venerable town of Nacogdoches, and a couple of years afterwards Texas declared her independence, and being sustained by the United States, she was enabled to establish it. In the meantime I had married, and received from my father, as a marriage portion, a league of land near the Trinity river. My husband, knowing the incalculable latent wealth of the country, thought it certain to be soon settled up by immigration, and concluded, towards the close of the second year of our married life, to establish himself upon the land my father had given



us, and quietly await the advance of civilisation. With the exception of a small opening made by our improvement, not a tree upon the land had ever felt the axe. In one direction there was a settlement of whites, fifteen miles off, and in another a few families had settled at Swartout, twelve miles distant. Between us and them stretched an unbroken wilderness, which extended still further to our right and left. The country was just what nature had made and left it; the soil rich, vegetation luxuriant, water abundant and good; but solitude reigned over all. Soon after our arrival my husband was obliged to go on business to the nearest settlement. He set out early one morning, intending to return by bed-time that night. I kept busy all day, and did not feel as lonely as I expected to feel. My little girl, then about a year old, played about, and it was company for me to see and hear her; but when the shades of evening gathered and settled down around us, my work completed and the little one asleep, I began to realise the depth of the solitude. As the night wore on I grew nervous; the soft breathing of the child and the monotonous ticking of the clock were the only sounds within the house; outside the dismal hooting of two or three owls broke upon the stillness, and made the silence tangible. I knew there was no real danger to be apprehended, but by the time the clock struck nine I was quite ready to see and hear ghosts, as you may believe. I was afraid even of the light, so I blew out the candle. Scarcely had I done so when I heard the quick clatter of hoofs coming down the road. It could not be my husband, for the sounds came from the wrong direction. The animal, or whatever it was, seemed to be running. There was no fence round the house, and the creature was rapidly approaching; the dog barked furiously for a few moments, then howled and ran under the house. I summoned up resolution enough to look out of the little window, and caught a momentary glimpse of a snow-white object, the precise form of which I could not distinguish. It ran twice round the house, uttering a horrible sound, something between a shriek and a whistle, and then dashed off down the little prairie and disappeared in the woods beyond. I shall never forget my sensations. The singular behavior of the dog, which remained silent after his howl of fear; the unearthly sound to which the thing gave utterance, the solitude of the place and the stillness of the hour—all contributed to depress my courage and arouse my fears. In a few minutes I heard the sound of an approaching horse. My husband was coming at last, and in a few moments I had the satisfaction of seeing him dismount. He had been detained longer than he expected. The next morning about sunrise a party of men rode up. They were from the other settlement, and in search of a young white mule which had escaped from one of them the day before. They followed the tracks, and soon returned leading the little brute, divested by daylight of all his ghostly horrors. I thought I saw a funny leer lurking in his eyes and a sly humor in the very way he wagged his long ears. I can only account for the dog's cowardly conduct by supposing him to have become demoralised by loneliness. I believe," concluded my mother, "that most ghosts are as tangible as mine, and owe all their horrors to an excited imagination."

Cousin Horace, who has recently returned from the University of Virginia with his mind filled to overflowing with classical lore, was now admonished to keep to his personal experience, and requested to relate a ghost story of modern date. Horace is a sensible fellow, though a little vain; and taking the admonition in good part, he proceeded as follows:—"I was travelling in Western Texas a few weeks ago, and was overtaken by night while crossing a large prairie. The moon shone brilliantly; not the smallest cloud obscured her radiance, which poured in a flood of silver light upon the broad expanse of the prairie. As I rode along I mused on various topics. The night was chilly, and I had taken a dose or two of 'Bitters' from my flask, just to keep out the cold, and like Tam O'Shanter, I presently fell to 'crooning o'er' various snatches of songs. In spots on the prairie there were clusters of little trees or large shrubs; and as I was about to pass one of these my horse suddenly stopped, and I saw stretched out on the branches of a little sapling something that looked like a white pocket-handkerchief. My horse shied, and when I looked again the handkerchief was as large as a table-cloth. A curious handkerchief, you see. My poor beast evidently thought so, for he wheeled with me, and it was with difficulty that I reined him into the right path again; when lo! the miraculous handkerchief had enlarged until it covered all the prairie; above, below, across, it stretched its pallid surface. Here was a dilemma for a solitary traveller to be in! However, I rallied my beast and my nerves and rode at the thing, intending to go through it. Suddenly it shrunk, and regained its first appearance of a handkerchief; and upon my riding up to it, I found it to be nothing more nor less than a large spider's web, heavy with dew, which the moon's rays had silvered and caused to look very much like a white rag. Imagination and 'Bitters' had done the rest; my unconscious pulls on the bridle had reined my horse about. I never intended to tell this story," said Cousin Horace, "because I thought ill-natured people might suggest the propriety of my joining a Temperance Society on the strength of it, but you are all friends and will draw no unkind conclusions from it."

My sister Anna, of whom the war made a widow, and of her children orphans, was now desired to contribute her story. "It is now," said she, "about seven years since I saw my first and last ghost. It appeared under the disguise of an eye of fire. My husband was in the service, and I remained at home with my little boys, to await the issue of the war then going on between the North and the South. It was about the middle of February; the day had been cold and rainy, and I had suffered severely all through it with neuralgia. I had caused my bed to be made on the floor close to the fire; the little boys had gone to bed in the next room, and the house-girl occupied a pallet near them. I had taken a good deal of laudanum, and, I suppose, had been asleep, for when I roused myself I saw that the fire, which had been a large, bright one, had burned low; one piece of pine-knot only flaring up fitfully and throwing a light immediately round the fire-place. The storm without continued to rage; the chill winds shrieked and roared around the house and dashed the rain against the window-panes. Suddenly I beheld an eye of fire glaring

fiercely at me from one side of the mantle-piece. It was about three feet from the floor, and looked as large as an ox's eye. It glowed red and fierce, and seemed to threaten me. I buried my head in the pillows, and all the supernatural tales I had ever heard flashed through my mind. I looked again, hoping to find the Cyclops gone ; but there it was, still gazing intently and unwinkingly at me. What could it mean ? I tried to account for it ; but the more I endeavored to reason, the less capable of reasoning I became. At length I concluded to see what it was ; so I started up, and throwing on the fire some pieces of pine-knots, I used one of them as a torch and held it suddenly up before the formidable eye. It turned out to be a piece of broken looking-glass which one of the children had stuck behind the mantle-piece. It had caught and reflected the fire-light, and, as Cousin Horace would say, imagination and laudanum had clothed it with the appearance of a ghostly eye of fire."

We now claimed Uncle Mayo's contribution. "Admitting," said he, "that I believe Friday to be an unlucky day as my particular superstition, I must ask your permission to relate what befel my ancestor Mayo, a long time ago. You may all depend upon the correctness of the story, for it has been handed down from generation to generation, and carefully preserved among the traditions of the family. The first Mayo who came to America settled with his family on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, seven miles from Annapolis. He was a thorough Englishman, fond of high living, and noted far and near for his fine horses and his convivial qualities. He often went into the city, and seldom returned before the small hours of the night, and generally lively from the effects of potations imbibed in genial company. One night the family were awakened and alarmed by his arrival at home, his horse white with foam and trembling with fatigue, and the old gentleman himself in a state of uncontrollable excitement. As soon as he recovered breath enough to speak, he eagerly inquired if any of us had seen a woman in patchwork. Becoming partially composed, he proceeded to relate the following circumstances: 'I was coming along the road thinking no harm of anybody, when just the other side of the bridge my mare stood stock-still. I tried to urge her forward in vain. She planted her four legs and stood fast. I glanced round to see what was the matter, and I saw by the light of the moon a woman dressed in patchwork ; she was tall and slim, and I clearly distinguished the bright colors of the scarf which composed her dress. Each of the innumerable pieces of which it was made up seemed to glow with a light of its own ; the woman's eyes looked like coals of fire, and her long hair fell over her shoulders in disheveled locks. Suddenly my mare made a bolt to run by her, when the woman in patchwork sprang lightly from the ground and seated herself behind me, and so rode every step of the way home. She jumped down at the gate and disappeared.'"

This was my grandfather's story, and to the day of his death he believed in the reality of the woman in patchwork.

E. W. N.

## A SCENE, NOT ACTED.

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"He looked at her, as a lover can;  
She looked at him, as one who awakes:  
The past was a sleep, and her life began."

"SISTER ELLEN, let me rest my head upon your knee, as I used to do when I was a little girl, and you were my sister-mother, and had no babies of your own to peril my soul with jealousy. Ah, you cross old Sis! I've never paid you what I owe you — neither the pinches nor the cares! I never will. It pleases me to feel in your debt — to be bankrupt to your affections."

"How hot the head is! The same soft curls, and rich and thick as ever! You get no credit for them, Kate, in these days of well-composed women; twenty dollars will buy the counterpart of these at any coiffeur's. You've something to tell me, then? It is a good time — John will not be home for two hours yet, and the children are all asleep —"

"What a notion! What put that in your head, sister Ellen? Only old times came over me, and I felt myself the same motherless chick — motherless but for you — I was at ten years old. Ah!"

"Sighing! Kate, child, you're getting along. See, I've captured a gray hair!"

"It is not the first one — don't be alarmed. I am quite reconciled to my fate, sister Ellen. 'This body doth me grievous wrong,' and oh, I'm dreadfully old! I feel it. Worse than all, I feel that others see it. I'm clean gone thirty, and I look every second of it. Here are you, fair, fat, and ever so much past forty, looking like the cadet of the house —"

"Nonsense! (She wants to borrow my gloves, or to get me to ask John to advance her money to pay her shoe-bill — I see it all now, cunning minx!)"

—"While poor little me! I'm predestinated, Sis. I see it every time I look in the glass. My lips have taken on a sort of rigidity and puckeredness, and it is frightfully easy for me to utter words like prim, pad, paint, powder, patience, put up with Peter Piper —"

"Why don't you get married, Kate?"

"The idea! Don't I tell you I'm *passée*, and nobody'll have me?"

"Have you been playing belle so long, with the lions captured in your net rolling and fawning at your feet, that the thing has got to be a chronic infirmity with you, and controls you like any other bad habit?"

"Yes:

'And sometimes through the mirror blue  
The Knights came riding two by two:  
*She* hath no loyal Knight and true,  
The Lady of Shalott,"'

"Then it's the Lady of Shalott's fault, Kate; so many nice beaux as you have had! I am half inclined to believe that my little sister's



love-affairs would have prospered better if she had been less fair and less fascinating. Sometimes I feel afraid you will never make a choice until after the golden moment has slipped by."

"Never worry yourself, my sister dear — *I* am not afraid."

"Then why don't you marry?"

"The right one won't come along, the man of men —"

"You're hard to suit, Kate. When I was a girl, if Mr. Arlingcourt had proposed to me — not five times, but *once* — I should —"

"I *do* feel honored, sister Ellen; nay more, oppressed! Mr. Arlingcourt has position, power, eloquence. If I wanted a case won in court, or a bill passed in Congress, he should not sue in vain, I give you my word; but what he asks is a different matter. I don't believe Mr. Arlingcourt has as much to give to his wife as I have to bestow on my husband; and when I marry, I want something more than to sit like Mordecai (not to speak of Lazarus) in my sovereign's gate, glad to take a piece of bread from his hand."

"Well! There's Montmorency —"

"Sister Ellen! When I marry for pedigree, I will not choose the last of his line — Montmorency — a man weazened and weird like the Pyncheon poultry —"

"The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as stiffly as dance it can;  
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,  
Like a suit of red flannel on the clothes-line to dry!"

"Kate, you are too wicked! There's the handsome Leander —"

"I fell in love with Leander once, Sis, desperately; and the infatuation lasted till — sundown. As soon as I realised that there was a part of the time when I could no more see handsome Leander's face than Psyche could see Cupid, I found that I could not love Leander. He is something to look at, not to have. An Antinous with all the caprices of a spoilt child, and who, when the wrinkles begin to show themselves, will be as querulous, as exacting, as voracious of praise and as heroic in *ennui* as a female beauty fallen into decadence and rouge. No, Sis; I have too much dread of my own imperfections to venture upon the trials of life in company with a little, ill-balanced, selfish soul."

"There's Eugene, then?"

"Which portion of him shall I take — his plantation, his big house, or his blooded horses?"

"You cannot at least complain of Charles, unless he has by chance flirted with you?"

"Oh, Charles and I quite understand one another, I assure you. He wants to have all his fund of pleasures changed into the lightest coin imaginable, so I keep a handful of sixpences for his especial service. He is a lady-killer, but he has agreed not to slaughter me, so we are quite good friends."

"Rodolph —"

"Is wicked. Pass him by."

"Ah! Perhaps young Mr. Ritule would suit you better? He is pious, certainly —"

"Distressingly so. A regular snowy-banded, delicate-handed, clerico-dandied pet of prelacy! With a rabbit's mouth too! But even if he were strong as he is good, it wouldn't do, sister Ellen. I am an iconoclast; it would be a perilous adventure for me to be setting up idols of clay, no matter how finely gilded, for objects of permanent-worship. My heart don't want a king, but my life wants a companion. My world requires a sun to give it light and warmth. I must have an aim above the sphere of passion, and encouraging duties in the discharge of which I shall be induced, nay, compelled, to cast all my feelings into the comeliest of moulds. My husband must be my guide, philosopher, and friend as well."

"Poor Kitty! it is destiny. Get yourself a cat, Kate, and a parrot; there's no help for you."

"Don't you be uneasy, sister Ellen."

"You speak very positively. Why, what makes you blush, Kate?"

"Did — did I? I'm sure — I didn't mean to — I always was such a little goose, you know."

"Kate, you've something to tell me; I know it! You cannot deceive me. Look up, you deceitful little wretch!"

"Have I? How sagacious you look; I wonder John is not afraid of you!"

"Don't dodge, it's not lady-like. Recollect I am almost your mother, Kate. Come, confess."

"I have *nothing* sweet to tell you, sister Ellen; don't open your big eyes at me in that dreadful way. Ellen, if you'll promise me not to scold, and not to be scared to death, and not to — there! It's said! Now you'll kill me, I know."

"Kate, I'll pinch your arm till it's blue-black if you don't! It is really cruel to keep me in suspense, dear. Who is he? How far has it gone? To think! I never even dreamed of such a thing!"

"Suppose I should tell you that I am engaged, and have been — for ever so long — six months —"

"Six! — months!"

"Don't start so, sister Ellen! You make me nervous."

"Katharine Ashton, I am —"

"No, no! I won't listen! It won't be for ever — so — long. Perhaps never! I'm only waiting for him."

"Him! What is the impossible horrid creature's name, Kate?"

"Guess."

"How can I when you have had all the eligibles of Richmond to choose from, and have made so many murderous forays among the ineligibles! Ah, she said she was waiting for him; that explains those enormous letters you have been receiving ever since Tom Barton sailed for Europe —"

"And a market! Tom Barton! Fudge! When I marry a lighthouse, I will have one with a light at the top."

"You're a plagiarist, Kate; that's Hood's expression, not your own. Is it possible that you did not discard Marcus Crowningshield after all, and that he really went to New York to publish his book, and not to escape the weight of your mitten? 'Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber!' To think that we are to have a poet in the family after all!"

"Not so fast, my sister dear! You shall not give me thus away. I've read Mrs. Jameson's *Loves of the Poets* :—

'Think you if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,  
He would have written sonnets all his life?'

And there's a Roland for your Oliver, Ellen."

"Precious love, Kate, this of yours, to be wrapped in such interminable folds of napkin, and buried out of reach so deep! You are waiting for him, you say? Nay, it must be as John predicted: Walter Troupe has won the prize; I heard he was building a new house on his upper farm. Such a nice summer resort for us all! Of course you mean to spend your winters with us here in town. A doctor, too! How nice when the perils of croup threaten, or the children are to be vaccinated."

"The poor Professor! Ha! ha! Oh, Ellen, did you ever hear him lecture? He has one fashion for it all. In that self-same way did he propose. Methinks I see him now, as he stroked his chin and 'sleeked his hair,'

'And with a sweeping of the arm,  
And a lack-lustre, dead-blue eye,  
Devolved his rounded periods!'

No, it is not that one, Ellen. You'd never guess the right one if you took a month to it, and made an exhaustive analysis with slate and pencil."

"In the name of goodness, Kate, tell me!"

"I—I went to church with him—last Sunday night!"

"What! You went—Sunday night! Kate, you don't mean to tell me—my darling little sister, you are not going to marry Samuel Hopkins? Oh Kate! Kate!"

"There—don't faint! It is horrible, isn't it? A perfect throwing myself away!"

"Oh Kate! Kate! I could cry my eyes out."

"Don't, little Sis! I've broken my own heart over it several times already."

"Are you really engaged to that—to Mr. Hopkins?"

"Irrevocably."

"Oh Kate! Kate! What would your dead father say? He used to be very proud of the Ashton name, and very careful it should be associated with names of the like degree."

"Mr. Hopkins is a gentleman, sister."

"He's forty-five, if he's a day old!"

"I'm not a pullet, Ellen; besides, I need years to correct my follies and frivolities."

"Oh, if correction be your particular need, I don't doubt you'll be well administered! He's grim as a bear."

"I love bears! When I was a child and you took me to menageries, I distinctly remember discarding the whole collection of monkeys and parrots to ponder over the sullen impatience of Bruin."

"A one-armed soldier!"

"Why don't you taunt him with his Lost Cause as well as his lost arm, sister Ellen?"

"Ah, Kate! there's pathos enough in those empty sleeves no matter where we meet them; but the thought pains me that such a thing may have won my sister's heart. We do not marry the empty sleeves, dear Kate, even while we bow down and worship them."

"You do not know Mr. Hopkins, sister.

'No spring nor summer beauty has such grace  
As I have seen on that autumnal face.'

"A truly autumnal face, Kate! Are you not afraid of ghosts? If any one had told me an hour since that Kate Ashton was going to marry a penniless widower, with one arm and two children, I should have — Kate, I can't believe it! After all the sermons I've heard you preach on the widower subject, too!"

"I take them all back in sack-cloth and ashes."

"How are you going to live? His salary must be very small; he can't have much outside of it."

"Not a cent in the world! 'Twill not be very elegant living until prospects brighten."

"What will you do with those two cubs of boys?"

"Comb them, and make their jackets, and tell them how to become good men."

"Ah, Kate! — how did it happen? I am dreadfully sorry! As for John — I'm afraid John will be quite unmanageable, Kate. Tell me how it happened."

"I'm sorry too, Ellen. No! why pretend? I am not sorry! I am glad, and proud, and happy! And if you abuse him any more — I'll — I'll — Oh Ellen! I know better than anybody else can what sort of a soul that cold, grim, acerb countenance conceals! I know his troubles, his struggles, his victories! His wife, she who died four years ago, must have been unworthy of him. He never mentions her, but I conceive she must have been his social inferior — common — one of the low-down sort; and that is the sort of mistake in life that most hurts men of Mr. Hopkins' disposition — men strong, self-contained, 'retired as noontide dew,' yet sensitive as a nerve laid bare."

"Every one speaks well of Mr. Hopkins, Kate."

"I've known him for seven years, sister Ellen."

"Seven years, Kate? That is impossible!"

"Not quite impossible, Ellen, but very romantic in a small way. If you want to hear my little romance, Ellen, and how I came to love Mr. Hopkins when he asked me to do so, I'll tell you."

"How pretty you look, Kate! Excitement becomes you wonderfully well. Go on with your story."

"Ah, you know what Browning says of the triumphs and glories of the world: 'shut them in — love is best.' I've just begun to find out what life means, sister Ellen. Before, I saw the tops of the mountains only dimly looming through mist. It is not much of a story after all.

"You *don't* remember when the prisoners came home from Johnson's Island, and Fort Delaware, and Point Lookout, do you? You were sick then, and in your room."

"Yes; that was when Albert was born."



"It was very exciting sometimes. Poor fellows! They looked so haggard, and so glad! I could never get done crying and hurrahing! One particularly mild afternoon I had sent Johnny and Molly out to play on the pavement, and was sitting by the window yonder watching that they did not get into mischief, and ripping up some old piece of discarded finery that I had found at the bottom of my trunk. Suddenly I heard the hurrahs running along up the street like fire in sedge, and a long file of the poor dear fellows came by, muddy and footsore and ragged, but so happy! You ought to have seen Molly and little John, standing at the curbstone and shouting as bravely as any. Presently they went by, and behind them a hundred yards or so came a single stalwart soldier, bearded, brown, muddy and dingy, stamping along the pavement with a step as even and firm as if the drum beat time for it. Ah, I saw the soiled, threadbare jacket and the empty sleeve pinned upon the breast! He halted by the tree out there, and the children stopped shouting and looked up at him with their dear brown eyes—looked up, and saw—well, you know the face! Children like it, glum as you find it. I'm a child, Sister! Glum! You should have seen the man's face light up with a smile—so tender, so deep, so bland! So he knelt down, right on the pavement there, and put his brown hand caressingly on Johnny's shoulder, and looked at Mary and said: 'Give me a kiss, little pet, and you, my boy!' and kissed them both, and his eyes softened and moistened, and a little wee drop—oh Sister!—stole down the brown cheek and hid itself in the dusty brown beard. Then, as he got to his feet again, he saw me at the window and took off his hat, bowed courteously, and said with honest manliness: 'I beg your pardon, Miss; I left two children at home when I went from there two years ago, and I've not seen them since, except in my dreams. May never see them again, for we go to the front to-morrow. Little dears, God bless you!' and on he trod. And, Sister, I thought if General Lee had many like him, the leaguer would not last long. And oh, Sister! that was the first time I saw Samuel Hopkins."

"There, Kate, there! He is a noble-hearted man! He is indeed!"

"And he never forgot—that meeting—no more—than I—forgot it! And how could I? And, the year after his wife died—he came here to Richmond to hunt employment—and me! And when he told me he had no rights—and no—hopes—but loved me—better—better than life itself, and thought it was only his duty to—to—tell me so, of course—I—you know what I did! And I thought it only my duty—to tell him—he was—just the very—noblest man that ever lived, and if he'd—ha-ave me—I'd be his devoted wife and true, and wait for him till doomsday!"

"Little Kate! True, faithful heart!"

"And that's the end of my story, Sister; and stories are stories, but love is love. I love him! I have but one thought: that dear, that precious, that perfect love, and how to make it crown his days! All the rest is nothing, Ellen. Only love remains! And so—you must help us—to get through the briars—there are many of them—and sharp ones—and Mr. Hopkins is very poor and very proud."

"I will tell John, Kate, and maybe he and I will find out a way.

Why, Kate! Nonsense! You'll smother me! Have pity on my husband and my children! Save something for Mr. ——. Ah, I hear the latch-key — here comes John now! What — gone?"

EDWARD SPENCER.

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### THE VOICE OF THE SOUTH.

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THE Southern people have been urged so often and so vainly to encourage and build up their own home literature, that we fear our renewed exhortation to the same effect will meet at their hands a similar fate of neglect and failure. The educated classes of the South are conspicuously a reading, thinking and studious people; and have always been glad and proud to extend a liberal patronage to belles-lettres and the arts. Perhaps it has been a defect in our political and social systems that the people thought and read too much and labored too little, that they let their energies run to waste in vague dreaming and air-castle architecture, and that the more practical and material interests of their section were allowed to decay and decline through their inattention. But the studious habits of the Southern people never led them to patronise the literary men and literary enterprises of their own production. Such prophets have always been without honor in their own land; and for that reason mainly have been without honor in other lands. The estimate put upon a man's character and genius by his own friends and neighbors is likely to be reflected by the verdict of more remote juries and auditories. Therefore the Southern poets, novelists and essayists, neglected and depreciated among their own kith and associates, have received the same treatment at the hands of the critics away from home. Not that their claims to merit have been first examined and then rejected; they have generally been severely let alone. They have been passed over as not worthy of the time and trouble of analysis, which is, as many a sore author will testify, the most cruel and mordant of all "unkindest cuts." And so Southern literature, until recently, has been for the most part a growth devoid of sound and deep roots, of vigorous trunk, of green and graceful frondage. The soil in which it was planted was far too meagre and ungenerous; the winds which assailed it were all too chill and severe; and the insects, it may be added, which preyed upon it were too venomous and active to admit of its flourishing like the traditional green bay-tree, or the tree which the Psalmist pictured as planted by the rivers

of water, whose leaf did not wither and whose fruit was brought forth in season.

The real masters of song, as Poe has said in one of his critical essays, sing as the birds sing, because they cannot help singing; the song utters itself. Poetry, for them, is no "highly-complex egg-dance;" their thoughts take the shape and expression of verse, not so much in accordance with the canons of prosody as in obedience to an inspiration of divine origin and virtue; an impulse like that which upheaves the tides, a process like the changing of the leaves, the return of the early and latter rains. But there are few such masters; and the music they warble, rare and thrilling as it is, and full of delight for the entranced ears which catch it, while it may be the "food of love," does not constitute a pabulum sufficiently substantial for the uses and tastes of the world. There must be laborers in the pleasant gardens of literature as well as sweet Philomels in the branches of the trees. And the gardeners will have to be clothed and fed and paid; else the gardens will run waste in weeds and brambles, and the song of the birds will not save or reclaim them. Chatterton died of starvation; Otway choked himself to death with a crust of bread which he devoured, says Macaulay, in the rage of hunger. Goldsmith was almost a beggar, and many times actually subsisted on charity ungraciously and tardily extended. Dr. Johnson was so deeply impressed by his own early struggles in literature that in his satire entitled *London*, he gave the emphasis of capital letters to the line —

"Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd."

The history of literature is replete with such melancholy and affecting stories of want and suffering, and the sickness of hope disappointed or deferred. In these times, thanks to the improvement and multiplication of eleemosynary foundations, not many persons perish from the pangs of actual hunger; but literary men, who *have* something to say which the world would be wiser and better for hearing, beset and disheartened and baffled by the difficulties around them, forsake and forswear their calling, and betake themselves to other pursuits which reward them more amply and promptly. Thus in the South our Miltons are mute and inglorious; while on writers of far less originality and merit abroad, the "mob of gentlemen who write with ease," our people bestow full meed of praise, and "affluent fortune empties all her horn." And yet they lament that we have no literature worthy of the name, and that such attempts as are made to publish periodicals distinctively Southern in tone and character, reflect no credit on the contributors and publishers, or on the section which they represent.

Our people are waiting for the literature of the South to improve before they consent to encourage and support it. They will wait a long time unless they perceive their error and amend their practice, unless they improve the literature of their section by extending to it that very substantial and tangible assistance for the lack of which it starves and expires. Meanwhile they spend their thousands in building up and perfecting the literature of the North, in the patronage

given to magazines and other periodicals alien to them in sympathy and hostile in politics. There are some who even sneer at the unsuccessful efforts of our scholars and writers to contend with this popular current and to stem its Boreal course. These very critics, who would kill Southern literature with *un-kindness* ; who do not recognise it as the representative of Southern thought, who cast cold water on all its struggles for life and power, assert themselves to be Southerners every inch, and vilipend the North while they buy her wares and extend everywhither the advocates of her isms, doxies and ologies. So in the war, the most fluent patriots denied themselves none of the luxuries which could minister to pleasure, were clothed in fine linen and fared sumptuously every day. The patriotism which is not earnest and ardent enough to practise self-sacrifice and self-denial is not worthy of the name. Let the Southerners who refuse or neglect to support Southern literature accept the application.

Sidney Smith said, nearly fifty years ago, soured at the time by his losses in Pennsylvania securities, that no one read an American book. The half century which has since elapsed has seen wonderful changes and transformations, till now our American literature stands conspicuous before the eyes of the world. What has given such an impetus to American thought, and developed so rapidly and vigorously the growth of its literary expression? Clearly the liberality with which letters have been fostered and literary men rewarded. It has fertilised the soil, stimulated production, and enriched and increased the fruitage. The money so expended was good seed sown in good ground ; it has already brought forth, some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred-fold. The good soil is here in the South — so far almost a virgin alluvium ; but the sower withholds his hand and the land its increase.

These observations, we trust, will direct the attention of the people of the South to the duty they owe to themselves and to the cause and claims of home literature. It is true, the Republic of Letters recognises no distinctions of geography, no antipathies of party. But we must train up writers to vindicate our cause before the world and posterity, and to put on imperishable record the lofty and heroic exploits which are blazoned on our shields and flags in gold and scarlet. We have borne long enough the reproach of having developed no authors whose utterances the world cared to hear. We have too long supported a literature which disseminates ideas and arguments at variance with those which our fathers gave us, and which exercises an influence for vice and evil only. The Southern people must awake to a sense of their duty ; they must reach out helping hands to the publishers, authors and editors who are struggling, like Cæsar, in the Tiber tide. It will cost them *money* to erect a literature of sufficient dignity and value to make itself felt and heeded in the world ; and they may have to wait in patience for many years before their expectations are fulfilled and their hopes gratified. But the end will come surely, if not swiftly, when they may dwell with just pride on the evidences and utterances of native Southern genius.

ED. S. GREGORY.



## THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

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CALM, self-possessed, she moves through ward and hall ;  
From morn till eve her duties never cease ;  
All feel her cheering presence, and to all  
She brings the balm of peace.

You scarcely hear the patter of her feet,  
She is so gentle, self-restrained, and mild ;  
And holy acts and thoughts have made her sweet  
And pure as any child.

The sick man hungers for her kindly smile,  
And watches her with eager, bated breath ;  
Her soothing touch has power to beguile  
The very pang of death.

So glides her life ; and every passing day,  
To lighten pain her loving care is given ;  
She finds content and comfort on her way ;  
Her hopes are all in heaven.

Her features are so calm, resigned, and still,  
You scarce can tell if she be young or old ;  
"Surely," you think, "*she* never felt love's thrill,  
She seems too staid and cold."

And yet a woman's heart beats in her breast,  
With all its power and all its need of love ;  
Earth broke it, but our Lord has given it rest,  
And taken it above.

She thought herself beloved, and all the earth  
Seemed happy, decked in nature's bright array.  
Sad, fond mistake ! Her heart, with all its worth  
And wealth of love, gave way.

Broke, that a noble purpose there might reign,  
To suffering men another friend be given,  
That sin-worn hearts might be relieved of pain,  
And shown the way to heaven.

Taught by self-sacrifice and love of truth  
Before God's will with humble trust to bow,  
To Him she gave her health, and strength, and youth ;  
And she is happy now.

"Sister, to all who need thy care and love ;  
Sister, to all with grief or pain oppressed ;  
Come unto Me," there cried a Voice above,  
"And I will give you rest."

O woman ! strong in faith, and hope, and will ;  
O woman ! strong in love of all things good :  
Surely, it is thy fate to shame men still,  
And teach them fortitude.

ALFRED SPENCER.

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## A MOTHER'S TRIAL.

### A TRUE STORY.

EARLY in the autumn of 1863, within one of those peaceful and quiet homes peculiar to the "Blue-grass region" of Kentucky, sat a matronly lady gazing into the dimming twilight, as down her cheeks now and then would glide a tear. Two little daughters were near her, engaged in childish play. She heeded not their sweet prattle, at other times such dear music to her soul. The lines of care and sorrow, mingled with a sweetness and tenderness of expression, betokened the feelings and longings only a mother can know. Seemingly, "coming events had cast their shadows before," and her heart was struggling with those strange presentiments of impending sorrow which sometimes brood over our spirits, and despite all our efforts, maintain their mysterious presence and sway.

Those were dark and troublous times in Kentucky. Few men dared even in bated breath to tell their opinions, and the savage hand of military despotism was rudely and violently crushing out the last vestige of liberty in that proud and chivalrous old commonwealth. Little was left but life. Property was held in common with the Federal forces. Few knew what was their own, and fewer still dared lay claim to it when the "powers that were" had need of it. Life, liberty and property were held by the precarious tenure of "military good-will," and the history of armies teaches how slender a title this always is. A glance of sympathy or expression of kindness for what were called "rebel soldiers" was the ripest treason, and was visited with speedy punishment.

The day was fast closing as the mother, regardless of the presence of her two little daughters, sat silently shedding the tears of affection.

While sitting thus, the husband and father, fresh from the cares and anxieties of his out-door life, came in, and kissing away the traces of grief from his wife's cheek, began talking of his own concerns, in order to divert her mind from its train of sorrowful thought. His fond heart divined the cause of her sadness, for scarcely a year had elapsed since their only and darling boy had bidden them all a fond adieu, and leaving home and its endearments, had gone forth to battle for the independence of his native Southern land ; and foremost among the brave and gallant sons of Kentucky under Morgan, was doing what he could in the great struggle for liberty.

The shutters closed, the little family gathered about the blazing wood-fire ; and hardly were they seated when a sudden sound of footsteps arrested their attention, and a servant ushered in a stranger, who announced that he had a telegram for the gentleman of the house, and that owing to its urgency he had been sent from Lexington at once, in order to insure its delivery that day. The mother's intuitive affection divined the object of the urgency, and exclaiming "Robert ! oh, my son Robert !" with tear-bedimmed eyes she stood by the father, impatient to learn its import. It ran thus :

"COLUMBUS, OHIO, *Sept.* —, 1863.

"MR. — — —

"Your son is dangerously ill with fever. The physician urges you to come at once, if you would see him alive."

The name signed was that of their son's most intimate friend and companion. The news, alas ! was too true. The mother's noble boy was now dying ; and though her fond ear heard it not, he now was piteously and imploringly calling her name as he on his rude couch was tossing in the delirium of his fever.

The mother quietly said, "My dear husband, I shall go," and all through the long watches of the night her hands were tenderly providing the means of allaying the needs of her son. Early morn found her ready and waiting for the train to bear her to Camp Chase, the then favorite place of confinement for Confederates captured in the West.

Four miles from Columbus, in a low open field, stood a congregation of plank huts, arranged with no special regard for order, and constituting quite a town. On the side of this town of huts nearest Columbus were three enclosures, surrounded by very high board fences, with a parapet about twelve feet from the bottom, around which were placed sentinels. These pens contained several acres each, and were dignified by the names of Prisons No. 1, 2, 3. Into these small enclosures were crowded several thousand Confederate soldiers, some into the huts ; and as these became too full for further additions, others were placed in tents around the fence, thus completely filling up the entire space. The crowd was so great as to prevent exercise ; and to avoid a press and jam, more than one-half of the prisoners were compelled to remain in the huts and tents.

It required no guide to tell the heart-sick mother that here was Camp Chase. She timidly alights at the entrance to No. 3, and inquires for the officer of the guard.

A man with shoulder-straps responds, "Madam, I am that individual."

"My son, Sir, is confined in this prison. I have been telegraphed to that he is dangerously ill, and I am very anxious to see him."

"We have ceased, Madam, to grant interviews between these rebels and their friends, and you cannot see your son."

"But, oh! Sir, is there no way for me to see my boy? My heart tells me he is dying. It can do you no harm, and will do me much good, if you will only let me look on his face and just once soothe his fevered brow."

"Madam, I can and will do nothing for you; so you need not trouble me any longer."

Affection prompts women to entreat even when to others there is no hope, and the mother once again pleads with the man.

"But oh, Sir, my son! my dear son! I know he calls me now and wonders why I do not come. Remember your own mother, and for her sake just let me kiss my boy once."

"Your son, Madam, is a rebel, and deserves just what he is receiving. You can if you please look through that window and ask some of those rebels if they know him."

Gazing in through a small aperture, she sees crowds of men dressed in dirty ragged gray, and calling one, she said to him: "Do you, Sir, know Robert — of Mess No. 21?"

"I do not, Madam; but there is Mess No. 21 just in front of you. I will call some one from there, and if you will go up the steps on the side of the guard-room, you can see a great deal better."

How tenderly those words of kindness filled her heart, and how it gleamed with gratitude at even so faint an expression of sympathy!

The mother, trembling with fear and overwhelmed with sorrowful apprehensions, ascended the steps that led to the parapet running around the high fence enclosing the prison. Just as she reached the top, Willie R—— emerged from No. 21 and approached to where she was standing. And she could only exclaim, "Where, oh where is Robert? and dear Willie, is he dead or alive?"

"Yonder in the mess is Robert; the doctor tells me he is dying. You can hear his groans now if you will listen. They will not let you in to see him, and this is all you can do. I have watched him for eight days and nights; have done all I could, but there's no hope."

"Willie, oh, Willie! go and kiss him for me. In through that window I see him now, and that dying! Is that my dear child so wasted and worn? Oh, Heavenly Father, can I endure this?"

"Yes, that's Robert. He calls every minute for you, and cries, 'Will mother never come?' I told him you would come, but that they would not let you see him."

"Yes, I did come; I am here, and can only see him die. Go, go and whisper in his dying ear that mother sees him and hears his groans, and yet cannot touch his wasted hand and feel his dying grasp. Quickly go and bear my last message of love. Tell him I am watching and praying while his spirit is leaving me forever."

Once again the sorrow-stricken mother goes to implore, and falling on her knees before the rude guard, she beseeches the officer "just for one instant, just for once, let me embrace that boy yonder who is



dying. He is all the son I have. Oh ! wont you let me see him now, if only a moment?"

The man says nothing, but walks across the room and closes the small wicket looking into the prison.

Indignation for the second overcomes grief, and in wild tones the mother cries: "God, Sir, will punish you for the doings of this hour. May His curses follow you all life long, and in your dying hour give you to feel what I now endure."

Again she ascends to the parapet and turns her eyes upon the form of her boy, stilling now in death. His voice again gathers strength, and he piteously cries, "Mother! mother! Where are you? Will you never come? Have you ceased to love your boy, or do you not know that I am calling for you to come?"

The poor mother bows down to cast her burden on her Lord, kneeling on the rude parapet, while the sympathising eyes of hundreds of Confederate soldiers filled with tears are turned upon her. She prays, and then waits and listens to catch one word more from the lips of her child. Her sorrow heeds no sympathy. She desires no consolation while she can gaze on the form of her first-born and only son.

But no other sound came to greet her ear; the eyelids of her boy quiver gently, and then set themselves for their long sleep. The tossing form grows quiet now, and the aching limbs fix themselves for the rest of death. The wasted face is now calm forever. No pain shall mar its deathly gentleness, and the loving eyes now shut out the forms of affection for all time.

The youthful friend comes, and in tears whispers, "He is gone." While his fellow-soldiers in mute affection stand around his bier and "mourn his fate."

The preparations for burial are quickly made. Each messmate gives the best of his store to clothe their dead companion; and in a few moments, placed on a rude board, they bear the corpse to the prison gate, and yield it to the custody of his mother. Wildly she casts herself on his inanimate form. No ear was there to heed the fond names she was calling; no spirit to echo back her tender endearments; no hand to caress her whitening locks or return her warm embrace. She watches by her dead boy until a messenger goes to Columbus and orders a casket; and when this has come, she encloses the sacred dust and begins the sad journey homeward. The friends of his youth are not allowed to follow his remains to the grave. A military order prevents a funeral. Quietly the place of sepulchre is opened; a few dear relatives gather there, and the noble youth is laid away until the dead shall rise. But week after week the mother repaired to that sacred spot, watering the sod with her tears, and strewing fresh flowers upon the grassy mound that marked where her boy lay.

Latterly a new grave has been made beside the young soldier's, and the mother that so vigilantly guarded and protected the spot now lies there too. No harsh power can separate their loving spirits or repress the communion of their fond souls. There's no more sorrow or death to them; but they are together for eternity.

## "DIALECT" AND SLANG.

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IS there slang in Homer? Are the dialects of a language, when used by a writer who speaks the *language* and not a dialect, necessarily slang? Or as far as Homer is concerned, is it all a mistake, that about the Greek dialects? Did he simply write archaic Greek, just as Chaucer wrote what is to us archaic English? Is it below the dignity of the blind old beggar to conceive of him as writing a medley, and occasionally trying to be funny at the expense of his betters, and even of those great and solemn personages who, in their ideal existence, embodied the religious and social ideas and represented the moral principles of his age?

We do not mean to answer either of these questions, nor to hear the reader's answer, but immediately to ask another. If Shakspeare was not above the taste of his age, why should we common mortals affect to be above the taste of ours?

There is something in the Artemus Ward and Bret Harte school of il-literature that amuses, nay, we will say that pleases us, and tickles even those who can read of Midas in the Greek without being immediately invested with his ears.

Is there humor then in false spelling? None, not a particle. There is fun and grotesqueness in it without doubt, as witness Hood's school-boy's letters, or the astounding directions upon the back of letters — a sort of problems in cacography which a postmaster now and then finds too good to keep to himself. But should we once suppose these to be *invented* and not real, they would cease to be in the slightest degree amusing. In Smollet's *Humphrey Clinker*, for instance, should we suspect that Miss Bramble was not writing out of her real ignorance, or in that ignorance did not represent any possible English country-lady of the Georgian age, her domestic epistles would cease to be read *benigno vultu*. Even *Jeames's Dairy* and Sam Weller's love-letter, should we once admit a doubt that the literary style of these worthies represented that of their class, would no longer be topics of inextinguishable laughter.

The rule for those who affect the vulgar idioms would seem to be evident. Let there be no ridiculous spelling for its own sake. The only deviations from orthography which do not make the comic or satiric writer seem more ridiculous than his subject, are those which represent peculiar idioms or actual pronunciations. Cockneyisms, Yankeeisms, Westernisms, the Scotch and the Irish dialects, Cornwall and Yorkshire provincialism, broken English spoken by foreigners, American negro-talk, and the *argot* of London thieves, can be legitimately represented in literature, with what frequency or in what proportions to the rest of a book, tale, or poem that purports to be written in the English language, is a matter of judgment and taste.

The great improbability that an entirely illiterate person would undertake so great a literary labor as the production of a book, mars

a little upon reflection the effect of even such works as the *Yellow-plush Correspondence* and the *Bigelow Papers*. That a man who never taxed his ignorance for anything beyond a note of hand or a cross-roads notice, should take it into his head, or rather, for there lies the great difficulty, take in hand to write histories, essays, diaries, or long-winded poems, is simply incredible. As bad specimens of spelling are no doubt to be found among the epistolary and advertising efforts of the illiterate classes as any of those invented by "Artemus Ward" or "Josh Billings." But these were the spasmodic efforts of men forced by dire necessity to undertake the reluctant task in which hand, eye, head, and tongue (see Sam Weller's love-letter) are all in labor for the production of a few starved lines of business or sentiment. To suppose a man, writing in this way, to protract his literary gymnastics to the extent of an essay or book, is as absurd as if the conventional Red Warrior should continue his speech, with its Great Father, and "dead hemlock," and "setting sun," to the length of an oration of Cicero. Jack Downing might possibly have written his letters; Sam Slick, if he saw a way to sell them, could have written his books; but Artemus Ward his travels, never! If accident should indicate to such a person the possibility of appearing in print, or booksellers or journalists, for their own sinister or interested purpose, endeavor to betray him into entering upon the inky path of literary glory, the accident would be fruitless, the attempt would fail. Imagine the huge discouragement of a real Artemus Ward at the sight of his own book, existing *in posse*, viz: in the quires of foolscap, the bottles of ink, and the succession of rusty pens, out of which with equal labor of brain and muscle he was to evolve such a literal *magnum opus*. The mere irksomeness of the task would be as effectual a bar to literary achievement as the most feudal contempt or the most savage ignorance of letters. Would the author of "Sut Lovingood's" or of "Josh Billings'" narratives and opinions realise the absurdity of supposing such men to be capable of the laboriously absurd compositions imputed to them, let him "chop a stick of wood into," and then, upon the discovery that he can handle the axe with such effect, let him undertake to cut fire-wood by the cord, or hew down a few acres of primitive forest.

A want of correspondence between any kind of literary production and existing facts and possibilities is fatal to such production, however high or however low its pretensions. Indeed, a work that pretends to humor, that is, to represent what is most intensely real, and yet is to the assumed writer an impossible performance, is upon the face of it a failure. Not such a person was Cid Hamete Ben Engeli, nor Dietrich Knickerbocker. In that greatest work of American humor, there is, if our memory serves us, not a word of slang, nor even of dialect, though the Dutch-English of New York and Pennsylvania is a well-known dialect (in itself very droll), with which Washington Irving must have been familiar, and which the Knickerbockers from their early association with the English and the Yankees must occasionally have used at a very early period in the history of New Amsterdam. Shakspeare is certainly a greater authority than Irving, as he was a far greater humorist. Granted.

But we think that he would have admired Knickerbocker's New York as another great writer, Sir Walter Scott, who himself used dialect freely, undoubtedly did; and we can not imagine either of them bringing himself down by the lowest part of his nature to admire or even understand the coarse platitudes and mean vulgarities of Artemus Ward.

W. W. L.

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## AN ADVENTURE IN THE PHILIPPINE ARCHIPELAGO.

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[Extracted and translated from the narrative of M. Edouard Plauchut, of a voyage from Manila to Mindanao.]

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A TROPICAL night is a thing never to be forgotten. The constellation of the Southern Cross in these latitudes blazes in all its splendor, while the phosphorescent light of the waves is occasionally so brilliant, especially at the approach of a storm, that we seem to be sailing through a luminous cloud. What especially strikes the traveller is to find the night so full of life, when the vessel approaches the coast or enters a strait. In all directions sparkle innumerable torches which the fishermen light at the bows of their boats at sunset. The fish, attracted by the light, crowd around, and as they play and flash in the glitter of the flame, fall a ready prey to their spears.

I had forgotten myself one evening so far as to remain smoking on the quarter-deck of the brig after nightfall. The faint light of my cigar was the only luminous point visible in the deep shadow thrown upon us by a cliff of the Isle of Negroes, which a contrary wind prevented our doubling. Suddenly I saw a point of reddish flame spring up in the middle of the mountain, almost directly above me. Others rapidly sprang up under white rocks, like marble, which reflected their glow. Presently I was able to distinguish piles of burning wood, around which was a horde of small black creatures, entirely naked, deformed in figure, with meagre, disproportioned limbs, and enormous heads. Some were engaged in mimic combat, others were dancing and threatening each other with their bamboo lances, while sheltering themselves behind their long shields, pointed at the lower end and stuck into the ground. The captain of the brig, awakened by the sudden light, joined me on the quarter-deck, and I learnt from him that these were the savage race, called *negritos* in the islands. The fires around which they were disporting themselves,



not only served to protect them from the dampness of the night, but furnished the ashes with a thick layer of which they covered their bodies so as to be safe from the attacks of the mosquitoes.

These little savages are black, with thick lips, and have hair less frizzled than the negroes of Africa. They live upon the inaccessible mountains of the Polynesian Islands, especially the Moluccas and the Philippines, and are, in all probability, the aborigenes of Oceanica. Several Spanish monks, who had visited them as missionaries, have assured me that they could not discover in their manners or their religion any trace of religion, any gleam of an idea of a Supreme Being; and to this day they have resisted all efforts to civilise them. Though their disposition is mild, they are excessively distrustful, and never pass two nights in the same place for fear of a surprise.

But the trait which distinguishes them from the other races of Polynesia, is their indomitable passion for liberty, of which the following anecdote will give an instance. During a battue which was made in the island of Luzon by native soldiers under the orders of a Spanish officer, upon the *negritos* who were ravaging the sugar plantations, a little black about three years old was picked up, trembling with terror, on the edge of a freshly-dug ditch. It is the custom of the *negritos*, when hard pressed by pursuers, hastily to bury alive their infants or children too small to keep up with the flight, lest their cries, if they were merely left behind, should indicate the direction of the retreat. This young *negrito* was taken in charge by the Spanish officer, who took him to Manila. He was restless, silent, and avoided the eyes of spectators, exactly as do young monkeys just caught. An American at Manila asked to have him, and he was baptised Pedrito; and when old enough to be taught, pains were taken to instruct him; at all which experiments in civilisation, old inhabitants, who understood the *negritos*, laughed in their sleeves, and predicted that sooner or later the young savage would take flight to his native mountains. His adopter, piqued at their railleries, took Pedrito to the United States, and thence to Paris and London, and after two years of travel, brought him back to the Philippines.

At his return Pedrito exhibited the airs and graces of a fine gentleman; he wore none but fine patent-leather boots, spoke Spanish, French, and English, and still at Manila stories are told of the affectation of dignity with which he received strangers. Two years were thus passed under his protector's roof, when suddenly Pedrito disappeared. Probably no one would have known to this day what had become of the protégé of the Yankee [*sic in orig.*] philanthropist, but for an accident. A Prussian naturalist, a kinsman of Humboldt, undertook the ascent of Mariveles, a mountain forming one side of the bay which receives the river Pasig, and inhabited by numerous tribes of *negritos*. The naturalist had almost reached the summit, and was botanising, attended by his Indian porters, when he saw himself suddenly surrounded by a swarm of little blacks, who in reliance on their numbers, had ventured to approach. They carried their bows under their arms, and their arrows in two bamboo quivers crossed over their shoulders, thus indicating their pacific intentions, and seemed absorbed in the contemplation of the first European who

had ever ventured into their forests. The Prussian, somewhat startled at first, recovered presently from his surprise, and taking out his pencils, began to sketch their likenesses, when one of the savages drew near him and asked him in English if he knew an American named Graham at Manila. This was Pedrito. He related his history, and offered to aid the Prussian in his collections, giving him some beautiful shells, but rejected all persuasions to return to Manila. At nightfall he and all his tribe took to flight, and the naturalist for a long time heard their shrill cries echoing among the mountains.

One morning I said to the captain of the brig, "Perpetuo, we are nearly at the end of our voyage; does it not strike you as very strange that the *Moros* [native pirates] keep invisible?" He looked at me sharply, and said, after a moment's hesitation, that we should not meet any pirates before we reached Butuan, as he had placed his brig under the protection of the Blessed Virgin before setting sail. I was far from making any remark tending to shake the confidence of this simple-minded Indian in *Nuestra Señora de la Merced*, but I sportively remonstrated with him for not having told me this before, as he knew that it was one special object of my voyage to get a sight of these pirates. At this moment the look-out cried, "Land ahead!" It was the island of Mindanao.

In a short time we could distinguish a range of blue mountains running, like all those of the archipelago, from north to south; and as we drew nearer, the increasing heat of the sun cleared away the vapors that hung about them. Soon we began to see the valleys, in which the brilliant green of the rice-fields was conspicuous. I tried in vain, with the aid of a glass, to catch sight of some human habitation; in these islands they are always concealed in tufts of tall bamboos, or immense mango-trees.

Towards evening, however, I thought I saw a few grayish huts, built upon piles, on the edge of a wide sandy beach; and was told that these were the suburbs of Butuan. Unluckily, the wind which had been favorable thus far, hauled to another quarter, and we were obliged to stand off from shore again. As night came on, the wind increased in violence. Great masses of cloud seemed to be driven from all points of the horizon and piled up above our heads, and the mountains of Mindanao, which had been hid from us by the darkness, were now illuminated by incessant flashes of lightning. Towards one in the morning we had run the brig into a little bay, and Perpetuo was about to let go the anchor, when a sudden shock nearly threw us off our feet. We sounded in a hurry and found that we were fast aground on a sand-bank.

"Now," said the unhappy captain, "you are sure to have your curiosity satisfied; and within twenty-four hours, if the tide does not help us away from this unlucky coast, you will see more pirates than you want."

"If that is so, Perpetuo," I said, "we had better be getting ready for them. Which way is the danger?"

"From the shore. All these creeks are full of pirates. In these dense forests are canoes all ready for launching, and the *Moros* have been

watching the brig ever since morning. If they observe the change of wind, or suspect our position ; if they see by the glare of the lightning that we are not moving, we may count on an attack, and then may the saints take pity on us !”

I hasten to say for Perpetuo, that though he was much excited, there was nothing in his looks or voice that indicated fear. He asked the sailors if, in case they were attacked, they were ready to fight like loyal subjects of the Queen of Spain, and the brave fellows set up shouts of “*viva la reina !*” “*viva España !*” which resounded over the silent bay. Some thought they heard answering shouts from the land, but Perpetuo assured us that it was only the echo. His spirits were evidently lightened by the confidence of his men : he extinguished all the lights on board, spread out the arms on the deck, re-primed the *trabucos*, and placed our carronades on the quarter-deck, so as to sweep the deck, if the pirates tried to board. To be ready for the rising tide, we hoisted all sail, so that we were prepared alike for fight or flight.

By the time all these preparations were completed, it was three in the morning. The crew, tired out, were sleeping on the deck, and even Perpetuo was nodding. The storm had lulled ; over our heads the magnificent constellations of the Southern skies blazed in all their splendor, but the brig lay in the shadow of high wooded hills. Flickering gleams played around the horizon, where the great waves, colliding, struck out flashes of light. I had never seen the sea so luminous, and rarely had been surrounded by darkness so dense. I fixed my attention upon the furthest recess of the inlet, where the obscurity was most profound. From time to time an enormous wave, crowned with a crest of foam, dashed itself against a rock which it feebly illuminated as it broke, but the light it gave was too faint and evanescent to enable me to distinguish anything on the shore.

While inhaling the delicious perfumes which the breeze brought from the land, I kept listening attentively to the confused sounds which at night so strangely animate the forests of Oceanica. It was not as in the neighboring islands of Java and Singapore, where the night is dismal with the cries of tigers and panthers, for, by a singular and fortunate exception, the whole Philippine archipelago is free of ferocious beasts. But I heard the bellow of stags, the buffaloes and wild boars crashing through the thickets, the *calao's* unceasing and monotonous note ; while a cockatoo, probably startled out of its sleep by the flap of a wing of one of the enormous bats, let its loud shriek of exasperation be heard above all the other sounds.

Suddenly among all these familiar noises I fancied I distinguished some strange guttural notes, which were not the bellow of the stags, though closely resembling it. Listening more closely, I was convinced that they were human voices. Other cries responded to the first, sometimes from the rocks, and again, apparently, from the valleys. Those who made them seemed to be following a common direction, and were silent as they drew near the beach. It was certain that they had a rendezvous at the sea-side, a few cable's-lengths from the ship. I roughly shook Perpetuo, who, like all his race, was very difficult to awaken.



"There they are!" he cried, grasping my arm hard as soon as he had listened a moment. "The noise you hear is the rallying of those wretches. When their chiefs wish to assemble them for an attack from the mountains where they are scattered during the night, they send messengers who traverse the heights uttering the cry which you fortunately heard. There is not a minute to lose. *Bata! Souloun, na!*" he shouted in the Tagal idiom to the crew: "Get up, men, and get ready!" and as his voice was not sufficient to rouse them, I heard the whistling of his ratan and the thwacks upon the shoulders of the sleepers.

As the crew bestirred themselves, the stars began to pale, and the shades which surrounded us to grow lighter. The mountains of the island began to show their outlines, and soon stood sharply out against an opalescent sky of exquisite clearness. It was the day breaking, and we greeted it with shouts of joy. In a few minutes the brig began to roll. A bit of wood was thrown into the water, and as we saw it carried toward the shore, we knew that the tide was rising and we should soon be at liberty. In the tropics there is no twilight; and in a few minutes the sun was up and the whole landscape flooded with light; but the time was not suited for admiring the splendors of a tropical sunrise. Perpetuo, who kept moving about in an anxious, restless way, begged me to keep my glass on a part of the shore where an inlet was masked by a thick copse of trees. While observing this spot closely, I perceived of a sudden a brilliant spark. Presently others appeared, and we saw that they were the points of spears which reflected the sun. Then we saw four immense *pancos* or war-canoes, like four gigantic crocodiles, gliding from the beach to the water; and a multitude of armed savages seemed to spring out of the earth, and rushed with loud shouts on board of them. The four canoes, each manned by thirty or forty men, started like as many arrows.

As he compared the sixteen men which composed his crew with the hostile force approaching us, Perpetuo did not conceal his satisfaction at feeling his brig bounding on the waves. He shouted to the pirates maledictions and defiance, although they were not within reach of his voice. He felt confident of escaping them, as the land breeze was blowing, and our speed increased as we drew off from the land. But the *pancos* were nearing us with an amazing velocity, and the captain was probably the only one on board who was not convinced that the attack would be made within half an hour. In fact it was inevitable, unless the wind suddenly increased and hurried us out to sea. The *Moros* understood the position exactly: after rowing directly toward us for a while, they turned off at right angles as if making direct for the open sea, but evidently with the intention of cutting us off. In executing this manœuvre their canoes presented their broadsides to us, and Perpetuo took that occasion to give them a shot from one of his carronades; but either the piece was not well aimed, or the distance too great; it missed the mark, and the pirates gave a derisive shout, and replied with the discharge of four small bronze swivels in the bow of each canoe. These little cannon, called *lançates* in these islands, are cast by natives of Mindanao and



the other isles near Sulu, who learned from the Jesuits the art of casting metals, at the time when the Order endeavored to renew at Mindanao the experiment of Paraguay.

Perpetuo had a notion that he might produce some effect upon his pursuers if he could deceive them into the idea that he had Europeans on board. Of course he did not expect that the sight of a few Europeans would frighten off a hundred and fifty pirates; but he thought it might produce a surprise and hesitation which would gain him a few minutes of time; and in our position, a delay, however brief, might save us. His plan was simplicity itself: I had in my chest a number of white pantaloons and waistcoats, such as strangers usually wear in this country, and these he put on some of his men and placed them in full view on the little quarter-deck. No sooner were these mock Europeans at their post than they began to swagger about, to gesticulate, and to behave so obstreperously that one would have supposed them about to come to blows. As they spoke in the Tagal tongue, I asked one of them what they were so furious about. "Oh! we do that to be taken for Europeans," he answered me in Spanish. I accepted the explanation; but like the monkey in the fable who forgot to light his lantern, captain Perpetuo had forgotten to whiten the faces of his Indians, and all his fine stratagem was wasted.

Our foes still gained on us, but thinking themselves out of musket range, they were rowing securely, when Perpetuo snatched my repeating-carbine, and told me to mark. With a skill which none of us expected, he aimed, fired, and at about a thousand metres distance brought down the foremost Malay on the *panco* which was nearest us. The pirates seemed struck with amazement; they stopped rowing, and we saw them draw the wounded man from the water and collect round him in great excitement. I fancy that from the long range of my carbine they were convinced that there really were Europeans on board the brig. From their evident consternation we concluded that they had given up the attack; and Perpetuo, in premature triumph, placed no curb on his insulting gestures and shouts of defiance, and I do not know how far he would not have gone but for the new and decisive manœuvre of our enemies.

The canoes tacked and stood directly for us. Their crews, uttering ferocious shouts, stood ready to board us at all hazards. Perpetuo gave them another shot from my carbine, but missed his mark this time; and I took the piece and hastily re-loaded it, resolved to reserve it for the moment of boarding. This moment was close at hand; and I could see the arms lying at the bottoms of the canoes—Malay kreeses, lances with steel points and with shafts of bamboo, three or four metres long, circular shields of light wood painted red, and *campilans*, large swords, almost always damascened, which the *Moros* use with great dexterity. These formidable weapons terminate in two points, on which, when returning from combat, they fix the heads of their enemies, often cut off at a single blow, and have their hilts ornamented with a long tuft of reddish hair, in which is concealed a bell, so that in a combat the cries of the combatants are accompanied by a strange tinkling. The crews of these canoes were

a ferocious-looking set, and evidently of Malay race. They wore nothing but a slight white turban, and a loin-cloth of a blue color. Many of them seemed suffering from some horrible cutaneous disease, which gave their bronze skins the strangest and most repulsive appearance; and altogether, at the sight of them I could not help shuddering to think of the fate that would await the European who should fall into their hands.

A single chief, called *dato*, seemed to command the four canoes. Standing at the bow of the foremost, he attracted attention by a costume as singular as it was inconvenient. His head was covered by a helmet of an antique form, made of plates of buffalo-horn, while over a jacket of some stuff woven with gold, he wore a cuirass, also of scales of horn, joined by plates of polished copper, and closing over his breast by two silver clasps. I confess that the apparition in these latitudes of this imitation of the helmet and cuirass of an ancient knight, surprised me extremely, and later I made some inquiries, with this result: an apparently authentic tradition, handed down by the monks who accompanied Magellan, relates that the latter, when he landed at Butuan to take possession of Mindanao, had put on the armor and helmet which were then worn. This striking costume made a strong impression on the natives, and it has been handed down to the present time in the rude imitation worn by their chiefs.

But while I was looking at this strangely armed savage, an incident occurred which drew the attention of all. A cloud of black smoke rose behind one of the sandy hills which formed one of the horns of the bay. The smoke rose solidly for an instant and then trailed along the wind.

"A steamer!" we all cried, and in another moment the steamer doubled the point and showed us the Spanish flag, and as she rounded fired a gun. It was the *Constancia*, and the captain, catching the situation at a glance, had fired the shot to let us know help was at hand.

Presently there was presented to our eyes a tragedy of the most extraordinary character. The captain of the *Constancia*, who had long been charged with the surveillance of these waters, convinced by long experience that these wretches never surrendered, had adopted the plan, whenever he met them, of running them down at full speed. Our enemies therefore no sooner saw the steamer, than they sprang from their canoes into the water to save themselves by swimming, and made frantic efforts to reach the shore. But though they swam with astonishing strength and speed, the steamer was soon upon them and among them, and the waves produced by her wheels baffled all their attempts and tossed them back like corks. We could see them, their faces distorted with terror, rolled over and disappearing under the waves; while the steamer, passing through the thickest of the crowd, left a wide clear wake behind. Some were caught and lifted up by the paddles, horribly crushed and mutilated. But not one pirate uttered a cry for quarter, or appealed, even by a gesture, to the officers who stood on the quarter-deck and witnessed the massacre.

But the *panco* which bore the *dato* whose costume I have described, escaped the general wreck. When the *Constancia* made her appearance, this canoe was nearest to us, and drew so near that the steamer

could not run it down without imperilling us. Perpetuo could have swept the *panco* with all his artillery ; but such a victory he reckoned light, and desired a more signal triumph. "Would you like to examine the armor of that chief?" he asked me. "I will try to get it for you. If I succeed, you must keep it in memory of me ; if I am killed, I beg you not to let my body feed the sharks like these wretches."

I tried to dissuade the brave Tagal from his hazardous enterprise, but it was impossible. The brig's boat was lowered in an instant, and Perpetuo, accompanied by eight men only, rowed toward the pirates. Standing at the bow of the boat, holding in his hand his long Indian knife, he confronted with bare breast the lance which the pirate chief pointed at him. A few more strokes of the oars, and he was within reach of the lance, but at the moment when all cried out, expecting to see him transpierced, Perpetuo, at a single prodigious bound, sprang into the canoe, and before his adversary could cover himself with the great shield on his left arm, Perpetuo's knife was in his throat. A harsh yell was heard, and the two fell together into the water, while the light canoe was overturned by the shock. The crew tried to escape by swimming, but the sailors of the brig's boat beat them down with their oars. Perpetuo presently arose from the water, holding fast to the body of the *dato*, and swam toward the brig, venting his rage, even while swimming, in maledictions upon his enemy. I helped him up the side with his burden, and at my urgent request he ordered his men to save such of the pirates as were yet alive. Seven of these wretches were drawn from the water, and put on board the *Constancia*.

A month after my return to Manila, at four o'clock one morning, all the vessels in the harbor were drawn up to face the jetty by the fort of Santa Lucia, to witness the execution of the pirates whom we had saved, with perhaps ill-advised compassion.

Having heard, the day before, that in accordance with the Spanish custom they had been placed in the chapel, I went to see them. They recognised me at once, smiled, kissed my hands, and thankfully accepted the betel and cigars I brought them. Through an interpreter I expressed to them my pity, but they received my sympathy very coolly. These races dread a slight punishment, but will meet death without shrinking. At the moment I took leave of them, I could but observe what slight precautions had been taken against their escape. Their arms and hands were free, and a simple cord fastened a leg of each to a bar of iron running along the wall. One of their number, who was desperately wounded, was not fastened, but lay on the stone steps of the altar. To him death could be only a blessing, and I fancied that his eyes, as he looked at his companions, had an expression of envy.

Towards two in the morning, the guards at the door of the chapel, as well as the priest, overcome by the heat of a sultry night, fell asleep, forgetting to lock the chapel door ; and the pirates, who had feigned slumber, silently twisted the iron bar from the wall, and regained their liberty.

The astonishment and mortification of the guard, when on awaking

they found their prisoners gone, may be imagined ; but they were even more surprised to find on the altar stairs, two men instead of one, holding each other closely embraced. One of these was the wounded man, and the other, on being questioned, declared that he was his brother, and; as he could not carry him away, he preferred to remain and die with him. The officer who had charge of the prisoners hastened to despatch these, and they fell, riddled with balls, side by side.

A heavy price was set on the heads of the five fugitives. Hunted down and hemmed in on all sides, they could not gain the mountains of the interior, and finally took refuge in an immense sugar plantation. At last, driven by famine, one of them ventured to approach a hut which he saw in a clump of bamboos, and begged a little rice of an Indian woman. The woman, hearing a dialect unfamiliar to her, had suspicions. She gave the man rice, but set the pursuers on his track, and the five were captured and executed on the beach of Santa Lucia.

## REVIEWS.

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*The River of Life, and Other Poems.* By George P. Carr. Baltimore : Turnbull Brothers.

IN the portion of this work in which Mr. Carr takes leave of his readers, and which he prefers to call *L'Envoie*, thus improving the usually accepted orthography, he notifies us that if his productions

"Suit not the sages,  
The fault's the age's  
And not mine own."

This ingenuous declaration reminds us of Andersen's storks :—"Was not that a beautiful thought? said Father Stork. I can't say that I exactly understand it, said Mother Stork ; but that is not my fault, it is the fault of the thought." Now we will not undertake to speak for the sages, not precisely knowing where they are to be found, but we can speak for ourselves ; and meeting frankness with frankness, will assure the author that if his poems do not suit us, it is verily the fault of him, the author, and not another's. For abundant experience gives knowledge ; and our experience of books of this kind has been so ample that we need affect no diffidence in pronouncing a decided opinion.



What motive impelled Mr. Carr to undertake the task of writing ninety-odd pages, is not so easy to divine. He tells us himself, in *The Spirit of Battle*, that his favorite past is in the shock of contending armies, and his choicest delight in manglings and slaughter. Though "the air sickens with a horror of smells," still "yearn all his sinews for war," and he "gleams and flashes like a star." Indeed, he not indistinctly intimates cannibalic proclivities:—

"For blood is more savory than wine is,  
And flesh is more tasteful than bread."

So it may be that as now the war is over, or as he expresses it —

"— the clashing  
Of blades, the flashing  
Of shields, the dashing  
Of steeds is sped"—

and "his soul murmurs at inaction," he finds in verse the next best outlet for his pent-up energies and ferocities.

If this be so, we are forced to admit that he has admirably succeeded in curbing his turbulent spirit in *The River of Life*. In truth, nothing could be more inoffensive, more innocent of superfluous energy, more free from startling originality. The poet sees in a vision a river, which is the river of Life: down it are gliding many barques bearing passengers to a dark region which they all enter, and "whence they never, never return." By this river, in the valley of demons, sits a mortal — the poet — who has evidently been sitting there a considerable time, since he is enabled to assure us that none of the barques ever come back, and who, raising his eyes, "sees before his sight"

"The demon who dwells  
And rules by his spells  
In this region of terror and fright."

The sight of this demon fills him "with strange surprise"; why, we can not very clearly see, since in a valley of demons, such a visitor was what we should most naturally expect. But he rallies his faculties, and addressing his visitor,

"— O, Demon of Might,  
Who rulest this region of terror and fright"—

requests to have the mystery of these barques explained to him. "The Demon smiles with a fiendish smile," and apprises us in a stage "aside" that he is not possessed of the information in question, but that he will "beguile this simple mortal" and then leave him to die of unsatisfied curiosity; which achieved, he will "hie to the vale" [we thought he was in the vale already] "and tell to his comrades the merry tale." Whereupon he informs the inquisitive mortal, what we suppose he knew already, that the river is the River of Life, that it comes from a "land of shades," and that the barques "are guided each by a human soul." The mortal, not unreasonably, craves further information:—

"Where do they ride  
On the downward tide?  
And why, oh tell me why,  
Do they never return?  
O Demon, tell me, why?"

"The Demon, chuckling with fiendish spite," remarks that they go to "the other side," where all are drowned "in the silence of death, in the gulf of the grave."

This ample explanation would seem satisfactory; but the inquiring mortal must have the *pourquoi* of the *pourquoi*, and insists upon learning the reason of this arrangement, or as Artemus Ward would have expressed it—"Why is this thus?" Upon which the Demon, who really seems to have done his best,

"—laughed with a fiendish laugh,  
And vanished without reply."

To all which, if anything can be added, we do not see what it is.

On the principle which exempts charitable institutions from taxation, we pass over the *Ode to Thomas Catt* and *The Ghost of Fashion*, which seem to have been constructed only as hospitals to receive a number of superannuated and invalid puns.

We pass over also *The Eagle*, apostrophised—"Bird of the bended beak, Of fiery eye, Bird of the piercing shriek, *Thy home is high!*" (and here we can not refrain from expressing in a parenthesis our admiration of this true simplicity: Tennyson, in his *Eagle*, has taken six lines to express the idea that our author conveys perfectly in four words), which bird, he tells us, has always been to him "a living star"; *The Spirit of the Plague*, who informs us that his home is in

"The damp  
Of the swämp",

and that—

"His reign  
Hath lain  
A wide domain  
Prostrate"—

for how could the votary of the Bird of the piercing shriek let grammar or pronunciation hamper his rhymes?

This brings us to *Napoleon at St. Helena*, where we are happy to congratulate the author on having achieved something of real originality. The hero is represented as standing—

"—stately and proud, on a bold promontory,  
In his features reflecting the sunset of glory"—

and pouring forth in soliloquy the inmost thoughts of his heart and the tenderest memories of his infancy, when

"As clear as the depths of the crystalline fountain  
Was his young heart, revelling in boyhood's glad dream";

and we are equally surprised and delighted to learn that at that tender age his

"—soul was a prayer, and his life a devotion,  
For he felt as of God and of Nature a part."

But ambition soon swept away these sweet and touching pieties, and

"In the vanward of France with fierce valor I fought,  
Pursuing the hope whose fruition should win me  
Dominion o'er matter, and power over thought."

Alas, he finds that he must sacrifice his domestic happiness —

“A ruthless decision dissolved the connection  
That bound to my fortunes my loved Josephine.

“The bolts of fatality rent us asunder;  
The mandate of destiny bade her to go” —

whereupon he remarries —

“The Austrian Princess in wedlock caressed me”;

but again he is summoned forth to war, the allied nations having sent forth their “hireling beagles” (a beagle is not a fighting dog, but a rhyme is needed for “eagles”) “on the lands and the seas” — using, we presume, some species of marine or amphibious beagle for the latter element.

And now, he tells us,

“Uncertain and dim on my being’s horizon  
Is the unknown infinite that waiteth my breath”;

he wonders if the fierce fire of his soul can “in the gloom of fatality’s darkness expire” [*vide The Blood-Drinker’s Burial*: “In death expire!”] and predicts that from his ashes will spring

“—— a master,  
The genius of peace and the glory of war,  
Whose name shall arise o’er defeat and disaster,  
And stand in fame’s zenith an unfading star.”

Evidently this was written before Sedan. But we candidly refer it to our readers if this does not shed a new and most touching light over the often misconceived character of the first Napoleon. Poets are gifted with keener vision than ordinary mortals. Has any one of the many who have hitherto analysed that character, found out that its substratum was dilute — not to say namby-pamby — sentimentality? Let us not forget that we owe this discovery to the penetration of Mr. George P. Carr, who in this case has surpassed the highest visual achievements of his revered Bird.

Nor are the realms of pure imagination closed to our author. In *The Soul’s Victory* he describes an appalling exorcism by which he summoned an unusually formidable ghoul who lived in a well. The formula employed was the usual one: he scratches a circle, waves a burning stick, and nine times repeats certain rhymes (probably his address to the Eagle.) The result is satisfactory: the ghoul appears, and proposes that he jump with her into the well. He does so, and by a process which he tells us that the demons will not allow him to reveal (a condition which we inexpressibly regret) obtained a “clasped scroll” which procured him “Youth, beauty, and health, Affluence of wealth —

—— and a castle [pron. “cast-all”]  
Whose splendor surpassed all.”

But the ghoul remains ever by his side, and can not be persuaded back to her well again. At last in despair he rushes

“—— from his castle, [pron. “cast-all”]  
His quick footsteps passed all,”

to the well, where, aided by the spirit of his departed lady-love, he succeeded in effectually drowning his ghoul; thus solving the three problems that puzzled De Quincey's brother:—

"1. How to raise a ghost. 2. How to get him down again. 3. When you've got him down, how to keep him down."

As for his handsome eulogy on Baltimore, modesty forbids us — her unworthy son — to do more than allude to it. When he tells us that

"— art and science reign  
Coequal in her fair domain,  
And genius springs to fresher light,"

and that

"On intellect's supremest height  
She sits beside the gates of light,  
A very city of the soul,"

we can only blushing bow, and fall back on our French:—"trop d'honneur, Monsieur; vous nous faites beaucoup trop d'honneur!"

But we fear we have fallen into a vein of levity alike misbecoming to us and to our subject. We feel a strong drawing of sympathy toward Mr. Carr. He is evidently (without fault of his own) a young man: he is quite as evidently, in a mild way, an ambitious man; and he is doubtless a man of tender feelings, for despite his *Spirit of Battle* we can not believe that he really "revéls" in carnage and battens on the gory carcasses of the slain. We are sure he is a good man — yes, a *good* man. How can we then avoid sympathising with the touching pathos and uncertainty of his *L'Envoie*:—

"Farewell! Forever?  
I know not. Never  
Doth young endeavor,  
    Essaying rhyme,  
Aspire so madly,  
And die so sadly  
As the first time."

If he will allow us to amend the penultimate line so as to read —

"And fail so badly,"

the stanza will neatly sum up our views touching *The River of Life and Other Poems*.

W. H. B.

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*Wilde's Summer Rose; or the Lament of the Captive.* By Anthony Barclay, Esq. Published by the Georgia Historical Society. Savannah. 1871.

OUR readers will probably remember a paper in the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE for March, in which an account was given of a playful mystification in the style of "Father Prout," the subject of which was those beautiful verses of the late Hon. R. H. Wilde, beginning "My life is like the summer rose." In the neat little volume before us a full account is given of the circumstances which gave birth to the poem in question, of the Greek version written by an English gentleman in Savannah, Anthony Barclay, Esq., the compiler of the work



before us, and secretly sent to a clergyman (who, we may fancy, had a taste for literary mare's-nests), and how this surreptitiously got into print, whence the absurdest charges of plagiarism against Mr. Wilde.

The surprising thing about all this is the appalling ignorance, of Greek and Greek poets at least, that nearly every one connected with this affair has displayed. The Greek version professed to be an ode of Alcaeus, and to bewail the indifference of Sappho to his love. Now every one who has dipped into Greek literature knows who Alcaeus was and the dialect he used, and every reader of Horace knows his metrical forms. And this Greek "ode" was without dialect, and was not in metre at all — plain prose broken up into longer and shorter lines. Yet the President of the chief college in Georgia "could not say whether it was an ode of Alcaeus or not"; the editor of the *North American Magazine*, "fulfilling," as he pompously says, "the duty of a literary critic," pronounces the verses the genuine production of "Alcaeus of Mitylene, one of the sweetest of all the erotic bards (!) of ancient Greece," and declares that the translator (*i. e.* Mr. Wilde) has failed to convey the exceeding beauties of the Greek — which it is evident the reviewer could not *scan*, since he does not know prose from verse, and we would wager a cotton-bale to a pumpkin-pie he could not *read* either. And he then mounts a grand classical Bema and gives himself learned airs to astound the *gobemouches*! Even Dr. Arnold, after justly correcting the reviewer for calling Alcaeus an "erotic bard," says, with the emphasis of italics, that on the contrary "every school-boy knows that although he was in love with Sappho, his reputation arose from his *lyric* poetry" — as if nobody could write poems about love in lyric measures. What, we pray you, did that dear little Sappho, whom you have just mentioned, write? Was she not *lyric* — to our delight, and *erotic* — to Mr. Swinburne's?

We can but smile to think how Mr. Barclay, who is evidently a genuine scholar, must have chuckled at all these flounderings, though he is too polished a gentleman to show his mirth, even in his criticisms. However, we must not despair of an improvement in classical knowledge in a country where already one bit of Latin has become popular. This has been adopted, we believe, as a motto by the State of New York; it consists of but one word, introduced by Mr. Longfellow; and being but one word, contains only one grammatical blunder.

W. H. B.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

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- The River of Life and Other Poems.* By George P. Carr. 12mo. 96 pp. Baltimore : Turnbull Bros.
- Eirene; or A Woman's Right.* By Mary Clemmer Ames. 8vo. 219 pp. New York : G. P. Putnam & Co.
- Women; or Chronicles of the Late War.* By Mary Tucker Magill. 12mo. 393 pp. Baltimore : Turnbull Bros.
- A Naturalist's Voyage Round the World.* By Charles Darwin, M. A., F. R. S. 12mo. 519 pp. New York : D. Appleton & Co.
- The Dialogues of Plato, Translated into English, with Analyses and Introduction.* By B. Jowett, M. A., &c. 4 vols. 8vo. New York : C. Scribner & Co.
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## THE GREEN TABLE.

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THERE is a certain grim, but far from unhappy mood, in which the mind, recreating itself in solitude, reverts naturally to those examples of grotesque humor which please without producing laughter. Such a mood we have just been indulging in ; and the reflections, if they deserve to be called by so substantial a name, which visited us then, were no doubt brought to mind through our chancing to think of one or two instances of the peculiar kind of humor just mentioned. One of these instances was the story told of the old poet Skelton, who, being in orders, had so scandalised his superiors in the church by his free life and loose writings, that the Lord Cardinal, then residing in England, had summoned him before him to receive a long lecture, which he received in a kneeling posture. The lecture became very tedious, and the posture very wearisome, until at length the poet, unable to endure the torture any longer, gravely interrupted the prelate and begged that he might be allowed to make a petition. Liberty being granted him to do so, he prayed that, as his Eminence seemed to have a great deal more to say, he might now lie down and wallow, for he could kneel no longer. We may imagine the face with which the great dignitary heard this piece of witty impudence !

Another instance that came into our mind was Luther's notion — meant very seriously by him, however — that humor was an invaluable weapon when close-pressed by the temptations of the Devil ; “for,” said he, “he is a proud spirit and cannot abide to be poked fun at !” Yet the Prince of the Air has himself a bitter, caustic humor, and is much given to the bad

habit of sneering, if we trust the representations of all the great poets who seem to know so much about him. But this is only another confirmation of the old saying that jokers are the last persons in the world to take a joke kindly.

Still another instance was the maxim gratuitously offered us by a susceptible friend shortly after he had been, to our certain knowledge, unsuccessful in a love-affair. He put it somewhat in these words: "The surest way to make a lady your fast friend is to court her as soon as you are confident that she loves some one else. You are refused of course, but she has the kindest of feelings towards you ever after. It takes a man devoid of vanity and filled with a sincere desire for true womanly friendship to do this gracefully. But it is worth the cost. He must, however, likewise slightly delude himself." We hinted to him that we had reason to believe he had been magnanimously and chivalrously deluding himself quite recently. He blushed a little and changed the subject. It is pleasant to be able to say that he has now no longer any motive for deluding himself, nor any right to be making staunch friends among the ladies after that fashion, having a wife and sundry little folks to appropriate all the affections he has to dispose of.

It is curious how many of these little turns of thought, which are rich in oddity to our ears and charm by a certain grotesqueness of extravagance, were uttered in the first instance in all seriousness. Frequently the only element which makes them humorous to us is the contrast between the gravity of the author and the violence of the expression. Such is the case where Ruskin, that eloquent rhapsodist, curses the house-fly—I dare say one was tormenting him at the time—a "black incarnation of caprice!" After the relief of that malediction, no doubt the great prose-poet settled down to his work again with redoubled energy, and didn't mind half as much as before the maddening attentions of that little subject of the malevolent *Princeps Muscarum*, the Jew's Beelzebub.

Then there's that wicked delight we take in the thought of others being bored, which certainly goes far to corroborate old Hobbes of Malmesbury's account of the philosophy of laughter, as mainly owing to the malicious and selfish pleasure we have in our own freedom from the pains and annoyances and mishaps of others. We confess to reading with great relish such accounts of the minor tribulations of life as Pepys, delightful old diarist, gives again and again of his wife's recitals from the long-winded romances of Calprenede and Scudéri. One such passage is brief enough to bear jotting down here:—"12th May, 1666. I find my wife troubled at my checking her last night in a coach, in her long stories out of Grand Cyrus, which she would tell, though nothing to the purpose, nor in a good manner." We too have been button-holed, and do not in the least pity our fellow-victims; or if we pity them, much the bigger feeling in our breast is delight that we are not *now* suffering; and it is mingled with a vast deal of amusement at the stress under which the sufferers are laboring. So selfish is man when the pains of his fellows are not on a sufficiently grand scale to arouse the kind of emotions which tragedy awakens! It would seem as though the artistic forms must enter into the play of circumstance and the æsthetic sense be appealed to in order to touch the latent springs of human sympathy, and bid that which seemed a rock before gush forth streams of pity.

Well, the first reflection we made in connection with these reminiscences and the pleasure we experienced in them, was rather a self-complacent one. How much richer, we thought, is the enjoyment derived from a quiet chuckle over such quaintnesses of humor and odd traits of human nature, than that which the larger body of men get from their loud guffaw over some rough joke in which perhaps we should see but little fun, nay, even than that which men, alive to a keen appreciation of wit, find in some sparkling repartee or neat equivocal! These too we enjoy, but with nothing like the same relish that is afforded by the subtle essence of pure humor, the deliciously complex

flavor of Charles Lamb or the ambushed pungency of Sterne. But then, in the midst of our self-gratulation came the recollection that we had many a time longed to have once more the old boyish zest for simple mirth, the old capacity to laugh heartily at little or nothing, the old elasticity of body and spirit which made hilarity the most natural thing in the world, and needed so slight a cause to shake the midriff and wrinkle the face into all the distortions Momus inspires. Who of us grown-folk has not watched with an inward sigh the glad sports of children, and longed to laugh out with that fresh, free burst of merriment which is so easy to them? The thing is a commonplace of talk and of books, and yet it is one of those great heart-haunting facts of nature which are always new to us, always full of a kind of mystery. Life and the gradual wearing away of it are themes that history, poetry, philosophy, science, and the beautiful arts never tire of searching into. It is not on the gay side of us alone that we feel this painful sense of the decay of vital vigor. The tenderer nature within us too, as it comes to cope with the rougher, less sympathetic forms of social intercourse, grows blunted and weary and dazed; and the hardness forced upon us by manly needs makes us many times forgetful that we ever kept softer souls in our bosoms. Nor is it only in gentle thoughts and chivalrous manners that we are prone to fail, as the battle of life forces us to steel our natures at all points to the shock of alien interests. For as we recede from youth, we mournfully note in ourselves the gradual vanishing of the poetic temperament itself in all its thousand manifestations; and if there be no children around to quicken it into new life, it soon gets to be a mere vague memory, the reality of which we are half inclined to doubt at times. But it is consoling to reflect that, while the peculiar functions which men are destined to exercise narrow their natures on this side, it is the mission of the home to re-awaken the slumbering instincts, and to furnish full exponents of the tenderer and more spiritual parts of humanity in this second life which nature invites us to enter upon.

The keeping of her child-nature by a true woman is not merely her grace and charm, but her glory and her strength. Even before new domestic ties are formed by the man who has left the buoyancy of youth behind him, the influence of woman's sweet spirit in our modern society is potent to keep alive in him some traces of that eager joy in life and those young fragrances of the soul which it is such a bitterness to lose altogether. And when he has linked with his future life some fair form of this perennial sunshine, and has put the strong soil of his more rugged nature under the culture of its loving warmth, lo! there spring up many a tender flower and rich cereal and pleasant fruit, and over and around them all a pure and wholesome atmosphere. Youth and exuberant life and poetic perceptions have come back to him again, and are present with him always in the person of the woman-nature, which is child-nature too, that is, his other self. And the children that surround them keep the mature powers of age from ever sinking back into childishness, and the blessed sense of oneness with childhood from ever freezing into the stiffness of both soul and body which old age would of itself entail. The circle of sympathy is widened too as the sense of the home and the family grows stronger. The ties of kindred and friendship are doubled at once for each true husband and true wife; and when the sons and daughters of the household form their own new friendships, and in process of time yet stronger ties, these new affections are linked with the old, and in the case of hearts that are good and wise the circle of sympathy goes on widening as the years increase. It is thus that the noblest civic feeling is engendered, thus that we learn to open our hearts still more widely and take in, with the thought of Christ the common Saviour of all to prompt us, all humanity within the grasp of our charity.

But there are wants which we cannot impute to the departure of youth, wants of which some of us have been conscious all our days and cannot



supply. There are wants, deficiencies in our nature which even the sweetness of domestic happiness may make us feel only the more strongly. We must confess that this reflection did not come solely from the vague musing over little matters of humor which we have been mentioning. It sprung up at the suggestion of a little incident which helped to keep us awake when we had been for some time sleepless. It was but a short time ago that we heard in the dead of night a party of young men singing a plaintive, thrilling-sweet air to a guitar, a song in a minor key, as they passed along the street; and we felt, amid the delight that pure nocturnal melody gave, a sudden pang of bitter regret, of profound sorrow that we ourselves could not sing, could not play. Is it not one of the intensest convictions we can have of the incompleteness of this life, to have the æsthetic joy in any form of art and to be conscious of utter incapacity to produce it? Yet 'tis surely better to have appreciation of one of nature's rich gifts without possession of the gift itself, than to have neither gift nor sense of its goodness. And perhaps the enjoyment is more wholesome when it is thus removed many degrees from pride in self.

These are certainly desultory reflections; but if they can serve no other good end, they may at least form one more example of the myriads that exist, to show how many chords of thought and feeling a train of thought started from any point may touch. If we wrote out all our thoughts we would be amazed to see what a wide range they take.

H.

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#### FORT WARREN APHORISMS.

IN 1861-2 I was wrongfully confined with many others in Fort Warren. Many of the prisoners had albums in which they interchanged autographs, verses, and sentiments. My pen was in frequent request; but I have no record of any of my *impromptus* except the following, which I found long after, written on envelopes and scraps of paper, in the satchel of my portmanteau:—

Time writes his verdicts in eternal thought;  
 The future sits in judgment on the past;  
 The wrongs of men, by whomsoever wrought,  
 Are not ordained perpetual to last:  
     The verdict soon or late will set them right  
     Whose motto is "For Truth to brunt the fight!"

Battles are fought in every human heart—  
 Battles which leave their impress on mankind:  
 May those which we are fighting now impart  
 A faith, to make us noble and resigned:  
     Thus other fields on which we may appear  
     May learn the worth of lessons taught us here.

Nations may fall and flags be swept away,  
 The idle dreams of fame fade one by one,  
 The light of unknown heroes of to-day  
 Go down to-morrow in a glorious sun:  
     But one great principle will never die,  
     *A people's right to choose its destiny.*

When other years have brought their full return  
 Of peace, throughout this desolated land,  
 May we who in these walls in bondage yearn,  
 Strangers, but yet a sympathetic band,  
     Find in the world and in each heart the test  
     *That what we did and thought was for the best.*

APPLETON OAKSMITH.

THE subjoined document is genuine, and faithfully copied to the letter. We commend it, uncommnted, to the consideration of our readers.

#### THE SONS OF PEACE.

Whereas we desire To make it known to the Public That we the Colord People of A—— county, Residing in the Vicinity of —— have hereby organized a Society styled the Sons of Peace. There-upon meeting on every Tuesday Night at —— untill further appropriation are Provided. Therefore we cordially invite our White Superiors to Come and Participate in our Meetings. We will thank you for your condensation, we need your counsel, to admonish us. We are ignorent, illiterate and need instruction and we hope your opportunitys will not be procrastinated at all

We wish to inform the Public in the most comprehensive manner That we are not organized or Banded for any contravention or for any noxious aspects whatever. But simply to Render aid to the helpless, To Bury Those of the Society that is not able to Bury themselves, To foster the sick, To defray the insolvency of Those who are unable to liquidate their Doctor fees and To cultivate morality, you may rest assured that our society are not obnoxious to the elements of Politicks. It cannot and will not be Tolerated in this Society, She shill lay procumbent in her own cabbon Relentless to our ears,

I am Respectfully

Your servant

\* \*

We recapituate the in-Vitation to our white Friends to our meetings.

We hereby cordially invite any White Person or Persons who may desire to see our Proceedings and we Thank them kindly for the menifestation of their kind condensation, We Know that in these extraordinary Times that public superstition has a Large Tendency to accumulate surmiseing suppositions. But here are the Fundamental principles of our sons of Peace as follows, viz.

To Nurture the poor by various exibitions, To abstain from the abuse of intoxication, To cultivate Tranquility, To Familize Industry, To drop hostility But Reather use hospitality and gracefull curtesy to all. To abuse Thievery and To moralize immorality.

THE  
SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1871.

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SPIDER'S-WEB PAPERS.\*

V.

IN our second lecture we had occasion to examine a military character; and though since then we have wandered through the mazes of philosophy and trade, I have not forgotten the raptures with which you received our hero. You justly admired the prudent and effectual manner in which he used his power as commander of the post to fulfil his duty as a warrior and as a Christian man: as a warrior, to terrify the enemies of his country; as a Christian, to provide for himself and his own household, and so not be worse than an infidel.

But I fear that you have not yet a just idea of the grandeur of the General's soul and genius. He was no cold and haughty conqueror, raised above humanity by his station. On the contrary, he had that kindly feeling towards mankind and that amiable desire for their good will which well become a human creature, that condescending commiseration which sits so gracefully upon a great man. He did not look unmoved upon the sufferings, grief and terrors of his fellow-beings.

The jail was full of the brothers, fathers, husbands and sons of the people of his district. Over eighty were confined there; besides the mothers, wives and daughters in the court-house, and those of both sexes who were under guard at their own residences, and the many ladies who were warned that they were under strict surveillance. The occu-

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\*Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1871 by John Saunders Holt in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

pants of the jail were, many of them, the most eminent citizens of the community, held, as I told you before, as hostages to the treasury of the General. Others, younger men, were there who were suspected or accused of having been engaged as guerillas or bushwhackers, or as Confederate soldiers; young men who had come from the army on furlough, and were foolish or home-sick enough to venture inside of the nominal lines; or young men who had ventured inside of the town from the places in which they had been hiding from both armies. Some of them were young Confederates who had been so wounded or diseased in the service as to be discharged, and who came home to die among their kindred and friends.

I told you before that the court-house was assigned as the prison for women, and told you how some excellent ladies came to be sent there, and how they fared. Others were sent to join them every few days for one and another good military reason, so that it was rarely without tenants, who might be the most delicate, delicately nurtured, beautiful and domestic ladies of the land, as well as those equally good, but known to be bold, defiant and active rebels.

It is not to be regarded as strange that so gallant a man as was the General should be also *gallant*. And I record it to the perpetuation of his memory that, old as he was, and married man as he was, he had a tender weakness for female beauty, and an almost irresistible desire for its contemplation and for contact with it. Singularly enough, however, this admiration and fondness seemed to incline him to persecute the very beautiful. Distress and tears added a piquancy to the contemplation of beauty; and it was from distress and tears that he seemed fondly to expect gratitude for his benignancy or pliancy to his majesty. No gross sensualist was he to be satisfied with the friendly companionship of the Amazonian beauties who followed in the train of his own army as the friends of his officers or of other officers, yet not averse to other friendships. His refined soul longed for intimate companionship with the delicate beauties of the South, who were in some sort at his feet as their conqueror, and whose fate he held in his hands. He looked with appreciative eye upon several of the most exquisitely beautiful and most chaste and modest ladies of my acquaintance, as well as upon others whose charms were more robust, whose vigor of tongue was more free, and whose pertinacity of disgust for him and his kind was more disguised for the purpose of carrying out their own energetic purposes. And, as I observed just now, singularly enough it was these very beautiful and delicate women that he placed under surveillance and caused to feel the ubiquity and immensity of his power; or it was to some of these very beautiful and more energetic ladies that he granted any favors they might ask with regard to trading in cotton, permits, licenses, and the like. The latter played their part more skilfully than he, got what they wished and left him longing. Some of the former he would summon to his office time after time, and if no other excuse occurred to his mind he gave them fatherly lectures upon the dangers to which they were exposed in the troublous, lawless times, warned them against the wiles of his dashing young officers, cautioned them to guard well their hearts and virtue, and if it seemed feasible, in his melting mood



sought to take them by the hand, or even if that were unresisted, sought to draw them to his paternal bosom—"I wrestle in prayer for you, my dear sister."

Like all other great men he had his enemies, and there were not lacking those who found in all this much of which to suspect him. They said that he hankered after unlawful pleasures, that he had a filthy and diseased imagination, and sought to attain gratification by every art and artifice whether of strength or of cunning.

But a man of his genius is not to be judged by ordinary rules. A man of his soul is to be expected to manifest what are eccentricities to the common herd. Surely a solicitude for the spiritual and corporeal welfare of tender women in the midst of a brutal soldiery, and exposed to the seductive arts of handsome men in handsome blue uniforms, speaks volumes for the affectionate nature of the General.

And if we view the matter in a sterner light, it is true that it is to be expected that uncommon appetites shall accompany uncommon vigor of mind and imagination. But I do not set that up as an excuse. Far from it. I set up no excuse for the General. I relate facts, and his greatness can afford to despise vulgar suspicions. And if I do not excuse him, much farther am I from condemning so great and good a man. My soul is filled with rage when I bring myself to imagine any man, particularly a man of such a character and so placed as was the General, looking with licentious eye upon one of the fair, pure and modest ladies of the South; and I will not allow myself to imagine a wrong so foul in one who is removed from our vengeance by a change of residence and a change in public affairs, and whom we are obliged to consign to that vengeance of God which, humanly speaking, ought never to allow itself to be appeased, as He alone can mete to it adequate punishment. Let us have peace!

No. I do not excuse the General. It is not necessary, for it is a blessed peculiarity of such infernal scoundrels as his enemies accuse him of being that they never do by repentance deserve the forgiveness of men nor attain the forgiveness of Heaven. No, no! The General's head may have been wrong, but so far as I have been able to learn, his bitterest foes cannot accuse him of having succeeded in acting out its wrong suggestions, if it made them.

But there was another element which disturbed the people, and that was the alliance which the General found himself obliged to make with the Treasury Department, which happened to be represented in his district by a man whom we will call Hart. Of course his name was not Hart, any more than Brayman or Tuttle, Townsend or Lusk were the real names of the men we had here in Georgia. None of the real men of these names were in Georgia at all that I can learn, but all of them were actually and actively elsewhere in the very positions I have assigned them; and they, the real men, were such creatures that no ill which can be said is too evil for them. In giving their names to my heroes then I do no one any wrong.

According to my way of regarding things, there was a very material difference between the greed for money possessed by this man Hart, and that natural, energetic desire for it which actuated the General. Hart wished to get money by hook or by crook only from a love of

money and for the gratifications it could purchase. The General, on the contrary, desired gain in every way it could be attained for the present good it would do himself, the consideration it would give his family, and because he philosophically recognised the necessity of it to secure independence and respect in his old age.

It was the difference between an eager, narrow-minded vulgarian and a calm, liberal-minded philosopher ; but between the two some of the people were put to a good deal of inconvenience, if not to positive loss. Besides constituting the Treasury Department the landlord-in-chief of all the rented houses in the town, raising the rents and forcing them to be paid with perfect punctuality, as I before mentioned to you, a heavy sum, varying with the amount and nature of the invoice, was required to be paid for each license to import goods into the town for sale ; and then as heavy a sum as could be got was required for a license to sell the goods.

This was no small source of revenue, for it must be borne in mind that before a source of supply was opened by the inclusion of our part of the country in the Federal lines, there was a great and universal destitution of almost all the necessities and conveniences of life. This destitution of many thousands living over a large tract of country required the bringing of great stocks of all kinds of goods ; and besides this there were quantities of clothing, provisions and other articles which might be and were secretly conveyed through the lines to the destitute Confederacy beyond and traded for cotton—another source of huge profits to Hart and his partner, as I hope to show you some day. You see that the General, although he did not despise small things (as I illustrated to you by telling the manner in which he abstracted by the dollar at a time the hoards of the negroes), had a very great number of great things to operate on for large sums.

But it was after the goods were brought here and were then allowed to be sold, that the transcendent genius of the firm displayed itself. Contributions were then required weekly, semi-monthly or monthly, according to the prosperity of the merchant, in order to help the firm in some emergency in the settling of their accounts with the Government. They were not forced contributions by any means, and I perhaps do an injustice when I use so suspicious a word as contributions. They were only loans, and they were cheerfully asked for ; and it was thus supposed were always cheerfully granted to such friends and benefactors. Indeed, cheerfulness in the contributor, or lender, was rigidly required ; and any surly, ill-conditioned fellow who refused or displayed unbecoming reluctance, was esteemed ungrateful, and was therefore made to close his establishment. Both Hart and the General loved a cheerful giver, and took him to their hearts ; whereas, a stingy, ill-natured, unreasonable man they regarded with just contempt and distrust ; rightly judging that in such times such a one could not be trusted to deal upon the square with a disloyal people, and ought not to be permitted to profit by the loyal.

There was another element of disturbance among the people of the General's military district, and that was the militia law or order which sought to turn into the Federal ranks every man possessing certain qualifications. Apart from the absurdity of trying to force

men to fight who have no heart for it, this order was doubly absurd in trying to force Southerners to fight Confederates whom the Confederates had been unable to induce to fight Federals. But it was no doubt supposed that it would afford a fine chance for "pickings." Perhaps it did yield for a time in a small way ; but the excuses to avoid service could be told only by a conscript officer who had long experience in a similar task. The maimed, the halt, the blind, the abounded. "Wounds, bruises and putrefying sores" were the scourges of the stay-at-home population of men. A lazaretto contains a larger proportion of sound men than did the General's district about that time ; and of course, as not enough soldiers for a militia company could be collected, the General would not waste his time and energies on so profitless a scheme, but disbanded the few sound ones upon their paying a round military tax.

But I need not enter into more particulars concerning the condition of the people. It was a sore thing to the General that their condition was necessarily so evil. He regretted the exigencies of cruel war which forced him to keep so many fine young men and excellent ladies in confinement. Had he had his own way there should have been no necessity for imprisoning the substantial citizens in order to get money ; for they would have given it voluntarily, and have saved him his anguish of spirit. Had he had his own way there should have been no necessity for his exposing himself to the suspicion of trying to subdue or to overreach the virtue of any desirable female. Had he had his own way, a partnership with such a man as Hart would have been impossible ; for there should have been no necessity for it. But for the rigid orders of his superiors, he would never have made the experiment of the militia.

He regretted these things with all his heart, and it was a cause of perpetual mortification to his most tender philanthropic feelings that ungrateful men, old women, and children, and especially young women, would not consider him, or allow him to be considered as in any degree a father to the people. He had a yearning towards the people. If there was any gentleman whom he respected above all other gentlemen, it was the true Southern gentleman ; and though he had no relatives amongst them, as had Major Townsend, still he admired them greatly. It was a source of bitter regret that most of them had been so misguided as to go to the Confederate army ; but the infirm amongst them, and the old fathers and mothers, the wives and children of all were here ; and, as I said before, he did not look unmoved upon their sufferings, grief, and terrors. True, they regarded him as an enemy and a wicked man, and they feared him ; but he could appreciate that and forgive it ; for he too regarded an armed Southerner as an enemy, a desperately wicked and reckless man, and was mightily afraid of him. He was a man of broad views. His heart yearned for peace, politeness, cheerfulness, true religion, and universal love ; and what could he do to promote them ?

There was, no doubt, much mental as well as sentimental excitement before the General arrived at a distinct imagination of what he was to do ; and I have no doubt that he held many a consultation with his counsellors before he finally determined upon it. But at last it was determined.



*Sursum corda!* O ye afflicted and terrified people! come to my fatherly heart! Gather yourselves together with me and my officers! Let there be a feast of fat things and of wine upon the lees! Let all tears be wiped away! There is a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to pray, and a time to dance. The time to weep and to pray is over! Lift up your hearts, and assemble yourselves with me, and let us laugh and dance! Behold, I give you a ball and a feast!

So the invitations were issued in all due form for a ball to be given at Head-quarters on a certain night by the General; and every one who was known as at all respectable in our native society was invited.

Such little spirits as Townsend, Hart, Lusk, and the rest, no doubt took a narrow, little view of the case, and considered that this was adding insult to injury; that it was a fit and sweet revenge for that exclusiveness which had forborne giving them and their peers admittance into family circles and good Southern society. "Ah, Miss A! Oh, hoh, Mrs. B! You would not condescend to be introduced to us! to invite us to your houses! to notice us on the street! Now dare to remain away, or to be rude when you do come, and so prove your disloyalty, and we'll see! Come, you dear little Rebs! stay away if you dare!"

This, I say, was no doubt the spirit in which such ordinary little creatures regarded the General's ball—as a grim, masterly coup of malice for exquisite revenge. But I can have no idea that the General so regarded it. Frank, open-hearted, affectionate, magnanimous man! He no doubt (for the great are always simple) looked forward to his feast and dance as an opportunity for healing all private discussions; a time of jubilee, when all moral debts should be forgiven and a new era should commence. He no doubt, in the majestic solitude of his vast soul, dwelt with fond recollection upon what he had read of Saladin and the Arabs, and flattered his benevolence with the thought of the reconciliation and kind offices secured by breaking bread together; and determined that, except as compelled by the necessities he so much regretted, he would never harm those who tasted of the salt of his hospitality. Then, too, I suspect that he counted much, and with good philosophic reason, upon the known fact that good food and frolic will incline the worst Anglo-Saxon enemies to be at peace.

"What can be more soul-warming?" he admiringly exclaimed to himself. "And I will even send my carriage for some of those who live farthest off; and all shall come here to feast, dance, and make merry under my roof!"

Excellent, benevolent man! These were the plans and the musings of his gentle, gracious heart. And though the carriage had been confiscated from a citizen, and though the horses had been taken with a high hand from another citizen, sold by the General to the Government, and then detailed to draw the General's carriage; and though the house belonged to Mr. Burrows, who with his family had been suddenly bundled out to find shelter where they might, in order to make room for the General; yet this, rightly considered, made no difference in the genuine and pure nature of the General's feelings. He forgot such trivial things in his enthusiasm, and felt that the property was all his own, and that he would put it to these hospitable,



charitable, philanthropic uses. We must look at a man's promptings, and not at hard, particular facts. The old scholars used to say: "You must not make a figure go on all-fours;" and it is an even better rule when we wish to make a charitable judgment of conduct, than when applied to rhetoric and logic.

The house occupied by the General as head-quarters was one of the finest and most commodious in the place, besides being handy to the fortification in case of a sudden irruption of the Confederates into the town. Naturally the General would wish in such an emergency to be able quickly to reach his troops, so as to command them, and to repress any confusion into which they might fall. There was a flight of six or eight cemented steps in front, mounting up to a narrow but stately portico. A broad hall with a lofty ceiling ran through the centre of the house from front to rear, and on either side of it were the large parlors and the reception and dining-rooms. Up-stairs there was a similar hall, with bed-rooms on each side of it.

It is an odd idea of our most pretentious people to erect in front, and often in rear also, of their one or two-storied houses, a series of huge, stuccoed columns supporting a massive gable and cornice of lath and plaster; as though a Grecian temple were the finest model for the front and rear of a private dwelling-house. It is, however, one of the shams which answer capitally for the transient population we have in all parts of our country. The lath and plaster will serve one generation of a family; and there is no reckoning where the next generation will be.

The General's head-quarters were well known, and his invitations brought it most distinctly to the imaginations of all his—I was going to say victims, but as that would be unworthy of his design, I will say constituents, for I know no other word which will include his invited guests and all their friends and acquaintance. The invitations, then, brought the Head-quarters distinctly to the imaginations of his constituents; and to judge from their words and actions, they looked upon their entrance to it with a good deal of dread, as though the great stuccoed pillars were at the portals of a final, very bad place, the sight of which was to be avoided.

"That's h—ll again!" exclaimed our Planter in a loud and excited whisper to one of his older and more pious acquaintance, as he finished reading his invitation. "Have you got a bid too? What shall we do about it? I'm mighty glad my wife's not here!"

The profane remark seemed to accord so well with the fact that the older gentleman administered no rebuke. No doubt he also was in such a frame of mind that he would have liked to send for Balaam the son of Peor, or anybody else, to do his cursing for him.

"You see," added our Planter, still in a tragic whisper, and looking cautiously around for eaves-droppers, "if we go it will be awful; and if we stay away there's no telling what devil's trick they'll play us. I reckon we'll have to swallow it and go. What do *you* say?"

His companion only groaned. He was completely non-plussed and could give no answer. *His* wife and daughters were not away, but were in town, living at the house of a friend; for they had been turned out of their own comfortable home to make room for a Lieutenant

and his female companion, and a Captain and Major or two who messed with them. To go only himself would hardly do, as the invitation was special to self, wife and two daughters.

The fact is, the timid people were so terror-stricken (most unreasonably so, as the General would have thought had his kindly soul been able to conceive such a thing) that the invitations read to them as though they were written thus:

"HD.-QRS.—*Such and Such a Military District,*

"YATTON — *Such and Such a Date.*

"MR., MRS, and MISSES ———

"You are hereby ORDERED to attend a ball to be given at these headquarters on the evening of the — inst. The ball will begin at 8 P. M. ; and no excuses for non-attendance will be allowed. Stay away at your peril.

(Signed)

BRAYMAN, *Brig.-Gen'l Com'd'g.*

—— —, *A. A. Adj't.-Gen'l.*

"N. B. — Your best costume and most cheerful behavior strictly required. Be careful how you whisper, talk, or look at each other. No introductions allowed to be refused."

This was the tenor of the invitation as understood by the foolish people, and much was the perturbation among them, and many were the whispered consultations, remonstrances, arguments, sudden decisions and more sober second-thoughts.

The momentous evening arrived. 'Momentous here means that the evening was made up of moments each a weary hour in length. And though their hearts lagged heavily back, there was never before seen a more punctual company of revellers. While the town-clock was still striking eight, they came trooping in from the four quarters, all dressed in their best, with wedding garments and funereal thoughts.

Elders, deacons, preachers, with their wives and daughters ; men, women and girls who had never in their lives before entered a ball-room, a part of whose religion it was to shun such places, all came, mounted the steps, and with hanging heads entered into the hall, where they were received by the General himself, his face radiant with benevolent smiles. The ladies were politely directed up-stairs to their dressing-room, and the gentlemen as politely ushered into the reception-room, where they were marched up to a side-board and invited to hob-a-nob with one or more of the spruce Aides of the hospitable host ; an invitation which the most temperate of them had it not in his heart to refuse.

Old bachelors were there who despised all merry-makings ; and old maids were there who had rarely enjoyed such public amusement, and who were now pale and in a tremor of fright, afraid to sit and hardly daring or able to stand. Mrs. Bolling was there, hoping, dear woman, by her attendance to soften the hearts of those who held her husband in durance, and who might soon turn her and her young children out of their home. And there were other loving wives there who had the same vague hope in their aching hearts ; and gentle girls who thought thereby to abridge the confinement of brothers and sweet-hearts ; and

fond mothers who expected on that account to gain in a day or two a more favorable hearing to petitions for their sons in prison or under punishment. And there were men and women there in plenty who cherished the thought that a prompt compliance on their parts with the order they had received to come and disport and enjoy themselves, would be to secure them in the possession of their homes and of the little all they still preserved. I doubt if half a dozen, nay, that two even of the invited guests had the boldness to remain away, even though many were physically unable to attend. The highest reach of boldness was in those who declared that they should go only from curiosity, to see who else went and how the "Yanks" got up such things as balls.

And if the coming of the guests to Head-quarters was pitiable—Be still, O my heart! Remain in your sources, O tears! It will not do for an author to rage or to weep over that which is long past and gone. Was not the intention most benevolent? Was not the host most pains-taking and affable? A—h! Let us draw a long breath and begin in a more cheerful mood.

Ho, ho, ho! how ridiculous it was to see the general assemblage of pale-faced, trembling, down-cast people in the ball-room when the first notes of the military band sounded for the dance. Seated next to the wall all around the two grand parlors were the ladies, hardly daring to look up, except now and then to gain confidence or feel companionship by looking around for their acquaintance who had also come. Grouped here and there were the gentlemen guests, looking grave and spiritless. There were no young men to dance, except the army-officers who were invited to see and enjoy the scene, for not a single young Southerner whose acquaintance would be acknowledged by any one was there. They were all off in the army, or in prison, or perchance now dying or dead upon some dreadful field—who knew?—while their loved ones were assembled here to dance.

He, he, he! it was so very comical to see the color fade, then quickly flush, then fade again in the cheeks of some young girl as the General or one of his Aides led an officer, all in blue and gilt, up, and presented him as a partner in the coming dance. It was so much more comical to see the angry color flame up to the very hair of another, whose indignant glances bereft her action of all gracious meaning as she responded to the introduction and stood up and accompanied her partner without taking his arm. It was a fine study of human nature in its most lovely and outraged phases. Then, too, the appealing, almost reproachful backward looks of the more timid girls as they left the sides of their mothers; and the mortified, haughty glances around of the more spirited girls as though to say, with trembling lips: It has to be done! I have to die too! would that this or that were over!

All this was highly amusing to any rightly constituted mind of an investigating turn, and no doubt did greatly amuse the partners and their brethren who were looking on. But there was a sad contrast to these amusing scenes. There were some of the young ladies, fortunately very few, and those not of the best—but I wish to say nothing against them. They perhaps could not help showing that they were

from mean stock ; could not help their giggling and flirting with their new acquaintance, the officers. Possibly they were natural actresses, who, being determined to play their part to the life, did so with perfect naturalness. I am very amiable, and am ready to seize upon any theory to relieve my fellow-creatures from odium ; but it was certainly very saddening to see them act their rôles so thoroughly. They giggled, they were in a flutter, and almost hysterical flutter, apparently of delight. They laughed loud ; they cast triumphant looks around. "You sha'n't, Lieutenant!" they exclaimed. "Yes you shall, Captain! No I won't! Yes you must! Oh please do, Major! I've done danced with you once, Colonel, and I'm engaged for ever so many sets. Ain't I, Captain?" These and similar loud exclamations they made, while their beautiful faces were wreathed with smiles of hearty enjoyment. Ah, dear thoughtless young creatures! or, Ah, dear, cunning and masterful young creatures!

I say this was sad ; but that is only some of my private nonsense, you know. Far be it from me to cast a single fleeting shadow upon the festivity so wisely and opportunely planned by the good-hearted General. He enjoyed it with all the keen zest of a younger and less godly man. He seemed filled with a holy joy, as was testified by his long grace at the table, when the band had struck up a march and the guests had crowded to it. "Thy gifts, O Lord," said he, "should be enjoyed with a merry heart and a cheerful countenance. And we thank Thee that we are enabled to lay aside our cares and troubles, and assemble here to-night around a board spread for Thy servants, by Thy especial blessing," etc., etc.

His enemies said that he was such an infernal hypocrite and scoundrel that he had really got to believe that he was a choice child, and was especially blessed by his heavenly Father every time he managed to steal a larger pile than usual.

Ah, it is melancholy to reflect upon the suspiciousness and censoriousness of the weak and ungodly of this world.

But long before the summons to the feast, most of the choicer and graver of the guests, all of them indeed who possessed the courage and presence of mind, had taken advantage of the density of the crowd, the crash of the music, and the confusion attending so grand an occasion, to silently withdraw and make their way home. And yet, before the evening was over even they had learned to enjoy themselves moderately well, so sympathetic is heart-felt glee.

"Why don't you ask Preacher Jones to dance?" some old gentleman would whisper to his wife, at which a troubled smile would light up her face.

"Come, Squire," another would say, "you used to be a leader of the people ; why are you not dancing?"

"I'm waiting for your parson to lead his flock in," replied the Squire ; "but maybe he thinks that in lay-matters the officers of his church should take the lead. You set me the example."

"I've seen you dance many a time," would some tottering old citizen say to some mother in Israel ; "won't you join me in a reel to-night?"

"I don't reckon they'll dance a reel, Doctor," was the good-natured



reply ; "and even if they do, you ought to have a younger partner. There's my grand-daughter Alice there ; ask her."

"I expect Miss Alice is tired," rejoined the old gentleman ; "she has already been dancing."

"Yes, Doctor," spoke up Miss Alice ; "so I have been, and I will all my life wish it had been you I danced with."

And in some such lightsome way as this did the elder guests converse among themselves, huddled in one end of the room and around the doorways, looking on to see that their dear ones came to no harm ; and oh, how small a joke was amusing to them ! They did not dance, but they enjoyed themselves in the persons of their daughters lightly winding through the graceful mazes with handsomely dressed and gallant officers ; and they stilled their fears for the dear sons and husbands far away in peril, and hoped for the best. Indeed, the General's ball did an immense deal of good by diverting the minds of his guests from their brooding fears. It always diverts a very sorry or very frightened person to make him very angry ; and as anger is much the more healthy emotion to be borne by the subject, he is a benefactor who causes it to be substituted.

The General was one of those blessed men whose every action carried unnumbered and surprising blessings in its train. Certainly he was a double blessing as a soldier, for he always got his own men safely away, so that they could comfortably join in with the hearty guffaws of the enemy, who felt themselves also blessed in only having to pursue, and not being obliged to manœuvre and fight against so redoubtable a commander.

The ball was over, and if it did not result in all the revolution of feeling and action which the General desired, that at least was no fault of his. If the obstinate, ill-natured people chose ungratefully to guard their doors still more closely against him and his officers, he had the proud satisfaction of knowing that he had done his whole duty as a Christian commander. At any rate he had piped unto them and they had danced ; and if when he sometimes piously mourned to them the ungrateful creatures chose to lament discordantly in another strain, it was no fault or concern of his. Fortunately it was no Waterloo ball. The enemy gave no alarm, and the guests retired peaceably, quietly, and rejoicing to their homes.

"BRAYMAN'S BALL" will be remembered by every one of them to the last day of life ; and it is to be hoped that as it is recorded in the Great Book which is to be read at the Judgment, posterity will always bear it in mind, so as not to be surprised when they hear it announced.

The enemy caused no alarm that night, but a few days afterwards the valiant soul of the General impelled his body to go at the same time west, on the Rosstown road, and south, on the Augusta road. From each of these roads a picket came rushing into the presence of Headquarters with the news of an advance of the "Rebs."

Here was an occasion for strategy, and the General made full use of it. So cautious a man as he, you may be sure, kept himself well and privately informed by means of scouts and spies of the position and of every movement of the enemy ; and he knew that there were no Confederate troops within more than two hundred miles of Yatton,

and that they were in a northwestern direction ; while the nearest State troops were a regiment or two under command of Our General (of whom I told you in my sketches of Our Local Great Men), and that they were to the south. He knew also that it was impossible that these forces should have united to attack him, even if Yatton had been sufficiently a strategic point (except for Treasury purposes) to make it worth their while to lose good citizens in taking it. He knew also that our General (you must learn to make the distinction between *the* General and *our* General ; for they were, except in rank, as different from each other as two organic creatures of the same genus possibly can be ; the *canis aureus* and the *canis familiaris*, for example ; or the deadly nightshade and the potato) ; he knew, I say, that our General was ambitious to "join in the shoutings," at least that he loved military stir, and that he had been long planning what he called "a reconnoissance in force" towards Yatton, though his small force would not allow him to attack the six or seven thousand troops kept to defend the place.

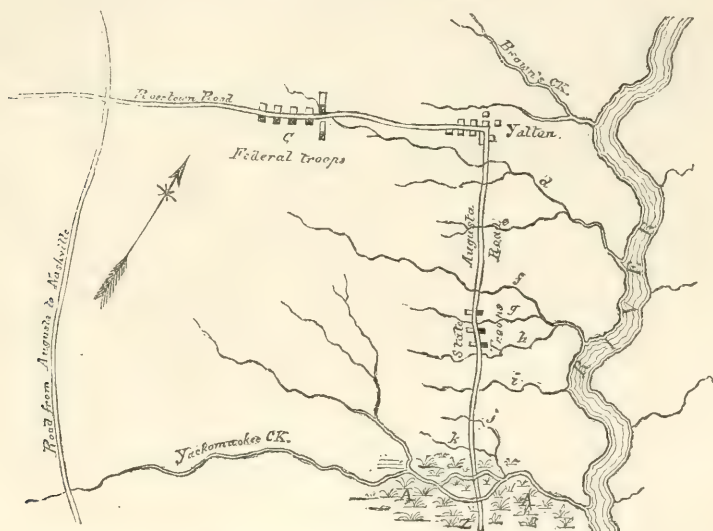
As the larger the force he had the safer he was and the better he could succeed in his plans, the General (*the* General, mind) very wisely kept up a continual clamor for "more troops," or, as he said, he could not answer for consequences ; so Yatton had become a sort of depôt for the part of the army operating in that portion of the extreme South.

This, then, was the state of affairs, when one day an advance picket came riding with furious haste into town with the alarm that the enemy in full force of all arms was about seven miles off, advancing along the Rosstown road. And while he was yet telling his story there came another, like another of Job's sole-survivors, with the news that a force of the "Rebels" was coming up the Augusta road, and were only some twelve miles off.

Now the General felt sure of his previous information, which like a wise commander he had kept to himself ; but here was a pretty mess, a most confusing state of affairs. Where in the nation did those fellows on the Rosstown road come from ? And the General's hot blood seethed back to inspire with fury his courageous heart as he thought of Forrest and Martin, and a whole list of hasty, blood-thirsty, cunning villains who with their hard riders went here and there where least expected. But he immediately remembered that all of them were with Hood, and had their hands full ; and he knew that there could be no other force to fear, and that this could be at most only a party of scouts. At any rate it could hardly be our General, who, he knew, was the day before twenty miles off, just beyond the Yackomackee swamp ; and besides that, as the picket from the Rosstown road was by far the worse scared of the two messengers, and as the force he was frightened at was several miles the nearer, it was most plausible that upon the Rosstown road it would be most military to proceed, besides its being safest. And he would send a regiment of mounted men with a battery of artillery down the Augusta road, to examine and report. The troops needed exercise anyhow, and the five regiments sent on the Rosstown road should not go so far as not to be able to return in time if any serious demonstration were made up the other road ; and even in that case, he explained to his officers, as the

fortifications were left fully manned, it would be true strategy to act as did the children of Israel before Gibeah, fighting their brethren, the Benjamites, and, as liers in wait, attack the foe in flank and in the rear.

I will never get you to understand properly this episode of war unless I have a diagram drawn of the country; and I will try to have it as correct as possible. I must explain that my amanuensis never saw the country in his life; though I am perfectly familiar with it. To tell you the truth, I own a number of fine estates in it; I don't remember just now how many; but I am not thinking of my own affairs. My estates are, however, in number as I need them, as they pay no taxes.



A A Yackomackee Swamp, causeway and bridge 2 1-8 miles. Z camp of State troops.  
 B State troops advancing. C Federal troops advancing.  
 d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, spring branches and dry bayous—bridged.

There, you have it before you, though not so perfect as I could desire, for my bungler, a fellow destitute of imagination, gave a contemptuous grunt every time I spoke of miles to the inch, and said: "Who ever heard of such a thing! you mean inches to the mile." I had to give up all attempts at exactitude. The map will do, however; and now let us see what our General was doing.

The country south of the Yackomackee was very fertile, and there was a great deal of Confederate, as well as private, cotton stored away there on the various plantations. It was only eighteen miles from Yatton to the Yackomackee, but the broad swamp and the *cul de sac* beyond it (the high causeway and long bridge on the Augusta road being the only avenue of retreat) had heretofore prevented the incursions of cotton raiders, who found plenty of occupation in the less

difficult country nearer town. But as it was feared that, the nearer country being almost exhausted, they would soon have leisure and boldness to attempt the passage of the swamp and steal the cotton, our General was appealed to, and he marched to about the spot marked z, and camped with his two regiments of Home Guards, numbering about 1300 officers and men, and 400 cooks, teamsters, hostlers, and camp-servants.

The spot (z) on a high, level plateau overlooking the swamp, was beautiful for a camp, besides affording the best head-quarters for coon-hunting the men had found during that whole campaign. Our General cared nothing for 'possum and coon-hunting, but he was charmed with the strategic advantages of the spot; commanding, as it did for a long distance, the road, causeway and bridge, around which for several miles west, and all the way to the river east, nothing but an alligator, a beaver, or an otter could pass. His tents, for he had a sleeping tent, an office tent, a secretary's tent, a servants' tent, and seven tents for his staff, stood upon the most elevated spot under some live-oak trees, a little apart but not far removed from the tents of his command: for, when they were to be obtained, he had procured a full supply of every kind of camp equipage, and in all vicissitudes he had preserved it. One of his first duties was the health and comfort of his men, and he had no idea of allowing them to suffer for either tents, transportation, or cooking utensils. "Bob Lee and Tom Jackson may do as they d——d please!" he would exclaim, "but I know my responsibilities, and know how to keep men effective too."

But I am drawing too near the limits of a magazine article to enter into all the pleasant little details I know so well; and I must leave much to the imagination of my reader, who, no doubt, is well acquainted with our General, or with men like him; though I fear indeed that I have grappled with a narrative which imperatively demands many chapters instead of only two or three pages. Let me get out of it in the best way I can. It is better that you should hunger for more than that I should tire you.

After remaining quiet in camp for two weeks, our General became impatient. His energies were rusting. He examined over and over again, and carefully measured and re-measured the causeway and long bridge. It was a bridge on trestles over the main, deep, sluggish stream of the Yackomackee, and was more than a quarter of a mile long. He walked over and under it; he sounded every part of it with his knuckles or heels; had several new planks put in the floor in place of some which seemed decaying; and finally set fatigue-parties to work gathering light-wood, brush, and dry wood in piles for firing, under each shore-end, and great heaps of it by the end next to his camp to place along the portion over the water, so as to ensure its destruction in case it became necessary to burn it in the face of an overwhelming force. But even these details were completed after a while, and then there was nothing for him to do but to eat, sleep, to study his maps and dispatches, and to cultivate friendly relations with his men, an art in which he excelled.

His gracious condescension was remarkably effective. He knew every one of his men, in fact had known most of them for many



years ; and he would often saunter through their camp and take what may be called a grand, indeed a commiserating interest in their sports, their economy, and their troubles. "That's a fine coon, Tom," he would say, holding it up by the tail on a level with his eyes, and regarding it with intense critical interest ; "I don't think I ever saw a finer coon in my life." "How are 'possums, Bill?" he would playfully ask another. And this though he cared nothing in the world for coons or 'possums, and though his mind was harassed with cares and busy planning grand achievements.

But all this sort of thing had to end. One morning he called a council of war, which I have no time to describe ; and after hearing all opinions, announced that he would on the next day make a reconnoissance in force towards Yatton. "Not, gentlemen," said he, rising and speaking impressively with one hand on the table before him, "that I shall attempt, unless the project should hereafter appear strategically feasible, to take the town, or that I expect even to catch that d—d rascal Brayman ; but reconnoissances in force have been practised by every commander since great wars began, and they often lead to cutting off the enemy in detail, and to other grand results. It would be glorious if we could capture two or three regiments of the enemy ; change our ground and capture two or three more, and so on until we left the place without defence. I am aware that it is somewhat of a Fabian and exhaustive policy, but it answers well ; in fact, is often, as it is now, all that can be done, and I am resolved to try it. Col. Smith, you and Col. Jones will each detail a company from your regiments to remain here as camp-guard ; and you will have the remainder of your men, with cooked rations for three days in their haversacks, and each with forty rounds of ammunition and in light marching order, ready to move at four A. M. to-morrow. You, Capt. Adams, will have your company of scouts also prepared to move at the same hour ; and after crossing the northern branch of the Yackomackee in front of the main column, you will diverge to the northwest, and will take the line of march by the plantation roads until you strike the Yatton and Rosstown road, about ten miles west of Yatton. As it is ten miles beyond Yatton, you will probably reach the point about twelve meridian ; and after resting your horses and refreshing your men, you will move forward slowly on the road to Yatton, feeling for the enemy cautiously as you advance. This will cause a diversion in favor of the main column which I will have in charge ; and as it is only intended as a diversion, you will be particularly cautious to do nothing rash, but will draw off in good order after you have accomplished your object. Gentlemen all, in undertaking this important enterprise I feel sure that you will give me all the support in your power, and we may confidently expect a glorious result."

Merrily the smoke ascended among the trees for the next few hours as the intrepid Home Guards, or rather, as the black cooks of the intrepid Home Guards prepared the ordered rations ; and long before night the arms were ready, and the wagons were packed with all but the tents, which would be struck after reveillé when the generale was sounded ; before which time, too, all the light-hearted coon-hunters

who had permission to leave camp were to return. Melancholy and listlessly moved about the men of the two companies who were selected to remain as the camp-guard. They remonstrated with their colonels, and said it "looked like they'd been chose to stay 'cause they war no 'count to go; an' they didn't like sech choosin'." But it was their regular tour of duty, and as the colonels could do nothing, they laid the matter before our General, whose heart glowed with pride at such zeal. It was, however, an embarrassing case; for it would not do to leave the camp in charge of only the sick, and yet he wished to deprive no man of a chance to fight for his country who desired to do so; so he suggested that the regiments should be mustered and volunteers to stay should be called for. "What do you think of it, Sergeant?" he asked Sergeant White, who happened to be present at the consultation of his superiors. "Well, I don't know, General," was the drawling reply; "'pears to me as how it mought be resky. You see, choosin's one thing, an' leavin' it to them is another. Ef you was to leave it to them jest dry so, maybe you mought'nt have enough to go ahead with. These here Gophers is mighty fond o' lyin' around an' huntin' coons an' possums; an' some o' the boys is got a big hunt on han' fur to-morrow night, an' there's big bets on it."

It was finally arranged that as many as one hundred should be privately allowed to volunteer, and that they should be placed under the command of a Captain Allen, who had two "stone-bruises" on his feet and could not march. And at the appointed hour, early and crepuscular as it was, the men were all out in the road in proper order, with the baggage in a long train behind them, waiting for orders to move on.

Our General and his staff rode up. "What the h—ll is all this?" he indignantly exclaimed, upon seeing the long string of baggage wagons. "What's the meaning of all these wagons? Send the colonels here to me instantly! Halt the column in front! Tell Captain Adams to proceed according to orders! Where's Colonel Smith? Where's Colonel Jones? Ah, here they are. What's the meaning of all these wagons, gentlemen? Whose are they?"

Our General was very much excited; and learning that they were only the ordinary baggage-train of the command, he roared out to the colonels to have them driven back to camp immediately, retaining only one to each regiment. The men, who by this time had broken ranks and had crowded around, began to grumble, and some of the officers ventured audibly to remonstrate, asking each other what they should do for tents, clean clothes, and the like. "What the d—l do you want with tents and clean clothes?" asked our General, in an abating but still loud voice. "This is no campaign you are going on; it's only a reconnoissance in force. There are plenty of houses on the road to sleep in at night; and I reckon you are not sugar or salt if it rains." Then, calmly to the colonels, "Take the wagons back, pick out the things most needed and pack them in three wagons to each regiment; we may need them as ambulances; and when it is done, report to me at my quarters. March your men back. It will be breakfast-time before we get started if you don't take care. We'll

lose all the benefits of our move." And our offended and disgusted General rode back to his own tent, where breakfast was hurriedly cooked, served up, and deliberately eaten before the colonels came and reported their commands all ready to move.

This was an inauspicious beginning; and even the six wagons caused a good deal of delay before they all got over the causeway and the northern branch of the creek, and were safe in the high land of the road beyond, where a general halt was called and a late breakfast was eaten. After that all moved finely on for several miles. The Signal Corps and a chosen company of scouts were sent to keep a half-mile ahead; our General took his position between the two regiments so as to command them both, and the wagons toiled along in the rear. At every wooden culvert across the road, and at every bridge over a creek or dry bayou (our map does not give a fourth of them) he ordered a halt, while he dismounted and critically examined the structure above and below. When within twelve miles of the town, a scout came hurrying back with the news that some of the enemy were in front; and our General instantly rushed his men forward to some open ground, deployed them across the road, called a halt, ordered the skirmishers to the front, and then moved the main body slowly on to support the skirmish line. After proceeding thus for some time, it was found that the only enemy was the picket whom we saw ride so hastily to headquarters in Yatton with his report. But the movement of the column was more slow after this until a halt for a late dinner was ordered; and while they were eating, a citizen rode up who after the alarm had got out of the town, and had come by by-ways to report that the Federal troops, 7000 of them, were assembling to attack or intercept our General. Then, after going a mile or two further, the Signal Corps sent back the news that this time the enemy was advancing in force, the head of the column being in sight, and the advance-guard (a company of the regiment sent out by the General) being only a mile or two off and coming slowly.

Let us now return to the General in Yatton. I declare affairs are getting warm, and it is very harassing to have to skip from one to the other to describe what was taking place simultaneously. For my own sake, I am very sorry I began this story. I lack space in which to do my genius full justice.

The General, after despatching his forces as I have described, remained quietly in his office arranging his papers; his staff all impatience, and his charger pawing in front of the door. His calm deliberation was the wonder and admiration of all. But at last, after his troops had been gone nearly two hours, hearing no further alarm from the direction of Rosstown, he began to fear, doubtless, that they had all been murdered, or that it was the calm preceding the storm of battle in which his soul delighted, like the war-horse which smelleth it afar off. So he mounted his steed and put forth, followed by a noble train of Aides, Surgeons, and couriers. Unfortunately (see what haste I have to make! how much I have to omit!) just after he reached his troops, a shot, then another, and another, and a volley, was fired in front. Captain Adams wished to create, literally, some diversion, and he did so, and it remains to this day. Instantly the two batteries of



artillery were brought to the front, unlimbered, and ordered to fire at will; which they did for a good half hour, while the troops were deployed and moved here and there over the hills and hollows, without advancing beyond the artillery. At the first shot the General looked up, at the second he halted and turned pale with the ardor of excitement, but at the fourth or fifth, succeeded by a volley, he smiled a sad smile, and saying to his second in command, "Oh, its nothing; I can leave you in charge here, and I'll leave three of my staff so that you can send to me should you be pressed," he turned bridle, and galloped back to town, silent, preoccupied. The result showed to his admiring troops that he had the instinct of a great commander. There *was* nothing; for after firing a few long shots, Adams withdrew; and except a couple of their own wounded men, the surgeons had no subjects.

When the firing of the cannon was heard in town, every Southern soul there absorbed itself in prayer for the success of the Confederate arms, and for deliverance by their means from the woes they suffered. The dear people prayed, as most of us pray every day, without knowing all the facts. Ah, we are poor creatures! full of wants, full of woes, and more full of desires, and ignorant of all the facts of our cases.

Now we can return to our General, whom we left in an exciting situation. He summoned his colonels to the front, whither he had ridden with all his staff. "Gentlemen," said he, "you know the case as well as I do. I am willing to make a bush-fight of it, for it would be rash to meet seven or eight thousand men in the open field with only about eleven hundred raw troops. If your men are eager and you think you can rely upon them, you may rely upon me; but if you think it would be unsafe we shall have to retreat at once." Just then the cannonading of Captain Adams added force to his words, and the colonels concluded that "it was no use," and they had better go back, as the reconnoissance had been perfectly successful and they had found out where the enemy was. "Turn the wagons, then, and push them ahead," was our General's order, his mind always clear and prompt. "My place is in the rear in a retreat. Detail fifty men from each command to remain with me. Let them get all the axes they can, and then push forward the column."

It is a great pity that I have to cut my story short. Our General with his hundred men who remained behind, hurriedly destroyed, cut down or broke down every culvert and bridge along the road of retreat. Not one was too small for his destructive hand. When it was suggested that this would delay troops in pursuit but a few minutes, as every creek was fordable and every dry bayou was passable after a little work even for wagons, "I know it," said our General, and his expression is memorable; "but an inch to a man's nose is something. As our men march over three miles an hour, every minute gained is over one hundred yards gained. It is a material part of a commander's duty to destroy all bridges on his retreat."

The Colonel commanding the Federal column was a prudent German, who, when in the second destroyed culvert he found certain evidence of the recent presence of the enemy, was even more deter-



mined than ever not to advance a step without his artillery ; and the frequent delays in getting that across the gaps would have allowed the Home Guards to get safe and sound, though sadly tired, into their camp across the Yackomackee, before we had gone half the distance, had he himself not cautiously mounted a ridge before crossing the first deep bayou, and set about entrenching his position while his couriers could go to town for reinforcements, and his scouts could go forward a mile or so to reconnoitre.

At the crossing of the north branch of the Yackomackee our General found Captain Adams waiting to report ; and leaving a portion of the mounted men there as a picket-guard, he entered triumphantly into his camp. But about nine o'clock at night, when his camp was all hushed in the heavy repose which succeeded the toils of the day, while poring over his maps, the recent movement, and the report of Captain Adams, a thought electrified him. "I see !" exclaimed he, half aloud, rising hastily from his seat and clapping his left hand to his massive brow, while he still steadily regarded the map, and a grim smile overspread his countenance — "I see ! But the scoundrels shall find that I have not studied strategy for nothing. The cunning wretches ! The bulk of the force out on the Rosstown road, were they ? Yes ; and they expect to come down the Nashville road, come in my rear, and catch me asleep here in this *cul de sac*. The cunning hounds !" And he hurriedly called his staff, sent orders to call in all the pickets and to pack up everything ; and before day he had, without losing a man, an animal, or a piece of public or private property, even a drying coon-skin, got several miles south on the Augusta road, far beyond where the Nashville road forked with it.

Our General's report to his superiors was long and intensely military ; but modest. I leave you, who read the newspapers of the day, to say what was the glorious victory gained by *the* General and his heroes ! Within the next forty-eight hours every man and woman living within two miles of the point where Captain Adams fired upon the Federal troops, or within a mile on either side of his supposed line of march (so far as it was deemed safe to go along that line) was arrested, by order of the General, brought to town and imprisoned. And some of them were tied up by the thumbs, and some, women as well as men, were tied up by the neck to make them confess their complicity with the attacking party, and while they were about it, the value of their portable property and that of their neighbors, and where it was concealed. The General knew that his designs for peace and plenty could be best carried out when the terrors of his power were fully known ; and he magnanimously tormented the bodies of only a few dozen rather than run the risk of having to murder the whole people.

I now for the present at least take leave of the General. It would be impossible for me to do full justice to his versatile character, as displayed by the acts of his administration.

And in conclusion, let me lay all jesting and bitterness aside, and say a few words of simple truth. *Our* General and all his acts are simply creations of my brain, which has in him crystallised my idea of a large number of good men who were stay-at-home Generals of State troops. But Brayman is no fiction ; nor have I asserted one single

quality of his soul or mind which is not exactly true, strictly from the life. He was even a thousand-fold more false, cruel, cowardly, and vile, and was surrounded by creatures even a thousand-fold more false, brutal, cowardly and vile than I have represented him and them ; and the robberies, murders, lies, and lechery of the one, and the sycophancy, brutalities, lies, and willing assistance in villainy of the others, all of which can be easily proved, were too numerous and too dastardly to be atoned for by lives of contempt and wretchedness. And if their lives are not and have not been despised and wretched, it only proves that they are not generally known, or have been passed among kindred spirits ; that God is more long-suffering than offended man, and that His long-suffering is not misplaced, as He has in His infinite power, justice and wisdom prepared an eternal punishment. Such villains never repent while they live.

JOHN S. HOLT.

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## FOOTPRINTS.

Lines written in Fort Warren, Christmas day 1861, on hearing a distant chime of bells.

A LONE, within my silent cell,  
 I hear the Christmas chimes,  
 The dear old chimes I loved so well  
 In far-off happier times.  
 But ah ! where is the joy that lent  
 Such music to their tone,  
 Which lit the brow too early bent  
 By sorrows not its own ?

Within these walls their echoes ring  
 Most mockingly to me ;  
 They serve but memories to bring  
 Of things I may not see :  
 They garner up the sheaves of thought  
 From all the furrowed plain,  
 O'er which from childhood I have wrought,  
 And bring them back again.

I trace the footprints of my life  
Through all the devious way ;  
Through peaceful scenes, and scenes of strife,  
In the dark night, and day :  
The little tracks by daisy-path,  
Or by the quiet sea,  
With all the *peace* which childhood hath,  
Come back again to me !

The footprints by the river's brim,  
When youth was in its flush,  
When purer than a maiden's hymn  
Was the young lover's blush !  
The deep marks by the sandy shore  
Which were in manhood trod,  
When fearfully life's breakers roar,  
Brings us again to God !

Ah ! how these footprints make us think  
Of all the changing years  
That we have walked along life's brink,  
In sunshine or in tears :  
These mile-stones on the way of life,  
Such as this sacred day,  
Serve but to nerve us for its strife,  
And help us on our way.

I cannot shut my heart to them,  
These memories of the past ;  
I know it is in vain to stem  
Fate's current, or its blast.  
But while the soul still loves to turn  
Fondly to childhood's track,  
'Twill find some holy things to learn  
In looking calmly back.

And so these holy days may bring  
New faith to such as I,  
Who yet may see the hopes of spring  
Shine through the wintry sky ;  
And as my footsteps onward tend  
Through the long vale of Time,  
My heart with childhood's faith shall bend  
To hear the Christmas chime.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

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CHAPTER XL.

OLD MEMORIES.

**T**HOUGH both Kate Kearney and young O'Shea had greatly outgrown each other's recollection, there were still traits of feature remaining, and certain tones of voice, by which they were carried back to old times and old associations.

Amongst the strange situations in life, there are few stranger, or, in certain respects, more painful, than the meeting after long absence of those who, when they had parted years before, were on terms of closest intimacy, and who now see each other changed by time, with altered habits and manners, and impressed in a variety of ways with influences and associations which impart their own stamp on character.

It is very difficult at such moments to remember how far we ourselves have changed in the interval, and how much of what we regard as altered in another may not simply be the new standpoint from which we are looking, and thus our friend may be graver, or sadder, or more thoughtful, or, as it may happen, seem less reflective and less considerate than we have thought him, all because the world has been meantime dealing with ourselves in such wise that qualities we once cared for have lost much of their value, and others that we had deemed of slight account have grown into importance with us.

Most of us know the painful disappointment of revisiting scenes which had impressed us strongly in early life: how the mountain we regarded with a wondering admiration had become a mere hill, and the romantic tarn a pool of sluggish water; and some of this same awakening pursues us in our renewal of old intimacies, and we find ourselves continually warring with our recollections.

Besides this, there is another source of uneasiness that presses unceasingly. It is in imputing every change we discover, or think we discover in our friend, to some unknown influences that have asserted their power over him in our absence; and thus when we find that our arguments have lost their old force, and our persuasions can be stoutly resisted, we begin to think that some other must have usurped our place, and that there is treason in the heart we had deemed to be loyally our own.

How far Kate and Gorman suffered under these irritations, I do not stop to inquire, but certain it is that all their renewed intercourse was little other than snappish reminders of unfavorable change in each, and assurances more frank than flattering that they had not improved in the interval.

"How well I know every tree and alley of this old garden!" said he, as they strolled along one of the walks in advance of the other  
"Nothing is changed here but the people."



"And do you think we are?" asked she, quietly.

"I should think I do! Not so much for your father, perhaps. I suppose men of his time of life change little, if at all; but you are as ceremonious as if I had been introduced to you this morning."

"You addressed me so deferentially as Miss Kearney, and with such an assuring little intimation that you were not either very certain of *that*, that I should have been very courageous indeed to remind you that I once was Kate."

"No, not Kate — Kitty," rejoined he, quickly.

"Oh, yes, perhaps, when you were young, but we grew out of that."

"Did we? And when?"

"When we gave up climbing cherry-trees, and ceased to pull each other's hair when we were angry."

"Oh dear!" said he, drearily, as his head sunk heavily.

"You seem to sigh over those blissful times, Mr. O'Shea," said she, "as if they were terribly to be regretted."

"So they are. So I feel them."

"I never knew before that quarrelling left such pleasant associations."

"My memory is good enough to remember times when we were not quarrelling — when I used to think you were nearer an angel than a human creature — ay, when I have had the boldness to tell you so."

"You don't mean *that*?"

"I do mean it, and I should like to know why I should not mean it?"

"For a great many reasons — one amongst the number, that it would have been highly indiscreet to turn a poor child's head with a stupid flattery."

"But were you a child? If I'm right, you were not very far from fifteen at the time I speak of."

"How shocking that you should remember a young lady's age!"

"That is not the point at all," said he, as though she had been endeavoring to introduce another issue.

"And what is the point, pray?" asked she, haughtily.

"Well, it is this — how many have uttered what you call stupid flatteries since that time, and how have they been taken?"

"Is this a question?" asked she. "I mean a question seeking to be answered?"

"I hope so."

"Assuredly, then, Mr. O'Shea, however time has been dealing with *me*, it has contrived to take marvellous liberties with *you* since we met. Do you not know, Sir, that this is a speech you would not have uttered long ago for worlds?"

"If I have forgotten myself as well as you," said he, with deep humility, "I very humbly crave pardon. Not but there were days," added he, "when my mistake, if I made one, would have been forgiven without my asking."

"There's a slight touch of presumption, Sir, in telling me what a wonderful person I used to think you long ago."

"So you did," cried he, eagerly. "In return for the homage I laid at your feet — as honest an adoration as ever a heart beat with — you condescended to let me build my ambitions before you, and I must own you made the edifice very dear to me."

"To be sure, I do remember it all, and I used to play or sing, 'Mein Schatz ist ein Reiter,' and take your word that you were going to be a Lancer —

In file arrayed,  
With helm and blade,  
And plume in the gay wind dancing.

I'm certain my cousin would be charmed to see you in all your bravery."

"Your cousin will not speak to me for being an Austrian."

"Has she told you so?"

"Yes; she said it at breakfast."

"That denunciation does not sound very dangerously; is it not worth your while to struggle against a misconception?"

"I have had such luck in my present attempt as should scarcely raise my courage."

"You are too ingenious by far for me, Mr. O'Shea," said she, carelessly. "I neither remember so well as you, nor have I that nice subtlety in detecting all the lapses each of us has made since long ago. Try, however, if you cannot get on better with Mdlle. Kostalergi, where there are no antecedents to disturb you."

"I will; that is, if she let me."

"I trust she may, and not the less willingly, perhaps, as she evidently will not speak to Mr. Walpole."

"Ah, indeed, and is *he* here?" he stopped and hesitated; and the full, bold look she gave him did not lessen his embarrassment.

"Well, Sir," asked she, "go on: is this another reminiscence?"

"No, Miss Kearney; I was only thinking of asking you who this Mr. Walpole was."

"Mr. Cecil Walpole is a nephew or a something to the Lord Lieutenant, whose private secretary he is. He is very clever, very amusing — sings, draws, rides, and laughs at the Irish to perfection. I hope you mean to like him."

"Do you?"

"Of course, or I should not have bespoken your sympathy. My cousin used to like him, but somehow he has fallen out of favor with her."

"Was he absent some time?" asked he, with a half-cunning manner.

"Yes, I believe there was something of that in it. He was not here for a considerable time, and when we saw him again we almost owned we were disappointed. Papa is calling me from the window, pray excuse me for a moment." She left him as she spoke, and ran rapidly back to the house, whence she returned almost immediately. "It was to ask you to stop and dine here, Mr. O'Shea," said she. "There will be ample time to send back to Miss O'Shea, and if you care to have your dinner-dress, they can send it."

"This is Mr. Kearney's invitation?" asked he.

"Of course; Papa is the master at Kilgobbin."

"But will Miss Kearney condescend to say that it is hers also?"

"Certainly, though I'm not aware what solemnity the engagement gains by my co-operation."

"I accept at once, and if you allow me, I'll go back and send a line to my aunt to say so."

"Don't you remember Mr. O'Shea, Dick?" asked she, as her brother lounged up, making his first appearance that day.

"I'd never have known you," said he, surveying him from head to foot, without, however, any mark of cordiality in the recognition.

"All find me a good deal changed!" said the young fellow, drawing himself to his full height, and with an air that seemed to say — "and none the worse for it."

"I used to fancy I was more than your match," rejoined Dick, smiling. "I suspect it's a mistake I'm little likely to incur again."

"Don't, Dick, for he has got a very ugly way of ridding people of their illusions," said Kate, as she turned once more and walked rapidly towards the house.

## CHAPTER XLI.

### TWO FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

THERE were a number of bolder achievements Gorman O'Shea would have dared rather than write a note; nor were the cares of the composition the only difficulties of the undertaking. He knew of but one style of correspondence — the report to his commanding officer, and in this he was aided by a formula to be filled up. It was not, then, till after several efforts he succeeded in the following familiar epistle: —

"Kilgobbin Castle.

"DEAR AUNT,—

"Don't blow up or make a rumpus, but if I had not taken the mare and come over here this morning, the rascally police with their search-warrant might have been down upon Mr. Kearney without a warning. They were all stiff and cold enough at first: they are nothing to brag of in the way of cordiality even yet — Dick especially — but they have asked me to stay and dine, and I take it, it is the right thing to do. Send me over some things to dress with — and believe me

"Your affectionate nephew,

"G. O'SHEA.

"I send the mare back, and shall walk home to-morrow morning.

"There's a great Castle swell here, a Mr. Walpole, but I have not made his acquaintance yet, and can tell nothing about him."

TOWARDS a late hour of the afternoon a messenger arrived with an ass-cart and several trunks from O'Shea's Barn, and with the following note: —

"DEAR NEPHEW GORMAN,—

"O'Shea's Barn is not an inn, nor are the horses there at public livery. So much for your information. As you seem fond of 'warnings,' let me give you one, which is, To mind your own affairs in preference to the interests of other people. The family at Kilgobbin

are perfectly welcome — so far as I am concerned — to the fascinations of your society at dinner to-day, at breakfast to-morrow, and so on, with such regularity and order as the meals succeed. To which end, I have now sent you all the luggage belonging to you here.

“I am very respectfully, your aunt,

“ELIZABETH O'SHEA.”

The quaint, old-fashioned, rugged writing was marked throughout by a certain distinctness and accuracy that betoken care and attention ; there was no evidence whatever of haste or passion, and this expression of a serious determination, duly weighed and resolved on, made itself very painfully felt by the young man as he read.

“I am turned out — in plain words, turned out !” said he aloud, as he sat with the letter spread out before him. “It must have been no common quarrel — not a mere coldness between the families — when she resents my coming here in this fashion.” That innumerable differences could separate neighbors in Ireland, even persons with the same interests and the same religion, he well knew, and he solaced himself to think how he could get at the source of this disagreement, and what chance there might be of a reconciliation.

Of one thing he felt certain. Whether his aunt were right or wrong, whether tyrant or victim, he knew in his heart all the submission must come from the others. He had only to remember a few of the occasions in life in which he had to entreat his aunt's forgiveness for the injustice she had herself inflicted, to anticipate what humble-pie Maurice Kearney must partake of in order to conciliate Miss Betty's favor.

“Meanwhile,” he thought, and not only thought, but said too — “Meanwhile, I am on the world.”

Up to this, she had allowed him a small yearly income. Father Luke, whose judgment on all things relating to Continental life was unimpeachable, had told her that anything like the reputation of being well off or connected with wealthy people would lead a young man into ruin in the Austrian service ; that with a sum of 3000 francs per annum, — about 120*l.*, — he would be in possession of something like the double of his pay, or rather more, and that with this he would be enabled to have all the necessaries and many of the comforts of his station, and still not be a mark for that high play and reckless style of living that certain young Hungarians of family and large fortune affected ; and so far the priest was correct, for the young Gorman was wasteful and extravagant from disposition, and his quarter's allowance disappeared almost when it came. His money out, he fell back at once to the penurious habits of the poorest subaltern about him, and lived on his florin-and-half per diem till his resources came round again. He hoped — of course he hoped — that this momentary fit of temper would not extend to stopping his allowance.

“She knows as well as any one,” muttered he, “that though the baker's son from Prague, or the Amtmann's nephew from a Bavarian Dorf, may manage to ‘come through’ with his pay, the young Englishman cannot. I can neither piece my own overalls, nor forswear



stockings, nor can I persuade my stomach that it has had a full meal by tightening my girth-strap three or four holes.

"I'd go down to the ranks to-morrow rather than live that life of struggle and contrivance that reduces a man to playing a dreary game with himself, by which, while he feeds like a pauper, he has to fancy he felt like a gentleman. No, no, I'll none of this. Scores of better men have served in the ranks. I'll just change my regiment. By a lucky chance I don't know a man in the Walmoden Cuirassiers. I'll join them, and nobody will ever be the wiser."

There is a class of men who go through life building very small castles, and are no more discouraged by the frailty of the architecture than is a child with his toy-house. This was Gorman's case; and now that he had found a solution of his difficulties in the Walmoden Cuirassiers, he really dressed for dinner in very tolerable spirits. "It's droll enough," thought he, "to go down to dine amongst all these 'swells,' and to think that the fellow behind my chair is better off than myself." The very uncertainty of his fate supplied excitement to his spirits, for it is amongst the privileges of the young that mere flurry can be pleasurable.

When Gorman reached the drawing-room, he found only one person. This was a young man in a shooting-coat, who, deep in the recess of a comfortable arm-chair, sat with *The Times* at his feet, and to all appearance as if half dozing.

He looked around, however, as young O'Shea came forward, and said carelessly, "I suppose it's time to go and dress — if I could."

O'Shea making no reply, the other added, "That is, if I have not over-slept dinner altogether."

"I hope not, sincerely," rejoined the other, "or I shall be a partner in the misfortune."

"Ah, you're the Austrian?" said Walpole, as he stuck his glass in his eye and surveyed him.

"Yes; and you are the private secretary of the Governor?"

"Only we don't call him Governor. We say Viceroy here."

"With all my heart, Viceroy be it."

There was a pause now — each, as it were, standing on his guard to resent any liberty of the other. At last Walpole said, "I don't think you were in the house when that stupid stipendiary fellow called here this morning?"

"No; I was strolling across the fields. He came with the police, I suppose?"

"Yes, he came on the track of some Fenian leader — a droll thought enough anywhere out of Ireland, to search for a rebel under a magistrate's roof; not but there was something still more Irish in the incident."

"How was that?" asked O'Shea, eagerly.

"I chanced to be out walking with the ladies when the escort came, and as they failed to find the man they were after, they proceeded to make diligent search for his papers and letters. That taste for practical joking that seems an instinct in this country, suggested to Mr. Kearney to direct the fellows to my room, and what do you think they have done? Carried off bodily all my baggage, and left me with nothing but the clothes I'm wearing!"

"What a lark!" cried O'Shea, laughing.

"Yes, I take it that is the national way to look at these things; but that passion for absurdity and for ludicrous situations has not the same hold on us English."

"I know that. You are too well off to be droll."

"Not exactly that; but when we want to laugh we go to the 'Adelphi.'"

"Heaven help you if you have to pay people to make fun for you!"

Before Walpole could make rejoinder, the door opened to admit the ladies, closely followed by Mr. Kearney and Dick.

"Not mine the fault if I disgrace your dinner-table by such a costume as this," cried Walpole.

"I'd have given twenty pounds if they'd have carried off yourself as the rebel!" said the old man, shaking with laughter. "But there's the soup on the table. Take my niece, Mr. Walpole; Gorman, give your arm to my daughter. Dick and I will bring up the rear."

## CHAPTER XLII.

### AN EVENING IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

THE fatalism of youth, unlike that of age, is all rose-colored. That which is coming, and is decreed to come, cannot be very disagreeable. This is the theory of the young, and differs terribly from the experiences of after-life. Gorman O'Shea had gone to dinner with about as heavy a misfortune as could well befall him, so far as his future in life was concerned. All he looked forward to and hoped for was lost to him; the aunt who, for so many years, had stood to him in place of all family, had suddenly thrown him off, and declared that she would see him no more; the allowance she had hitherto given him withdrawn, it was impossible he could continue to hold his place in his regiment. Should he determine not to return, it was desertion—should he go back, it must be to declare that he was a ruined man, and could only serve in the ranks. These were the thoughts he revolved while he dressed for dinner, and dressed, let it be owned, with peculiar care; but when the task had been accomplished, and he descended to the drawing-room, such was the elasticity of his young temperament, every thought of coming evil was merged in the sense of present enjoyment, and the merry laughter which he overheard as he opened the door, obliterated all notion that life had anything before him except what was agreeable and pleasant.

"We want to know if you play croquet, Mr. O'Shea?" said Nina as he entered. "And we want also to know, are you a captain, or a drill-master, or a major? You can scarcely be a colonel."

"Your last guess I answer first. I am only a lieutenant, and even that very lately. As to croquet, if it be not your foreign mode of pronouncing cricket, I never even saw it."

"It is not my foreign mode of pronouncing cricket, Herr Lieutenant," said she pertly, "but I guessed already you had never heard of it."

"It is an out-of-door affair," said Dick indolently, "made for the diffusion of worked petticoats and Balmoral boots."

"I should say it is the game of billiards brought down to universal suffrage and the million," lisped out Walpole.

"Faith," cried old Kearney, "I'd say it was just foot-ball with a stick."

"At all events," said Kate, "we purpose to have a grand match to-morrow. Mr. Walpole and I are against Nina and Dick, and we are to draw lots for you, Mr. O'Shea."

"My position, if I understand it aright, is not a flattering one," said he, laughing.

"We'll take him," cried Nina at once. "I'll give him a private lesson in the morning, and I'll answer for his performance. These creatures," added she in a whisper, "are so drilled in Austria, you can teach them anything."

Now, as the words were spoken Gorman caught them, and drawing close to her,— "I do hope I'll justify that flattering opinion." But her only recognition was a look of half-defiant astonishment at his boldness.

A very noisy discussion now ensued as to whether croquet was worthy to be called a game or not, and what were its laws and rules—points which Gorman followed with due attention, but very little profit; all Kate's good sense and clearness being cruelly dashed by Nina's ingenious interruptions, and Walpole's attempts to be smart and witty, even where opportunity scarcely offered the chance.

"Next to looking on at the game," cried old Kearney at last, "the most tiresome thing I know of is to hear it talked over. Come, Nina, and give me a song."

"What shall it be, uncle?" said she, as she opened the piano.

"Something Irish I'd say, if I were to choose for myself. We've plenty of old tunes, Mr. Walpole," said Kearney, turning to that gentleman, "that rebellion, as you call it, has never got hold of. There's 'Cushla Macree' and the 'Cailan deas cruidehte na Mbo.'"

"Very like hard swearing that," said Walpole to Nina; but his simper and his soft accent were only met by a cold blank look, as though she had not understood his liberty in addressing her. Indeed, in her distant manner, and even repelling coldness, there was what might have disconcerted any composure less consummate than his own. It was, however, evidently Walpole's aim to assume that she felt her relation towards him, and not altogether without some cause: while she, on her part, desired to repel the insinuation by a show of utter indifference. She would willingly, in this contingency, have encouraged her cousin, Dick Kearney, and even led him on to little displays of attention; but Dick held aloof, as though not knowing the meaning of this favorable turn towards him. He would not be cheated by coquetry. How many men are of this temper, and who never understand that it is by surrendering ourselves to numberless little voluntary deceptions of this sort we arrive at intimacies the most real and most truthful.

She next tried Gorman, and here her success was complete. All those womanly prettinesses which are so many modes of displaying

graceful attraction of voice, look, gesture, or attitude, were especially dear to him. Not only they gave beauty its chief charm, but they constituted a sort of game whose address was quickness of eye, readiness of perception, prompt reply, and that refined tact that can follow out one thought in a conversation just as you follow a melody through a mass of variations.

Perhaps the young soldier did not yield himself the less readily to these captivations that Kate Kearney's manner towards him was studiously cold and ceremonious.

"The other girl is more like the old friend," muttered he, as he chatted on with her about Rome, and Florence, and Venice, imperceptibly gliding into the language which the names of places suggested.

"If any had told me that I ever could have talked thus freely and openly with an Austrian soldier I'd not have believed him," said she at length, "for all my sympathies in Italy were with the National party."

"But we were not 'the Barbari' in your recollection, Mademoiselle," said he. "We were out of Italy before you could have any feeling for either party."

"The tradition of all your cruelties has survived you; and I am sure if you were wearing your white coat still, I'd hate you."

"You are giving me another reason to ask for a longer leave of absence," said he, bowing courteously.

"And this leave of yours — how long does it last?"

"I am afraid to own to myself. Wednesday fortnight is the end of it; that is, it gives me four days after that to reach Vienna."

"And, presenting yourself in humble guise before your Colonel, to say, 'Ich melde mich gehorsamst.'"

"Not exactly that — but something like it."

"I'll be the Herr Oberst Lieutenant," said she, laughing; "so come forward now and clap your heels together, and let us hear how you utter your few syllables in true abject fashion. I'll sit here and receive you." As she spoke, she threw herself into an arm-chair, and assuming a look of intense hauteur and defiance, affected to stroke an imaginary moustache with one hand, while with the other she waved a haughty gesture of welcome.

"I have outstayed my leave," muttered Gorman, in a tremulous tone. "I hope my Colonel, with that bland mercy which characterises him, will forgive my fault, and let me ask his pardon." And with this, he knelt down on one knee before her and kissed her hand.

"What liberties are these, Sir?" cried she, so angrily that it was not easy to say whether the anger was not real.

"It is the latest rule introduced into our service," said he, with mock humility.

"Is that a comedy they are acting yonder," said Walpole, "or is it a proverb?"

"Whatever the drama," replied Kate, coldly, "I don't think they want a public."

"You may go back to your duty, Herr Lieutenant," said Nina, proudly, and with a significant glance towards Kate. "Indeed, I suspect you have been rather neglecting it of late." And with this she sailed majestically away towards the end of the room.



"I wish I could provoke even that much of jealousy from the other," muttered Gorman to himself, as he bit his lip in passion. And certainly if a look and manner of calm unconcern meant anything, there was little that seemed less likely.

"I am glad you are going to the piano, Nina," said Kate. "Mr. Walpole has been asking me by what artifice you could be induced to sing something of Mendelssohn."

"I am going to sing an Irish ballad for that Austrian patriot, who like his national poet, thinks 'Ireland a beautiful country to live out of.'" Though a haughty toss of her head accompanied these words, there was a glance in her eye towards Gorman that plainly invited a renewal of their half flirting hostilities.

"When I left it, *you* had not been here," said he, with an obsequious tone, and an air of deference only too marked in its courtesy.

A slight, very faint blush on her cheek showed that she rather resented than accepted the flattery, but she appeared to be occupied in looking through the music-books and made no rejoinder.

"We want Mendelssohn, Nina," said Kate.

"Or at least Spohr," added Walpole.

"I never accept dictation about what I sing," muttered Nina, only loud enough to be overheard by Gorman. "People don't tell you what theme you are to talk on ; they don't presume to say, 'Be serious or be witty.' They don't tell you to come to the aid of their sluggish natures by passion, or to dispel their dreariness by flights of fancy ; and why are they to dare all this to *us* who speak through song ?"

"Just because you alone can do these things," said Gorman, in the same low voice as she had spoken in.

"Can I help you in your search, dearest ?" said Kate, coming over to the piano.

"Might I hope to be of use ?" asked Walpole.

"Mr. O'Shea wants me to sing something for *him*," said Nina, coldly. "What is it to be ?" asked she of Gorman.

With the readiness of one who could respond to any sudden call upon his tact, Gorman at once took up a piece of music from the mass before him, and said, "Here is what I've been searching for." It was a little Neapolitan ballad, of no peculiar beauty, but one of those simple melodies in which the rapid transition from deep feeling to a wild, almost reckless gaiety, imparts all the character.

"Yes, I'll sing that," said Nina ; and almost in the same breath the notes came floating through the air, slow and sad at first, as though laboring under some heavy sorrow ; the very syllables faltered on her lips like a grief struggling for utterance — when, just as a thrilling cadence died slowly away, she burst forth into the wildest and merriest strain, something so impetuous in gaiety that the singer seemed to lose all control of expression, and floated away in sound with every caprice of enraptured imagination. When in the very whirlwind of this impetuous gladness, as though a memory of a terrible sorrow had suddenly crossed her, she ceased ; then, in tones of actual agony, her voice rose to a cry of such utter misery as despair alone could utter. The sounds died slowly away as though lingeringly. Two bold chords followed, and she was silent.

None spoke in the room. Was this real passion, or was it the mere exhibition of an accomplished artist, who could call up expression at will as easily as a painter could heighten color? Kate Kearney evidently believed the former, as her heaving chest and her tremulous lip betrayed, while the cold, simpering smile on Walpole's face, and the "brava, bravissima" in which he broke the silence, vouched how he had interpreted that show of emotion.

"If that is singing, I wonder what is crying!" cried old Kearney, while he wiped his eyes, very angry at his own weakness. "And now will any one tell me what it was all about?"

"A young girl, Sir," replied Gorman, "who by a great effort has rallied herself to dispel her sorrow and be merry, suddenly remembers that her sweetheart may not love her, and the more she dwells on the thought, the more firmly she believes it. That was the cry, 'He never loved me,' that went to all our hearts."

"Faith, then, if Nina has to say that," said the old man, "heaven help the others."

"Indeed, Uncle, you are more gallant than all these young gentlemen," said Nina, rising and approaching him.

"Why they are not all at your feet this moment is more than I can tell. They're always telling me the world is changed, and I begin to see it now."

"I suspect, Sir, it's pretty much what it used to be," lisped out Walpole. "We are only less demonstrative than our fathers."

"Just as I am less extravagant than mine," cried Kilgobbin, "because I have not got it to spend."

"I hope Mdle. Nina judges us more mercifully," said Walpole.

"Is that song a favorite of yours?" asked she of Gorman, without noticing Walpole's remark in any way.

"No," said he, bluntly; "it makes me feel like a fool, and, I am afraid, look like one too, when I hear it."

"I'm glad there's even that much blood in you," cried old Kearney, who had caught the words. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! England need never be afraid of the young generation."

"That seems to be a very painful thought to you, Sir," said Walpole.

"And so it is," replied he. "The lower we bend, the more you'll lay on us. It was your language, and what you call your civilisation, broke us down first, and the little spirit that fought against either is fast dying out of us."

"Do you want Mr. Walpole to become a Fenian, Papa?" asked Kate.

"You see, they took him for one to-day," broke in Dick, "when they came and carried off all his luggage."

"By the way," interposed Walpole, "we must take care that that stupid blunder does not get into the local papers, or we shall have it circulated by the London press."

"I have already thought of that," said Dick, "and I shall go into Moate to-morrow and see about it."

"Does that mean to say that you desert croquet?" said Nina, imperiously.

"You have got Lieutenant O'Shea in my place, and a better player than me already."

"I fear I must take my leave to-morrow," said Gorman, with a touch of real sorrow, for in secret he knew not whither he was going.

"Would your aunt not spare you to us for a few days?" said the old man. "I am in no favor with her just now, but she would scarcely refuse what we would all deem a great favor."

"My aunt would not think the sacrifice too much for her," said Gorman, trying to laugh at the conceit.

"You shall stay," murmured Nina, in a tone only audible to him ; and by a slight bow he acknowledged the words as a command.

"I believe my best way," said Gorman, gaily, "will be to outstay my leave and take my punishment, whatever it be, when I go back again."

"That is military morality," said Walpole, in a half-whisper to Kate, but to be overheard by Nina. "We poor civilians don't understand how to keep a debtor and creditor account with conscience."

"Could you manage to provoke that man to quarrel with you?" said Nina, secretly to Gorman, while her eyes glanced towards Walpole.

"I think I might ; but what then? *He* wouldn't fight, and the rest of England would shun me."

"That is true," said she, slowly. "When any one is injured here, he tries to make money out of it. I don't suppose you want money."

"Not earned in that fashion, certainly. But I think they are saying good-night."

"They're always boasting about the man that found out the safety-lamp," said old Kearney, as he moved away ; "but give me the fellow that invented a flat-candlestick!"

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### SOME NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

WHEN Gorman reached his room, into which a rich flood of moonlight was streaming, he extinguished his candle, and, seating himself at the open window, lighted his cigar, seriously believing he was going to reflect on his present condition and forecast something of the future. Though he had spoken so cavalierly of out-staying his time and accepting arrest afterwards, the jest was by no means so palatable now that he was alone, and could own to himself that the leave he possessed was the unlimited liberty to be houseless and a vagabond, to have none to claim, no roof to shelter him.

His aunt's law-agent, the same Mr. McKeown who acted for Lord Kilgobbin, had once told Gorman that all the King's County property of the O'Sheas was entailed upon him, and that his aunt had no power to alienate it. It is true the old lady disputed this position, and so strongly resented even allusion to it that, for the sake of inheriting that twelve thousand pounds she possessed in Dutch Stock, McKeown warned Gorman to avoid anything that might imply his being aware of this fact.

Whether a general distrust of all legal people and their assertions was the reason, or whether mere abstention from the topic had impaired the force of its truth, or whether — more likely than either — he would not suffer himself to question the intentions of one to whom he owed so much, certain is it young O'Shea almost felt as much averse to the belief as the old lady herself, and resented the thought of its being true, as of something that would detract from the spirit of the affection she had always borne him, and that he repaid by a love as faithful.

"No, no. Confound it!" he would say to himself. "Aunt Betty loves me, and money has no share in the affection I bear her. If she knew I must be her heir, she'd say so frankly and freely. She'd scorn the notion of doling out to me as benevolence what one day would be my own by right. She is proud and intolerant enough, but she is seldom unjust — never so willingly and consciously. If, then, she has not said O'Shea's Barn must be mine some time, it is because she knows well it cannot be true. Besides, this very last step of hers, this haughty dismissal of me from her house, implies the possession of a power which she would not dare to exercise if she were but a life-tenant of the property. Last of all, had she speculated ever so remotely on my being the proprietor of Irish landed property, it was most unlikely she would so strenuously have encouraged me to pursue my career as an Austrian soldier, and turn all my thoughts to my prospects under the Empire."

In fact, she never lost the opportunity of reminding him how unfit he was to live in Ireland or amongst Irishmen.

Such reflections as I have briefly hinted at here took him some time to arrive at, for his thoughts did not come freely, or rapidly make place for others. The sum of them, however, was that he was thrown upon the world, and just at the very threshold of life, and when it held out its more alluring prospects.

There is something peculiarly galling to the man who is wincing under the pang of poverty, to find that the world regards him as rich and well off and totally beyond the accidents of fortune. It is not simply that he feels how his every action will be misinterpreted and mistaken, and a spirit of thrift, if not actual shabbiness, ascribed to all that he does; but he also regards himself as a sort of imposition or sham, who has gained access to a place he has no right to occupy, and to associate on terms of equality with men of tastes and habits and ambitions totally above his own. It was in this spirit he remembered Nina's chance expression, "I don't suppose *you* want money!" There could be no other meaning in the phrase than some foregone conclusion about his being a man of fortune. Of course, she acquired this notion from those around her. As a stranger to Ireland, all she knew, or thought she knew, had been conveyed by others. "I don't suppose *you* want money," was another way of saying, "You are your aunt's heir. You are the future owner of the O'Shea estates. No vast property, it is true; but quite enough to maintain the position of a gentleman."

"Who knows how much of this Lord Kilgobbin or his son Dick believed?" thought he. "But certainly my old playfellow Kate has no faith in the matter, or, if she have, it has little weight with her in her estimate of me."



"It was in this very room I was lodged something like five years ago. It was at this very window I used to sit at night, weaving heaven knows what dreams of a future. I was very much in love in those days, and a very honest and loyal love it was. I wanted to be very great, and very gallant, and distinguished, and, above all, very rich; but only for *her*, only that *she* might be surrounded with every taste and luxury that became her, and that she should share them with me. I knew well she was better than me — better in every way: not only purer, and simpler, and more gentle, but more patient, more enduring, more tenacious of what was true, and more decidedly the enemy of what was merely expedient. Then, was she not proud? not with the pride of birth or station, or of an old name and a time-honored house, but proud that whatever she did or said amongst the tenantry or the neighbors, none ever ventured to question or even qualify the intention that suggested it? The utter impossibility of ascribing a double motive to her, or of imagining any object in what she counselled but the avowed one, gave her a pride that accompanied her through every hour of life.

"Last of all, she believed in *me* — believed I was going to be one day something very famous and distinguished: a gallant soldier, whose very presence gave courage to the men who followed him, and with a name repeated in honor over Europe. The day was too short for these fancies, for they grew actually as we fed them, and the wildest flight of imagination led us on to the end of the time when there would be but one hope, one ambition, and one heart between us.

"I am convinced that had any one at that time hinted to her that I was to inherit the O'Shea estates, he would have dealt a most dangerous blow to her affection for me. The romance of that unknown future had a great share in our compact. And then we were so serious about it all — the very gravity it impressed being an ecstasy to our young hearts in the thought of self-importance and responsibility. Nor were we without our little tiffs — those lovers' quarrels that reveal what a terrible civil war can rage within the heart that rebels against itself. I know the very spot where we quarrelled; I could point to the miles of way we walked side by side without a word; and oh! was it not on that very bed I have passed the night, sobbing till I thought my heart would break, all because I had not fallen at her feet and begged her forgiveness ere we parted? Not that she was without her self-accusings, too; for I remember one way in which she expressed sorrow for having done me wrong was to send me a shower of rose leaves from her little terraced garden; and as they fell in shoals across my window, what a balm and bliss they shed over my heart! Would I not give every hope I have to bring it all back again? to live it over once more — to lie at her feet in the grass, affecting to read to her, but really watching her long black lashes as they rested on her cheek, or that quivering lip as it trembled with emotion. How I used to detest that work which employed the blue-veined hand I loved to hold within my own, kissing it at every pause in the reading, or whenever I could pretext a reason to question her! And now, here I am in the self-same place, amidst the same scenes and objects. Nothing changed but *herself*! She, however, will

remember nothing of the past, or if she does, it is with repugnance and regret ; her manner to me is a sort of cold defiance not to dare to revive our old intimacy, nor to fancy that I can take up our acquaintanceship from the past. I almost fancied she looked resentfully at the Greek girl for the freedom to which she admitted me — not but there was in the other's coquetry the very stamp of that levity other women are so ready to take offence at ; in fact, it constitutes amongst women exactly the same sort of outrage, the same breach of honor and loyalty, as cheating at play does amongst men, and the offenders are as much socially outlawed in one case as in the other. I wonder, am I what is called falling in love with the Greek — that is, I wonder have the charms of her astonishing beauty and the grace of her manner, and the thousand seductions of her voice, her gestures, and her walk, above all, so captivated me that I do not want to go back on the past, and may hope soon to repay Miss Kate Kearney by an indifference the equal of her own? I don't think so. Indeed I feel that even when Nina was interesting me most, I was stealing secret glances towards Kate, and cursing that fellow Walpole for the way he was engaging her attention. Little the Greek suspected when she asked if 'I could not fix a quarrel on him,' with what a motive it was that my heart jumped at the suggestion! He is so studiously ceremonious and distant with me ; he seems to think I am not one of those to be admitted to closer intimacy. I know that English theory of 'the unsafe man,' by which people of unquestionable courage avoid contact with all schooled to other ways and habits than their own. I hate it. 'I am unsafe,' to his thinking. Well, if having no reason to care for safety be sufficient, he is not far wrong. Dick Kearney, too, is not very cordial. He scarcely seconded his father's invitation to me, and what he did say was merely what courtesy obliged. So that, in reality, though the old lord was hearty and good-natured, I believe I am here now because Mdlle. Nina commanded me, rather than from any other reason. If this be true, it is, to say the least, a sorry compliment to my sense of delicacy. Her words were, 'You shall stay,' and it is upon this I am staying."

As though the air of the room grew more hard to breathe with this thought before him, he arose and leaned half-way out of the window.

As he did so, his ear caught the sound of voices. It was Kate and Nina who were talking on the terrace above his head.

"I declare, Nina," said Kate, "you have stripped every leaf off my poor ivy-geranium ; there's nothing left of it but bare branches."

"There goes the last handful," said the other, as she threw them over the parapet, some falling on Gorman as he leaned out. "It was a bad habit I learned from yourself, child. I remember when I came here, you used to do this each night, like a religious rite."

"I suppose they were the dried or withered leaves that I threw away," said Kate, with a half irritation in her voice.

"No, they were not. They were oftentimes from your prettiest roses, and as I watched you I saw it was in no distraction or inadvertence you were doing this, for you were generally silent and thoughtful some time before, and there was even an air of sadness about you, as though a painful thought was bringing its gloomy memories."

"What an object of interest I have been to you without suspecting it!" said Kate coldly.

"It is true," said the other, in the same tone; "they who make few confidences suggest much ingenuity. If you had a meaning in this act and told me what it was, it is more than likely I had forgotten all about it ere now. You preferred secrecy, and you made me curious."

"There was nothing to reward curiosity," said she, in the same measured tone; then, after a moment, she added, "I'm sure I never sought to ascribe some hidden motive to *you*. When *you* left my plants leafless I was quite content to believe that you were mischievous without knowing it."

"I read you differently," said Nina. "When *you* do mischief you mean mischief. Now I became so—so—what shall I call it?—*intriguée* about this little 'fetish' of yours, that I remember well the night you first left off and never resumed it."

"And when was that?" asked Kate, carelessly.

"On a certain Friday, the night Miss O'Shea dined here last; was it not a Friday?"

"Fridays, we fancy, are unlucky days," said Kate, in a voice of easy indifference.

"I wonder which are the lucky ones?" said Nina, sighing. "They are certainly not put down in the Irish almanack. By the way, is not this a Friday?"

"Mr. O'Shea will not call it amongst his unlucky days," said Kate, laughingly.

"I almost think I like your Austrian," said the other.

"Only don't call him *my* Austrian."

"Well, he was yours till you threw him off. No, don't be angry: I am only talking in that careless slang we all use when we mean nothing, just as people employ counters instead of money at cards. But I like him; he has that easy flippancy in talk that asks for no effort to follow, and he says his little nothings nicely, and he is not too eager as to great ones, or too energetic, which you all are here. I like him."

"I fancied you liked the eager and enthusiastic people, and that you felt a warm interest in Donogan's fate."

"Yes, I do hope they'll not catch him. It would be too horrid to think of any one we had known being hanged! And then, poor fellow, he was very much in love."

"Poor fellow!" sighed out Kate.

"Not but it was the only gleam of sunlight in his existence, he could go away and fancy that, with heaven knows what chances of fortune, he might have won me."

"Poor fellow!" cried Kate, more sorrowfully than before.

"No, far from it, but very 'happy fellow' if he could feed his heart with such a delusion."

"And you think it fair to let him have this delusion?"

"Of course I do. I'd no more rob him of it than I'd snatch a life-buoy from a drowning man. Do you fancy, child, that the swimmer will always go about with the corks that have saved his life?"

"These mock analogies are sorry arguments," said Kate.

"Tell me, does not your Austrian sing? I see he understands music, but I hope he can sing."

"I can tell you next to nothing of my Austrian — if he must be called so. It is five years since we met, and all I know is how little like he seems to what he once was."

"I'm sure he is vastly improved; a hundred times better mannered; with more ease, more quickness, and more readiness in conversation. I like him."

"I trust he'll find out his great good fortune — that is, if it be not a delusion."

For a few seconds there was a silence — a silence so complete that Gorman could hear the rustle of a dress as Nina moved from her place and seated herself on the battlement of the terrace. He then could catch the low murmuring sounds of her voice as she hummed an air to herself, and at length traced it to be the song she had sung that same evening in the drawing-room. The notes came gradually more and more distinct, the tones swelled out into greater fulness, and at last with one long-sustained cadence of thrilling passion she cried, "Non mi amava — non mi amava!" with an expression of heart-breaking sorrow, the last syllables seeming to linger on the lips as if a hope was deserting them for ever. "Oh, non mi amava!" cried she, and her voice trembled as though the avowal of her despair was the last effort of her strength. Slowly and faintly the sounds died away, while Gorman, leaning out to the utmost to catch the dying notes, strained his hearing to drink them in. All was still, and then suddenly with a wild roulade that sounded at first like the passage of a musical scale, she burst out into a fit of laughter, crying, "Non mi amava," through the sounds in a half-frantic mockery. "No, no, non mi amava," laughed she out, as she walked back in to the room. The window was now closed with a heavy bang, and all was silent in the house.

"And these are the affections we break our hearts for!" cried Gorman, as he threw himself on his bed, and covered his face with both his hands.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### THE HEAD CONSTABLE.

THE Chief Constable, or, to use the irreverent designation of the neighborhood, the Head Peeler, who had carried away Walpole's luggage and papers, no sooner discovered the grave mistake he had committed than he hastened to restore them, and was waiting personally at the Castle to apologise for the blunder long before any of the family had come down-stairs. His indiscretion might cost him his place, and Captain Curtis, who had to maintain a wife and family, three saddle-horses and a green uniform with more gold on it than a Field-Marshal's, felt duly anxious and uneasy for what he had done.

"Who is that gone down the road?" asked he, as he stood at the window while a woman was setting the room in order.



"Sure it's Miss Kate taking the dogs out. Isn't she always the first up of a morning." Though the captain had little personal acquaintance with Miss Kearney he knew her well by reputation, and knew therefore that he might safely approach her to ask a favor. He overtook her at once, and in a few words made known the difficulty in which he found himself.

"Is it not after all a mere passing mistake which once apologised for is forgotten altogether?" asked she. "Mr. Walpole is surely not a person to bear any malice for such an incident?"

"I don't know that, Miss Kearney," said he, doubtingly. "His papers have been thoroughly ransacked, and old Mr. Flood, the Tory magistrate, has taken copies of several letters and documents, all of course under the impression that they formed part of a treasonable correspondence."

"Was it not very evident that the papers could not have belonged to a Fenian leader? Was not any mistake in the matter easily avoided?"

"Not at once, because there was first of all a sort of account of the insurrectionary movement here, with a number of queries such as, 'Who is M——?' 'Are F. Y—— and M'Causland the same person?' 'What connection exists between the Meath outrages and the late events in Tipperary?' 'How is B—— to explain his conduct sufficiently to be retained in the Commission of the Peace?' In a word, Miss Kearney, all the troublesome details by which a Ministry have to keep their own supporters in decent order are here hinted at, if not more, and it lies with a batch of red-hot Tories to make a terrible scandal out of this affair."

"It is graver than I suspected," said she, thoughtfully.

"And I may lose my place," muttered Curtis, "unless, indeed, you would condescend to say a word for me to Mr. Walpole."

"Willingly, if it were of any use, but I think my cousin Mdle. Kostalergi would be likelier of success, and here she comes."

Nina came forward at this moment with that indolent grace of movement with which she swept the greensward of the lawn as though it were the carpet of a saloon. With a brief introduction of Mr. Curtis, her cousin Kate in a few words conveyed the embarrassment of his present position and his hope that a kindly intercession might avert his danger.

"What droll people you must be not to find out that the letters of a Viceroy's secretary could not be the correspondence of a rebel leader," said Nina, superciliously.

"I have already told Miss Kearney how that fell out," said he; "and I assure you there was enough in those papers to mystify better and clearer heads."

"But you read the addresses, and saw how the letters began 'My dear Mr. Walpole,' or 'Dear Walpole'?"

"And thought they had been purloined. Have I not found 'Dear Clarendon' often enough in the same packet with cross-bones and a coffin?"

"What a country!" said Nina, with a sigh.

"Very like Greece, I suppose," said Kate, tartly; then suddenly, "Will you undertake to make this gentleman's peace with Mr. Walpole, and show how the whole was a piece of ill-directed zeal?"

"Indiscreet zeal."

"Well, indiscreet, if you like it better."

"And you fancied, then, that all the fine linen and purple you carried away were the properties of a Head-Centre?"

"We thought so."

"And the silver objects of the dressing-table, and the ivory inlaid with gold, and the trifles studded with turquoise?"

"They might have been Donogan's. Do you know, Mademoiselle, that this same Donogan was a man of fortune, and in all the society of the first men at Oxford when — a mere boy at the time — he became a rebel?"

"How nice of him. What a fine fellow!"

"I'd say what a fool," continued Curtis. "He had no need to risk his neck to achieve a station, the thing was done for him. He had a good house and a good estate in Kilkenny; I have caught salmon in the river that washes the foot of his lawn."

"And what has become of it; does he still own it?"

"Not an acre — not a rood of it; sold every square yard of it to throw the money into the Fenian treasury. Rifled artillery, Colt's revolvers, Remingtons, and Parrot guns have walked off with the broad acres."

"Fine fellow — a fine fellow!" cried Nina, enthusiastically.

"That fine fellow has done a deal of mischief," said Kate, thoughtfully.

"He has escaped, has he not?" asked Nina.

"We hope not — that is, we know that he is about to sail for St. John's by a clipper now in Belfast, and we shall have a fast steam-corvette ready to catch her in the Channel. He'll be under Yankee colors, it is true, and claim an American citizenship; but we must run risks sometimes, and this is one of those times."

"But you know where he is now? Why not apprehend him on shore?"

"The very thing we do not know, Mademoiselle. I'd rather be sure of it than have five thousand pounds in my hand. Some say he is here, in the neighborhood; some that he is gone south; others declare that he has reached Liverpool. All we really do know is about the ship that he means to sail in, and on which the second mate has informed us."

"And all your boasted activity is at fault," said she, insolently, "when you have to own you cannot track him."

"Nor is it so easy, Mademoiselle, where a whole population befriend and feel for him."

"And if they do, with what face can you persecute what has the entire sympathy of a nation?"

"Don't provoke answers which are sure not to satisfy you, and which you could but half comprehend; but tell Mr. Curtis you will use your influence to make Mr. Walpole forget this mishap."

"But I do want to go to the bottom of this question. I will insist on learning why people rebel here."

"In that case, I'll go home to breakfast, and I'll be quite satisfied if I see you at luncheon," said Kate.

"Do, pray, Mr. Curtis, tell me all about it. Why do some people shoot the others who are just as much Irish as themselves? Why do hungry people kill the cattle and never eat them? And why don't the English go away and leave a country where nobody likes them? If there be a reason for these things, let me hear it."

"By-bye," said Kate, waving her hand, as she turned away.

"You are so ungenerous," cried Nina, hurrying after her; "I am a stranger, and would naturally like to learn all that I could of the country and the people; here is a gentleman full of the very knowledge I am seeking. He knows all about these terrible Fenians. What will they do with Donogan if they take him?"

"Transport him for life; they'll not hang him, I think."

"That's worse than hanging. I mean—that is—Miss Kearney would rather they'd hang him."

"I have not said so," replied Kate; "and I don't suspect I think so, either."

"Well," said Nina, after a pause, "let us go back to breakfast. You'll see Mr. Walpole; he's sure to be down by that time, and I'll tell him what you wish is, that he must not think any more of the incident; that it was a piece of official stupidity, done, of course, out of the best motives; and that if he should cut a ridiculous figure at the end, he has only himself to blame for the worse than ambiguity of his private papers."

"I do not know that I'd exactly say that," said Kate, who felt some difficulty in not laughing at the horror-struck expression of Mr. Curtis's face.

"Well then, I'll say—this was what I wished to tell you, but my Cousin Kate interposed and suggested that a little adroit flattery of you, and some small coquetries that might make you believe you were charming, would be the readiest mode to make you forget anything disagreeable, and she would charge herself with the task."

"Do so," said Kate, calmly; "and let us now go back to breakfast."

## CHAPTER XLV.

### SOME IRISHRIES.

THAT which the English irreverently call "chaff" enters largely as an element into Irish life; and when Walpole stigmatised the habit to Joe Atlee as essentially that of the smaller Island, he was not far wrong. I will not say that it is a high order of wit—very elegant, or very refined; but it is a strong incentive to good-humor—a vent to good spirits; and being a weapon which every Irishman can wield in some fashion or other, establishes that sort of joust which prevailed in the *mêlée* tournaments, and where each tilted with whom he pleased.

Any one who has witnessed the progress of an Irish trial, even when the crime was of the very gravest, cannot fail to have been struck by the continual clash of smart remark and smarter rejoinder between the bench and the bar, showing how men feel the necessity of ready-wittedness and a promptitude to repel attack, in which even the

prisoner in the dock takes his share and cuts his joke at the most critical moment of his existence.

The Irish theatre always exhibits traits of this national taste ; but a dinner-party, with its due infusion of barristers, is the best possible exemplification of this give and take, which, even if it had no higher merit, is a powerful ally of good-humor, and the sworn foe to everything like over-irritability or morbid self-esteem. Indeed I could not wish a very conceited man, of a somewhat grave temperament and distant demeanor, a much heavier punishment than a course of Irish dinner-parties ; for even though he should come out scathless himself, the outrages to his sense of propriety and the insults to his ideas of taste would be a severe suffering.

That breakfast-table at Kilgobbin had some heavy hearts around the board. There was not, with the exception of Walpole, one there who had not, in the doubts that beset his future, grave cause for anxiety ; and yet to look at, still more to listen to them, you would have said that Walpole alone had any load of care upon his heart, and that the others were a light-hearted, happy set of people with whom the world went always well. No cloud !—not even a shadow to darken the road before them. Of this levity—for I suppose I must give it a hard name—the source of much that is best and worst amongst us, our English rulers take no account, and are often as ready to charge us with a conviction which was no more than a caprice, as they are to nail us down to some determination which was simply a drollery ; and until some intelligent traveller does for us what I lately perceived a clever tourist did for the Japanese, in explaining their modes of thought, impulses, and passions to the English, I despair of our being better known in Downing Street than we now are.

Captain Curtis—for it is right to give him his rank—was fearfully nervous and uneasy, and though he tried to eat his breakfast with an air of unconcern and carelessness, he broke his egg with a tremulous hand, and listened with painful eagerness every time Walpole spoke.

“I wish somebody would send us the *Standard* when it is known that the Lord Lieutenant’s secretary has turned Fenian,” said Kilgobbin. “Won’t there be a grand Tory outcry over the unprincipled Whigs?”

“The papers need know nothing whatever of the incident,” interposed Curtis, anxiously, “if old Flood is not busy enough to inform them.”

“Who is old Flood?” asked Walpole.

“A Tory J. P. who has copied out a considerable share of your correspondence,” said Kilgobbin.

“And four letters in a lady’s hand,” added Dick, “that he imagines to be a treasonable correspondence by symbol.”

“I hope Mr. Walpole,” said Kate, “will rather accept felony to the law than falsehood to the lady.”

“You don’t mean to say—” began Walpole, angrily : then, correcting his irritable manner, he added, “Am I to suppose my letters have been read?”

“Well, roughly looked through,” said Curtis. “Just a glance here and there to catch what they meant.”



"Which I must say was quite unnecessary," said Walpole, haughtily.

"It was a sort of journal of yours," blundered out Curtis, who had a most unhappy knack of committing himself, "that they opened first, and they saw an entry with Kilgobbin Castle at the top of it, and the date last July."

"There was nothing political in that, I'm sure," said Walpole.

"No, not exactly, but a trifle rebellious all the same; the words 'we this evening learned a Fenian song, "The time to begin," and rather suspect it is time to leave off: the Greek better-looking than ever and more dangerous.'"

Curtis's last words were drowned in the laugh that now shook the table; indeed, except Walpole and Nina herself, they actually roared with laughter, which burst out afresh as Curtis, in his innocence, said, "We couldn't make out about the Greek, but we hoped we'd find out later on."

"And I fervently trust you did," said Kilgobbin.

"I'm afraid not; there was something about somebody called Joe, that the Greek wouldn't have him, or disliked him, or snubbed him — indeed I forget the words."

"You are quite right, Sir, to distrust your memory," said Walpole; "it has betrayed you most egregiously already."

"On the contrary," burst in Kilgobbin, "I am delighted with this proof of the Captain's acuteness; tell us something more, Curtis."

"There was then 'From the upper castle yard, Maude,' whoever Maude is, 'says, "Deny it all, and say you never were there," not so easy as she thinks, with a broken right arm, and a heart not quite so whole as it ought to be.'"

"There, Sir — with the permission of my friends here — I will ask you to conclude your reminiscences of my private papers, which can have no possible interest for any one but myself."

"Quite wrong in that!" cried Kilgobbin, wiping his eyes which had run over with laughter. "There's nothing I'd like so much as to hear more of them."

"What was that about his heart?" whispered Curtis to Kate; "was he wounded in the side also?"

"I believe so," said she, drily; "but I believe he has got quite over it by this time."

"Will you say a word or two about me, Miss Kearney?" whispered he again; "I'm not sure I improved my case by talking so freely; but as I saw you all so outspoken, I thought I'd fall into your ways."

"Captain Curtis is much concerned for any fault he may have committed in this unhappy business," said Kate; "and he trusts that the agitation and excitement of the Donogan escape will excuse him."

"That's your policy now," interposed Kilgobbin. "Catch the Fenian fellow, and nobody will remember the other incident."

"We mean to give out that we know he has got clear away to America," said Curtis, with an air of intense cunning. "And to lull his suspicions we have notices in print to say that no further rewards are to be given for his apprehension, so that he'll get a false confidence and move about as before."

"With such acuteness as yours on his trail his arrest is certain," said Walpole, gravely.

"Well, I hope so too," said Curtis, in good faith for the compliment. "Didn't I take up nine men for the search of arms here, though there were only five? One of them turned evidence," added he, gravely; "he was the fellow that swore Miss Kearney stood between you and the fire after they wounded you."

"You are determined to make Mr. Walpole your friend," whispered Nina in his ear; "don't you see, Sir, that you are ruining yourself."

"I have often been puzzled to explain how it was that crime went unpunished in Ireland," said Walpole, sentimentously.

"And you know now?" asked Curtis.

"Yes; in a great measure you have supplied me with the information."

"I believe it's all right now," muttered the Captain to Kate. "If the swell owns that I have put him up to a thing or two, he'll not throw me over."

"Would you give me three minutes of your time?" whispered Gorman O'Shea to Lord Kilgobbin, as they arose from table.

"Half-an-hour, my boy, or more if you want it. Come along with me now into my study, and we'll be safe there from all interruption."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## OUR PARTIES IN '64.

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"PEGOTY," said my Cousin Jennie, "what shall we do with ourselves?"

Let me here observe that the nickname above recorded was given me from my resemblance to Mr. Dickens's character bearing that appellation in one particular, namely, the bursting of my buttons when I laughed. But "*revenons à nos moutons.*"

"What *shall* we do?" asked my Cousin, again.

My father and mother had accepted an invitation to a party (as indeed who ever refused one in those times, knowing that there was a prospect of a good supper?), and had gone, spite of a snow-storm, leaving Cousin Jennie, Jim, and I. Now this same Jim and I had most peculiar (though as I have since discovered, very natural) feelings for each other, being fourth cousins, yet decidedly inclined toward flirtation, which may be excused in consideration of our tender years, numbering in all less than thirty. But I wander again.

"Cousin, suppose *we* have a party," I suggested.

"Well," replied she, "but what shall we have for supper?"

"Black-eyed peas, and bread and butter!" sang Jim.

"Unfortunately we have but one of the articles in the house; and dry bread isn't my idea of a party."

"I'll furnish sugar," said I, earnestly; "and you have some tea, haven't you?"

"Yes," said my Cousin Jennie, adding reluctantly, "I have eight eggs too; we might use four and keep the rest for another time."

"Hurrah!" shouted Jim, "I speak to scramble 'em!"

Accordingly we all went for the furniture pertaining to a feast; plates, forks and spoons, sugar and milk for the tea, and a tin cup wherein to prepare the eggs. While I put the water to boil, Jim busied himself with toasting and scrambling, Cousin Jennie looking on.

"Where's the salt and pepper, Sister?"

"Oh, I entirely forgot!" said she, "but I'll run down now for them."

When she returned the eggs were a little over-done, and cooking as hard as they could all the while; so I quickly threw in a little pepper, and *very much more salt*.

"That's too much, Peg!" Jim said.

"No, I reckon not," I replied, tasting it, but instantly removing it from my mouth. "Ugh! just taste it! Something wrong about the eggs, Cousin Jennie."

Here there was a hearty roar from Jim. "It's *sugar!*" he cried, and fairly shook with laughter, in which we joined. After much persuasion we obtained the four remaining eggs, and ended the evening to our entire satisfaction.

We were at that time rather short of crockery (the family numbering nine; cups, one silver and three china, tumblers two), but still we managed to get along, when one day Mother and Cousin Jennie went to the village, and returned followed by a very small darkey in very large "wooden bottoms," wheeling a barrow twice his size. Seeing this party of three looming in the distance, my curiosity became excited, for Christmas was near at hand, and I imagined quantities of good things stored away in the wheelbarrow, which feeling was strengthened by the continual grins of the bearer. Every other idea was soon forgotten in horror of those "wooden bottoms" as they clattered upon the porch, and I stopped my ears to try to shut out the sound; nay, my nerves are at this moment tingling with the very remembrance of them. When this objection had vanished through the back way I stole down stairs, fully expecting to hear suppressed whispers, etc., but to my amazement Mother called me, and told me with a radiant countenance\* that she had a whole bed-room set *and six mugs* of some new and cheap ware, which also had the advantage of not being easily broken. Hereupon I was ushered into her room, and saw on the pine washing-table that which would have reduced a stone to tears!—a basin of unfathomable dimensions, pitcher and mug in proportion, all of a melancholy mahogany color, and full two inches thick. One might perhaps wash from such earthen vessels, but would it be possible to *drink* out of one of those mugs?—"jaw-breakers," Jim called

them. I consoled myself with the thought that there still remained the china cups; but how vain are the hopes of youth! I next day broke my treasure, and was consigned to brown stone. "Misery loves company," they say; and my heart rejoiced when I heard Cousin Jennie propose to buy six more mugs and lock up the two cups and tumblers, "in case of visitors, you know."

Time flew, and Christmas at length arrived. We were all arrayed in our best, for we were going to take tea with one of our neighbors.

"Peg," said Jim, on the way over, "don't laugh at anything, or I shall too."

"No," Mother said; "I want you both to see how well you can behave. And, Jim, be sure you don't eat *everything* on the table."

Mrs. Brown received us with many smiles and Christmas greetings, while a servant (in those same dreadful "wooden bottoms") ushered us into the parlor, where a bright fire crackled on the hearth.

We waited and waited for supper. I knew Jim's mouth was fairly watering, and, catching his eye, I burst out laughing; but a half frightened, half reproachful look from Mother stopped me in time. At length we went in to tea, where the first thing that greeted my nose was — sausages! Nevertheless, we made a hearty meal; particularly Jim, who, far from following Mother's directions, seemed to wish to see how much he could demolish. In vain I pinched him under the table; he answered by handing his plate for a fourth sausage and asking me quietly to give him another muffin!

At last he stopped, and we returned to the parlor, where poor mother nearly nodded over Mrs. Brown's narrations, though Jim and I found them quite amusing. Presently the Madame begged us to excuse her, which we did with great pleasure, and we began conjecturing what would come next. Mother predicted ice-cream; Cousin Jennie thought cake and wine. I was mute, but Jim hit on the right thing. "Egg-nogg, I'll bet," said he, and scarce had the words passed his lips when a distant clatter of the "wooden bottoms" warned us of the approaching refreshments.

At first we were at a loss to know *what* those little glasses contained, but Mrs. Brown solved the mystery by asking "if we would have egg-nogg?" Of course we joyfully consented, and having received our portion were obliged to swallow it. But, oh! what a mixture! — sorghum whiskey, brown sugar, a *limited* quantity of egg, and an *unlimited* supply of milk! To crown all, the frothy whites of egg filled half of each glass. My unhappy mother gulped down a mouthful and swallowed some leaden cake to take away the taste. About twelve we started home, and that night Mother was ill; nor could she appear the next evening at our third party, which was the more provoking as she knew the good house-keeping of our hostess, and there was a report that we should have oysters!

P. T. P.



## MR. PINKERTON'S MISTAKE.

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*Mr. Adolphus Pinkerton, L. D. S. R. C. S.*

HAVING thus, as it were, presented my readers with Mr. Pinkerton's card, I shall have little more to do by way of introduction, unless I add that the letters after his name must not be taken as a proof that Mr. Pinkerton lived by his profession of dentist ; rather the reverse. If that was all he could depend on he must have starved. But he had other means ; was "independent of the world's favor," as he himself expressed it.

Mr. Pinkerton was admired first by himself and then by his mother ; and there were some young ladies who thought him charming, others detestable. Amidst these conflicting opinions I will not venture to pronounce for my own part. Although I did not agree with the first ladies, I justly consider the difference of taste, and remember that mine may be very bad. The fact that I am not alone in my opinion I will not take as any confirmation, as those who agree with me are said by the admirers just mentioned to be biassed by his non-appreciation of their own charms.

Among the non-admirers of Mr. Pinkerton was a Miss Winifred Holmes ; but this young lady, unlike most of those whose opinions she shared, was capable of a medium course. If she did not think him handsome, she by no means pronounced him detestable. She thought him a well-meaning little man, rather too fussy and self-important perhaps ; but then every one has faults, and those of Mr. Pinkerton did no harm to any one, which was more than could be said of the foibles of some gentlemen she knew.

But it is time that I should describe the gentleman, that my readers may form an opinion for themselves.

If I say he was pink and drab, I shall have said almost all that there is to say. These were Mr. Pinkerton's colors — very pretty for a bonnet no doubt, but scarcely so when they form the complexion of a man. His hair was light drab ; his skin, where it was not pink, was drab also. I say *where* it was not pink ; but where was it not pink ? His cheeks were pink, *very* ; and his head under his hair was pink too, as was distinctly seen wherever the comb left a space.

I am inclined to think Mr. Pinkerton's eyes were drab too, but I

am told there is no such thing. If not, they were of such peculiar hue as to harmonise so perfectly with his coloring that one never remembered he had eyes at all.

His nose would perhaps have been good had it been allowed to grow as nature intended ; but for some reason or other it had taken an upward turn, which, as it was larger than noses usually are, made it rather a *prononcé* feature.

I had almost forgotten Mr. Pinkerton's pet attraction: he had incomparable white teeth. There were not wanting ill-natured people who insinuated that he was the man to have good teeth ; but I must here enter my protest against such slander. Mr. Pinkerton's teeth *were* his own.

It will have been already surmised, doubtless, that the Miss Holmes so often alluded to is to play a conspicuous part in this little story. That is true: Winifred is my heroine.

Winnie, as every one called her, was Mrs. Holmes's only daughter. Her father, an artist of great ability but posthumous fame, had been dead some years.

Mr. Pinkerton was the son of an old friend of Mr. Holmes, who had when dying recommended his son, then a youth, to the friendly care of the latter.

I believe I forgot to mention a trifling circumstance in regard to Mr. Pinkerton: he was a widower. He had married young, and his wife had died at the birth of her first child. The infant had thrived and was now four years old, and a pink and white edition of its pink and drab father. This little thing had been much petted and much loved by Mrs. Holmes and her daughter. They were near neighbors of Mr. Pinkerton, and thus the child spent as much time at one house as at the other. Under these circumstances it was *not* odd, perhaps, that Winnie alone of all the ladies who were not admirers did not think very badly of Mr. Pinkerton ; but she felt that it *was* odd that people coupled her name with his in a way that, had he been other than he was, would have driven her distracted. Being as he was the son of her father's friend, the father of her pet, and above all a man to whom she was perfectly indifferent, she allowed the rumor to go uncontradicted, and altered her conduct in no way.

I have before hinted that Mr. Pinkerton was not dependent on his profession ; but the means he had were small, perhaps three hundred pounds per annum, and from his profession he did not draw three hundred shillings. The Holmeses knew the extent of his income, knew also that to that trifling circumstance of his life, namely his marriage, he was indebted for this income, as his father had left him with very little. But few people were as well informed as the Holmeses, for Mr. Pinkerton was clever in making three hundred look like five. He had a pretty house prettily furnished ; he was always well dressed, as was his boy, and he never gave evidence of being short of money, so that by many of the uninitiated he was considered well off ; and the oft-mentioned lady admirers may have had their appreciation increased by the belief that he was a marrying man with some fortune, a fortune the proportions of which were magnified by the very vagueness of the knowledge regarding it. The Holmeses had probably

about the same income as Mr. Pinkerton; but then they did not appear to have it, so that people generally thought a marriage with him would be very suitable for Winnie, who, as they said, not being a beauty, could not expect to make a very good match.

And now this has brought me to say a little about Winnie's personal appearance. She was not a beauty. Although she had blue eyes, brown hair, a delicate skin and good teeth, yet she was not a beauty. I never could quite understand why not, but there was something that would prevent your exclaiming "What a beautiful girl!" There were times when you would have done so, times when excitement lent a brilliancy to her face, and then she would look preëminently lovely, dazzling; but these times were rare. One must know her long, in all moods, under all circumstances, before you would discover that she might be superlatively handsome; but then before you had known her so long you would have learned to think her lovely always.

Mrs. Holmes was a quiet, sad woman, delighting in her daughter, but living very secluded. Their means indeed being so small, they were compelled to live simply. But the fame of her husband, although it had come too late to be useful, yet caused his widow and daughter to be sought; and they might have mixed much, had they so wished, in the society of those who delighted to gather around them the prestige of talent, and who, in default of the painter whose genius was so long neglected, were gracious to his widow and daughter, and felt that they were compensating for the sins of society against the husband and father.

One exception only was made by Mrs. Holmes, and that was in favor of a lady who had appreciated her husband's genius during his life, who had been a liberal patroness, and through whom he had found purchasers for many a picture which would not otherwise have left his studio. Between this lady, Mrs. Brydone, and Mrs. Holmes a strong friendship had existed before Mr. Holmes died, and after his death it had strengthened.

Mrs. Brydone had a son, who had been travelling for some years until a few months before the opening of my story. As Mrs. Brydone's visits to her friend were frequent, he at first went as an escort to his mother. During his first visit Mrs. Brydone chatted with Mrs. Holmes, addressing a word only now and then to Winnie, who was shy and uneasy at feeling herself almost obliged to do something to break the silence with the other guest. Yet no remark would come naturally to her lips. There seemed to be no subject on which she could enter with him. A grave man, clever, she had heard from his mother, travelled!—what could *she* say that would not bore him? and yet it seemed almost rude to leave him sitting there playing with the paper-knife. She glanced at his face; it gave her no encouragement to begin. Then it struck her that he ought to help her. Surely it was as much incumbent on him to break the uncomfortable silence—for it was almost a silence, for Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Brydone carried on their conversation in low tones at the far end of the room. When she arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Brydone ought to help her, she did the best thing she could to regain her self-possession; she became angry, and so worked on very resolutely in silence, not feeling now the least necessity or wish to break it.

As for the subject of her thoughts, she need not have disturbed herself, either to entertain him or to be piqued at his manner. He had not noticed that she was left out of the conversation of the two elder ladies. When he first entered, Mrs. Holmes had presented her daughter. He had looked, thought her a nice, quiet-looking girl, said a few civil things, and for him the matter was over. He was not a ladies' man, and sat down contented to wait till the conversation of Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Brydone should be over, then he should take his mother home; a most uncouth arrangement, if arrangement it had been, but it was not. It seemed, without reflection, the most natural thing to do, and he had slipped into the rôle, and was soon buried in thought.

Winnie stitched away steadily, never raising her eyes from her work till her needle required re-threading; then she ventured to look at Mr. Brydone to see what he was doing. He looked up at the same moment, and again she felt, notwithstanding her pique, that she ought to say something. The thought embarrassed her, and she looked particularly uncomfortable, which Mr. Brydone seeing, made some few remarks, and inwardly resolved to bring a book with him next time, so as not to cause a restraint to this little one. Books there were on the table, but none in which he could hope to get interested, for Winnie did not read much. When she did, it was nothing but a novel, or one of a certain little sacred collection upstairs in her room, which she loved very much: the poets her father had delighted in.

Several times after this, when Mrs. Brydone came to see Mrs. Holmes, Mr. Brydone contrived to have some engagement, and after chatting a few minutes would go, and call for his mother later.

Winnie almost guessed that Mr. Brydone had found his first visit uncomfortable. Once or twice when he had returned for his mother he had found Mr. Pinkerton, who, living so near, used to come in very frequently to see Mrs. Holmes, and consult with her and Winnie about some of his domestic arrangements. Both the ladies were pleased to do anything to help him, for they felt sorry for a man left so young a widower, and one who was such a good father to his boy. Mrs. Holmes thought him in this respect a model man, and Winnie shared all her mother's opinions.

As I said before, Maurice Brydone had met him there; and when he had done so had chatted pleasantly enough, and had not gone away till his mother went.

"Well, it is a satisfaction to know he can thaw sometimes," thought Winnie, when she saw him and Mr. Pinkerton together; and then she concluded that he was very rude and disagreeable, and thought she would be very rude too. But, fortunately or unfortunately, Winnie's was not a nature to let her be rude, and a trifle soon occurred to change her opinion of him.

Mr. and Mrs. Brydone had walked over to see Mrs. Holmes, who was less well than usual. Mrs. Brydone had just said if Mrs. Holmes would have her she should make a long stay, only returning in time for dinner, and Maurice had taken his hat to go, when a little white-haired boy, with a quick expression and very pink cheeks, was led in by a maid. The child looked partly scared, and the maid quite so.



"Oh, Miss Winnie, Master Willie's been and had an accident, and knocked down the beautiful fern you had sent you last week! I don't think he could help it, Miss."

"I 'toudn't help it, Winnie," lisped the child.

"No, darling," said Winnie. While her mother, addressing the girl, said:

"I think, Emma, you are more to blame than any one, because you know he should not have been in the fernery. However, what is done can't be helped."

"No, Ma'am," said Emma, satisfied as to that part of the matter, and to avoid more scolding quitted the room, leaving her charge at Mr. Brydone's request, who had taken him on his knee and was trying to make him tell all about it, for the pleasure, it may be presumed, of hearing him prattle. Addressing Winnie, he said:

"So you have a fernery, Miss Holmes? You did not tell me that."

Winnie wondered how she should have told him when he had never spoken six words at one time. However she said:

"Oh yes, I am very fond of ferns. It is very fashionable to be fond of them now, but my fernery is as old as I am. It was my father's delight, and from quite a child I have loved them."

"Your fernery must be worth seeing. I too am a great admirer of them. Will you show it to me?"

"Willingly. It is not large, though well arranged; but that is due to Papa's taste, not mine," and so saying she led the way, while Mr. Brydone, taking Willie in his arms, followed her.

When she turned and saw him carrying Willie, as if he was quite used to that sort of thing, her preconceived ideas as to his character were all upset. It was impossible to think of him as a very proud, formal personage, after seeing him shoulder a child in that way; allowing the same child to take all sorts of liberties with his chain, his pin, and his whiskers, and answering the little prattler's inquisitive questions as good-humoredly as Winnie herself could have done. No, he was not stern or formal; but he must still be rude, or he would never have been so neglectful of common courtesy, especially as he was rich and she poor. She now at least felt at ease with him. She no longer suffered that awkward constraint that mars everything its victim can do or say.

They had reached the fernery by the time Winnie had concluded her reflections. Winnie had been modest: she had said it was well arranged. It was really very beautiful, and much larger than one would have expected to find attached to a house of the humble class to which Mrs. Holmes's belonged. As you entered you looked through a vista of arches of rock, from which hung festoons of every kind of creeping fern, while the rock-work was almost hidden by beautiful mosses. From the crevices of the end-rock water gushed, falling into a long tank which ran under the whole length of the arches. On its surface floated water-lilies; round its brink the beautiful maiden-hair, its roots embedded in Himalayan moss, waved its graceful fronds; along the sides of the green-house were ferns of larger growth, so planted in graduated heights as to increase the apparent size of the house, and seats so designed as not to disturb the harmony of the spot.

It was a very sultry day, and entering from the glaring sun into the cool green was like going into another climate, so fresh and grateful to the senses was its atmosphere, cooled by the splashing water, the sound of which on such a day made the charm of the place perfect.

Mr. Brydone exclaimed in surprise as they entered: "How delicious! Miss Holmes, you did but scant justice when you said it was well arranged; it is a marvel of taste. I have seen much larger ferneries, but seldom anything so perfectly beautiful; it all harmonises so well."

"It was Papa's hobby, and he had good taste. Besides, it has the advantage of many years' growth, while most ferneries are comparatively modern."

"That is true, but the design gives evidence of Mr. Holmes's taste. It was really too bad of you not to show me this before."

Winnie had seated herself on one of the mossy banks planned for this purpose; Mr. Brydone did the same. Winnie had lost all awe of him, and felt inclined to be mischievous; so in answer to his remark she said:

"Yes, it was cruel; you could have retreated here so easily to escape the boredom of talking to us."

"Oh," he said, not at all disturbed, "I should never feel bored anywhere. If I have left your house during my mother's visits, it was to avoid laying the restraint of a comparative stranger's presence on the conversation. As for me, did I not fear this, could I have induced you utterly to forget my presence, I should have been quite comfortable. Seeing I could not, I thought I ought to absent myself."

"Well, we will not exile you so, and I will promise that in future I at least shall act just as if you were not present." As she spoke, she again repeated to herself that he was rude, and resolved to act as she said.

He took no notice of her speech, but turning to Willie asked which was the fern he had spoilt. On pointing it out, they found that the accident, as Emma had called it, was occasioned by the child having stood on it.

"It was a pity," Winnie said, because she had no other of the sort; but it couldn't be helped.

"No," said Mr. Brydone, "it cannot be helped, but we can replace it. Fortunately I have brought several ferns from abroad for a lady, and among them some of this sort, which I will send down —"

"Oh no, I could not think of allowing you to deprive —"

"I would not offer it had I not two of the kind. When I came back I found the lady for whom I brought them was on the Continent, so I have kept them in my own care till she returns — fortunately, as it enables me to remedy this little one's mischief."

The next day Winnie received several beautiful ferns besides the one he had promised, "with Mr. Brydone's compliments." From that time Mr. Brydone, when he came with his mother, never left till he went with her, and Winnie kept her word in acting as if no fourth person was present. The first greetings over, when a few civilities had passed on all sides, she did not hesitate to draw her chair close to where the two elder ladies sat, and the three conversed just as they had done before Maurice Brydone came on the scene at all;

whilst he, apparently contented, drew out his book and read. Sometimes he would enter into conversation of his own accord, and then Winnie took her share naturally. Sometimes he would wander out into the garden and fernery ; when he came back he would occasionally find Mr. Pinkerton.

Mr. Pinkerton among his other charms possessed a tolerable tenor voice, and he and Winnie had often, in earlier days, learned duets together. Now Mr. Pinkerton proposed a renewal of their old practisings, Winnie was not much inclined, but agreed, not wishing to disoblige him.

One day when Maurice and his mother came to pay a visit, he was surprised as he drew near to hear singing ; a clear soprano which he guessed to be Winnie's, and a tenor which he found when they entered belonged to Mr. Pinkerton. This gentleman was evidently acquitting himself to his own satisfaction. The duet was a tender one, and Maurice thought he looked absurdly sentimental ; he evidently tried to give a special meaning to his part. This effort seemed lost on Winnie, absorbed by her music. Maurice felt irritated most miserably whenever Mr. Pinkerton made his appearance. He said it was because he despised the man so much ; and this day he felt more than ever ungracious.

Winnie always treated Mr. Pinkerton in a markedly different way to what she did him. This was to be expected, because she had known Mr. Pinkerton longer ; but still Maurice noticed that she never by any chance addressed a word to him unless compelled, or unless he spoke to her first. This puzzled him. He then concluded she had taken a dislike to his company. He did not suspect that Winnie considered he had elected to be left alone. The words he had used in the fernery he had never intended to mean more than a reason for not intruding his society, and when he found they did not make a stranger of him he was satisfied, but he had not bargained for isolation. However, as he was indifferent about the matter, he at first accepted the position. When, however, Mr. Pinkerton began to come so very often, he began to think in his turn that Winnie was uncivil, and so thinking, resolved to stay away. Nevertheless, when next Mrs. Brydone announced her intention of going, he fancied it would look odd ; as he said, it really did not matter to him. Thus it came about that he still went, and that on this particular afternoon he was present during the performance of the duet. At the conclusion of it, contrary to his usual custom, impelled by I know not what spirit of contradiction, he roused himself and determined at least not to be left out of the conversation to-day, and began with Mr. Pinkerton. They talked of railways, tramways, guns and ironclads, and then Mr. Brydone changing the subject, contrived to include Miss Holmes. When once he had done this, he seemed to take a malicious pleasure in taking Mr. Pinkerton out of his depth. To do it he needed not to be very clever, or indeed anything out of the usual conversation of *men*. Winnie saw that she herself could follow what Mr. Brydone said, could hold her own, and yet that Mr. Pinkerton was reduced to utter silence, or if he made a remark it was worse. Winnie had always said nothing could be expected where nothing was promised,



and certainly nothing intellectual was promised in Mr. Pinkerton's appearance ; yet she could not help feeling ashamed of her friend, and as he sat simpering, she was almost ready to subscribe to the verdict that pronounced him detestable.

As Mr. and Mrs. Brydone were returning home that afternoon the former began speaking of Mr. Pinkerton, and expressed it as his opinion that he was one of the most addle-headed pieces of pomposity he had ever had the ill-luck to meet.

"I think he is a well-meaning sort of man," replied Mrs. Brydone.

"Meaning! Surely, Mother, he has no meaning at all."

"Well, at all events I would not express such an opinion at Mrs. Holmes's, were I you."

"Why not?"

"Because Mrs. Holmes thinks well of him, and probably Winnie too, and I hope it may be a match ; there is every likelihood at present."

"A match, Mother! You don't mean to say that Miss Holmes would marry such a man as *that*!"

"I don't know whether she will. I should think so ; and her mother would be glad to see her settled. The marriage would be in every way suitable with regard to means and position."

"Well, I suppose you are right, but I can't admire Miss Holmes's taste."

"Winnie cannot have much chance of indulging her taste, for he is the only man she ever sees whose position at all approaches her own," and the conversation dropped, but Mr. Brydone returned to the subject in his own mind often. He was sorry to think it possible that Winnie could sacrifice herself to any one so utterly unsuited as Mr. Pinkerton. Often during the hours he had sat silent and unmolested in Mrs. Holmes's parlor had he watched her daughter's face, and he had long since decided that she was beautiful and lovable ; and despite her coolness to himself, which must arise from a personal dislike which she could not help, he argued — despite this indifference he felt a strong friendship for her, and felt that as she had no brother, in everything he could he would have been one, had she given him opportunity. It struck him that perhaps he had not sought one much, and determined to alter his manner and see if he could turn her dislike into friendship. Of one thing he was sure, no friend could wish to see a marriage between people so opposite as Winnie and Mr. Pinkerton.

The result of these reflections was a course of action rather surprising to Winnie, who found the next time Mr. Brydone came that he had brought no book, and seemed determined not to settle down into his usual silence, or to let Winnie devote her attention to any one but himself. He asked questions, related one or two anecdotes, and acted in every way differently to his usual manner. At last, Winnie seeing he had no book, and imagining he would like one, asked if he would have one.

"No, thanks," replied he, with a smile which Winnie thought must be at the books on the table.

"Oh, I was not going to offer a novel. We have books as solid as you can wish, I am sure, up stairs, and I have a pet collection of poets."



"But I don't despise novels. What makes you think I do?"

"I supposed you did because you usually bring a book of poems, and you have never even looked into any of the books on the table."

"That is because I have already read the best among them; the rest I don't care for. I don't say I like all novels, or even many, but there are three living writers whose books I devour as they appear."

"Well, I was much mistaken," said Winnie, laughing.

"Don't you think it possible you may be mistaken in other things?" he asked significantly.

Winnie did not understand the question, so gravely answered: "I am not presumptuous enough to suppose myself infallible."

"No one is," he said rather sadly; then altering his tone, he said, "You talked of your pet collection of poetry. If I might venture to ask you for the loan of one of your books?"

"Certainly," said Winnie, leaving him to fetch it. In a few minutes she returned, bearing a volume of Mrs. Barrett Browning in her hand.

Mr. Brydone took it, and opening it said: "Upon my word, Miss Holmes, you are going to tax my intellectual powers this hot lotos-eating day."

"Oh, I brought the most mystic and erudite book that I had, thinking the more simple of my favorites would be quite beneath you," she added, a little ironically.

"Really I think you have a strange conception of my character!"

"It is a strange character, is it not?" she asked.

"Yes, I think it is; I don't know it myself, and I could hardly expect others would. Only this I am sure of, I do not admire the beautiful less when it is simple."

"But Mrs. Browning *is* beautiful and *not* simple," retorted Winnie. "I am sure that will suit you better than the dreamy sweetness of the 'Lotos-eaters.'"

"On the contrary I think this is just the day for dreamy things, and the fernery just the place to enjoy them in. Do you admire Mrs. Browning? Ladies seldom do."

"Yes, I admire what I understand. In fact I am not sure that I do not admire some parts without quite understanding them."

"She is not easily understood, I grant; but she is worth trying to understand, which is not always the case. Your mother and mine seem deeply engaged in their conversation. Are you going to the fernery this afternoon? I should live there were it mine."

"No, I was not going. Why?"

"Only that it would be very enjoyable."

"Go by all means, Mr. Brydone."

"That's just it. 'Go,' you say, and I want to add 'come.' The fact is, Miss Holmes, we have known each other now for some time, and yet are quite strangers, whilst our parents are all in all to each other. I don't know whose fault this is; all I know is, that I should be glad to get beyond the front door of our acquaintance, if you please."

Winnie was almost too much astonished at the unexpected turn the conversation had taken to notice its singularity. Her surprise was not disagreeable at first. "He is not wrapped up in himself so utterly as

I thought." Then pride whispered that if he was too indolent to talk at one time he should not be listened to just when it pleased him to exert himself, and that now he half proffered friendship only for the sake of being free from some of the formalities necessary to a very distant acquaintance. Acting on this impulse, therefore, she said coldly:

"I think we are perfectly well as we are. One cannot force friendship where there is no mutual cordiality."

"As you wish," he said; but a shade of sadness came over his face which, had Winnie seen, would perhaps have made her place more faith in his sincerity. He did not, however, allow this little incident to alter his manner towards her; nor did Winnie, now she had shot her little arrow, wish to increase the distance between them, so that by the time they had reached the fernery they both appeared to have forgotten that any cause of unusual coldness had arisen between them. Winnie began attending to her ferns, and Mr. Brydone seated himself, and quietly laying Mrs. Browning down, took from his pocket a little book. Seeing Winnie's look of surprise, he said:

"You see I was not destitute of books when you were kind enough to lend me yours."

"Then why did you ask me for it?" said Winnie indignantly.

"Oh, I don't know. I think I rather wanted to see what you liked. But I beg you to believe that I appreciate Mrs. Browning thoroughly, but am too indolent this drowsy day to digest anything requiring so much thought, so I fall back, as I have done many a time before, on my Tennyson. This little book travels always with me; it has been wherever I have been, my constant companion, but I can always find beauties which from very familiarity are the more pleasant."

"I am not sure that I like Tennyson always. For instance, the 'Lotos-eaters'—it is rich and brilliant, but I am not sure that I like it; in fact, I think from what little I understand of it that it is better read aloud. It is luxurious and gorgeous; it should be enjoyed luxuriously."

"I don't agree with you; but if you will sit, I will read it to you."

Winnie seated herself, and Mr. Brydone began reading in a full rich voice. Before he had finished the first verse Jane came to say: "Please, Miss, Mr. Pinkerton is here." Mr. Brydone muttered something that sounded very like an expression of disgust, which caused Winnie to look at him in surprise; but he was self-possessed as usual, and she thought she must have been mistaken. She followed Jane to the house, and found Mr. Pinkerton had already opened the piano and placed the music, from which Winnie was obliged to conclude that he had come to practise the duet. Singing and playing the flute were his only accomplishments, and both of these he did well, and was therefore never backward in laying an embargo on the time of any one who could take a part with him.

"Good morning, Winnie. Don't you think I am very good to come this hot day and practise? I did not come yesterday, as I had appointed, because the damp would have ruined my voice. I knew you would think of that, and would not expect me."

"But indeed I did expect you and waited at home."

"Oh, but you know I never sing in damp weather," he said.

"Well, I can tell you it is lucky you did not come last night, for I was in a very bad temper. But you have come at a very good time : I have nothing better to do."

Mr. Brydone entered and heard what Winnie was saying. I am not sure but that she had said it with that intent. Be that as it may, he winced to think how his efforts to produce a better feeling had failed, and he asked himself what could be the cause of her dislike.

"I don't know whether our singing will bore you, Mr. Brydone," said Winnie. "I intended sending Jane to tell you what we were going to do."

"There was no need. I have already told you that nothing annoys me that goes on around me."

Mr. Pinkerton looked very much disgusted at what he considered Mr. Brydone's want of *savoir-faire*. To allow for a moment that a lady's singing, even when practising, *could* annoy any one, showed sad taste ; and his offence was none the less that it was Mr. Pinkerton's own delightful tenor which was to help in the annoyance ; and Mr. Pinkerton determined to put him down the first opportunity. Mr. Pinkerton always got the better of Mr. Brydone in musical matters, and as it was the only subject on which he could by any means do so, he was proportionately valorous in flourishing his advantage at any time, while his antagonist took his little stings and allowed him his triumphs ungrudgingly.

When the duet was finished, Mr. Pinkerton came simpering forward, saying to Mr. Brydone : "That went capitally, I think ; Miss Holmes's voice is so sweet, just suited to 'Ti Souvien.' I am sadly afraid wherever I may sing it I shall not find a lady whose voice blends so well with mine. But really why do I trouble you with music when you do not understand it ? It is such a pity you are not a singing man : we might get up a capital trio. Don't you think you could ? Really now, the very smallest amount of voice would do ; and we could choose something in which you would have next to nothing to do ; could we not, Winnie ?"

"Well, I don't know," said Winnie, perversely determined in her turn to put down Mr. Pinkerton, "that I would venture to sing with Mr. Brydone. I should not be at all surprised to find that Mr. Brydone has a voice that would eclipse both yours and mine. Then where would be our glory ? You would never survive it, Mr. Pinkerton."

"I had not the least idea that Mr. Brydone sang ; I beg his pardon, if he does."

"He does not," said Mr. Brydone, briefly.

"Well," continued Winnie, "my opinion is the same. If he does not it is because he will not, that is to say if one can judge of voice by reading, as they say one can."

Although Winnie had spoken more kindly than she had ever done before, and had meant to show her distaste to Mr. Pinkerton, her doing so had not pleased Mr. Brydone. He was angry with her for thinking it at all necessary to take his part in anything against Mr. Pinkerton, as if he could not have crushed such a reptile as that, had he chosen ;

and he was angry with himself for being angry with her, for he recognised the kind intention. Besides, when she had spoken of his reading, had she not implied that she had enjoyed it, although when he overheard her remark to Mr. Pinkerton he had been inclined to think that she had not even listened?

As he thought and wondered, he came to the conclusion that girls were difficult to understand. However, he really did want to be friends with Winnie, and she was very cordial during the rest of his visit, so he left with a better hope than he had before the duet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## CLYTIE.

CLYTIE is dying.  
 The lagging footsteps of a weary day  
 Have clomb the bleak hillside midway  
     Upon whose summit she is lying,  
     Dying, dying.  
 Above her bosom sweeps her yellow hair,  
 And o'er her arms (supremely but most vainly fair,  
     For Phœbus hath not seen  
 Their fairness) sweeps a silken coverlet  
 ('Neath which her slender limbs are duly set),  
     Spoiled of its glossy sheen.

The unavailing tears which she has shed,  
 In misty rings stoop o'er the stony bed;  
     The stony bed where she is lying,  
     Dying, dying.  
 The oh's and ah's, sad sighs that are  
 Half tears, resolved to incense, strive to bar  
     Her steadfast upward gaze;  
 While spiteful dews, the progeny of night,  
 Like baleful birds upon her breast alight,  
     In shapes of sombre haze.



Beneath this canopy of sorrow's breeding,  
 Love's saddest votary, no longer needing  
     Aught of pity, now is lying,  
     Dying, dying.  
 Her lifted eyes, that had the matchless shade  
 By tropic skies on sunlit waters laid,  
     Are faded now; and on her face,  
 Below their veined margins and about her lips  
 (Whence love never yet hath stolen honeyed sips),  
     Gray shadow grows apace.

        "Die, unregarded face,  
 That never had a taste of love," she said.  
 "If he on lip or brow one kiss had laid,  
     Or touch or other fond embrace  
 Had ever given to thee, though thou art growing  
 On my own small neck, in that the flowing  
     Halo of his gleaming hair  
 Had shone on thee, and mirrored in  
 Thine eyes his face had sometimes been  
     With naught between but air—  
 Impalpable and odorous air, ambrosia-fed,  
 And languid with the perfume from his presence shed;  
     Then I had loved thee, face:  
 For I through thee the bliss had known  
 Of having lived, and with the memory grown  
     (Though filling but a moment's space)  
 Into the treasured records of each entire day,  
 I ne'er had lacked what now I lack away,  
 What now, alas! I lack away."

She said, and tears, unconscious tears, in her sad eyes  
 Appear, and in the wan hollows of her face arise  
     Small pools, that overflow,  
 And fill and overflow again (the mute protest  
 Of nature 'gainst the indwelling spirit's cruel test  
     And arbitration); so  
 Slowly disappear 'neath ice-clad hills  
 Into the rifts the thready rain-brought rills,  
     As ran these tears, and fell  
 From her pale cheek unto her chilled breast,  
 About whose snowy base they sank to final rest.

"It was a little life, and might," she said,  
 "Have had more sweetness in it. I have paid  
     For what I have not had;  
 I thrust my coin into an unacceptive hand  
 That had no wares for sale, and may demand  
     Back naught. I would be glad

To die: who nothing has can nothing lose.  
 And death were surely best, even if to choose  
   'Twixt it and length of life  
 Were by the gods allowed. I would be glad to go  
 At once, I am so tired. Phœbus, how slow  
   Is fought this final strife!  
 How altogether slow! The lowing of the kine  
 In yonder valley, and the wind-viol in the vine  
   Near by, oppress me; even thought  
 That with the numbed senses seemed to lie  
 Oblivious of life, revives with such protracted cry  
   Of pain, that all my spirit wrought  
 To its profoundest depths, its futile past  
 Recalls, with all the gaunt minuteness of life's last  
 Stern retrospect.

                                " But for me  
 Death is not yet. The suffering of this present state  
 Is but the weary prelude to a fate  
   Beyond the compass of all imagery!  
 Unto a life all tears  
 Are added now a hundred years  
   Of weeping! This passing time  
 Thereto, is naught; and this bleak hill  
 Compared with Hades—abode of every ill—  
   A beauteous spot. There Crime  
 And the avenging Cares abide,  
 And the mephitic vapors of Cocytus' tide  
 Breed monsters many-handed, shapes incredible;  
   While on the other shore  
 The shades of the unburied dead their destiny deplore  
 With cries that swell  
 The torrent's dissonance to tones reverberant  
 Of all hell's agonies. Zeus, be pitiful, and grant  
 Rest to these wearied eyes!  
 Have I not had enough of tears? I have shed  
 A flood for every hope that I have dared to wed  
 To Phœbus' name.

                                "Nymphs, disporting where the green  
 Grows greenest, and the tallest reeds are seen,  
   Shall a Nereid cry  
 For burial in vain? Satyrs from leafy nooks  
 That peer, or view yourselves grotesque in running brooks,  
   Heed my despairing cry!

                                "A meadow slopes toward the sea,  
 A fragrant field on which the sun eternally  
   Shines down; far off the flow  
 Of waves makes monotone; and up beyond,  
 A belt of lofty trees defines the meadow's bound:  
   There myrtle and the lotos grow;

And loved of Venus, the pomegranate-hued anemone  
Scatters red petals, mourning tenderly

The beautiful Adonis.

There bury me: deep, that no wail may haunt thy breeze,  
No other shadow creep beneath thy forest trees

Than there belongs; no hiss

Of Hydra rise from nether world, nor midnight chill attest  
The presence of unburied shade that finds no place of rest.

And Earth, I cry to thee! the time

Is come to make amends: give rest

Who gave not love. O take me to thy breast,

And with thy touch sublime

Make me to grow as Daphne grew,

And be as Hyacinthus! Heavenly blue

Wert thou with blossoms born

From the red blood of Phœbus' friend: may I not plead  
To be, if not a tree or flower, then a weed;

Or anything the light of morn

Will shine upon, or anything that still can see

His face? Phœbus, I appeal to thee!

Deny me not.

Because that I have loved thee vainly

(Misshapen word! that thrusts itself ungainly

All my days throughout);

Because that I have loved thee vainly,

Grant this I ask, that one gift plainly

I may own from thee.

Deny me not, Phœbus, Phœbus!

Deny me not, Phœbus."

And thus and thus,

Making his name a lullaby,

She soothed herself into a fitful sleep:

A fitful sleep, for out her lips still creep

Sounds of sad unrest.

Sleep, Clytie, sleep! for nevermore  
Will woman's dreams and slumbers clothe thee o'er.

Ere yonder sun

To Tethys his horses' reins again has cast,

Thy futile past will be a very futile past,

Thy nether life begun.

Clytie is dead.

On the bleak hillside from each gnarled tree

The sad-voiced Dryad murmurs plaintively:

Clytie is dead, Clytie is dead!

Dead, and no record left to mark the spot

Of her sad grieving. Nay, not quite forgot

Though she is dead.

In the meadow sloping to the sea,  
 Where lilies grow and the anemone  
     Droopeth its petals red,  
 A perfumed plant of slender grace  
 To Phœbus lifts a sweet, adoring face.  
 Clytie, thou art not dead; for thy sad story  
 Outlives in memory the pallid glory  
     Of cruel-hearted Artemis: to thee  
 The poet's tender love is given, and his art  
 Is dedicated to thy cause, thou faithful heart  
     Of constancy!

MARGUERITE E. EASTER.

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#### A MIDNIGHT RIDE FROM PETERSBURG.

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THE city of Richmond has never been considered a pleasant summer abode, even under the most auspicious circumstances. The situation is one of extreme beauty, overhanging the cascades of the James river, with its picturesque little islands. But it is about as hot a place as can well be found on a long mid-summer day; nor do the nights afford any relief. The citizens, however, were generally so fortunate as to escape the sultriness of that period, by taking refuge at one of the many springs so charmingly located in the midst of the mountains of Virginia, the scenery of which is perhaps unrivalled in the world for variety and grandeur. There combining health and pleasure with a delicious cool temperature, they whiled away the hours until the chilly frosts of autumn drove them homewards.

The summer of 1864 was one of even unusual heat, and the memorable siege then going on deprived the inhabitants of many of their customary comforts. Ice could only be had in limited quantities, as it was reserved for the necessities of the sick. Sheridan's cavalry, like destroying demons, were ravaging the country far and near, burning and laying waste the productive and highly cultivated plantations in the vicinity, driving off the cattle and causing the frightened farmers to seek safety behind the fortified lines of the city. Milk, butter, eggs, poultry, and those succulent vegetables, grateful at all seasons, even essential in warm weather, were scarce articles—worth their weight in specie, had coin been a circulating medium of trade. Such marketable produce as escaped the surrounding dangers and found its way in, was bought up and used for the sick.



The mammoth hospitals near the city were filled to overflowing with the wounded of the Army of Virginia, and absorbed everything in the shape of delicacies; while those in the enjoyment of good health, both in the civil and military service, cheerfully confined themselves to the coarser kinds of food necessary to support existence. If an inviting bunch of grapes or a luscious peach was to be had, it was guarded with religious care, to tempt the palate of a suffering soldier. The very air for some distance from those extensive barracks seemed tainted by the peculiar exhalations emanating from the beds of the thousands and tens of thousands of sick and wounded men. Few who were in the habit of visiting any one of those camps, such as Jackson or Winder, can ever forget the sickening sensation that crept over them when they breathed the sultry and infected atmosphere. Existence had become little else save a duty: a stern one to the able-bodied man; one of daily self-denial, of anxious solicitude to the women. The latter, neglecting the ordinary avocations of their sex, formed themselves into a vast sisterhood of charity. In common with others, I had been in daily attendance at the hospitals, until worn out by nursing and the extreme heat of the weather, I welcomed a change of circumstances that rendered it necessary for me to quit Richmond.

*How* to quit it was the question. If unpleasant to remain, it was both difficult and dangerous to get away. Two routes were still open to the South: a long circuitous one by way of Danville, and the more direct one by Petersburg and Weldon. This road, passing through Petersburg (then subjected to a heavy bombardment, and almost entirely deserted by its inhabitants), was considered very precarious and uncertain, so frequently had it been raided upon and torn up by detachments of the enemy's cavalry; still, as it was by far the shortest, I preferred it.

The great obstacle that presented itself was to obtain a conveyance from the terminus of the Richmond railroad into Petersburg, for owing to the heavy shelling, the cars had been ordered to stop some distance outside the town, and vehicles of every description were pressed into Government service. Luckily for me, I had a friend, a powerful one too, at court; no less a person than the Q. M. General, whose great courtesy and personal kindness were as conspicuous as his zeal in the discharge of his most arduous public duties, and will cause him to be gratefully remembered by every one who, like myself, had occasion to profit by them. On stating my trouble, he promptly placed a carriage and wagon at my disposal.

Somewhere about the middle of July, on a bright day, in company with my brother, Major E—, and Robert, a wounded soldier on furlough, who was only too thankful to avail himself of our good fortune, we took our departure on the train to Petersburg. It was with a feeling of deep sadness I bade adieu to Richmond. Ah, who could look upon her, citadel of a young nation's hope, containing within her area an army's grave, with all its hallowed recollections, without shuddering at her coming fate, which the future dimly shadowed forth! The hosts of brave men from every State who had fallen in her defence, the stern courage of her gallant leaders, the heroism of her women, the eloquence of her divines who prayed unceasingly for her safety—

all, all appeared in vain. Nearer, yet nearer pressed the lines of the arrogant foe; her doom seemed sealed, her fall a mere question of time.

Such feelings, however, were apparently not indulged in by the sun-browned soldiers who thronged around the cars at every stopping point to buy papers and hear the news. If one might judge by their eagle eyes and stalwart frames, many a struggle had yet to take place ere they yielded to overpowering numbers the capital of the Confederacy.

A party of ladies were along, who, driven out of Petersburg by the shelling, were camped out in its vicinity; and forgetful of the dangers escaped or those to come, appeared hugely to enjoy campaigning in such pic-nic style. Some friendly officers had gallantly abandoned their marquees for their use, and bivouacked instead upon a "mossy bank," or under a "rustling oak." By means of the military wagons furniture had been removed into the tents; parlors, bed-rooms were improvised. In return for those kind attentions, their martial guests were made welcome to such fare as the rustic kitchen could produce, and no doubt received full guerdon in sweet smiles, bright glances, not to make mention of the enjoyment of the excellent bread, the hot cakes for which the Virginia housewives are so justly famous. No beau was more merry or good-natured than our Confederate soldier, equally ready to flirt or to fight.

One object specially engaged our attention in the direction of Bermuda Hundreds, where Butler's forces lay shut in and entrenched. This commander, whose genius was somewhat erratic, evincing itself more in the appropriation of personal property than in any brilliant strategic display, unless—

"Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,

had a strange propensity to pry into his neighbors' affairs when it could be done with personal safety. With this view he had erected a lofty tower containing a powerful telescope, to be used for the purpose of surveying our lines, and discovering any important movement of troops or new works being thrown up. A balloon was also pointed out hovering over, high in mid-air, with a like curious intent; and woe betide the adventurous aeronaut should his frail tenement prove unmanageable, for bold marksmen were closely watching him.

On arriving at our destination, several miles distant from the city, we found our conveyances ready awaiting us. By the order of the Commanding General no trains were permitted to take the ordinary avenue of travel over Pocahontas Bridge, the firing having been so violent in that direction, but were required to make a long detour and cross the Appomattox at a point much higher up the river.

The shelling however generally ceased at sunset; and a strong, perhaps an unwarranted curiosity, prompted us to cross the forbidden bridge and see the destruction done by the bombs. It would be too late if we took the circuitous route, as the gas-works had been destroyed and the city would be shrouded in darkness. So, somewhat imbued with a spirit of adventure, we directed the baggage sent round, and told our sable driver to go the usual road. His eyes dilated with

terror as he endeavored to expostulate. "You gwine cross dat ar bridge? dey been shooting at it all day long." "What, and have not hit it yet?" we laughingly replied; "never mind, just drive so fast the shells can't catch you." Such advice was unnecessary; he evidently had an idea flitting through his cranium—

"If when 'tis done, it were done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly"—

for never since the rude blast of war had called them from their quiet pastures had his poor broken-down discarded artillery-horses made such good speed, and our shabby old vehicle creaked at a woful rate as we hastened along. Breastworks bristled with guns in every direction. Under a clump of trees Beauregard had his headquarters. I felt sorely tempted to stop and pay my respects to a beloved General from my own State, but the waning daylight forbade. Still further off in the far distance, Lee's flag was seen floating in the breeze, inspiring the confidence and comfort his presence ever gave.

As we approached the devoted bridge a few shells burst in the air—stern mutterings of the spent storm. When we saw the flash, our driver, hay—the truth be told—we all dodged with the involuntary respect which one can't help paying to such powerful missiles of war, nor could we keep from remembering that *a last* shot may prove as fatal as *a first*. Our ears had been strangely familiar to the sound of cannon, since during months passed in Richmond the intermission of it was the exception; the ladies, however, unlike their sisters of Petersburg, had generally been at a respectable distance. Of the danger we were incurring, our young companion Robert had a painful reminder in his mangled hand, wounded in a most singular manner—perhaps not another such instance could be found on record. He was a gunner, and whilst carrying a ball to load his cannon, in the palm of his hand, a shot from an opposing battery fell near him, ricocheted and struck it on the outside, thus crushing it between the two balls.

We were desirous of seeing the greatest amount of injury done to the city, so we drove up Bolingbroke into Sycamore, those streets having been subjected to the most violent shelling. There were not so many buildings burned as I had expected, for I naturally supposed that the combustible materials with which the bombs were filled would have caused a general conflagration, and at least have destroyed the more thickly built portions, particularly as so few citizens were left to extinguish the flames; and panic-stricken, without concert of action, their efforts must have been futile. Still the ruin was far-spread and pitiable to behold.

The poet tells us of the sad sensations of one "who treads alone some banquet-hall deserted." Our feelings were indescribable as we passed through the lonely, silent streets, our horses' feet striking the pavement the only sound to be heard. There was not a sign of life where but a short time since the various avocations of healthful, stirring, happy life were busily plied. Then the song, the laugh, the prattle of children, the hum of many voices broke gladly upon the senses; now a solemn stillness, the silence of the grave, brooded



over all things. The houses might be compared to huge sentinels—some wounded, others fallen at their posts; here a roof was blown off, there a pillar was broken; now a porch was swept away, sometimes a chaotic mass of ruins; again, the charred remains of a fire alone told where a home had been. Windows were crashed in every direction, through which we got sight of the abandoned apartments. Some were entirely bare, others left in the haste of flight luxuriously fitted up, as if inviting repose. Occasionally a scared negro emerged from his hiding-place to seek food and water, feeling night a protection. Awe-struck we gazed; we realised the horrors of war—of cruel, unnecessary war; for here, women and children were the only sufferers. The army, the object ostensibly aimed at, lay protected and untouched behind their long lines of embankments.

It was with a sigh of relief we quitted a scene of such desolation, and drove up to Jarrett's Hotel, on Washington street. A few lights were seen flickering over the building. The inmates told us that for several days they had experienced the hottest shelling since the siege; it was aimed at the destruction of the depôt, a few yards distant. During daylight they lay *perdue*, and were just engaged in preparing breakfast, dinner, supper, all in one. The distressing sights we had witnessed had taken away our appetites; nor were they likely to be excited by the dim and dismal surroundings. We felt about as little disposed to eat as Hamlet did after seeing the ghost of the "royal Dane;" the food reminded us of—

"The funeral baked meats  
That did coldly furnish forth the marriage feast."

The sitting room was converted into a barrack; the sofas, chairs, even the hard floor, covered with tired, sleepy travellers. The cars were not to leave before twelve o'clock. It was a weary vigil to me; no bodily exhaustion brought to my eyelids the "sweet restorer." As the hours rolled by I began to be agitated by a purely selfish, a real womanly feeling; my baggage was not forthcoming!—not a Flora McFlimsy outfit of fine dresses and furbelows: alas! my vanity had suffered shipwreck when my home had been pillaged and destroyed—but real necessities, bought in the then exhausted condition of the dry goods in Dixie, when the contents of a well-filled purse only sufficed to buy a calico dress. One must have personal experience to properly appreciate what an uncomfortable state to be deprived of the ordinary appliances of the toilet. I was fully aware too, in the existing confusion of things, if one got separated from their worldly effects the chances were against their ever beholding them again. So it was with a feeling somewhat akin to despair I vowed "I would not move a step without my trunks." My escort, with the cool indifference of a veteran who had too often lost his only blanket or knapsack in rapid marches and as quick retreats, reminded me "these would be the last cars allowed to leave the city, and to remain would be to subject myself to infinite trouble and great risk." As good fortune would have it, our tardy wagoner made his appearance at the eleventh hour, thus relieving me from my dilemma; he had stayed outside, he said, "to give his team a feeding and to get a bite of supper for himself."



A little while before the midnight hour struck a locomotive with two cars crept as silently as possible up the track in front of the hotel. They had been used for freight, were only covered at top, entirely open at the sides, and contained rough benches, protected by a slight railing to keep the passengers from tumbling out: we could only infer that lives were cheap around Petersburg, but transportation dear. My luggage having detained our party, we were the last to get in, and found every nook, every corner filled. I was courteously offered the end of a bench, which I yielded to Robert, who had a high fever from his wound. Having arranged him with as little discomfort as possible, I seated myself on a carpet-sack. Major E. was left no alternative but to place himself on the entrance step at the back of the car; being partly in and partly out, he kept me constantly nervous lest a sudden jerk should precipitate him on the track, knowing too well a soldier's proclivity to sleep under all circumstances, whether standing, walking, even riding on horseback.

No lights were allowed for fear of attracting unwelcome attention; fortunately it was a clear bright moonlight night. Thus freighted with a melancholy load, without the sound of bell or whistle or noisy demonstration of pride with which the iron horse heralds his entrance or departure in the days of his power, but shorn of his glory, like a thief in the night he stole noiselessly away.

One other female was along, who during the watches of the night sat beside a rude litter in the centre of the car, on which lay some loved object evidently desperately low. As one great care swalloweth up the lesser ones, she seemed unconscious of aught else. A faithful slave shared her deep concern, and helped to wipe the cold perspiration from the pallid brow, and to gather more closely the covering over the injured limbs. Poor fellow! he was only one of many, more blessed than others in having a woman's ministering hand to tend him. All around him were sick and wounded, sitting or reclining in any position their crowded quarters enabled them to assume. Ah, how dear our soldiers were to us, how faithfully nursed and cared for, was only too well known by every true daughter of the South. The car being destitute of any easy springs, was terribly rough. The jolting motion must have been most trying to the sufferers, yet seldom a groan was extorted from them; they endured it without a murmur, with the sweet patience they bore all their many, their hard trials. And here let me say, during the whole time I passed beside their sick couches I never heard coarse ribaldry nor loud cursing, but seldom irreverence.

For the first few miles no danger was apprehended. We were out of the reach of shells and were passing through heavy bodies of troops; but when we got to where our lines were more scattered, then to where only pickets were stationed, lastly to where at long intervals squads of cavalry guarded the track, we proceeded with great caution, making quick time where the country was clear, but stopping to reconnoitre at every suspicious place or skirt of woods where foes might be ambushed, when the ominous word "halt!" could be enforced by a volley of bullets sent rattling through the open, unprotected car. The moonbeams helped to awaken fears by the doubtful shadows from the rocks and trees.

“And still from copse and heather deep,  
 Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,  
 And in the plover’s shrilly strain  
 The signal whistle heard again;  
 Nor breathed we free ’till far behind  
 The pass was left,”—

and we again emerged into open ground where our way was clear ahead.

Our uneasiness increased as we approached Stony Creek, the possession of which was the great bone of contention, the scene of constant skirmishes between the opposing forces. It had been taken by the enemy, the bridge over the stream burned, the depôt destroyed, the track torn up and trains captured, retaken and held by our troops, as it was on this occasion, when we got safely by, but on the last cars that went over the route.

This point reached and passed without molestation, and relieved from immediate danger, I began to think of my physical condition. The night air had become quite chilly, the more sensibly felt from our exposed condition. I had neglected to come provided with a traveling shawl, and would have been thankful for the use of a soldier’s weather-stained blanket, had he not needed it more. My posture unchanged for hours, had become one of painful constraint; yet could I complain when the moonlight shone on faces whose silent agony must in several instances end only in death?

At daylight we reached Weldon, where we obtained rest and refreshment. Uninviting as the wretched accommodations would have been considered in more fortunate times, they were heartily welcomed by us after our exciting midnight ride from Petersburg.

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## A STORY OF NINE TRAVELLERS.

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### CHAPTER I.

**I**T was a ghostly night after a gloomy, rainy day. The clouds had from time to time grown ever darker, until with the settling down of the night the driving rain came like the rattle of musketry against the top and sides of an old-fashioned stage-coach that was making slow headway along a muddy country-road.

The coach was drawn by four fagged and smoking horses; their laggard steps responding but feebly to the persistent crack of the

driver's whip, and the wheels grinding hard against an occasional stone in the road, betokened a vehicle overburdened with passengers and luggage. The old "Nine Passenger" was indeed full, even to the huge trunk-rack and boot which were crammed with trunks, bundles and bags, besides a bonnet-box or two which gave unmistakable evidence of the presence of ladies in the party.

Our travellers had toiled many a weary mile that day, and now, as the country-folk along the wayside heard the rumbling sound of wheels, and the familiar creak so recognisable even in the thick darkness, they peeped through their windows, and watched the receding lamps with a wistful look and a pitying shudder for the luckless travellers who were compelled to brave so inhospitable a night.

The readiness with which the passengers in a stage-coach became acquainted in the olden time was only in accord with that grand old simplicity of manner that was characteristic of a pure and simple-hearted people, unused to the society manners and insincerity of the present day. Shut in with each other for many hours, our travellers had sung "Begone, dull care," and voted unanimously "Away with melancholy;" had enlivened a very stormy day with jest and story, awaking peal after peal of laughter; and thus without inquiry into the great-great ancestry of any one in the party, they all became acquainted and entered into the spirit of the hour.

With the darkness came a lull in the fun. Old Mr. and Mrs. Sparks, well wrapped in blanket-shawls and furs, were snugly cornered in each end of the back seat, very dozy and nodding familiarly to each other, while an occasional jolt would so suddenly open the old gentleman's mouth as to cause a most startling and terrific snore. Between them their daughter Elise sat half reclining, her face resting on a pretty dimpled hand, while with the other arm she supported her mother, and with her fingers gently smoothed her brow, playing with the gray curls that now and then strayed from beneath a spotless white cap. Thus she nestled like a little fresh rose-bud between two old leafless stocks, and the ripple of her laughter and sweetness of her smile had made the day particularly bright to Ronald Irving, who sat in front of her on the middle seat.

Ronald needed the neighborhood of so much loveliness to compensate him for being closely packed between a tall old bachelor coiled up into sundry spiral twists, and a jolly maiden lady whose rotund figure caused him to shudder whenever the stage gave a sudden lurch to his side. Many times had she laughingly warned him during the day that he occupied at least the post of danger in the event of an overturn; and Miss Bettie Flinn secretly gave thanks that he would in such an event be the buffer between her and their angular friend, Mr. Bonaparte Scruggs.

On the front seat we find a substantial old farmer named Brown, and his neighbor Bostick, the merchant, who are both on their way to Richmond, Virginia, called thither by business matters which they had freely discussed in undertones during the day; while the seat next to them in the coach was occupied by a plain-looking little German whom Brown and Bostick knew well, and familiarly called Simon Bins (his real name being Binswanger).



Bins was a funny little Teuton with small bright black eyes, sharp nose and chin, and an irresistibly quizzical expression in his whole phiz. To look at him was to feel your facial muscles begin to twitch, and to hear his stuttering broken English was too much for the gravity of the most solemn acquaintance he had.

Elise Sparks had begun laughing the moment her quick eye saw the fun oozing out of his comical face ; but when he spoke in reply to some question from Bostick, her self-possession gave way, and at times all through the day the old stage rocked with her merriment ; so the darkness that veiled his countenance now was a resting time to her, and she had fallen into one of her quiet moods.

Ronald Irving sat in the still darkness thinking over the many pleasant events of the day. Only that morning he had left his home in Southside Virginia to attend his last course of lectures at the law school of the University. Getting into the stage a little after daylight, he found himself among strangers ; and now as he sat thinking of the kind friends he had met and the pleasant hours they had beguiled, he wondered when and where he should ever meet any of them again, and felt a strange longing to know more of Elise Sparks. Now and then he could hear, as the coach rumbled more easily and the storm lulled, Elise softly singing that old song, "There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet," and then with a touching pathos in every tone she naturally glided into "Home, sweet home," every chord of which thrilled him ; and he glanced forward to the business of life that was soon to open before him, and thought of his dear old home and all the loved ones there, and how soon he would have to leave forever the nest from which he was now making but a temporary flight.

How long the young people would have sung and dreamed while the older ones slept we know not ; nor were they permitted to test the matter, for a sudden halt, preceded by the loud Whoa ! of the driver, awakened and startled every traveller.

Johnny Conklin was a man of many words, and when no one was sitting beside him on the box, would talk to his horses by the hour ; but the darkness and drenching rain had silenced his tongue since nightfall, and he was truly thankful for the questions now propounded from inside.

"Where are we now, Johnny ?" exclaimed Mr. Sparks, as he thrust his head for an instant from beneath the leathern curtain.

"At the river, Surr ; an' be afther takin' yer head in, or the rain will put yer spark out. Ow ! ow ! we'll want Captain Noah wid his ark to crass this river."

Mr. Bonaparte Scruggs here uncoiled a few times and thrust his head through the window into the outer darkness. He had heard of a darkness that could be felt, but this was as though he had received a slap in the face ; and only taking time to ask "Any danger ahead ?" he quickly sought shelter.

"That's aw ye think, Surr," said Johnny. "The river's out o' banks, and that owld ferryman's deaf as a coot, an' can't see over well, Surr ; an' the wather's deep, and very cold it is too, Surr."

Mr. Scruggs twisted uneasily in his seat ; and although during the



day he had been more reticent than any of his fellow-travellers, he was of an eminently practical turn of mind, and unusually prompt and decided in any case of emergency. So buttoning his overcoat tightly about him and pulling the collar well up around his neck, he straightened up to his full height and said quickly: "Keep your seats; I will get out and see what is our chance to cross the river in safety."

Ronald followed Mr. Scruggs, and the two were soon down by the water's edge; for the swollen stream now reached far up into the road leading to the ferry-house, and was dashing through the low grounds with a rush that in the darkness made Scruggs at least fear its power.

"Do you know this stream, Mr. Irving?" asked Scruggs, after they had stood a few moments in silence.

"Oh yes," said Irving, "I have crossed it many a time, and do not fear it in the least. The water is swift but it is not very deep, except for a few feet about the middle, and we can easily cross to-night."

"Where is the ferryman, I wonder? for his house is half under water, I should judge, if that flickering light indicates its locality," said Scruggs.

They had not long to wait for old Harry, who, seeing the stage lamps, and although "hard o' hearin'," catching the sound of Johnny Conklin's familiar voice, came paddling ashore with a skiff-load of things from the lower floor of the ferry-house, which was even then deep in water. The passengers listened with deep interest to the colloquy that ensued.

"Well, Harry, how's the wather?" was Johnny's first question.

"Powerful high, Mass Conklin, an' wuss a-comin'."

"Is it worse an' it was when the bridges all went ten year ago, Harry?"

"'Bout as bad, Sir. Bradley's Bridge passed here dis artemnoon jus' afore de sun sot; an' from de way logs an' bresh and sich is comin' now, I should say dere was three foot of water above yit."

"How about crassin', Harry?"

"Well, Sir, wid force enough it kin be did; an' you know I nuver stands back for high water."

"Och, you owld rascal! because you are amphibious ye want to tache us to swim, or drown the lot of us. Come now, is there any real danger?"

"Oh no, Sir; I'se got three of de plantation hands at the cabin up yonder, an' whar we can't tech bottom we'll use de big oars, dat's all."

"What do you think of it, Mr. Irving?" asked Mr. Sparks.

"I do not think there is any real danger, Sir; and to be sure of effecting a good landing on the other side I will take Harry, and carrying a torch, cross over in the skiff and build a fire just where we want to reach the other shore."

"'Tis very kind of you, Mr. Irving; but do you not fear to cross this angry river on so dark a night in that little skiff?" said the old gentleman.

"No, no, Sir, never fear me," was the ready reply; and soon the little skiff was seen only by the flickering glare of a pine-torch as it plunged through the rushing waters toward the other shore.

How anxiously each passenger watched for the kindling flame that

was to tell them that Ronald had safely landed ! and when the ruddy glow did throw its line across the river they gave him three hearty cheers, and built a counter-fire to light him back again. Fortunately for the travellers, there was just then a cessation in the pelting rain that had been pouring for hours, and the ladies were thankful to get out of the stage and gather around the bright fire that had been kindled. The night air was very cold and damp, and Elise trembled for the effect such exposure would have upon her mother, who was unused to a cold climate, and being well advanced in years and delicate, required careful watching. Her only comfort was that the exposure was an unforeseen necessity, all the gentlemen having concurred in the belief that it would be safer for the passengers to get out and stand in the boat, only resuming their seats when they should safely land on the other side. The tenderness with which the fair girl wrapped her mother up and carefully sheltered her by her own slight figure from the biting wind, was a touching evidence of her devotion and thoughtfulness noticeable to all ; and it was certainly not lost upon Ronald, who found himself almost unconsciously watching her movements as she carefully led the old lady down to the boat which was now in readiness.

Johnny gave a grunt of intense satisfaction as with the aid of the boatmen and their torches he safely drove the horses and stage into the boat, exclaiming "That's good for a start ; and luck be wid us this unholy night. Come, Mister Irving, ladies and gentlemen, we'll try the voyage."

Walking close by Elise and her mother, Ronald gave Mr. Sparks his arm, for the old gentleman was very stout and had stumbled several times since leaving the bright fire-light. Miss Bettie Flinn was conducted to the boat by Mr. Bonaparte Scruggs, who being a trifle near-sighted, led her through two pools of water, which he pronounced just before reaching them "the driest part of the road." Her behavior under the circumstances was most admirable, for she neither scolded nor screamed, but laughed heartily at Mr. Scruggs's blunder, and accepted his profuse apologies as pleasantly as if her feet were not dripping with water. The other passengers soon joined those who had preceded them, and distributed themselves in the ferry-boat so as to divide their weight, when Ronald called Harry to know where the skiff was.

"Here 'tis, Sir; long-side de boat."

"Very well, Harry ; give me one of your torches and I will take the skiff and paddle over ; going a little above you, so as to keep a sharp look-out for floating logs."

"Dat's a good idee, Sir, fus-rate : dere's been big trees comin' down all de arternoon. You's crossed rivers afore to-night, Sir."

Ronald did not wait longer to hear Harry's commendations, but stepped quickly over from the boat into the skiff, and was about to shove off by himself when Simon Bins, in tones that even under the circumstances provoked laughter, stammered, "Mis — mis — ter Irv — vin — vin, let me pad — pad — dle — ladle mit te skiff too." Ronald told him he was welcome if he chose to risk a ducking in case they should capsizes, and the two were soon well out into the stream, keeping

good time with their paddles as they struck toward the other shore. Simon Bins proved on this occasion that there were some things he could do better than he could talk ; and as he caught the stroke and bent to his work, keeping a bright eye up the river for any dangerous drift that might be afloat, Ronald felt that he had a man with him whom he could trust in an emergency, while he wondered at his strange fancy for going with him instead of remaining in the ferry-boat.

Soon the travellers were enveloped in the thick darkness, only relieved by the flash of their torches ; while the rush and roar of the troubled waters dashing against the boat made it shake and quiver like an autumn leaf. The middle of the stream was made known by the resort of the boatmen to their oars, it being impossible longer to touch bottom with poles. Their rapid steady pulling would soon have carried them safely over, had they not been called to encounter an unexpected and serious trouble.

After getting into the boat, Elise placed her father and mother in the most sheltered spot, just behind the coach ; and making them as comfortable as she could, took a position very near them on the upper side, that she too might keep a look-out for the floating drift—at least that is the reason she would have given, if asked. But she kept an earnest watch on the feeble torch-light that told her, as it rose and sunk from view on the waves, that the little skiff and its brave young master still lived. In her eagerness she gradually drew nearer to the edge of the boat, and unconsciously stood just before one of the oarsmen, who, tugging at his task, paid no heed to her presence. Suddenly Ronald saw the trunk of a large tree, with its decaying and whitened branches reaching up above the surface of the water, whirl past the prow of his little skiff, and with a thrill of horror perceived that it must strike the ferry-boat with its full force, and very near the spot where he had left Elise standing. Raising his voice far above the roar of wind and water, he cried out “A tree ! a tree ! Don’t stand near the upper side of the boat !”—and turning to Simon Bins, said, “Paddle straight for the ferry-boat ; we have no time to lose.” To turn the skiff and steer toward their friends was the work of a few moments. Meanwhile the drifting tree had been hurled with terrific force, first against the oar near which Elise stood, then striking the boat with a crash, the dead limbs scraped against its sides, startling the tired travellers by the presence of a new danger. Elise was in the most exposed position and all unconscious of her danger. The oar when struck sprung with violence from the boatman, and before he could catch it again in his brawny hand it had struck Elise in its rebound, and plunged her into the dark and angry river.

## CHAPTER II.

THE ferry-boat was in an instant a scene of wild confusion. The horses, frightened by the crash, were rearing violently, requiring the utmost skill of their driver and the aid of Farmer Brown and Mr. Bostick to hold them from jumping overboard. Old Harry preserved



his presence of mind admirably under the trying circumstances, and quickly ordered the boatmen on the lower side to try their poles, and finding that they had passed the deepest part of the stream, told them to hold hard in position while he shoved the tree away from the upper side and floated it past them; and it was only when he reached the upper side of the boat and saw Elise struggling in the water, that he understood the deep groans of the aged father and the shrieks of the agonised mother.

"My child! my child! will no one save my precious child?" cried the helpless mother, in tones that each passenger will remember to the latest hour of life. "Oh, where is Mr. Irving? Mr. Scruggs, save my poor child!"

Mr. Scruggs rushed to where Harry had but a moment before seen the floating figure of Elise; but Harry too had also disappeared, over the side of the boat, and was clinging to a large branch of the old tree, watching with eager gaze for Elise to rise again to the surface.

"Where is she, Harry?" he cried.

"Gone, gone under, Sir," sobbed the old man; "but she'll rise presently. Hold the torch, quick, quick, for God's sake!"

Scruggs waved the torch to make it blaze brighter, and held it so as to flash the light upon the dark troubled waters where Elise had last been seen. Nor did their suspense continue long. A movement in the water, then a small white hand clutching as if to catch and hold some fancied support, was followed to the surface by a sweet pale face upturned toward the dark heavens, and expressing in one look so much of despair and agony that it almost unmanned the anxious watchers who were seeking to rescue her from what seemed almost an inevitable fate.

During this time, Ronald and Simon Bins had not been idle; for no sooner had the old tree rushed past them, than with the promptness of thought they altered the course of the skiff as before mentioned, and swiftly borne on by the current, aided by their strong arms, they reached the spot just as Elise arose and for a moment floated on the surface. Ronald knew it was only for a moment, and springing from the skiff he caught the almost lifeless Elise with his left arm, while with the other he struck boldly out for the ferry-boat, bearing amid the struggle his precious burden. They now drew very near the boat, and he could distinctly hear the groans of the father, the piteous cries of the mother, and the sobs of Miss Bettie Flinn, as holding the helpless old lady in her arms she tried to soothe and to inspire her with hope. These sounds, and an occasional glance at the pale suffering girl lying in his arms, seemed to nerve him to greater effort; one stroke more, and he feels the strong grasp of a friendly hand lifting Elise gently into the boat, and hears old Harry gasp out "Thank God!" In another moment Mr. Scruggs catches him firmly by the arms and lifts him out of the water, dripping, tired, and overcome by the emotions that crowd thickly upon him.

Elise soon gave evidence of returning consciousness. Gradually opening her eyes, she at first gazed with a bewildered look into each anxious face around her, and at last whispered in a feeble voice: "Mother! Mother! the water is very cold!"

"But you are safe now, my child. Oh tell me, are you hurt?"



"Here, here, the oar struck me," and placing her hand on her side, she groaned and again closed her eyes.

"She's a little fainty," said Farmer Brown, who, having aided in setting the horses in order, now joined his fellow-passengers to learn as he said "the full damages."

"Hey, Bostick, whar's your bottle?" he continued: "a drop of brandy 'ill set her up quick; let's have it. Nothin' like brandy for fits of weakness and faints."

The brandy-flask and cup were speedily brought, and Miss Bettie Flinn, who had already seated herself on the floor of the boat and taken Elise in her arms, gave her the needed draught, and then proceeded to wipe the water from her face and hair, wrapping her in her own warm shawl to shelter her from the cold wind.

Before the boat reached the bank and was safely made fast near the blazing fire that Ronald had kindled, the color had begun to come into Elise's cheeks. Her eyes again opened, and as she saw the bright blaze of the fire now very near, she smiled sweetly and said: "I am not much hurt, I think, but was a little stunned by the blow that carried me into the river. Are we *all* safe? Papa! dear Mother!" The old people were bending over her, holding her hands and calling her in the most endearing tones, still she looked into the circle of faces around her, and at last said: "Where is he? Has the skiff come over? I know *we* are all safe, but — the skiff?"

Her quick eye had failed to discover Ronald among those gathered around her, and she knew the boat was now stationary against the bank. She did not yet know how she had been rescued; and now as Miss Bettie told her that they were all safe, and it was Mr. Irving that had left Mr. Bins to paddle the skiff over, and jumping into the river had reached her just as she was about to sink the second time, and had borne her to the boat where Harry had lifted her in, her face beamed with a bright smile, her cheeks were aglow, and her eyes filled with tears. Committing Elise to the thoughtful care of Miss Bettie, when they were both safely on board, Ronald, wet and weary, had gone to the stage in which he had left his overcoat, and wringing out the water from his dripping clothes, wrapped himself up, and proceeded to the front of the boat that he might expedite their landing. Nor was it until they were once more getting into the stage that he had an opportunity to express his joy at her safety, and to inquire if she sustained much injury.

The heartfelt thanks of old Mr. and Mrs. Sparks were made with deep emotion, and Ronald felt his lip quiver as the old man, with trembling voice and shaking nerves, caught his hand with a convulsive grasp; while the old lady, bending over her daughter, said in low tones, "God will reward you, Mr. Irving."

Old Harry came to the stage door, holding a torch, just as Johnny Conklin was about driving off; and poking his head in, said, "De Lord bless you, little Missis; old Harry 'll nuver forgit dis night. Let me see de light in your eye and dat smile one more time. An', Mars Irvin, you has my best wishes; may you always succeed in doin' de right thing, as you has to-night. Good night to all." The old man retreated amid a shower of blessings and bright silver quarters, and the old stage-coach rumbled on its way.

Johnny Conklin was fond of adventure if it were accompanied by no great personal risk ; but the events of the night had thoroughly startled him, and now his thoughts set his tongue going, and he proceeded to recount to the horses a few scenes in his previous life that would compare with what they had just gone through.

"Ah me, boys, I've been drivin', chick and man, for forty years, but niver see the likes o' this. I dhrove the owld "Carrier Pigeon" through bog and slough to Dublin many a time, nine passengers inside an' six a-top ; had runaways ; got lost takin' a near cuts through the bog ; baulked, slipped a wheel, turned over once in a while, and the devil knows what all ; but this night I thought it was all up wid Johnny. And you dumb craythers hadn't a bit o' sense left, but just wanted to jump out an' dround entirely. Why, Davie, ye are a solemn owld horse ; pretty throe a-pullin' an' the like, but blast yer wisdom when ye get skeerd — the owlder the horse the bigger the fool. Now Jack's like a sheep, 'fraid o' wather an' pulled back like a mule ; but Dan an' Barsheba, you owld rascals, capered like you was thoroughbred, which ye aint ; and now I'll thry yer metal between this an' Holly Tavern. Whoop ! Git along wid ye now ! Whoop ! whoop !" The horses knew Johnny well, and each one with a jump filled his collar and quickened his pace, making the mud fly from the wheels and the stage roll and creak as if it would soon fly in pieces.

Ronald, amused at the sudden friskiness of the team, called to know of Johnny if he was going to add a runaway to their other disasters. "Sure, no, Sir ; it's a bit o' disciplin' I'm givin' the horses. They turned fools at the boat, an' I'm larnin' 'em wisdom ; and besides, ye're all cold and wet and hungry, and it's meself would like to put ye at Holly Tavern in half-an-hour's time."

"How far is it, Johnny ?"

"Four mile from the river, and we be come a mile, Sir."

"We will spend the rest of the night at Holly Tavern, won't we ?"

"Och, sure, Sir, and a good place it is too Burwell Crowder keeps ; wid big fires, and warm feather-beds, and hot bread and fresh eggs ; and butther, good tay, smokin' caffee, and the sweetest whiskey ! Whoop ! Whoop ! Get up, Davie !"

With thankful hearts the weary travellers thus learned that their journey would soon end, at least for the night ; and when a little while after they heard Johnny blow a loud blast from his horn that echoed up and down the valley through which they were passing, it thrilled them with a pleasure no other stage-horn had ever given before ; and they looked anxiously for the light that soon greeted them shining out from the warmth within, a hearty welcome to Holly Tavern.

### CHAPTER III.

HOLLY TAVERN was the best stage-stand on the route through South-side Virginia to Richmond, and there was scarcely a traveller from Georgia or the Carolinas that had not at some time in passing northward partaken of good cheer there. It was an old-fashioned house, first a two-story and attic with dormer windows ; then it had been

added to until it now afforded accommodation for a goodly number of guests. The roof slanted over the eaves into a broad old piazza that extended along the front and on one side of the building, affording in summer a most desirable shady promenade, and in mild winter days a sheltered nook for guests and loungers. A row of elms and poplars stood in front, in the centre of the circular drive leading up to the house; and under their spreading branches was a well of pure cold water that had often refreshed man and beast. Everything about the old place looked comfortable; and as Johnny Conklin drew rein at the door on the dark and adventurous night of which we have been telling, the bright lamp in front, the open door of the public-room with its blazing log-fire, and the round jolly face of Burwell Crowder, all combined to inspire the weary travellers with a home-feeling and a desire to try the hospitalities so genially promised at Holly Tavern.

Burwell Crowder had been sitting with some of his guests around the fire in the public-room engaged in a game of "Seven-up," when he heard Johnny blow nine loud blasts from his horn, each blast counting a passenger to be lodged and fed that night. Jumping up with as much energy as his fat figure would allow, he passed his cards to a friend to play out the game, and proceeded to pile fresh logs on the fire. This done, he pulled a handle suspended by a wire near the mantle-piece, ringing a bell in the rear of the building, and the summons was obeyed by a wiry-looking wizard of an African, as black as soot, with a grizzly gray head and enveloped in the whitest of aprons.

"Josh, is supper ready? the stage is coming," was the first question and information our landlord gave to his factotum.

"All ready, Sir, and smokin' hot. Aint had such a supper for a week, Sir."

"Very well. And how many vacant rooms have you, Josh?"

"Three, Sir, not countin' the Devil's room, whar nobody never stays."

Now Burwell Crowder used only one expletive when excited or perplexed; of this he availed himself on all occasions, preceding it with a swelling of the cheek, pouting of the lip, and an explosive sound like Whish! We must therefore not be surprised to hear him say, "Whish! by shot! Jake, what are we going to do? Nine passengers, three un 'em ladies, and three rooms for the lot!"

"How come so, Sir? Did dey toot de horn fine three times?"

Josh here alluded to the old custom in practice among stage-drivers, of signalling by the sound of the horn the number and sex of their passengers. Johnny's signal was a loud blast for each person, the females being designated by a sharp shrill note, and Burwell Crowder knew the contents of the stage before it reached the door.

"Yes, they did, Josh, and thar's the stage right at the door," saying which, he seized a lantern, Josh another, and both made all possible speed to the piazza.

Burwell was not long in opening conversation with Johnny Conklin, who had thrown his reins carelessly around the handle of the brake, and was stamping his feet to restore the circulation in them before he ventured to jump down from the box.

"How do you stand the weather, Johnny? And how did you ever get across the river such a night as this?" was the first salutation.



"Ah, Mither Crowder, an' it's glad I am to see yer rosy face! I been tellin' the passengers that Holly Tavern was the best place this side of heaven; an' if ye just knew how near the swate lady inside had come to stoppin' at the place I've just mintioned by way of the river, ye'd just say nothin' about it, but hurry us in to warm, presently."

"By shot! Johnny, I'll do it. Here, Josh! Where's the poor lady, Johnny?"

Meanwhile there had been a movement among the passengers; those on the front and middle seats had begun to get out. Miss Bettie was just ready to descend, and Ronald was standing by the step to assist her, when Burwell, full of zeal and sympathy, exclaimed, "Poor little gal! I'll take her in the house," and before she could explain, had seized her in his arms, and was carrying, not without some difficulty, the struggling and embarrassed Miss Bettie over the slippery walk toward the piazza.

Had Miss Bettie been less fleshy and Burwell longer-winded and more active, the little undertaking might have ended well; but we cannot reduce an ounce of Miss Bettie's one hundred and sixty pounds, nor give activity to our jolly landlord; so we are not surprised, nor must our readers be, at the result. A few steps taken and Burwell began to breathe hard, and under his breath could be heard to say, "Whish! by shot!" Johnny had not observed Burwell's fit of gallantry at its beginning, having been occupied about his horses, and only discovered it as, almost out of breath, tottering and slipping, Burwell was striving to reach the house. The sight was too much for Johnny, and he screamed with laughter, exclaiming between his bursts of merriment: "Just look now! Mither Crowder's caught Miss Flinn an' carries her like he had a sack o' wool! He, he, he! By the powers o' mud, he's slipped an' down they go, plump in the mud too!"

There was a rush to the place of the fall, and there lay Burwell on his back, having made a deep dent in the soft mud the size of his ponderous frame. As cold as the night was, he was in a profuse perspiration, his cheeks were distended, his lips protruded, and the first sound the bystanders heard was, "Whish! by shot!" The scene was so ludicrous that all joined in a hearty laugh, and Miss Bettie, who had fallen, if not gracefully, at least safely, having regained her feet, was one of the merriest of the party. Burwell was assisted to rise, and having made his apologies to Miss Bettie, did not forget his position as host, but would not leave his guests to repair the damage sustained by his favorite suit of homespun until old Josh had carefully taken Elise in his arms and borne her, followed by her parents and their fellow-travellers, into the bright warm sitting-room, where Mrs. Crowder waited to receive them.

Elise was placed on an old-time lounge covered with a snowy white home-made quilt, and Ronald and Simon Bins had rolled it up on one side of the fire in the warmest corner. The gentlemen then withdrew to the public-room, while the ladies busied themselves to find out the extent of injury Elise had sustained, and to make her as comfortable as they could. Mrs. Sparks was very nervous and much overcome by her child's condition, for Elise was her only daughter, and had been carefully shielded and fondly petted from her earliest



infancy. This was her first serious accident since she had emerged from babyhood, and the old lady was unprepared to think that any harm could come to her only "little lamb," as she loved to call her; so now she was only in the way, weeping around, and occasionally thrusting her *volatile salts* under Elise's nose, "to revive her poor lamb."

Miss Bettie Flinn, as we have seen, was an energetic body, full of good common-sense, cool and collected on all occasions, and ready to *do* promptly when she had arrived at what was best to be done. She saw that Mrs. Sparks was in a highly nervous condition, much agitated, and in no state of health to be with her daughter now; and she at once decided that it would be best to get her off to bed as quick as possible; so turning to Mrs. Crowder, she said in an undertone: "She must go to bed immediately. Is her room ready?"

Mother Crowder, as she was familiarly called by all her neighbors, was another one of the practical sort, and she had just been thinking what Miss Bettie had expressed so pointedly. So she was ready with her reply: "Yes, bless your heart, honey. And I'll show her there and come back to ye directly. Stop! I'll call the old gentleman first, and go up with them, you see, and fix their supper, and then come to ye." So the old lady bustled out, brought the old gentleman back, and was soon leading them to a warm and cozy room, and could be heard all along the passage in a tender cooing voice: "Dear old souls, you'll be near by the darling child to-night, and God willing she'll be all right in the morning."

Miss Bettie drew a long breath as the old folks retired, and said, "Now, Elise, child, I can see how you are and what's to be done. Any pain here?" touching her side. "Do you breathe without pain?"

"Just a little soreness on *that* spot, Miss Bettie. I don't think it affects my breathing much, but I'm so cold and numb I feel as if I should never be warm again."

"Oh yes you will, child; a hot bath, a good rubbing, a little ginger-tea and a warm feather-bed will soon set you right. Ah, Mrs. Crowder, I'm glad to see you back. Where are we to stay to-night?"

"Just where ye are, honies." (Rap, rap at the door.) "There's Josh now, a comin' to set up a bedstead, and we'll soon have ye all snug."

Elise and Miss Bettie hid themselves beneath the quilt of the old-time lounge, as they were not in presentable plight, much to the amusement of Mother Crowder, who called out, "Come in, Josh. Make haste now, Josh, and set up that bed; give the feathers a good shakin'. Come now, honies, don't mind Josh; he's just like one of us, you know. How is the poor dear child?"

With ceaseless activity Mother Crowder talked and worked until the bedstead was set up, the bed made, and Josh was just gone when she called him again, saying, "All right now, Josh? Did you put on plenty of kiver?" And it was not until he had nodded his gray head and said, "Yas, Mistis," over and over again that she would permit him to depart finally.

LAURISTON COLLIS.

## AN ANCIENT RITUAL OF MAGIC.

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MAGIC is a natural outgrowth of fetishism, and hence in all fetish-worshipping races or individuals we are certain to find a belief in, and the practice of, magic. Fetishism we have elsewhere explained to differ from idolatry in that it is the identification, more or less complete, of the symbol with the thing or person signified, and in consequence the attribution of preternatural powers to the symbol itself. When a savage, therefore, worships his rain-fetish in time of drought, he is not merely adoring his invisible rain-god through a visible symbol posited to represent him, but that symbol is itself in some sort the god, and potent over the rain.

An advance in culture, bringing about higher religious conceptions, annuls this identity of symbol and deity, but still leaves the consecrated symbol possessed of preternatural powers. This is that form of magic which deals with charms, amulets, talismans, wands, divining rods, and so forth, which has descended to us from ages anterior to all history, and still, like fetishism, the "hermetic philosophy," the gnosis, and tree and serpent worship, has believers in all countries among those persons belonging intellectually and spiritually to that plane of intelligence.

Probably the earliest notice we have of magical figures occurs in the book of Genesis, where Rachel stole from her father Laban his *images* or *teraphim*, which the Rabbinical commentators explain to have been magical figures prepared and consecrated by unholy rites. Amulets and talismans are still in use among the Orientals, who distinguish, however, Mr. Lane tells us, between divine magic, which is regarded as a sublime science, and Satanic magic practised for unlawful purposes. Divine magic, in its highest form, consists in the knowledge of the Ineffable Name; which spoken or written gives power over all demons and spirits. Here we see the effect produced by a still higher religious conception upon beliefs which it could modify but not eradicate.

In Egypt, that wonderful land where everything seems to have been thought of, discovered, and practised long before the beginning of what we call antiquity, we should expect to find indications of the practice of magic. And indeed their peculiar theology would tend to encourage it. For it would seem, so far as we can get an insight into matters so remote, that that theology bore three interpretations. The ignorant multitude saw and worshipped a multitude of gods, strange in form, diverse in powers, and each accompanied by one or more mysterious emblems, whose meanings were only known to the initiated, but which they naturally regarded as awful and potent. Those again who received the instruction of the priests, were taught that many of these deities were but representations of a single god, in various characters: thus the sun might be represented with one set of attributes as the rising sun, otherwise as the sun in his meridian power

and splendor, as the declining sun, as the sun beneath the horizon, or as Amun-Ra-Harnachis, the sun in his complete course. Thus their theology was at once simplified and elevated; and it is conjectured that the highest grade of the priesthood had a secret and still loftier theology, confined to their own epoptæ, wherein was taught the sublime doctrine of the unity of God. This doctrine, it has been thought, formed part of that "wisdom of the Egyptians," in all which, we are told, Moses was instructed; and thus his mind was prepared beforehand to receive the revelation on Horeb.

However these things may be, there is abundant evidence that magic was practised in Egypt; and, if we are to understand the account of Pharaoh's magicians literally, and not explain away their performances into feats of legerdemain, with surpassing skill. In the papyri and inscriptions there are allusions to charms and other magical rites; but nowhere, we believe, is there any complete ritual or formula given, except in the curious relic which we will now proceed to examine.

In February, 1855, Mr. A. C. Harris, an English gentleman on a visit to Thebes, had a number of ancient papyri offered him for sale by Arabs who professed to have found a deposit of them hidden in the ruins. Of these he purchased several, and among the rest the curious document of which we propose, under the guidance of M. Chabas, the learned translator and commentator, to give some account, trusting that our readers will feel a little curiosity to learn something of the oldest book of magic in the world.

This papyrus is in an unusually perfect state of preservation, not a single letter being defaced; from which it is inferred that it was considered of extraordinary value, and preserved with uncommon care. Egyptologists fix its date by the character of the writing, to the age of the Ramessides, in which case it is 2800 or 3000 years old, but it is believed by the learned commentator to be a transcript from a document of much higher antiquity. The text is divided by rubrics into sections, and has red points above the lines, which some suppose to be a sort of rhythmical notation, and others to be marks of punctuation.

The title of the MS. transliterated reads

ROU EN NEFRU EN HESU ENTI SEHRA PE MEH

which means — *Books of Songs of virtue to put to flight the inhabitants of the waters.* It commences with a series of invocations to the god SHU, then to the Hermopolitan gods, with a singular adjuration, followed by an act of adoration to AMUN-RA, "the self-created." We next find a formula for consecrating a talisman or magic figure with bones of silver, flesh of gold, and the head of lapis-lazuli. Another formula follows for a figure of Amun with four rams' heads.

The text next gives us chapters, according to the rubric, "for chanting over the waters," and "for those living in the country," "for travelling in the country," protective against wild beasts; then an adjuration to fortify and hearten a house-dog, and finally a chapter "to close the openings," these openings, we are told, being the jaws of ferocious animals and reptiles. The whole winds up with a series of magic words.

We now proceed to the text of this singular document, following the French version of M. Chabas.

## I.

## HYMN TO SHU.

HAIL to thee, child of Phra, eldest son, who hast proceeded from his flesh! Proved by him since birth, the valorous one, the lord of transformations, each day overcoming the impious. When thou breathest from thy heart, the barque is happy, the skiff joyous, so soon as they perceive Shu, the son of Phra, triumphing over his enemies and smiting the impious with his spear. A sun, he sails to the high place of the heavens, at the beginning of each morning. Tafné reposes upon his head, lances her flame against his enemies and reduces them to nothing. Formed by Phra, clothed in virtue, a child upon his father's throne, his being is lost in the being of Phra.

[Tafné, the goddess with the lion's head, is frequently joined with Shu, as Isis with Osiris.]

## II.

## ORIGIN OF THE BOOK.

HE hath made this book for the house of books, wherein are the writings of the Lord of Hermopolis; at the southern dwelling of Harmachis, at the pylon of the palace of Hermonthis; and hath deposited it, sculptured, engraved in writing, at the feet of Phra-Harmachis.

[The commentator supposes that by this section a divine origin is attributed to the book; and that we are to understand that it was written by Shu himself, on a table of stone placed in the pedestal of the statue of Phra, in the palace of Hermonthis.]

## III.

## HYMN TO SHU.

HAIL to thee, son of Phra, begotten of Tum, created by himself and without a mother! Veritable Lord of the double justice! Chief who commandest the gods! Thou who guidest the eye of thy father Phra! Honor to thee who hast disposed the gods with thine own hands. Through thee the Great Goddess is calmed in her wrath: sublime he draws his might from himself, and all the gods dread his face. He is the king of Upper and Lower Egypt; Shu-si-Ra, healthful and strong life, the god of ancient times, formed of the substance of the sun, in Hermonthis, to smite the enemies of his father. Thou makest the barque glide peacefully; its mariners give themselves up to joy. All the gods acclaim thee and invoke thee, when they hear thy name. Thou art more mysterious, thou art two-fold greater than the gods, in thy name Shu, son of Phra.

## ADJURATION TO THE CROCODILE.

Stay thy course, O crocodile Mako, son of Set! I am An-hur, the great master of the sword.



## IV.

## LITANIES OF SHU.

THOU art more grand, more immense than the gods, in thy name of greatest goddess. Thou art loftier than the sky, by thy double plume, in thy name of god who lifteth the double plume. Thou holdest thyself upon thy high place, in thy name of god who is upon his high place. From thy seat thou guidest the highest heavens, in thy name of An-hur. Thou calmest the storm, thou enlightenest the desolation, in thy name of the god who appeaseth the storm. Thou repellst the crocodile, arisen from the abyss, in thy name of the god who quelleth the crocodile. Thou art equipped with a spear to pierce the head of the impious, in thy name of the god armed with two horns. Thou smitest him who draweth nigh thee, in thy name of god smiting with two horns. Thy form is vaster than the forms of the gods, in thy name of chief god of the city of Tenu. At thy beginning the sun began, in thy name of Shu son of Phra. Thou seizest thy spear and smitest the impious, in thy name of Horus-Tem. Thou destroyest upon the earth the iniquity of the world, in thy name of Place of the abode of the Sun. Thou slayest the Asians and the Sati, in thy name of Young First-born. Thy name is more potent than the gods, in thy name of the god who is in the centre of the barque. The youthful strength inspired by thy nostrils is spread through all the Thebaïs, in thy name of Young First-born. Thou smitest the heads of the impious, in thy name of Lord of Immolations. Thou cheerest the barque by a favorable breeze, in thy name of the goddess Ma.

O being who hath formed his own body!

O only Lord, sprung from Noun!

O divine and self-created substance!

O god who hath made the substance which is in him!

O god who hath formed his own father, and to whom his mother bare him!

[Our commentator explains *Sati* by Africa. *Noun* is the heavenly ocean which surrounds all things, and over which, in Egyptian cosmogony, floated the quickening breath of deity. Shu was the first fruit of this incubation, which produced all existence. The object of these litanies of Shu is thought to have been the propitiation of the five gods of Hermopolis, who are next addressed.]

## V.

## ADJURATION TO THE GODS OF HERMOPOLIS.

HAIL to ye, five great gods, come from Hermopolis! Ye who are not in heaven, who are not upon the earth, and who are bright with no splendor! Come to me: try the river for me: seal up whatsoever liveth therein; that which batheth therein, let not pass. Close the mouths! (*bis*) Make fast the jaws! (*bis*) Even as is sealed up forever the dwelling of the sword, when the earth is enlightened in the east; as is sealed up the edge of the sword of Anata and of Astarte, great goddesses, who conceive but bring not forth. They are sealed by the gods; they are created by Set. By that which is in heaven, let the safety which is in you avail!

[Our commentator has no knowledge of these obscure crepuscular gods of Hermopolis, who were neither in heaven nor on earth. It would seem that as they have power over the monsters of the deep, their habitation might be in the turbid waters of the River. By "the dwelling of the sword" which "is sealed up forever," he supposes may have been meant the place of some nocturnal massacre or execution, walled up at sunrise from religious motives. An immolation of this kind at Hermopolis, he tells us, is mentioned in the *Ritual of the Dead*. Anata and Astarte, being goddesses of carnage and destruction, were represented as barren and presiding over sterility.]

## VI.

## ADORATION OF AMUN-RA-HARNACHIS.

ADORATION of Amun-Ra-Harnachis, the self-created, who possesseth the earth from its commencement, composed by the divine cynocephali of the god Put-API, to adore the majesty of the august god Amun-Put-To, when he shineth upon the Noun, which is the goddess Nou.

*These words are to be said on land and water :—*

Hail to thee, the only one, who hast formed thyself! Vast in his size, illimitable! Divine chief who hath the power of self-conception. Great flaming Uraei! Supreme virtue in mysterious forms! Mysterious soul, source of terrible power! King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Amun-Ra. Healthful and strong life, self-created, double horizon, hawk of the East, shining, enlightening, blazing! Spirit, more spirit than are the gods; thou art hidden in the great Amun; in thy transformations thou turnest him in the solar disk. God Totnen, more immense than the gods, old man made young, traveller of the ages! Amun abiding in all things; thou art the god whose designs began the universe.

*Adjuration against any peril in the neighborhood of waters.*

Come to me, Lord, strong and healthful life of the gods; destroy for me all danger from all things growing upon the river! Let them be for me as the pebbles upon land, and let all peril disappear as famine vanishes from inhabited places.

[Amun-Ra-Harnachis, we are told, the hawk-god of the two horizons, is the sun in his complete course, diurnal and nocturnal. The great Sphinx is a very ancient image of this deity. In the year 1 of the reign of Thothmes III., one of the sons of the monarch having come to pay his homage to the Sphinx, "it came to pass that the god spake to him with his own mouth, as a father speaketh to his son, saying to him, Behold me, my son Thothmes; I am thy father Har-em-Chou-Khpra-Tum," etc. This miraculous event is recorded on the stela forming the back of the small temple between the paws of the Sphinx.

"The danger from things growing upon the river," or out of the vegetation of the river, is supposed to refer to crocodiles, wild beasts, or venomous reptiles concealed in the rank growth on the banks.]

VII.

HYMN TO AMUN-RA.

*Said by the divine cynocephali of the god Put-Api-To, in the great adorations of the god who is in the midst of them, whose bones are of silver, his flesh of gold, and the upper part of his head in true lapis-lazuli. The divine cynocephali say:—*

O AMUN, who hideth himself in the pupil of his own eye; Soul that flameth in his sacred eye, . . . . to the holy transformations, he whom no one knoweth! Brilliant is his form; his splendor hides him with a veil of light. Mystery of mysteries! Mystery unfathomed! Hail to thee in the bosom of Nou! O thou who in truth hast brought forth the gods, the breath of truth is in thy mysterious sanctuary; by thee is illustrated thy mother Meru. Thou emittest rays of light, thou floodest the earth with thy splendor, until thou retirest to the mountain which is in the land of Aker. Thou who art adored upon the waters, the prolific earth adores thee; the inmost parts of the wild beast are troubled when thy *bari* passes the secret mountain. The spirits of the East hail thee, fearing the splendor of thy disk. The spirits of the Khen acclaim thee, when thy splendors shine in their faces. Thou journeyest above another heaven, to which thine enemy hath no means of approach. The fire of thine ardors subdues the monster Ha-her: the fish Teshtu protect the waters of thy barque. Thou appointest the abode of the monster Oun-ti, whom Nub-ti smiteth with his sword. It is the god who hath seized the heaven and the earth in his whirlwind: his valor is mighty to destroy his enemy; his spear is the instrument of death to the monster Oubn-ro; seizing him upon a sudden he restrains him, he masters him by force and compels him to return to his abode; then devours his eyes, and this is his triumph. A consuming flame then devours him from head to foot; in its heat all his members are molten. Thou forwardest thy servants by a favorable wind; beneath thee the waves are calmed. Thy barque floats in joy, thy sails swell, since thou hast controlled the ways of the Author of evils. Sail on, ye sailing stars! sail on, ye heavenly lamps! you who keep your course with the wind. For thou art the couch of heaven: thy mother embraces thee when thou hast reached the horizon of the West; the earth holds forth her two arms to receive thee, thou who art the adoration of all things that are!

[This hymn, again, is a production of the divine cynocephali, and addressed to the god Amun in his title of Put-Api-To. The singular description given of the god, whose bones are said to be of silver, his flesh of gold, and the upper part of his head in true lapis-lazuli, can only be understood, M. Chabas thinks, "to refer to a conventional figure of Amun, made in conformity to certain thaumaturgic formulæ, and intended to aid in conjurations. The material and employment of funereal amulets are carefully indicated in the *Ritual of the Dead*. They placed over the heart of the deceased a scarabæus of hard stone, ornamented with gold, when for the first time they performed the ceremony called Ap-ro. Then, to give this talisman its virtues and effi-

capacity, they inscribed upon it the well-known formula, *My heart, from my mother, etc.*" The monster Oubn-ro (lit. *Flaming-mouth*) is some mythological malefic, or incarnation of the Evil Principle.

In the passage, "thy mother embraces thee," the setting sun is represented as taking leave of the sky, and being received into the arms of the earth.]

*Adjuration against lions, crocodiles, and the mouth of reptiles.*

Come to me, O Lord of the gods! Drive from me the lions who come from Meroë, the crocodiles who come out of the river, the mouths of all venomous reptiles who have quitted their dens. Stand still, O crocodile Mako, son of Set! Swim not with thy tail: brandish not thy paws; open not thy throat! Let the water become a flaming fire before thee! Thou whom the thirty-seven gods have formed, who wast bound by the great Serpent of the sun, and who wast bound in bonds of metal before the barque of Phra—stand still, O crocodile Mako, son of Set! Protect me, Amun, thou the self-begotten!

*Consecration of a talisman.*

*These words are said over an image of Amun with four rams' heads and a single neck, painted upon clay; a crocodile under his feet, and the divine cynocephali to his right and his left hand, adoring him.*

[Though Egypt now has no ferocious beasts, except hyenas and a species of wolf, our commentator thinks that it may have been otherwise in the time of the Pharaohs. The allusions to them, and especially to lions, are numerous in the papyri. The kings had trained lions whom they took with them to battle; and the exploits of the lion of Ramses II. were commemorated in the poem of Penta-Our. In a letter written by the scribe Katisar to his master the scribe Bek-en-Ptah, allusion is made to the food of lions, of *Kahesu*, and of beeves. Now the animal called *Kahes* is portrayed in the pictures on the tombs of Sakkarah; it has a single long horn in the forehead, long legs, and a very short tail. If the exact fidelity of the representation could be maintained, we should here have a portrait of the unicorn of tradition, treasured, perhaps, in a menagerie of rare animals.

The image of Amun with four rams' heads, adored by cynocephali, is of not unfrequent occurrence in Egyptian amulets and talismans, and was probably considered a very potent charm. The words of the text contain the formula of consecration.]

# VIII.

## FORMULÆ FOR CHARMING THE WATERS.

*To be sung upon all waters.*

*The masters say this in sprinkling their subordinates. It is a true mystery of the two-fold great abode.*

EGG of water diffused upon the earth, essence of the divine cynocephali, great in the upper and great in the lower heaven, dwelling



in the nests in the midst of the waves ! I have come forth with thee from the water ; I pass with thee into thy nest. I am Khem, of Coptos. I am Khem, lord of the land Kebu.

*These words are recited over a hard egg, placed in the hand of one who standeth on the forepart of the cabin. If any beast should desire to come forth from the water, he will be compelled to stay therein.*

[On the phrase "I am Khem," etc., in which the adjurator assumes the character and name of the Egyptian Pan, M. Chabas remarks that this important part of the formula was accidentally omitted by the scribe and afterwards added at the foot, the omission and reference being indicated by a little cross of red ink, like the modern asterisk.]

IX.

I, I AM he who proveth the warriors, who am from the lower heaven ; he whose name is not known. His name must not be spoken upon the bank of the river ; for if one should speak it, it would consume him. His name must not be spoken upon land ; for if one should speak it, flames would burst forth. I am Shu, under the form of Phra, seated in the midst of the eye of my father. If whatsoever is in the water opens its mouth or brandishes its paws, I will cause the earth to fall into the abyss of waters, placing the south to the north, and all things upside down.

[The adjurator here heightens the terror of his comminations. If the crocodile is not deterred by the threat of making the water a fire before him, the adjurator will plunge the earth into the abyss and overturn creation. The power to execute this threat seems to have been contained in the unspeakable name, which the scribe has not ventured to record.]

X.

COME to me, come to me, O image of the valiant in battle, O breath, only son, conceived yesterday and to-day brought forth ! He who shall know thy name shall possess seventy-seven eyes and seventy-seven ears. Come to me ! let my voice be heard, even as was heard the voice of the great goose Nakak, during the night. I am Bah, the great !

*To be said four times.*

XI.

O SOUL ! I am Anubis-Sothis, son of Nephtys.

*To be said four times.*

XII.

To left ! To right ! I am Anubis-Sothis, son of Phra.

*To be said four times.*

[The goose Nakak is the mythologic fowl who laid the egg which was the earth. Bah is a form of Hapi, the god Nile. The adjurator assumes the styles and characters of the deities he invokes. M. Chabas considers these two sections to be condensed formulæ, easily remembered, to be used in urgent cases and sudden emergencies.]

## XIII.

ISIS hath stricken with her wing ; she hath closed the mouth of the river and caused the fish to lie upon the water. No one can now dip up a vessel of water ; the water sinks and rises ; the tears of the goddess fall upon the water, for Horus hath grievously wounded his mother. Her tears fall in the water : the river-mouth, called of the Monkey, is filled with fish, and that of the Star with branches of trees. Isis having pronounced these words, the crocodiles disappeared. She did the work of safety, and rescue has come !

[The allusion in this section is to a well-known mythological legend. Horus, the son of Isis, made war upon Set, the power of Evil (Satan). Set was defeated, but in the moment of victory, Isis prevented Horus from slaying his rival. Horus, in a paroxysm of blind fury, turned upon his mother and smote off her head, upon which Thoth replaced it by the head of a cow.]

## XIV.

PAPAROKA ! Paparoka ! Paparroa ! no breath in the nostrils, no breath for the recitation !

*Let this be said upon land and water.*

I am Horus-Sheki.

*To be said four times.*

[These words, Paparoka and Paparroa, are not Egyptian, but in an unknown tongue. M. Chabas surmises that they were borrowed from some South African dialect.]

## XV.

COME down, come down ! on the right hand of heaven, on the right hand of earth ! Amun arises as a king in healthful and strong life ; he hath taken the white crown of the whole world.

*The adjurator must say :—*

O thou who walkest athwart the closure of their mouths, let all reptiles be shut up ! . . . By the terror of thy might, O Amun !

## XVI.

HAIL to thee, Monkey seven cubits in stature ! Whose eye is of Katamer, whose lip is flame, whose words have all a pleasing warmth. Let what is in the water be quieted, and let thy safety be shown forth !

XVII.

BE not against me : I am Amun. I am Anhur, the good guardian ; I am the great master of the sword.

*Arising*—I am Mentu.

*Murmuring*—I am Soutekh. Lift not thy two arms against me, for I am Sothis.

*Ending*—I am Shetu.

*Then the animals in the water will not come out of it ; those who have left the water will not return to it ; and those who float upon the water will be like corpses, and their mouths closed, even as are closed the seven great Secrets, with a closure that is eternal.*

XVIII.

O NEMMA of heaven ! (*bis*) Nemma with the large head, the protuberant back, and the deformed legs ! O great column, beginning in the upper and the lower heaven ! O Lord of the great Body that rests in Heliopolis ! great master of the Life that reposes in Busiris ! Thou who wast suckled by the nurse who tended thee by day and watched thee by night, and who wast cared for even as Osiris was cared for in the secret place. The day of burial in On. I am the lion of . . . . who hath appeared as a phœnix. O thou who transformedst thyself into the monkey Kafi, then into a decrepit old man, make favorable the waters by which thou sendest me ! O thou who hast established thyself in the City of the White Wall ; who hast said, Let there be made for me a shrine seven cubits in height ; and who art a Nekhta of seven cubits. I said to thee : Thou canst not enter a shrine of eight cubits ; but as thou art a Nekhta of seven cubits, thou didst enter therein and take thy repose there.

The shrine opens ! He who is therein hath the face of the ape Kafi. Words ! (*bis*) Fire ! (*bis*) The child of a young baboon.

[We suppress our astonishment at this unprecedented invocation, and continue to follow our commentator. Nemma was one of the disguises of Osiris. He had a deformed figure, with two heads, one human, one of a hawk. The great Lord who rests in On, and in Busiris, is again Osiris, whose scattered limbs were found by Isis and buried in various places. The disguises and consequent names of Osiris (when vanquished by, and fleeing from the power of evil) were very numerous, and the knowledge of them all was an important part of the initiation in the mysteries. The secret nursing alluded to was that performed by Isis, who having finally collected the fragments of the body of Osiris, made from them an infant, which she nursed in great secrecy, for fear of the triumphant enemy Typhon or Set. From this arose the fable of the phœnix, as that of the disguise of the gods of Greece from the previous legend. M. Chabas confesses himself somewhat uncertain about the conclusion of the passage, and the mysterious proceedings at Memphis, the City of the White Wall.]

## XIX.

O THOU who art in the northern sanctuary of Neith, in the tribunal of the examination of words! O Lords of the south and the north of the temple, turn your faces toward him who is upon the water. Osiris is upon the water; the eye of Horus is beside him: propitious be the waters by which thou sendest. O thou who art established in Memphis, who hast said: Let there be made for me a shrine of seven cubits; and to whom it hath been said: O man of eight cubits, of a surety thou canst not enter therein! But it was made for thee, and thou didst repose therein. The crocodile Mako, the son of Set, draweth nigh; he openeth it; he sees him who is within, and who hath the face of the ape Kafi, the mane of the ape Aani. Words! (*ter*) Fire! (*ter*) I will not say that: I will not repeat it. Mako, the son of Set, shall say that; he, he shall repeat it.

*These words to be said on all waters containing crocodiles.*

[Mako, the crocodile, the son of Set or Typhon, went forth in pursuit of Osiris. In the City of the White Wall, Memphis, he overtook him, in the form of a man of seven cubits in height, who had caused a shrine to be made, proportioned to his stature, and concealed himself in it. Mako opened this shrine, but finding in it a personage of deformed figure, with the head and mane of an ape or baboon, was baffled. The concluding words are supposed to be a protest of the adjurator that he would never reveal the secret of Osiris, but that Mako would tell his father Set what he had seen.]

## XX.

## CHAPTERS FOR THOSE DWELLING IN THE COUNTRY.

## A.

O THOU who art recalled by the voice of the warden, Horus hath cried: let the fields be quiet! And at his word the beasts of the field departed. Let Isis, my good mother, cry out for me, and Nephtys, my sister; and let safety dwell to the south of me, to the north, to the west, and to the east! Let the mouths of the lions and the hyenas be shut fast, the heads of all animals with long tails, that feed upon flesh and drink blood. Let them depart; let them cease to hear! On account of the darkness of the night; not for the light of day. On account of that which is invisible, not for that which is visible.

*For a perfect guard during the night.*

Arouse thee, bad dog! Come, let me tell thee what thou hast to do this night. Thou wast tied; art thou not loosed? It is Horus who layeth these commands upon thee:—Let thy face be the open sky; let thy jaws be unpyting! Massacre like the god Her-Shafi; mangle like the goddess Anata. Let the hairs upon thy back be like wires of steel! Imitate Horus; be terrible as Set! Go to the south, the north, the east and the west. All the country is open to thee, and nothing will hinder thee when thou usest thy jaws in my defence;



when thou usest thy jaws against wild beasts ; when thou usest thy jaws upon my road, setting thy face against the stranger. With power I invest thee to repel, to render deaf ; to thee is given the darkness of the night, not the clarity of the day, for thou art the valiant, the terrible warden.

*Having said : Safety ! safety is effected.*

[Having had formulas of incantations for perils upon the waters, our text now gives us those protective of houses and fields. The first allusions are to mythologic events : Isis, fleeing from Typhon, wandered about the plains and marshes of Lower Egypt, and while hunting for the child of Nephtys, was assisted by Horus, and dogs summoned by him, who also cleared away the ferocious beasts. After prologuizing these facts, the adjurator addresses his dog as he unchains him.]

B.

#### ANOTHER CHAPTER TO MAKE FAST THE CLOSURES.

I MAKE fast the closures by my mother, the goddess Rannu, who hath two legs. . . . I stay in the country. Horus protects me ; I place my confidence in the efficacious book, by which is given me to-day power to make quail lions, and turn back men ; which muzzles the mouths of lions, hyenas, and wolves, and the jaws of long-tailed beasts, who devour flesh and drink blood. Which muzzles the mouth of Hai—of the leopard—of Tapulma—of the lioness—of the indiscreet woman—of the woman of evil life—of all wicked men, smiting their limbs with palsy, hindering the natural workings of flesh and of bones, and rendering them manifest to sight—in the darkness of the night, not in the clarity of the day.

*For complete guard during the night.*

Shatabuta ! Artabuhuia ! thou art the valiant, the terrible warden.

*Having said : Safety ! safety is attained.*

[Rannu is the goddess of agriculture, represented in the form of a serpent, sometimes with legs. The exorcisms against “indiscreet women” and “women of evil life,” placed among wild beasts, as equally obnoxious, give our commentator occasion to remark upon the purity of domestic life among the Egyptians, and the respect paid to women. The Egyptian’s establishment was a family, not a harem. Women were associated in the honors paid their husbands, and received public honors themselves. A woman could mount the throne. In funereal inscriptions the name of the mother of the deceased is of more frequent occurrence than that of the father. Other papyri have flings at women of evil life, in one case calling them “heaps of malignities,” and “bags full of deceits.” With these may be compared the invectives against evil women in various parts of the Hebrew Scriptures. The words, Shatabuta, Artabuhuia have a sign indicating that they are names of animals ; but what animals, our commentator can not say.]

## C.

## LIST OF MAGIC NAMES.

ATIR-ATISU ! Atirkaha-Atisu ! Samumatmu-Atisu ! Samuanernui-Atisu ! Samutekairiu-Atisu ! Samutekbaïu-Atisu ! Samuzekarza-Atisu ! Tuouarhasa ! Kina ! Hama ! Senenfta-Baital-Satita ! Anrohakata-Satita ! Haubaalra-Haïri !

With this surprising peroration, this remarkable ritual concludes. These mysterious words, be they names of unknown deities or words of magic might, our learned commentator says he can not explain. They belong to no tongue known to have been spoken by mortal man. Words of this kind are found in the works of the gnostics and hermetic writers, and in all treatises on magic. As the exact reproduction of them by speech or writing was an essential part of the incantation, they have probably been accurately preserved, though not understood, as the old Aturian parrot, mentioned by Humboldt, preserved the unintelligible language of a perished race.

This papyrus, M. Chabas thinks, though written at a time which is itself pre-historic for the Western world, is yet a transcript from a much older hieratic manuscript, the archaisms of which are in some places modernised. If then we suppose that the meanings of these mystic words were lost in the time of this older scribe, since he offers no translation of them, they must belong to the speech of a vanished people of unimaginable antiquity. They might be a part of that awful charm in Merlin's book which not even the master-wizard himself could read,—

"Writ in a language that has long gone by ;  
So long that mountains have arisen since  
With cities on their flanks."

Our readers will not fail to remark the curious identification of the worshipper with the deity, so common in Egyptian rituals, and which we are at a loss whether to look upon as a confusion of thought or the shadow of a more spiritual faith.

Finally, we observe with satisfaction that our ancient and nameless adept has confined himself to such magic as is in itself irreprehensible ; and whether closing the jaws of crocodiles, opening those of the house-dog, or banning illicit fascinations from the neighborhood of his virtuous home, his intents and desires are alike moral, reasonable, and benign.

WM. HAND BROWNE.

## THE GOSPEL OF LABOR.

(WHAT THE SOUTH SAYS TO HER CHILDREN.)

I HAVE smoothed from my forehead its sadness :  
'Tis over ! Thank Heaven therefor !  
I would hide now with garments of gladness  
The sackcloth and ashes of war.

Not a word of *the Past* ! It has perished,  
Gone down in its beauty and bloom :  
Yet because it so proudly was cherished,  
Shall we sigh out our years at its tomb ?

By the duty and honor undaunted,  
Still steadfast and stern as can be ;  
By the laurels a Jackson has planted,  
By the hopes that we buried with Lee —

Let us wrest from the future the guerdons  
That to resolute purpose belong ;  
Let us fling from our spirits their burdens,  
And quit us like men, and be strong !

I bring you, compatriots, brothers  
(As largess ye dare not disdain,  
Like Nature's, that bountiful mother's),  
Savannahs as smooth as the main.

My valleys shall whiten all over  
With snows never born of the cold,  
And grain like a Midas shall cover  
Every slope that it touches with gold.

The clink of the artisan's hammer  
Shall scare from the forest its glooms ;  
In the brake shall the water-fowl's clamor  
Be drowned by the clash of the looms.

Then up from your torpor, ye sleepers !  
The dream ye are dreaming deceives :  
Go forth to the fields with the reapers,  
And garner the prodigal sheaves.

With flocks gladden meadow and mountain,  
 With tinkling herds speckle each hill,  
 And blend with the splash of the fountain  
 The rumble and roar of the mill.

Brave hearts that have wielded the sabre,  
 Staunch spirits that stood by the gun,  
 Take heed to the Gospel of Labor:  
*The old dispensation is done!*

Put hands to the plough of endeavor,  
 Plant foot in the deep-furrowed track;  
 Set face to the future, and never  
 One wavering moment look back.

For none who despairingly centre  
 Their thoughts on the *By-gone*, and ban  
*The Present*, are fitted to enter  
 The on-coming kingdom of man!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

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## SLAVES OF THE RING.

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“Τίς δὲ κίνδυνος κρατερῶις ἀδάμαν-  
 τος δῆσεν ἄλοις;”—*Pind. Pyth. iv.*

“Godi, Firenze, poi che sei sì grande,  
 Che per mare e per terra batti l’ali,  
 E per lo Inferno il tuo nome si spande!”—*Dante.*

**A**RT-MAGIC is superseded now-a-days. To be sure, the sterile fancies of certain of our modern vulgar are sown with the tares of spiritualistic phantasmata, just as farmers whose land is too poor to grow wheat put in crops of oats or rye. But true magic has gone out from us — expelled, doubtless, by the more wonderful realities and the more impressive faery arts of actual science. The carpet of Peribanou, the sofa of the Princess Maryam, have no need to exist in the fancies of us who dwell in the presence of Mr. Pullman’s palace-cars, and M. Nadar’s balloons. The Afreet and Jins who came hurtling



in upon the City of Brass at the summons of the talisman, are in fact not half so wonderful as the remote and various and complicated machinery set in motion now-a-days by a twelve-year-old boy, perchance, who, seated at his apparatus, and carelessly tapping with his finger upon an insignificant brass button, excites all the world to wonder, pity, sympathy, and the abundant gush of charity, by the telegraphic announcement that "Chicago is in flames!" So again we of to-day, in the contemporary fortunes of some of the Emperors and Presidents who need not be named, have been witnesses to more rapid and unexampled successes, and more tremendous misfortunes and disasters, than those even which startled the ancients in the life of that Polycrates whom Herodotus chronicled and Lucian satirised.

So much for the transcendence of modern *known* forces over all the powers of the Schedim, all the mysteries of the Cabbalah, all the secret and recondite resources of the Kischuph, and all those other higher and lower magic influences in the supposititious contemplation of which the elder world was used to find an awful recreation, like shuddering children relating ghost-stories by the firelight on winter evenings, when the wind howls plaintively without, and the half moonlight creeps with spectral indefiniteness in at the frosted window-panes. But this is not all of it; in the exhibition of the power of *unknown* influences also, in those *speciosa miracula* which may not be classified nor coördinated, the modern time offers a pomp and parade of various circumstance such as all the Izeds, Deeves, Fervers, Am-schaspands, Sephisoths and Jins that ever danced around the rim of Jemschid's cup, or flitted athwart the face of Iskender's mirror, or were summoned in obedience to Solomon's signet, or at the touch of Virgilius's potent wand, would never have ventured to set upon the scene. Modern ordinary gentile practice outruns the utmost anticipation of that secret doctrine, that mystic symbolism, that profound and awful *αἰνύμα* of the Greeks. Archimago would to-day be merely a second-class conjuror; the city of Irem-el-Emad, which was built by Sheddad the son of Ad the greater, for all its paradisaic splendors of gold and pearl and musk and saffron and ambergris, its gates of ruby, its columns of chrysolite, and its streets paved with jacinth, is a piece of minor magic in comparison with the diablerie just now performing in the city of Tweedabad; and all the "cabbalistry" of the Jins that is recorded in the mystic pages of the *Sealenthai* is a thing of daily transaction in the broad country of Radeekalistan and its capital Deevelishabad.

The bother is, Radeekalistan is too close around us, and Tweedabad and Deevelishabad too near neighbors to us in time and place for us to appreciate their mysteries. If they only lay beyond Mount Kaf, now, and were older than Haroon-er-Raschid! But as it is, we put aside our *Herald*, our *Nation*, our *Daily What-not*, with a pish! or a pshaw! or a frown, or a sigh, or an objurgation or a smile, as the case may be, and pull down our copy of the *Arabian Nights*, and reading, imagine ourselves translated at once from the land of plain, hard fact to the ethereal region of fiction. There is no more signal instance of self-deception than this, as may readily be shown.

For, taking an extreme case, the most striking and curious feature

in these romantic fictions, whether of Oriental or Western origin, is the compulsion exerted by the TALISMAN over all the powers of the nether world. The most ferocious and most tremendous of the cacodemons, the most amiable and ethereal of the higher spirits, genie, Afrite, sylph, gnome, are bound in abject and unresisting, unquestioning servitude to the meanest of mankind, nay to the very asses and the foals of asses, if only they happen to possess the amulet or the mystic resolvent, whatsoever it may be. A genie who can build a palace in a night and commands the services of a hundred thousand princes of Jinnistan, each of whom commands a hundred thousand legions of lesser demons, grovels and abases himself at the feet of a dirty little blear-eyed scoundrel of a magician, and painfully drudges for him — why? Why don't he wring the fellow's head off? Forsooth, the magician has a three half-penny pickle-pot, or a one-eyed sparrow in a box, or a brass candlestick, or a pewter ring, or some bit of rubbish or other, to which by an awful, inexplicable mystery the Generalissimo of the powers of darkness MUST bow down! In the name of Allah, WHY?

Why should the mere utterance of "Open Sesame" disclose all the secrets of the cavern to Ali Baba? Why should the simple fact that he possessed the *verbum mirificum* enable Archimago to call —

"out of deep darkness dread  
Legions of sprites, the which, like little flies,  
Fluttering about his ever damnèd head,"

hastened with servile readiness to do his outrageous bidding? Why, in fact, should the *verbum mirificum* itself have such force that, like the fabled *Remora*, it could obstruct, or like the equally fabled *Roc*, transcend the operations of Nature? What potency could there be in a chance blow upon the seal of Solomon or a gentle friction on the lamp of the Magian that was able to summon to the aid of Sheddad or Aladdin all the subordinates of Haroot and Maroot, and loose even those mighty genii themselves as they hung suspended by the feet in the silent abysses of that monstrous pit in Babil, and constrain them as Prospero forced Ariel —

"— to tread the ooze of the salt deep,  
To run upon the sharp wind of the North;  
To do his business in the veins of the earth,  
When it is bak'd with frost"?

Why should this power dwell in a symbol, moreover, when it is denied to the symbol's master and maker, just as the brazen serpent erected by Moses cured the pestilence that Moses himself could not cure? Angelica, in Ariosto, is only an ordinary person until she puts the ring into her mouth, and then like a flash she shoots aloft and disappears from Ruggiero's sight. Why should that mediæval signet draw Charlemagne so irresistibly to his mistress, and when she was dead, to her cadaver, until the shrewd bishop searched for and found it, when the Emperor's affections were so vehemently turned towards him that he was oppressed and alarmed, and to free himself cast the talisman into a lake and so procured the foundation of Aix-la-Chapelle — for by the lake the Emperor pitched his tent and built his capital,

and there lived and there died? Even Solomon had no power over the ring—he who was master of all the forces of air and secrets of earth—for when Aschmedai, his captive, chained and abject, once got possession of this wonderful signet, lent to him in compensation for the happy answer to a puzzling conundrum (so the Talmudists say), the demon straightway swallowed the king, burst his fetters, sailed aloft into the firmament, spewed Solomon out of his mouth upon a desolate island four hundred leagues away, and then returning, put on the monarch's shape and reigned a long time unquestioned in his stead.

Whence this magic of the RING then—for the ring is the symbolic talisman—to exert such compulsion and enforce such extensive and unquestioning obedience?

“Can this cockpit hold  
The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram  
Within this ‘rounded’ O the very casques  
That did affright the air at Agincourt?”

Now this, the extremest problem, the most mysterious mystery of the old romance and the Arabian fable—the SLAVERY OF THE RING, to wit—is just the strangest anomaly, the most inexplicable fact in the complicated and many-colored fabric of modern civilisation. Not all the luxuriant fancy of Sheherazade in its most unbridled moments would have ventured to conceive nor her tongue to utter the tenth part of the wonders wrought in our day by the conjurors—a loathly set—who possess the magic rings and inscrutable talismans now potent in that land of Radeekalistan so conspicuous in our modern geography. The magician of the period is a thousand times lower, viler, meaner, more leprous and despicable than the magician was in the time of Baresos or the time of Virgilius; yet his magic has a thousand-fold wider scope, and the power of his ring is a thousand-fold greater and more irresistible now than it was then. Here, for example, by the mere careless rubbing of an ill-made emerald ring a certain fat scoundrel has made himself tyrant of the great city of Tweedabad, and feeds upon its people like a ghoul, and empties its treasury like the master-thief of Herodotus, and breaks bars and prisons like the Afrite who clove the wall asunder where Camaralzaman was incarcerated. Here is another fat and licorish hound, by magic of his ring controlling the wonderful Afrite *Cash*, chief of the Princes of the Powers of the Earth, and through this mastery obtaining the services and observance and even worship of all the people of Radeekalistan. Here was a gang of knaves who manipulated only the rusty hoop of a whiskey barrel by way of ring, yet through its potency not long since put spells upon the eyes and tongues and hands of all the officers and deputies of the court of Deevelishabad. Here is a covey of fanatic Dervishes spinning in a brazen ring, and so manufacturing unlimited quantities of that sordid, cloudy, flimsy but unquestioned stuff called Public Opinion. Here is the Great Sanhedrim, sitting to pull their beards on the divans of the palace of Deevelishabad and make laws for the land, so wrought upon by the magic forces of the divers golden and brazen rings near by that they have been persuaded



to fetter and obstruct the laboring men of all Radeekalistan with heavy chains, and close its ports to commerce, and sink its ships in their docks. Nay more, here is the great King himself of Radeekalistan, the noble and magnificent Peepul, whose voice is as the voice of Allah, and whose pedigree is as long as the tails of the apes of Borneo before they were rubbed off, whose heart is mighty as the crowing of a cock by moonlight, and whose soul as big as the land of Bumpcumha (where the simple eructation of infants soundeth louder than thunder among the everlasting hills) — here sits the immemorial monarch Peepul, tattered and distressed and starving in his prairies, ring-fenced-in like a forgotten sheep enclosed in hurdles, a slave to a dozen or so of the filthiest knaves that ever raked in garbage!

By what magic have the rings this power over Radeekalistan and its cities, over its monarch Peepul and his subjects, over its soil and its products, its industry, its trade, its currency, its freedom, its very life, so that this handful of scurvy rogues are able to circumvent the course of Nature and mar God's best handiwork as they please; making water run up hill, and blood turn to curd, and manly thought exhale itself in saffron gaseous foggiess? How comes this Slavery of the Ring? The modern riddle is as inexplicable as the ancient one, and *Davus sum, non CEdipus*.

To be sure, our contemporary experience seems to go to confirm the old-time conjecture that a large part of the ring's talismanic virtue lay in the ring's essential form and figure. As the butler observes in Addison's comedy,\* "the wand, look ye, is to make a circle; and if he once gets the ghost in a circle, then he has him! A circle, you must know, is a conjuror's trap." When Benvenuto Cellini and his friends went into the Coliseum to conjure, and were assailed by 100,000 demons lively as fleas and malicious as sand-flies, they had only to get within the magic circle described by the enchanter's wand to be entirely safe. We know from Lucretius that all the wonders of the Samothracian mysteries were wrought through the instrumentality of iron rings, doubtless similar to those worn by the priests of Jupiter, and those bestowed upon the initiated of Eleusis. The ring was anciently the symbol of power — nay, the very name for ring was originally *symbolum*. Pharaoh put his ring upon Joseph's hand as a proof of the power he bestowed upon him, and the people cried: "Bow the knee!" The ring was also the accepted emblem of fidelity in civil engagements — *integritas fidei* — *fidei sacramentum* — and for this reason, probably, it has been accepted as the official designation of the magistracy of that model city, Tweedabad. Brahma, in his character of creator, is always feigned to wear a ring, and both Egyptians, Persians, and Hindoos accepted it as the emblem of eternity. Prometheus, when he was released, wore a ring in which was set a fragment of the Caucasian rock, that so he might seem still chained to it and the word of Jupiter be preserved inviolate. And all fable, from the domestic legends of the poultry-yard, which feign that a cock may be held immovable within a circle of chalk, to the immemorial parable of Gyges, and the beautiful wild story of the youth whom Venus claimed for her bridegroom because he hung his wedding

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\* *The Drummer.*



ring upon a finger of her statue, is full of testimony to the universal belief in rings as sources of supernatural power and emblems of supernatural forces. The wedding-ring was asserted to be the fabrication of that earliest and most ingenious of artificers, Tubal Cain, who made it to please the original Adam himself, and made it circular and without end to symbolise the endurance of the union thereby cemented. Hence none but distracted Puritans and designing Free-Lovers have ever contemplated abolishing what Sam Butler styles "that tool of matrimony." The magic ring was itself a marriage ring, its bond indissoluble, and its virtues never declining. It is "*vinculum, non gestamen*," Pliny tells us. Its sortilege too was always confessed from the day when Sir Gawaine, placing the ring upon his bride's finger in perfect faith and knightly self-abnegation, transmuted the "loathly lady" into a queen of love and beauty, unto that delicious hour of romance in which the wedding-ring bestowed a holy and gracious soul upon the else perfect sprite Undine. So the ring, the type of power, the symbol of faith, the emblem of everlasting things, the seal of unending union, came to have a power in itself, the natural growth of its various functions and vicarious powers. It was the figure which ancient money took; and the nimbus of divinity, the gloria of superior intelligences and superhuman embodiments, took that figure also. So it became a talisman, and was admitted to have force for working charms and spells. It cured cramps and colics; it was a guarantee against the evil eye, and noxious fascinations of every sort. The children of the Rosy Cross feigned to be able to imprison in it the bodies of sylphs, fairies, and salamanders, and such was the familiar who counselled with Paracelsus from the pommel of his sword and helped Dr. Dee out of the clear prison of crystal. The Abbé de Corbie once lost his official ring, mislaying it in the convent refectory; and not being able to find it, pronounced sentence of excommunication against the unknown thief who had doubtless carried it off. Immediately the Abbé's favorite raven, a bird noted for his *déplomb*, began to dwindle, peak and plume, lost feathers, flesh and spirits, and would incontinently have died had not some one happily searched his nest, found there the ring, thus removing him from under the dreadful ban and restoring to him his *embonpoint*.\*

Granting all these things, however, conceding the full force and efficacy claimed for the Ring, admitting all its mystery of magic, and that, as has been said of the nuptial ring:—

"Though small of body, it contains  
The extreme of pleasure and of pains;  
Has no beginning, nor no end;  
Is hollower than the falsest friend;  
And if it trap some heedless zany,  
Or in its magic circle any  
Have entered, from its sorcery  
No power on earth can set them free"—

granting all this, and giving the freest and widest margin to the very general proposition that "the world itself is a miracle, and all its operations, the highest and the lowest, have their place therein," † and

\* Dunlap. *History of Fiction*.

† Ennemoser's *History of Magic*.

there still remains a monstrous *tertium quid* behind, unexplained, inexplicable. There is something here too deep for the Kischuph, too momentous for the Cabbalah or the Cabiri. The tremendous facts that confront us in the history of the sorcery of modern rings are not such as may be airily put aside upon the rapier point of a *quodlibet*. The Djins of Mount Kaf indeed may dread Hadeed (iron) and submit to rings made of it; and the brass which is so large a component element in the rings of to-day may very well overcrowd the spirits of our modern sedater life, even as Antony's demon was subdued by the subtler wit and keener selfishness of Octavius; but there is a residuum still in the retort which will not come over, no matter how shrewdly we torture it or cunningly cajole it.

And besides, it is undeniable that the magic force of many of the most powerful talismanic rings of former times has diminished before modern skepticism. The ring to-day is certainly not admitted to have unlimited power as the bond of a covenant; nor will a house any more assuredly prosper if built upon the ground where fairy rings once were trod, even though Oberon and Titania had held their revels there. The Bucentaur is hogged and rotting in his oozy docks; nor does Venice, assembled on his gilded deck, any longer drop the immemorial ring into the sea, and cry, "We espouse thee, O Sea! as a token of our perpetual dominion over thee!" What hath come over the Marriage Ring that it should have lost its posy so completely?—

"And as this round  
Is nowhere found  
To flaw or else to sever,  
So let our love  
As endless prove,  
And pure as gold forever."

That primeval efficacy and old-time symbolism no longer exist; indeed, in some localities in Radeekalistan the signification of the wedding-ring seems to have been absolutely reversed, so that (as for instance in the practice of the people of Shecargoshore) it is no longer the symbol of a perpetual union, but the guarantee of a speedy separation; and ingenious husbands, seeking a remedy, have fancied that there would be greater security for them were they to substitute some other ring in its place; such a one, for example, as that about which Poggio and Rabelais jested, and Prior so gaily sung.

But, conceding to Rings all the mystery and all the potency that can be claimed for them, and there is still lacking an explanation for the most characteristic of modern phenomena: the abject submission with which the giants of these days accept the Slavery of the Ring, and scramble to do its "earthly and abhorred commands." Here is the problem of the age: the subjection of the giants to the dwarfs; of the wise to the foolish; of the strong to the weak; of the pure to the infamously corrupt—

"For they all pine in bondage; body and soul,  
Tyrant and slave, victim and torturer, bend  
Before that Power, to which supreme control  
Over their wills by their own weakness lent,  
Makes all its many names omnipotent."

Here is art-magic with a veritable glamour surpassing all necromancy ! Here is a problem of Rings that will not be solved by the adroitest arts of Dactylomancy !

For example, in investigating the modern magic of Rings, there is no need to hunt through the provinces of misgoverned Radeekalistan, nor investigate the monstrous municipal processes of Tweedabad, Deevelishabad, Shecargoshore, Drabashah, Hubadub, Reschedpore, Pootigal, and other great cities that have sprung up in that country. There is not a little paschalik anywhere but withers and perishes under the evil eye of some ring-master or combination of ring-masters, who collect, manipulate and transmute the suffrage, and farm the revenue to their own selfish advantage and the popular damnification. Here are a thousand honest, thrifty, practical voters, eager to have good government, earnest to control and reduce the taxation that is devouring them, twisted round the fingers of a half-dozen scurvy adventurers, who have no means besides their plunder, no character outside their reputation for clever knavery, and who toil not, but spin most indomitably all sorts of webs for all sorts of flies. How is it possible for such vermin to infest the walks and suck the blood of such communities, except upon the hypothesis of their possession of talismanic rings of immeasurable magic potency ?

Here is a great assemblage of the people of Radeekalistan, three millions of them at the very least, drawn together at the suggestion of the sovereign ruler Peepul, upon the broad plains of Hustinghar, to choose a Grand Vizier who shall administer the government for a term of years. The voice of Peepul, and the voices of nearly all the assemblage, is loudly in favor of the wise, the eloquent, the instructed Jaffâr, the last and greatest of the honorable and noble family of the Barmekees, and it seems to be a thing assured that Radeekalistan is to be happy and prosperous under the wise and temperate government of Jaffâr-el-Barmekee. But there are certain eunuchs of Peepul's court who have had more or less to do with the Vizier's office ever since it was created, and who call themselves "the Ring," with that sublime assurance for which eunuchs and knaves and necromancers have ever been conspicuous. These men have made certain propositions to Jaffâr, concerning patronage and percentage, etc., and Jaffâr has rejected them with scorn, and they now resort to the inscrutable sorcery of the Ring to prevent him from becoming Vizier. They meet secretly in a tent on the plains of Hustinghar, in the midst of the excited people ; they gain the easy ear of Peepul, they send about a swarm of busy flies to buzz in the ears of the multitude, and when the election comes off, how it has happened nobody knows, but Jaffâr is overwhelmingly defeated, and that little black-faced, cringing, sneering hunchback, Hel-ma-Gog, the son of the slave, is elected Vizier ! If not art-magic, what is this ?

The Great Council of each Paschalik of Radeekalistan is composed of the Elders and worshipful men of the province, who assemble at the chief city to make laws and drink wine—for Radeekalistan is a heathen country, and given to wine-bibbing, save only the Pashalik of Hubadub, which hath ordained that whosoever desireth wine should go abroad and take it at his neighbor's expense. These Elders and



worshipful men come together with the purpose of ordaining good laws ; but such is the glamour thrown by the rings upon all such assemblies that they find it impossible to enact other than bad ones ; being in the precise condition of him who said that he saw the excellent and approved it, but pursued the execrable nevertheless. So Cousin Feenix started for church, but his wilful legs walked off with him to a gambling-house.

Most conspicuous among the magic Rings by means of which all Radeekalistan is held spell-bound, like the Prince of the Black Islands with his beautiful body and lifeless indurated porphyry legs, is the Ring of El Tarifa, which encircles in its iron bonds the Hall of the Great Sanhedrim, and has the singular effect upon each member of that Great Council (save a few who have taken the precaution to wear amulets against its malign influences in their pocket-books) of making them say *Ys* upon all occasions when they ought to say *No*, and *No* when they should say *Ys*. The most ingenious philosophers have never been able satisfactorily to determine how this Ring works precisely, but the result of its operations is notorious. Radeekalistan, as is well known, while possessing the various industries of so large and flourishing a country, is yet mainly an agricultural region. Its commerce and especially its manufactures are mere incidents to the tremendous development of its productive forces. It is not to its voyages to the Isles of Spices, nor to the adventures of its Sindbads, nor to its makers of tarbooshes and its weavers of fine cloth, nor its delvers of rock nor forgers of iron, that Radeekalistan owes its prosperity, but to those thrifty folk who have made its great fertile plains teem with barley, and maize, and millet, and sesame, and hemp, and cotton, and tobacco, and its hills and valleys to rejoice with mighty flocks and herds, who have sent down butter and cheese and honey and wine from its river-sides, and stored their barns with provender from the meadows. For the sake of these noble products, merchants from all the world are anxious to flock to Radeekalistan, bringing their own goods for barter. Hence it stands to reason that all the people of Radeekalistan need to assure their prosperity is the privilege to buy cheap and sell dear. Here, however, the Ring of El Tarifa interferes, and constrains the Sanhedrim to enact that universal Radeekalistan must sell cheap and buy dear ! The traders with their goods from abroad are driven away, and the poor Radeekalistanese are driven from the pursuit of profitable industry into the pursuit of "varied" industry. The mechanics of Beretan offer to furnish them iron and steel, two tons for the hundred bushels of millet, but the Sanhedrim orders that they shall buy iron and steel of the slaves of Drabashah, at one ton for the hundred bushels. The flower-gardens of Cubihan yield a spontaneous crop of oranges that the Radeekalistanese might buy a bushel of for a peck of beans ; but the Sanhedrim tries to compel them to buy no oranges but those raised in the hot-houses of Hubadub and Reschedpore, at a bushel of beans for a single orange ! It is by acts similar to these that the Great Sanhedrim has laid all the industries of Radeekalistan under a spell like that which possessed the Sleeping Beauty in the enchanted navel of the woods. The Sanhedrim palpably means to do well, but the Ring of



El Tarifa encircles them ; and when they would say *no*, behold their lips make the sign of *yes* on all occasions. If this is not necromancy, it must be insanity !

But the withers of the Radeekalistanese are wrung by the magic potency of still other sorts of Rings, by means of which every knavish conjuror in the land is enabled to rob, assault, trample, insult and outrage this unfortunate people. For example, here is a stalwart "conjoun" who possesses the Ring of Invisibility, supposed to be the legitimate successor of that famous one of Gyges, by which the original Tom of Coventry was rewarded for peeping with the nice little gift of a kingdom. Armed with this ring and the turban of office (to which he has been chosen by some other ring), and attended by many slaves leading donkeys with their panniers, you shall see the Magian walk in broad staring daylight into the Treasury of Tweedabad, or Reschedpore, or Deevelishabad, or Pootigal, or some other great city, and coolly, calmly, deliberately, *coram populo*, shovel up as much gold as he and his followers need, load the donkeys with it, and depart undisturbed ! All the people shall see him and know him to be a master-thief, and feel that it is their money that he is stealing, and money that must be replaced by grinding the faces of the poor ; yet nobody challenges, nor molests, nor arrests him ! He wears the Ring, and so is perfectly protected by the fiction of the invisibility thereby procured. Everybody sees him, but everybody seems not to see him. And yet they tell us that magic is an art that is defunct !

You will find also often a ruffian of another stamp, who is secure in the possession of the Ring of Invulnerability. This noxious brute runs amok through the laws and ordinances of society : he kicks and cuffs, he bites and maims, he smashes and destroys, he stabs, shoots, murders, just as it suits his own sweet will, and just as the bhang with which his brutal brain is fired may inspire him to do. He does all this with absolute security, his ring obtaining perfect immunity for him under all circumstances. The cells of prisons are made to gape asunder before him, and bars and bolts snap like rotten thread, while the bail-bonds which he rends to pieces *ad libitum* are reunited and made whole and intact again in the most miraculously magical manner. Even did he stand upon the platform of the gibbet, with the noose adjusted and the trap sprung, the slaves of his Ring would come to his rescue and snatch him safely away !

Here, again, is the Puff Ball Ring, a flabby and flatulent elimination from badly digested funguses and agarics, a peculiar institution of the city of Hubadub, whereby the smallest and most verminous creatures are made to seem great and glorious ; and in the glamor of whose intoxicating magic, shallowness takes on the semblance of depth, tinsel becomes gold, and tawdriness beauty. Let the light of this Ring but shine upon some greasy-elbowed poet, and behold ye ! the trumpets of glorification sound incessantly around him, and his light is made to shine before men until threepenny-dips will wax seemingly more effulgent than the coruscations of the Drummond Light itself, and the feeblest glow-worm or fragment of ill-considered fox-fire outshine the radiance of the Aurora Borealis ! The resources

indeed of this remarkable Ring are not to be exhausted by any emergency whatsoever. They have power to solve with readiness and facility the toughest problem of ability ever presented to the critic for deglutition ; and in mere conjury and natural magic, whereby what is not is made to seem as if it were, they far surpass what Mandeville saw at the Khan of Tartary's court, "the jogulours and enchantours that don many marvaylles: for they maken to come in the ayre the sonne and the mone, be seeminge to every man's sight. And after they maken the night so derk that no man may see no thing." For it is part of the power of this Ring to pull down as well as to build up ; and indeed it may be questioned if its constructive forces are half so great as its destructive forces. The established, the catholic, the equable, the serene, the good, the wise, the beautiful, are the subjects of perpetual attack by its corrosive, mordant, envious spirits, so that Hubadub, where it rules supreme, has come to deserve the character given by the old traveller quoted above, to the vale near the island of Mistorak, hard by the river Phison : "This vale is full of devils, and hath been always. And men say there that it is one of the entries of hell. In that vale is plenty of gold and silver ; wherefore many misbelieving men, and many Christian men also, gon in oftentime, for to have of the treasure that there is, but few comen again ; and namely of the misbelieving men, ne of the Christian men nouthor: for they ben anon strangled of devils."

Such, then, is the composition of these modern magical Rings, so completely

"Stor'd with deletery med'cines,  
Which whosoever took is dead since."

But their power is far-reaching and deep-searching, it would seem, in exact proportion to their own weakness, meanness, vileness, and to the inadequacy and contemptibleness of the black arts they resort to. And the abject submission of the Slaves of the Ring, the *real* powers everywhere, can only be measured by the excess of their stature and the superiority of their proportions over their masters of the Ring. The smiling acceptance with which this slavery is consented to, the courtly grace with which the carriage wheel lets the fly drive it round, the gaping obedience with which Nick Bottom wags his ears when Puck commands, and the Giant rips his diaphragm when Tom Thumb suggests — this is the mystery of mysteries !

"How various and innumerable  
Are those who live upon the rabble !"

And how patiently the Rabble submits to be lived upon ! One feels in the presence of this constantly disgusting spectacle, like addressing the many-headed monster in the language of Virgil to Nimrod : — "anima sciocca" \* —

"'Dull wretch !' my leader cried, 'keep to thine horn,  
. . . . Feel thy throat  
And find the chain upon thee, thou confusion !  
Lo ! what a hoop is clench'd about thy gorge.'"

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\* Dante. *Inferno* xxxi.

But doubtless, the sluggish beast cannot help himself and cannot be reformed —

“Pass him, and say naught :  
For us he speaketh language known of none,  
So none can speak save jargon to himself.”

How such enchantment has been wrought by such means is, as has been said before, simply inexplicable. Of course, man has a proclivity for being duped, and, as Hood says,

“only propose to blow a bubble,  
Lord! what hundreds will subscribe for soap!”

But the leading features of the Slavery of modern Rings is that the slaves, knowing their own strength and their masters' weakness and villainy, know at the same time that they are being cheated and abused, yet move neither hand nor foot, no more than he who lies stark and staring in the trance of catalepsy! It is necessary to give up this conundrum.

It is a poor sort of empiricism to prescribe remedies for a disease not diagnosed, yet it is still possible to cure what cannot be accounted for. The Slaves cannot be plucked out of their apathetic submissiveness, that is quite fully apparent; but may not the Rings be smashed, the spell dissolved,

“And all the long-pent stream of life  
Dashed downward in a cataract”?

The task were a difficult one, because big rings and little rings are latterly grown so numerous, and are so intricately interwoven one with another that, as in the case of a bundle of sticks, a collective strength has been manufactured out of their separate weaknesses. Nor can one battle with a magic ring on ordinary terms; but they must be dealt with as the Paladin Astolfo in Ariosto dealt with the cannibal necromancer, when in order to extirpate the single enchanted hair he was forced to tear off the entire scalp.

But the “grim wolf with privy paw” must be destroyed, for he is daily devouring us. The law of self-preservation is an exigent one. And besides, the Rings *can* be smashed. These dogs, their masters, have only one sphere in which they are capable of existing. They are disciples of Thales. “What is the *greatest* thing?” asked the Milesian, and he answered himself: “PLACE, for all other things are in it!” Deprive them then of place, and the possibility of place, and of profiting by its promises and flatteries, and you will disarm the ring-masters forever. The first principle of their power is venality, and it is noticeable that the ring in Aristophanes,\* potent as it was against serpents and demons, could not prevail against the bite of a sycophant.

EDWARD SPENCER.

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\* *Plutus.*

## RUN TO EARTH.

### CHAPTER VIII.

ANNIE WHEELER'S conversation with Dr. Wallace plainly evinced her uneasiness regarding her brother, and her affectionate solicitude for the sorrow which oppressed him ; and that same evening after tea she received intelligence calculated rather to increase than allay her anxiety. George Wheeler rode into the yard just at dark, and entered the house, determined to carry out forthwith a purpose deeply implanted in his mind—a purpose long carefully revolved in his thoughts, which recent events had hastened to mature. All the afternoon he had been busily engaged in a distant part of the plantation, superintending important farm-work incident to the season ; but his physical activity had served only to stimulate his mental energy, and when he joined the family around the table at supper, he had formed a resolution in which he was never once to falter or hesitate until he wrought his self-appointed duty to the end, though the consummation of his purpose went beyond his wildest imaginings. George Wheeler had already set his thoughts, and was to direct all his strength and energies upon a new object in his life, a new aim for the future : he had assigned to himself no less a task than the discovery and punishment of Kate Wilton's murderer—for that she had been murdered he never entertained a doubt. Others who were acquainted with the facts developed at the well-remembered inquest were content to speak of it all as a mystery of the past ; he felt assured that beneath the mystery of that sad day, when he knew that his love was snatched from him forever, was hidden the hand that perpetrated the deed. Love lay crushed in his heart, but justice should descend upon the wretch who had slain that lovely and innocent girl and wrecked his own life. He anticipated many serious objections and foresaw a host of grave difficulties in his way. First of all, the initiatory step which he was now to take would necessitate his departure from home at a time when his absence would be seriously and inconveniently felt ; for his father being unable to walk, the management of the whole estate devolved upon him. And then, too, he felt unwilling and unable to give a clear and explicit explanation of his designs, or make known his motives and the grounds of his action, to those who would naturally feel an interest in them. He could at present only state that he had received trustworthy information which he believed might lead to the detection of Kate Wilton's murderer, and that he must go immediately to New York city if the information he possessed was to be so used as to bring about this result.

Much to his surprise and gratification, his father, after hearing him announce his wishes and state so much of his intention as he felt it necessary to communicate, offered no obstacle to his departure. The old gentleman had not been able to attend the inquest, but he had of



course been informed of all the facts, and he had been hardly less impressed than his son with the conviction of foul play. While he could not enter fully into the feelings of deep grief, despairing passion, and thirst for vengeance which actuated the younger man, he felt a deep sympathy for him in this great sorrow of his life, was full of indignation at the dark, undiscovered crime which had been committed in the midst of a quiet and peaceful community, and withal cherished an affectionate and regretful recollection of the amiable and winning young lady, who had been an intimate acquaintance and friend of his children, and was at no late day to have taken a dear and honored position in his household. He felt certain that in a few days at farthest his leg would be so nearly healed as to admit of his giving his own personal supervision to the affairs of the farm, which removed one anticipated objection to his son's departure. So far as the expenses of the journey (a more formidable undertaking in those days than at the present time) were concerned, he ungrudgingly wrote a check for a liberal amount to be cashed the next day at the bank in F—. He would have given the money had George expressed a wish to take a pleasure-trip; much more freely would he bestow it in furtherance of an object honorable and right in itself, even should it fail of success, which he thought only too probable. He insisted upon but two conditions to George's departure: first, that every step of his procedure should be strictly in accordance with the laws of the land and supported by the regularly constituted authorities; secondly, that in the event of a failure to accomplish the arrest or discovery of the supposed criminal in New York, he should abandon the undertaking and return home. So it was settled, and preparations were to be made for his leaving in two days.

I do not wish to leave George Wheeler before the reader in the attitude of a quixotic adventurer run wild with senseless passion, for much injustice would thus be done the good sense, many sterling qualities, and really fine character of the young man. Therefore it will be proper to state here what were the grounds which he conceived to be strong and satisfactory for his positive and extraordinary action. He had been persistently industrious and ceaselessly active ever since the memorable 24th day of June. Silently and secretly he had been prosecuting his inquiries in every possible direction and by every available means, seeking information relative to a middle-aged sea-faring man, of heavy build, with dark hair and eyes and a tattooed arm. He scoured the country on horseback and asked the same questions at every farm-house in his reach; he accosted the laborer in the field and the pedestrian on the roadside, touching the same matter. Every little hamlet and village for miles around was interrogated, ransacked and exhausted; he wrote to distant towns and enlisted the sympathy of friends afar off, all tending to the same end. In vain. Days passed, week after week came and went, but naught of this man was brought to light beyond the remarkable testimony of Mr. Henry Dean. George Wheeler visited the latter again and again; and although his utter inability even to hear of another living soul that had seen the unknown sailor forced him sometimes almost to believe that the farmer had been laboring under a strange delusion, the consistency, directness

and explicit nature of his evidence would admit of no doubt. As he rehearsed in his mind each succeeding link in this complete and unbroken chain of testimony, Wheeler became each day more impressed with its truth. He became more and more impressed, too, with the solemn conviction that if the day ever came when he and that man stood face to face, he could lay hand upon him and say in the fulness of fixed belief: "You are the murderer of Kate Wilton!"

Constant failure had of late irritated and disturbed him beyond measure. He had almost begun to despair of ever obtaining a clue which he could safely and reasonably lay hold of, hoping ever to follow it out, when on the day of Dr. Wallace's visit to his father he received through the mail a letter from a neighboring town considerably larger and more bustling than F——, and on the great highway of travel between North and South. He had written to an old and confidential friend in the place, giving an accurate and minute description, dictated by Dean, of the person of the man of whom he was in search, and enjoining the most diligent and painstaking inquiries in reference to the matter. He had put his trust in no unfaithful or indifferent coadjutor; his friend, after finding all inquiry futile in his own town, had written to Charleston, and had in the course of a few days received from that city the following letter, which he enclosed in a short explanatory letter to George Wheeler:—

CHARLESTON, S. C., *July —, 1843.*

MR. A. W. WHITE:

*Dear Sir:*—Yours of a recent date was duly received. I immediately instituted inquiries in such quarters and through such channels as I thought most likely to be of any avail. Contrary to my expectations, for it looked a forlorn hope, I have been as successful as you could desire. Your man, I regret to say, is not now in this city, but he has been here, and made no lack of noise over his arrival, coming and departure. If he has any strong reasons for leaving your section of the country, and has been so acting that he would rather not acknowledge acquaintance among you, I can only say he's a fresh hand for a rascal, and must express my wonder that he was shrewd enough to escape the clutches of even your country *beaks* (you will excuse the implied disparagement). He was on a rollicking spree for days in a seaman's boarding-house down on the wharves, passed through all the stages of drunkenness, quarrelsome, oracular and maudlin-sentimental, at which latter phase he was parading the miniature of a woman whom he called his daughter Molly, and who he swore was worthy to be a queen (the bar-tender of the house confessed with a burst of superfluous enthusiasm that she was a *stunner*, as he expressed it). He had been to your town, so he said; to Abbeville and to F——, and was quite free with the names of people up there. He gave his name as Jack Collyer, and the boatmen among whom he scraped acquaintance and spent his money freely described him to me in exact terms to fill your bill. Mr. Collyer took passage in a steamer for New York, where he doubtless now sojourns, if he finds it convenient to remain in that metropolis.

Hoping that the above may prove useful to you, and assuring you of my readiness to be of any further service, if possible, I remain, etc.

This communication was from a well-known official in the police department of the city of Charleston, and its effect upon George Wheeler may be easily imagined. Here was more than he had dared to hope for. All that he had feared would require long and laborious search to attain was suddenly brought to light and presented to him in clear and unmistakable terms, ready for his immediate action. The man, the very man, whom if necessary he intended to follow to the world's end—his destination and his name—what more need he desire? There were, it is true, certain features of the case which puzzled him. This man at Charleston and the man whom he was now setting forth to pursue and hunt down into the meshes of the law, must be one and the same. In the name of reason and common sense, what could the fellow mean by trumpeting to the world his name, his destination and his antecedents? Had he not reason to flee from the abodes of men and shrink away from the eyes of his fellow-creatures? And how was he to reconcile this last exhibition of folly and blind stupidity with the extraordinary cunning and marvellous subtlety which had enabled the criminal not only hitherto to elude pursuit, but to traverse a great stretch of country (on foot when seen for the first and only time), and conceal throughout every vestige, every trace of his going? However, the facts—tangible facts—were before George Wheeler; upon those he would act, nor lose time in idle speculations. Liquor had loosened the man's tongue in Charleston, and revealed the secret upon which his salvation depended.

Annie sat up until a late hour that night, in earnest conversation with her brother. Whatever may have been her feelings on the subject of his departure, she forbore to express them, and refrained from suggesting any difficulties or interposing any objections in the way of his designs. Perhaps she thought that the journey to New York, the occupation which would be given both to body and mind, in the feelings that he was making some earnest and substantial efforts in the performance of what he had come to regard as a sacred duty, would be of benefit to her brother. She admitted the force of the plea which he urged as being the proper person to act in the matter, for, as we have already seen, the Dalby family were now absent from F—, and there was no prospect of immediate communication with them. She suggested to George the propriety of conferring with Col. Dalby, who was then understood to be in New York, immediately upon his arrival in that city, a suggestion in which, after some hesitation, he seemed to concur.

When she retired to her room she could not refrain from yielding to a feeling of deep sadness, and giving way to many tears over it all: the friend of her girlhood in the grave, cut off in her bloom, in her beauty, in her new-found happiness of love; not in the merciful visitation of her God, dying with the last kiss of loved ones on her cold lips, the last look of home fading before her eyes; but struck down, it seems, by the cruel hand of some dreadful, vengeful, unknown foe: her brother hastening from the tomb which had robbed him of his bride, to take up this dread task in the bright youth of his life; seeking solitude not to nurse the memory of his loved one's charms, but to nerve his heart for the great work of vengeance on her assassin.



## CHAPTER IX.

THE next morning Dr. Wallace was seated at a table in his office, busily engaged in writing, when George Wheeler called upon him. It was almost as natural for the latter to inform the Doctor of his proposed journey and consult him concerning it, as to consult the members of his own family, and he was nearly as free in his statements and confidences concerning it to the one as to the other. He had studiously abstained from making known the contents of the Charleston letter even to Annie—why, he would have found it difficult to explain, even to himself. There was a feeling that he was more secure, nearer to the accomplishment of his purpose, so long as he kept his secret locked in his own breast. He stated that he was going to New York in consequence of certain intelligence he had received which might eventually throw some light on the cause and manner of Miss Wilton's death. Dr. Wallace was a man of fine cultivation and breeding, but on this occasion he acted with most exquisite delicacy; nay, in consideration of his intimate relations with George Wheeler, he extended his scrupulousness to an unreasonable and unnecessary degree. He sedulously avoided every remark, every turn of the conversation, which might invite confidence; and while his demeanor was eminently winning, cordial, and friendly, it was calculated to inspire reticence. Dr. Wallace acted as if he knew what was passing in George Wheeler's mind, and was resolved for some strong reason of his own that the young man should not divulge the secret to him. Their conversation was long and earnest; the Doctor was intimately acquainted with the different interesting localities of the city of New York, and politely imparted his information as to one about to make a pleasure visit to the city. George heard everything relating to sight-seeing with indifference, but he gave his closest attention to a minute description of some of the purloins and crime-haunts of the metropolis. At his request Dr. Wallace gave him a memorandum of the names of certain officials in New York whose services he might need, and promised to furnish him before his departure with letters to one or two prominent citizens.

During George Wheeler's visit Frederick Carmer entered, and the young men saluted one another with an exhibition of much cordiality and friendly feeling. This surprised no less than it pleased Dr. Wallace, who knew nothing of any previous acquaintance existing between them.

"You and Mr. Carmer have met before, it seems, Mr. Wheeler?"

"Yes, Sir. I had the pleasure of an introduction to Mr. Carmer a day or two ago."

"I am glad to hear it, and I only regret that two such formerly promising and agreeable young gentlemen had not met in happier days and fairer fortunes, before the spell of moping melancholy which has settled down upon you both had paid its visit. Closely resembling one another in temperament and character in your brighter hours, you come to me now no less alike in your days of affliction. I hope, at any rate, that you will take to one another in conformity with the



old adage ; for to be plain, you are not good company for any one else. I, who once sought you out above all others as boon companions of rare mettle and merit, find myself constantly called upon to use every effort to revive your drooping spirits."

It was plain that beneath Dr. Wallace's jocular tone there was a strong under-current of genuine concern and anxiety in behalf of his two young friends, whose troubles he felt himself powerless to reach and console.

It formed a very striking picture, this group. We will rarely meet three finer-looking men — three able to show in greater perfection Nature's gentleman. Dr. Wallace, seated between the two who stood on either side of him facing each other, looked up at his companions, and glanced from one face to the other with much interest and attention. His noble head and features were no mean indices of his fine intellect and high moral nature. Upon the countenances of his companions rested one remarkable point of resemblance : both were filled with gloom and cast down in sorrow, but grief had wrought its impress on them differently. Carmer's was all-sorrowful, all-tender, refined, and spiritualised by the dominion of his passion. Wheeler's showed more than the mastery of grief, the regretful memory of the past, the strength of the troubles in the present ; it reached into the future, and craved retaliation for the woes that oppressed it. The city man, whose school had been in the lazar-house, where the hand of God lay heavy on his sinful subjects ; whose experiences had been gathered from the litter of the beggar whom the great city mercifully granted a place to die ; whose infancy had been cradled amidst the busy marts of sordid trade, and whose youth had heard naught but the ceaseless turmoil of bustling throngs, the troublous surges of the sea of human life — was fresher, less soiled by the world's contact than his country brother whose life Nature had attuned to one long melody of singing birds and babbling brooks and whispering winds ; whose life Nature had beautified with an ever-varying picture of grand old forest, towering mountain, majestic river, and russet plain ; whose life his Creator had matchlessly blessed with the pure joys and boundless love of home, whose threshold no sin had defiled, whose hearthstone was the familiar seat of piety and virtue.

In *physique*, it would be difficult to award the superiority. Carmer was taller, heavier, and showed more muscular power. Wheeler was compact, lithe, graceful, and capable of extraordinary endurance. He had evidently seen harder service (if we may so express it) than the other ; for he was a keen sportsman, a fine horseman, and the hero of many a hair-breadth escape by "flood and field."

"Dr. Wallace," said Carmer, after a desultory conversation had been carried on for some time, "I feel the justice of your reproaches at my changed spirits and my present lack of companionable qualities. I wish that it were in my power to explain away so much that must seem incomprehensible to you ; such a confidence would be but a small part of the return which is due to your friendship and your unvarying kindness. But I myself am lost and bewildered. I have received the blow, and I suffer, as you see. The reasons for it are as utterly beyond me as any man living. But I unwittingly interrupted

you just now, coming in to surprise you even more, I fear, than I have hitherto done. You have often said I was erratic,"—and here Carmer glanced at the Doctor with a smile and a touch of his old humor—"and you will surely have cause to boast of your penetration after what I am about to say. I must go away to-morrow."

"Going away! Going! Where?"

"You remember that I told you on my arrival the other day that I thought I ought never to have left New York; that I reproached myself over and over again for my weakness in so doing; that nothing but my appointment with you, the feeling that I was bound in honor to fulfil that appointment, had induced me to come. More and more ever since have I been confirmed in these feelings. I ought to be in New York now; I must be there with all the speed and despatch that can be used to carry me."

"But this is all very strange to me! You have always appeared extremely anxious to come South. I was struck with what you said the other day, but I thought those feelings were transient and would soon wear away."

Frederick shook his head. Raillery was useless with him; remonstrance was lost upon him. "Doctor, you must not think me ungrateful and unreasonable. The favor in my coming South was granted on your part, not mine; it is a bitter reflection to me that I must seem so unappreciative of it. Bear with me, dear friend; though I must go, I leave you with regret and a grateful sense of your kindness. If hereafter you should feel that you want me, I shall come at your slightest wish."

"Hereafter! Why, you talk as if we were about to be separated for years. Go, Fred, if you feel that a serious and imperative duty urges you on. I shall not endeavor to deter you from your purpose. On the contrary, you may command my assistance in any way whatever. But you must soon return. I need you now more than ever, and shall continue to need you. Your absence need be but short. And, by-the-bye, amid all this bad luck there is a gleam of good fortune. In Mr. Wheeler you will have a companion during your journey, if you can contrive to agree upon a day."

Now, in truth, neither of the young men was at first overjoyed at learning that there was a prospect of finding a fellow-traveller in the other. Both were busy with their own thoughts, absorbed in their own designs, and prone to seek solitude more than companionship. It was in the mind of Wheeler for a moment to refuse flatly this partnership of society, or at best to frame some excuse for hastening or postponing his departure, as would best answer the purpose. But the young are confiding and trustful. There was so much mutually attractive and congenial in the characters of the two young men, that there is little to be wondered at in the fact that before an hour had elapsed they were well on the road to fast friendship and deep in the discussion of the proposed journey. While each resolved upon keeping his own counsel and making or inviting no confidence, he felt how foolish it would be to display other than a courteous and friendly spirit. They appeared now, too, to have settled the matter in their own minds for the present, and to have resolved upon accepting the short respite for cheerful

spirits between the present and the stern duty before them. George Wheeler even pressed Carmer to accompany him into the country and spend the short time until their departure, and obtained from the latter a promise to visit him the next day. In deference to Dr. Wallace, who insisted upon it very strongly, Wheeler was to wait three days for Carmer.

A tall, middle-aged gentleman came out of a dingy, dusty office on a side-street branching off from Broadway, and walked rapidly away in the direction of the great thoroughfare of the city. We have seen him before, and recognise him at a glance as the traveller who stopped at the Eagle, the gentleman who purchased the Horton property—William Merton. The only occupant of the office at the time, a stout, pimply-faced, bald-headed clerk, with a comical mouth and a cast in his eye, who was standing at a high, long-legged desk, before a very large ledger, held the page half turned and rubbed the pen-holder meditatively against his nose as he looked after the departing stranger. The clerk was one of those persons whom we can comprehensively describe, and only describe, by one word—snuffy. His skin was dingy, and the few hairs remaining on his head looked dusty and gritty like his books and papers. His linen was limp and of a dull, faded yellow that seemed to have worn into it, as if his washer-woman were always fixing it up with bad starch and deficient blueing. His clothes fitted him badly, but that was the fault of his knobby, twisted figure; and were shabby looking, which might have been from the layers of dust in the office. An old dry, snuffy fellow. As the green baize door slammed back and shut out the noise and bustle of the passing throng of the street, he resumed his suspended occupation and abstractedly turned over the leaves, while he gave utterance to his thoughts in a running soliloquy:

"Well, I'll be blest if I ever knew of a man in such varied and incomprehensible demand as this individual! No less than three anxious inquirers in as many days for Mr. Jack Collyer. If that chap's been burglarising or otherwise cutting up, he had best never again put his head above water, for they'll nab him sure; if he's got money, and have gone and shut himself up from his friends, he must publish his funeral and write an epitaph over his body, for they'll drag him to light if he's above ground. And how sad and woe-begone they all look over it! It will be a joyful reunion when all the members of that family come up with Jack once more. First comes a young man, closes the door tight after him, takes his stand plump up in front of me, looks me straight in the eye, and wants to see the Superintendent. Ain't here; what would you be pleased to have, Sir? I want speedy and reliable information of a certain individual. I will attend to it, Sir; give me the name, occupation, description of hair, eyes, complexion, etc., etc. Name, Jack Collyer, middle-aged man, forty or fifty years, heavy build, dark hair and beard, looks like a sailor, tattooed on the arm between the wrist and elbow. Sailed in the steamer *Funiata* on the morning of the 14th of July, from the port of Charleston, bound for New York. Yesterday morning enter another young man, in many respects the counterpart of the first. Both honest, both simple, both know nothing about the secret service. Want information of one Jack Collyer. *He* goes on to describe, and I read him off



word for word from the first gent's paper. Here it is again to-day: not an item of difference, not a hair-line one way or the other as far as the man is concerned. But the strange thing of all is that every one of them three chaps is on a different tack—that's reduced to a moral certainty—and as like as not never set eyes on one another in all their born days. First inquirer wants Jack Collyer *in propria persona*, and nothing shorter will do; and if he finds him, Mr. Collyer must give a mighty good account of himself, or under he goes: I see that by the flash of his eye. Next applicant casts about in a wild, uncertain kind of way for Jack Collyer—and wants somebody else. It's my private opinion if that somebody else that he's got under his wing, that follows his lead and can't be made to whistle at any call—if that somebody would put in an appearance, Jack Collyer might go hang. There's a woman in this case, certain. Last comer's an old stager; knows more about the business than I do. Adds to his description that said Jack Collyer came over to this country in 1831, in the steerage of an emigrant ship. His Jack Collyer came off with somebody else's secret, or stole the family records, and this fellow's after him with a bribe to give 'em up. But I am afraid they'll all come to grief. Ever since the first one put me to work I have been up and down the whole scale of Collyers, and not a solitary one will answer the demand. Scores of Jack Collyers, but none of them middle-aged men, forty or fifty years old, heavy build, dark hair and beard, look like sailor, tattooed on the arm. Hundreds of men fixed up just this way in every respect—all except the name. Little Jack, the junk-dealer around the corner, aint the man, certain, nor that long, gangling fellow that sells peanuts and taffy on Chatham street. 'Twon't do to drag them up, poor devils. Well, there's one blessed reflection about all this: the fees must be invariably paid in advance."

Just then a young man made his appearance, of a decidedly Jewish cast of countenance, around whose person floated a strong perfume of gin and lemon-peel. He saluted his colleague, whom he addressed as "Old Queachy," with a wink as he passed, and took his stand at an adjoining desk. Whether or not the odor wafted to Queachy's nostrils was suggestive of melancholy memories of some halcyon past, must ever remain one of those profound philosophical questions where the mind delights to wander in a boundless field of wise and profitable conjecture. Certain it is that Queachy gazed on his neighbor for a moment or two, seemingly lost in reverie, sighed, shook his head, and slowly turned away. He was an odd little man when perched on a high office-stool: he was an odder little man, if possible, when he swung down and stood on his legs. He walked with a sort of halt and skip, as if some part of the mechanism of his locomotion were out of place. Queachy reached up with considerable difficulty to a high peg and drew down a very tall "stove-pipe" hat, which he smoothed around and around very industriously as he moved through the office, clapped it on his head as soon as he reached the street, and was quickly lost in the passing crowd. He might have been found five minutes later, munching old cheese in a cheap, mouldy restaurant on the corner, while a very large and very deaf mulatto, with a pock-marked face, measured out the sugar in his fingers, and prepared for his customer a steaming decoction of gin, hot water and lemon-peel.



## REVIEWS.

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*Poems and Ballads of Goethe.* Translated by W. Edmondstone Aytoun, D. C. L., and Theodore Martin. New York: Holt & Williams. 1871.

THIS book belongs to the excellent series of translations from the acknowledged master-pieces of foreign poets, which this house has been issuing for some years, and which, we are glad to learn, have been favorably received by the public. From such a series the lyric poems of Goethe of course could not be absent; and we suppose these well-known translations were the best they could obtain.

There is certainly much spirit and ease in these versions; and to a reader who simply wishes a fair general idea of any poem of Goethe's they will probably be satisfactory; but the idea of a translator's duty is much better defined now than it was a generation ago, and the work will have to be done over again before long.

There is no doubt that it is impossible to produce an absolutely perfect translation of any master-work—a translation which shall produce upon the reader the same effect, both in kind and in degree, which the original would produce, were he equally familiar with it. But it is the translator's duty conscientiously to aim at this, and not to produce the work as he would have done it had the idea been his own, but as the author has thought fit to give it form. This is especially the case with the writings of so finished and refined an artist as Goethe, with whom the form and the matter were coequal and inseparable; and no man can say, as do our translators, that (in certain pieces) “the form is separable from the idea without serious detriment.”

It is true that so far as the mere structure of line and stanza are concerned, Messrs. Aytoun and Martin have in most cases followed their model; but the form goes much further than this: it includes the color and tone of the expression, its simplicity or ornament, its directness or indirectness, its quaintness or triviality, and so forth; and in these points they are often far from faithfully representing their original. Indeed in some of the finer poems the happiest expressions are lost, and a mere skeleton left, as in the exquisite lines *An den Mond*, a few stanzas of which we give side by side with the original, italicising those lines in the German from which all the spirit and finer essence have evaporated in the translation:—

### AN DEN MOND.

Fülleſt wieder Buſch und Thal  
Still mit *Nebelglanz*;  
*Löseſt endlich auch einmal*  
*Meine Seele ganz.*

### TO THE MOON.

Flooded are the brakes and dell  
With the phantom light,  
And my soul receives the spell  
Of thy mystic might.

*Breitest über mein Gefild  
Ländernd deinen Blick,  
Wie des Freundes Auge mild  
Ueber mein Geschick.*

To the meadow thou dost lend  
Something of thy grace,  
Like the kind eye of a friend  
Beaming on my face.

Who does not here see that the whole moonlight effect of the expressions *Nebelglanz*; *lösest meine Seele*; *breitest lindernd*, have vanished, to be replaced with unmeaning phrases? But the following stanzas are worse:—

*Jeden Nachklang fühlt mein Herz  
Froh- und trüber Zeit;  
Wandle, zwischen Freud' und Schmerz,  
In der Einsamkeit.*

Echoes of departed times  
Vibrate on my ear,  
Joyous, sad, like spirit chimes,  
As I wander here.

*Ich besass es doch einmal  
Was so köstlich ist —  
Dass man doch, zu seiner Qual,  
Nimmer es vergisst!*

Richer treasure earth has none  
Than I once possessed —  
Ah, so rich, that when 'twas gone,  
Worthless was the rest.

Here the passionate cry of the heart “by the snake Memory stung”—“Oh, to our misery, we never can forget!”—which is the key-note of the whole piece, has dwindled to a flat commonplace.

The reproductions of the Ballads are more successful, though now and then some point is missed which often contains the very heart of the thought. In the familiar *Erl-King*, for example, how flat reads our translators’

O father, dear father! he’s grasping me!  
My heart is as cold as cold can be!

compared with the agonised cry:—

Mein Vater! mein Vater! jetzt fasst er mich an!  
*Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids gethan!*

where the horror is increased by the mysterious nature of the injury the phantom has inflicted.

*The Bride of Corinth*, the longest and most striking of the series, is on the whole very fairly rendered, though there are a few misapprehensions in it [e. g., *Einen Bürger hofft er sich gewogen*, is translated

“Soon among its townsmen to be numbered,”]

and the weirdness well sustained. But our translators show to greater advantage with pieces in which the emotion is less profound, and the workmanship not so elaborate. We give entire *The Happy Pair* (*Die Glücklichen Gatten*), which is one of the most successful renderings.

#### THE HAPPY PAIR.

It came and went so lightly,  
That pleasant summer rain;  
Now see, dear wife, how brightly  
Laughs out our own domain.  
Far, far into the distance  
The eager eye can roam,  
But here is true existence,  
And here a happy home.

Down fly the pigeons cooing,  
The pretty graceful things,  
So gentle in their wooing,  
Beside the fairy springs!

Where, gathering flowers together,  
A garland first I wove,  
In bright and sunny weather,  
For thee, my only love!

Another wreath I plaited,  
As well rememberest thou,  
That day when we were mated,  
And took the happy vow.  
The world was all before us,  
To make or choose our way;  
And years have stolen o’er us  
Since that most blessed day.

The vow which then was spoken,  
A thousand times we've sealed  
By many a tender token,  
In thicket and in field;  
On Alpine heights we've tarried,  
Together still were we;  
Yea, Love for us hath carried  
His torch across the sea.

Contented and caressing,  
What could we wish for more?  
God sent a greater blessing,  
We counted three and four;  
Two more have joined the party,  
The little prattling elves!  
But now they're strong and hearty,  
And taller than ourselves.

The story needs no telling;  
I see you looking down  
On yonder new-built dwelling,  
Amid the poplars brown  
May all good angels guide him!  
For there our eldest sits,  
His winsome wife beside him,  
Our own beloved Fritz.

How pleasant is the clatter,  
'Tis like a measured reel,  
As yonder falling water  
Goes foaming o'er the wheel!  
In many a song and ditty,  
Are miller's wives called fair;  
But none are half so pretty  
As our dear daughter there.

Ah yes! I do not wonder  
Your eye should rest e'en now,  
Upon the hillock yonder,  
Where dark the fir-trees grow.  
There lie our babes together,  
Beneath the daisied sod;  
But they have seen Our Father,  
And pray for us to God!

Look up! look up! for, glancing,  
The glint of arms appears;  
And sound of music dancing,  
Strikes full upon my ears!  
With trophies carried o'er them,  
In freedom's battle won,  
Who walks so proud before them?  
'Tis Carl! it is my son!

The Rose he loves so dearly  
Is blushing on his breast—  
Oh, wife! what follows nearly?  
Our hero's marriage-feast!  
Methinks I see the wedding,  
The dancings and the glee,  
And merriest measure treading,  
Our youngest children three!

The happy faces round us  
Will then recall the tide,  
The blessed day that bound us  
As bridegroom and as bride.  
Nay, tarry here and listen!  
Ere yet the year is done,  
Our good old priest shall christen  
A grandchild and a son.

W. H. B.

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*The Holcombes: A Tale of Virginia Home-Life.* By Mary Tucker Magill. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

*Women; or Chronicles of the Late War.* By Mary Tucker Magill. Baltimore: Turnbull Brothers. 1871.

MISS MAGILL'S modest object in *The Holcombes* is well expressed in her preface. It is "to present to the world a faithful picture of a Virginia home as it was before the late war." We Southerners have often been charged by our enemies (and who have not been our enemies?) with being the proudest people in the world. Perhaps the charge has been a just one. Perhaps our pride has been so extreme that it had all the effects and outward signs of humility. Certain it is that for years we have been the objects of calumny in every form, all voices joining in the harmonious cry, and generation taking the cue from generation, until vilification of the South was a recognised and profitable profession which held out great rewards to its professors, as many now in high places can testify.

Not satisfied with attacking our political views and social system, they went further: having declared these to be the sources of degradation and corruption, they had to invent facts to prove that we were

degraded and corrupt. Southerners are not much given to parading their affairs before the world, so the task was easy. It was easy to tell the world that Southern society was a compound of ruffianism and profligacy; that the men were petty Neroes and the women fit mates for such; that each house was a habitation of cruelty, and each plantation a little Capree. Our people made no reply, beyond buying the books and subscribing liberally to the papers; and the world, its ear once seized, believed the whole. Europeans who cared nothing for American politics, had their fancy caught by the graphic horrors of this ingenious and profitable literature: Lady Clara descanted to Lord Dundreary, in the intervals of *The Lancets*, upon the martyrdom of Uncle Tom; and English and French gentlemen wondered to think that the amiable gentleman with whom they had had so pleasant a talk, was in the habit, at home, of hunting down negroes with blood-hounds, or roasting them at slow fires; or that the lady whose manners breathed refinement and gentleness would have her maid scourged to death before her eyes for breaking a scent-bottle. They marvelled; but why should they not believe? All men asserted these things and no man denied them. We were too proud, or we did not care.

And we reaped the penalty of our incuriousness. When we needed friends, we had not one. When we needed allies, neither Monarch nor Minister dared thwart the popular feeling. And what moulded the popular feeling? The German, the English, and the French people hated us; not because we were striving for liberty, not because they loved our antagonists, but because we were "a nation of slave-drivers." The poison had worked.

A shudder of sympathy has run over the world at the calamity of Chicago, and alms are lavished in abundance. But who in Europe had a word of sympathy or a shilling of bounty for Columbia, Vicksburg, or Richmond? Who has a word of protest against what is now doing in North and South Carolina? The poison works still.

Hence we praise such an attempt as this of Miss Magill, to give a faithful portraiture of what life in the South was. She has executed her task very fairly well. If there is no great dramatic interest in the story, the characters are drawn from the life, and the surroundings faithfully given. Those who know Southern life will recognise the fidelity of the picture: while those who do not, can form a correct idea of a state of society now almost entirely a thing of the past.

Those who have read *The Holcombes* will not fail to read *Women*; and they will not be disappointed. Miss Magill, in this volume, shows improvement in narrative and descriptive power, and the personages who have interested us all in the former work, are shown to still greater advantage in the scenes of excitement and adventure which are here so vividly portrayed. There is less opportunity, of course, for depicting that beautiful peaceful Southern home-life, so well drawn in *The Holcombes*; but we can here see how the soft and gentle women who were nurtured in it proved worthy of their race in the time of terrible trial. Well has it been said of them:—

"Gently nurtured, fondly tended, reared to luxury and ease,  
Graceful, tender, and as shrinking as the young mimosa-trees;  
Loved of heroes! your endurance though the strife transcendent shines:  
Born of sunlight! 'mid the tempest firm ye stood as mountain pines!"



In reality, this book is no subject for criticism. We can not analyse or pause to weigh artistic beauties or blemishes in a work that is written from the heart and speaks to the heart—a book that shows in every page the accent of truth and the pathos of memory. The narrative is but a thread on which are strung faithful chronicles of those days which we all remember so well—how well, few of us can trust ourselves to say; and those who are fortunate enough to be without such memories can learn here what they are.

W. H. B.

*Art in Greece.* By Henri Taine. (Translated by John Durand).  
New York: Holt and Williams. 1871.

IN this work, which forms the concluding volume of M. Taine's admirable series of works on the Philosophy of Art, the author pursues the same lucid and philosophical method which he followed in his other works, and which is well worth explaining in detail.

To judge of the art of a people, be that art plastic, literary, or what not, three fundamental conditions must first be known; these are *The Race, The Period, and The Institutions* or surroundings.

1. Every race has a character of its own which underlies all its temporary changes, and upon which, as upon a rock, all its civilisation is built. Unless we understand this character, first of all, the whole Art of the people, all their modes of thought, or of expression of thought, will be more or less enigmatical to us. Most races have some living representatives or successors through whom we can arrive at some conception of the character of their ancestors; but where, as with some Oriental peoples, the race is extinct, their civilisation must remain to us an insoluble mystery, not to be read from sculpture, monuments, or even written records.

2. The race once understood, we must study the Period. Each historic period is shaped by traditions or history of the past, as well as by the pressure of instant events. Each period brings also its friendships or animosities with other peoples, modifying their influence, and modifying the temper of the people. A period of peace has one set of influences on art, and a period of war another; domestic dissensions, luxury, frugality, all leave their marks upon all the civilisation of the time. Even the costume, the habitations, the comforts, the modes of travelling, and a multitude of minor matters are not without their influence upon thought and its direction, and consequently upon all the forms of culture.

3. Most immediately efficient, however, are the institutions of the time. The religion, for instance, may greatly promote art, or may discourage it. If it demand splendid temples, architecture will reach a rich development; if it encourage paintings and statuary, the plastic arts will flourish; if it have a splendid ritual, processions, chants, festivities, we may expect poetry to exhibit a corresponding perfection.

Public games and shows develop all the arts, and the theatre is in itself a whole academy. The mode of life, whether public or private, the custom of public speaking, the political system, enlarging or restricting the activity of the citizen, are all of high importance.

It will be seen therefore, that to comprehend the art of a people, we must know what they were in themselves, what they had done and had been up to that time, and what they were then doing; and this system M. Taine applies to the Art of ancient Greece. We are first shown the admirable advantages of the geographical formation of the Hellenic peninsula, indented with bays and harbors, fringed with islands, by which, as by stepping stones, the mariner in his little craft can safely pass to Italy, Africa, or Asia. Then the genial climate, so mild that the people could live out-of-doors, yet not so warm as to enervate; and so clear that the sharpness of external vision seems to insist upon a corresponding lucidity of expression and of thought. Add to these a soil not so sterile as to make the sustenance of the people their engrossing toil; nor so fertile as to pamper indolence and luxury. In this favored land we find a race — whence sprung we know not — but gifted by nature with the nearest approach to perfection in body and mind; a race physically so superbly formed that their forms have remained the standards of beauty for all succeeding ages; intellectually so richly endowed that there is scarce a path in art or science in which we do not, for a large part of the way, follow in their footsteps; a race in whom both these qualities were so happily tempered that neither the physical nor the intellectual dwarfed the other by excessive predominance, so that the victor in the foot-race or the wrestling-match might also win the prize for the ode or the trilogy; the man who wrote the *Medea* received the athlete's wreath at the Eleusinian games, and he who discovered the ratio of the hypotenuse was crowned for victory in boxing.

With this balance of temperament which qualified them for development in any direction, was combined an extraordinary intellectual activity. "The Greek," says our author, "thought for the sake of thinking." That they should excel, with such models before them, in sculpture, or, with such a love of beauty, in architecture and music, is what we might expect; but we find equal if not greater excellence in the abstract sciences. Now when the application of mathematics is so interwoven itself with the necessities of our civilisation, we can scarcely conceive the mental activity, the intellectual thirst of the men who first set about discovering the abstract properties and relations of angles and curves.

Two occupations, in their eyes, distinguished man from the brute and the Greek from the barbarian — a devotion to public affairs and the study of philosophy. We have only to read Plato's *Theages* and *Protagoras* to see the steady enthusiasm with which the youngest pursued ideas through the briars and brambles of dialectics. Their taste for dialectics itself is still more striking; they never weary in its circuitous course; they are as fond of the chase as the game; they enjoy the journey as much as the journey's end. The Greek is much more a reasoner than a metaphysician or savant; he delights in delicate distinctions and subtle analysis; he revels in the weaving and super-refinement of spiders' webs. His dexterity in this respect is unequalled; it is of little consequence to him whether this over-complicated and attenuated web is of any use in theory or in practice; it satisfies him to see the threads spun out and crossing each other in imperceptible and symmetrical meshes.

The smallness of the Greek State or "City," again, relatively added importance to the citizen, though it lessened the stability of the political fabric.

Civilisation, everywhere else, has disturbed the natural equilibrium of the faculties; it has diminished some to exaggerate the others; it has sacrificed the present to the future life, man to the Divinity, the individual to the State; it has produced the Indian fakir, the Egyptian and Chinese functionary, the Roman legist and official, the mediæval monk, the subject, *administré* and *bourgeois*, of modern times. Man, under this pressure, has in turn simultaneously exalted and debased himself; he becomes a wheel in a vast machine, or considers himself naught before the infinite. In Greece he subjected his institutions to himself instead of subjecting himself to them; he made of them a means and not an end. He used them for a complete and harmonious self-development; he could be at once poet, philosopher, critic, magistrate, pontiff, judge, citizen, and athlete; exercise his limbs, his taste and his intellect; combine in himself twenty sorts of talent without one impairing the other; he could be a soldier without being an automaton, a dancer and singer without becoming a dramatic buffoon, a thoughtful and cultivated man without finding himself a book-worm; he could decide on public matters without delegating his authority to others, honor his gods without the restrictions of dogmatic formulas, without bowing to the tyranny of a super-human might, without losing himself in the contemplation of a vague and universal being.

Finally, as a result of all, our author notes the joyousness of the Greek character. Their religion was a festive religion, and enjoined cheerfulness and gayety. If their worship was half sport, so their sports were half worship; their great games were devotional celebrations, and their frugal banquets, where they were so merry over barley-bread, garlic, Copaic eels, salt fish, figs and honey-cakes, resounded to hymns in honor of the gods. In all ways life was lovely and desirable to them; youth was beautiful, manhood noble, old age venerable, and death not terrible.

This race, thus endowed, had a history, or tradition supplying the place of history, the most inspiring that the world has known. Each city had its hero-founder, and a wealth of legend, the theme of glorious song and drama, clustered about its origin. Many families traced their ancestry back to a god, and the Iamids might hear the lovely legend of Evadne sung in the verse of Pindar. But a still nobler authentic history was theirs. It has been given but to one people to fight the battle of Marathon and determine the whole world's history.

Then, as a people, they were isolated. We are often inclined to consider the term "barbarian," which they applied to non-Hellenic peoples, as a flourish of vaingloriousness. But the peoples with whom they had to deal were separated from them by almost immeasurable distances. Some were scarcely more than savages, while the Greeks were the very flower of culture; others were crushed under immense despotisms, while Greece was free; and petrified in an immovable half-civilisation, in which the three centuries that wrought such wonders in Greece brought no perceptible change. For with the Greeks all was fresh and new. They first discovered, then ransacked, every field in art and science.

Of Greek art only fragments remain by which to judge of the whole. Their paintings, so highly praised by contemporary writers, have perished; but, whatever their gifts as colorists may have been, we can not suppose that anything short of perfection in form would satisfy men who could produce the Theseus or the Racers. Their music we can not now understand; but can we doubt that it was worthy to accompany the odes of Pindar and the choruses of Sophocles?



What time has spared us, are remains of sculpture, architecture, and literary composition; and the world acknowledges them as its master-pieces. Let us hear M. Taine's description of a Greek temple:—

It stands usually on a height called the Acropolis, on a substructure of rocks, as at Syracuse, or on a small eminence which, as at Athens, was the first place of refuge and the original site of the city. It is visible from every point on the plain and from the neighboring hills; vessels greet it at a distance on approaching the port. It stands out in clear and bold relief in the limpid atmosphere. It is not, like our mediæval cathedrals, crowded and smothered by rows of houses, secreted, half-concealed, inaccessible to the eye save in its details and its upper section. Its base, sides, entire mass and full proportions appear at a glance. You are not obliged to divine the whole from a part; its situation renders it proportionate to man's senses. In order that there may be no lack of distinctness of impression, they give it medium or small dimensions. There are only two or three of the Grecian temples as large as the Madeleine. They bear no resemblance to the vast monuments of India, Babylon and Egypt, the storied and crowded palaces, the mazes of avenues, enclosures, halls and colossi, so numerous that the mind at last becomes disturbed and bewildered. They do not resemble the gigantic cathedrals whose naves contain the entire population of a city; which the eye, even if they were placed on a height, could not wholly embrace; whose profiles are lost and the total harmony of which cannot be appreciated except on a perspective plan. The Greek temple is not a place of assembly but the special habitation of a god, a shrine for his effigy, a marble monstrosity enclosing an unique statue. At a hundred paces off from the sacred precincts you can seize the direction and harmony of the principal lines. They are, moreover, so simple that a glance suffices to comprehend the whole. This edifice has nothing complicated, quaint or elaborate about it; it is a rectangle bordered by a peristyle of columns; three or four of the elementary forms of geometry suffice for the whole, the symmetry of their arrangement setting them forth through their repetitions and contrasts. The crowning of the pediment, the fluting of the pillars, the abacus of the capital, all the accessories and all details contribute yet more to show in stronger relief the special character of each member, while the diversity of polychromy serves to mark and define their respective values.

You have recognised in these different characteristics the fundamental need of pure and fixed forms. A series of other characters shows the subtlety of their tact and the exquisite delicacy of their perceptions. There is a close tie between all the forms and dimensions of a temple as there is between all the organs of a living organism, and this tie they discovered; they established the architectural module which according to the diameter of a column determines its height, next its shape, next its base and capital, and next the distance between the columns and the general economy of the edifice. They intentionally modified the clumsy strictness of mathematical forms; they adapted them to the secret exigencies of the eye; they gave a swell to the column by a skilful curve two-thirds its height; they gave convexity to all the horizontal, and inclined to the centre all the vertical lines of the Parthenon; they discarded all the fetters of mechanical symmetry; they gave unequal wings to the Propylæa, and different levels to the two sanctuaries of their Erechtheum; they intersected, varied and inflected their plans and angles in such a manner as to endow architectural geometry with the grace, the diversity, the unforeseen, the fleeting suppleness of a living thing, without diminishing the effect of the masses; and they decked its surface with the most elegant series of painted and sculptured ornaments. Nothing in all this equals the originality of their taste unless it be its correctness; they combined two qualities apparently excluding each other, extreme richness and extreme gravity. Our modern perceptions do not reach this point; we only half succeed, and by degrees, in divining the perfection of their invention. The exhuming of Pompeii was necessary to enable us to conjecture the charming vivacity and harmony of decoration with which they clothed their walls; and in our own day, an English architect has measured the imperceptible inflexion of the swollen horizontal lines and the convergent perpendicular lines which give to their most beautiful temple its supreme beauty. We, in their presence, are like an ordinary listener to a musician born and brought up to music; there are in his performance delicacies of execution, purity of tone, fulness



of chords and achievements of expression which the listener, partially endowed and badly prepared for it, only seizes in gross and from time to time. We retain only the total impression, and this impression, conformable to the genius of the race, is that of a gay and invigorating fête. The architectural structure is of itself healthy and viable; it does not require, like the Gothic cathedral, a colony of masons at its feet to keep restoring its constant decay; it does not borrow support for its arches from outward buttresses; it needs no iron frame to sustain a prodigious scaffolding of fretted and elaborated pinnacles, to fasten to its walls its marvellously intricate lacework and its fragile stone filagree. It is not the product of an exalted imagination but of a lucid reason. It is so made as to endure by itself and without help. Almost every temple in Greece would be still intact if the brutality or fanaticism of man had not supervened to destroy them. Those of Pæstum remain erect after twenty-three centuries; it is the explosion of a powder magazine which cut the Parthenon in two. Left to itself the Greek temple stands and continues to stand; we realise this in its great solidity; its mass is consolidated instead of being weighed down. We are sensible of the stable equilibrium of its diverse members; for the architect reveals the inner through the outer structure, the lines which flatter the eye with their harmonious proportions being just the lines which satisfy the understanding with assurances of eternity. Add to this appearance of power an air of ease and elegance; mere endurance is not the aim of the Greek edifice as with the Egyptian edifice. It is not crushed down by a weight of matter like our obstinate and ungainly Atlas; it unfolds, expands, and rises up like the beautiful figure of an athlete in whom vigor accords with delicacy and repose. Consider again its adornment, the golden bucklers starring its architrave, its golden acroteria, the lions' heads gleaming in sunshine, the threads of gold and sometimes of enamel which entwine the capitals, the covering of vermilion minium, blue, light ochre and green, every bright or quiet tone which, united and opposed as at Pompeii, affords the eye a sensation of healthy and hearty southern joyousness. Finally, take into account the bas-reliefs, the statues of the pediments, metopes and frieze, especially the colossal effigy of the inner cell, the sculptures of ivory, marble and gold, those heroic or divine bodies which place before men's eyes perfect images of manly force, of athletic perfection, of militant virtue, of unaffected nobility, of unalterable serenity, and you will arrive at the first conception of their genius and their art.

Our author's appreciation of Greek literature is less clearly expressed and richly illustrated than are his views of sculpture and architecture. For his illustration of this branch of art, he prefers an ode of Pindar to the Drama, which was the consummate flower of all, and certainly a more perfect specimen of art than lyric poetry alone, especially when so crowded with local allusions and loaded down with obscure mythological legends. But in all other points he seems to us to have handled his subject with admirable insight and clearness; and we do not know where so satisfactory an idea can be obtained of what Greek art was, as in this little book, whose only fault is that it is so small.

W. H. B.

## THE GREEN TABLE.

### CHRISTMAS.

A man might then behold  
At Christmas, in each hall,  
Good fires to curb the cold,  
And meat for great and small.  
The neighbors were friendly bidden,  
And all had welcome true,  
The poor from the gates were not chidden,  
When this old cup was new.

MEN are as diversified in the pursuit of pleasure as in the serious pursuit of life; and the one is as clearly defined by their nationalities as the other. A most singular, and, to the stranger, absurd and meaningless spectacle, is to be witnessed in the streets of Rome at certain periods of the year. That "Eternal City" has been the theatre of many strange scenes; but now, where its palaces and statues, its steeples and spires, are looking down on the sacred places where the pride of Marcus Curtius closed the gulf in the Forum; where Nero lulled his dying country to sleep with music; where Cæsar, bleeding, bowed his head at Pompey's feet; where fair Virginia's side was pierced; where Brutus and Antony each in his turn fired the impulsive Roman heart — where, in short, history was cradled and fame caught the first magic note of inspiration — a human comedy is yearly enacted which challenges even barbarism in its frenzy and extravagance. Hideous monsters stalk the streets; dogs and monkeys, garlanded with flowers, dance on the pavements; impossible priests carry unnaturally huge bouquets and blow grotesquely enormous trumpets; men and women, boys and girls, crowded and jumbled together in inextricable confusion, are disguised and transformed from rational beings into seeming maniacs, crazed by savage mirth and joy. It is a revel of Pandemonium, with cries and shouts and songs. It seems impossible that sentient beings should so stultify and brutalise themselves under the mask of enjoyment. This is High Carnival, celebrated in honor of the season of feasting and boldly enjoyment just preceding Lent.

And so, too, on the other hand, all peoples among the civilised nations of the earth have their days of holiday and merriment, when the cares of life are thrust behind them, and they enter into seasons of feasting and thanksgiving. From the ice-bound forests of Sweden and Norway, where the nightly offering is laid on the frozen hills for the great spirit of Odin; along the glistening glaciers of Switzerland; over the vine-clad hills of France; through the olive groves of Spain, by the green banks of Ximena; under the bright skies of Italy, where music dances on the waters and love is whispering in the gondola; over the bleak moors of suffering Ireland, where the shamrock and thistle wave; away on the lochs and highlands of bonnie Scotland, where the pibroch sounds its wild notes in the glen, and the shrill pipe wakes the soft echoes of Lohmon Ben; across the meadow and heath and chalky cliffs of Albion, where the brown-haired maidens dance upon the green, and the sturdy yeomen sing "God save the Queen!" — everywhere, tradition or custom, religious, social or national observance calls at stated periods to all God's creatures; and the laborer rests from his toil, the wife

sets her house in trim, the boy puts aside his irksome task, and the aged and the young assemble together to taste the pure delights of home and social joys.

But what are all these gala-days, in deep and holy feeling, in precious significance, compared with that universal one which commemorates the birth of Christ on earth? Near two thousand years ago a single star moved through the heavens, shone on its awe-struck followers, and shed its radiant beams upon the lowly spot where Jesus lay. That faithful star remains. It ever will remain. Down on the careless, jostling crowds of cities, over the silent forest and the plain, silvering the ripples of the murmuring stream and cresting the waves of the troubled sea, through the great arches of the solemn church, upon the palace and the cot, its steady light is shining still; and every year, peasant and prince, sage and serf, matron and maid, pause in their allotted path through life and think of Bethlehem. Then charity filleth all hearts and peace reigns supreme. At a time when He, the Divine and Omnipotent, and the inestimably loving and gracious, gave his dearest gift — his well-beloved Son — men give good gifts to their fellows, and utter hearty wishes for happiness and long life.

And oh! what a magic, fairy network is entwined about this hallowed Christmas! What golden visions, what bounding hopes, what bright imaginings accompany its ushering in and attend upon its happy coming! The light dies out on the hearth, and the stockings pendant there in the fitful fire-light seem as insatiate spectres gaping for "More! more!" Strained eye-lids gently close, eager watching and longing is lulled and soothed in slumber, young hearts are somewhat at rest, and the good genius, St. Nicholas, who pauses to linger about the bedside of the dying year, to smooth the white locks and hear the failing monarch's last faint accents, catches the whisper, "Make my dear children happy," and comes to hover o'er the trundle-bed. He has ridden on the fast falling snow-flakes; his coursers have pranced down the slanting beams of the moon, and his chariot is resting in the overhanging branches of the sheltering oak. What treasures he bears! and how jauntily he bears them! Jewels and toys and fruits and games, and everything that can make the innocent childish heart leap for joy. He peers over at the blankets, lumped up by chubby forms as if a dozen apples were hidden there; shakes his head and his sand-bag as if he would be very terrible if an eye should open — and gazes then thoughtfully at the great bed where there are not red cheeks, but the faces of parents, a little pale and wan and furrowed. Spirits are fluttering about these aged sleepers also. The mother smiles as she dreams of one who went forth in life's broad way, was borne on the stormy waves of the tossing sea, and went down in the terrible waters of the great deep. Or of the noble boy who sank to rest on the field of strife, with his trusty sword in his hand and his life-blood welling from his manly heart. Or of the fair, frail child, tossed by earth's passion, who gave her love for weal or woe, as the blossom gives its fragrance to the wooing whispers of the fickle wind, and died afar off, heart-broken and deserted. Smiling, when her loved one's bones are bleaching on the coral reef? Smiling, when the cold, cold earth is hiding a ghastly rent in that youthful breast? Smiling, when the sweet, cherished lily is sleeping 'neath the bending willow? Ah! the spirits come from above: Christ's hand parted the sounding waters and called forth the dead; Christ's hand bound up the cruel wound and burst the cerements of the tomb; Christ's hand watered the drooping flower with His spirit and took the bruised petals to His bosom. Thrice-blessed be our Christmas, which brings such promise to world-weary souls and grief-burdened hearts! But behold! two priceless pearls are coursing down the the ruddy cheeks of Santa-Claus; they fall on the hearth-stone like drops of mercy from God Himself; he puffs forth clouds of smoke from his pipe as if ashamed of his weakness, and presto! change! he goes off in the misty wreaths his cherry

lips have formed. A rushing sound is heard, music flutters 'mongst the clouds, a long track of brilliant light glides upward—into Heaven, we think; the stars fade out one by one, like drowsy sentinels sinking into sleep—and the day of Christmas has dawned!

Pattering feet are heard, and anxious eyes are gazing at the wondrous things mysteriously displayed. The world is abroad and astir with many a scheme and plan of mirth and pleasure. Clerks, merchants, and mechanics are all in a glow of anticipation and delight. The holly and the mistletoe hang from the ceiling, and cheerful lights are burning in the hall. The bells ring out in sonorous tones an invitation to the worship of the Most High. The organ sounds its simple anthem through the aisle, and gentle hands have put the touch of beauty also there. "I am the Resurrection and the Life"—"Unto us a Son is born"—are the solemn words above the pulpit, clothed in evergreen, type of the undying and eternal. In happy homes are sounds of fun and frolic, and pleasing sights and delightful smells of savory meats and tempting viands greet the grateful senses on every side. In the crowded room, where the ivy is wreathed upon the wall, music sounds and laughing couples take their places for the dance. Those girls are fair and lovely; with what grace they glide through the measures or whirl in the rapid figures of the fairy waltz; their white arms and shoulders flash in wondrous beauty, and their every movement is a charm. Their eyes glow with a new light too—the light of love; low whispers have breathed a new year and a new life into their guileless hearts, and a bold but cherished guest has entered the inner temple of their secret souls. Let them be happy while human hearts are warm and loving, and human arms are strong and true; though each return of this season of festivity, like the out-running tide which swiftly bears the white sails farther and farther out upon the broad ocean, are but hastening steps towards the shadows of old age, bowed forms, faded beauty, and the twilight of the peaceful grave, where no voice or caress of love can awake them to mirth or joy again.

Alas! alas! Some are dying in squalor; some little babes are starving in wretched dens, yet with strength left to lay hold of the robe of the Saviour and climb into heaven; some mothers are crushing back the breaking heart; some crawling beggars are perishing for a morsel of the plenty heaped on yonder groaning board. God help the poor on such a day as this! May His mercies reach them, and may the rich of their abundance give unto them. And in the words of crippled Tiny Tim: "God bless us, every one."

J. H. M.

#### ASHES OF SWEETNESS.

Shake the hearts from the Lilies, low South Winds;  
Breathe, white-hooded Tuberoses sweet:  
Ah, the breath of my white-throated Baby  
Was sweeter than all! Ay, his feet  
Bent the green grass with wee prints of sunshine,  
The hushed blades lie drooping away!  
I have tasted Life's ashes of sweetness:  
His cradle is empty to-day!

JENDWINE.

SOME of the good things in *Father Prout's Reliques* are worth occasional repetition for the benefit of those who may not read the fun of the past in bulk. For instance, the play on Erasmus's name, attributed to his loving friend, Sir Thomas More:

"Quæritur unde tibi sit nomen, Erasmus? — Eras Mus!"

And his reply:

"Si sum Mus ego, te judice Summus ero!"



LITTLE BEAUTY.

(TO A LITTLE WIFE.)

I.

You are very fair to-night,  
 Little Beauty !  
 With vines your hair is dight,  
 Like a Dryad ;  
 And smile and light enhance  
 Your lips that do entrance,  
 Your eyes where diamonds dance,  
 Never tired.

II.

Ah, should he come to-night,  
 Little Beauty !  
 One moment in the light  
 Standing lonely ;  
 Watching through the open door,  
 How your feet glance on the floor ;  
 The next—a low glad cry !  
 Clinging arm and filling eye  
 Show, howe'er you smile, you sigh  
 For him only.

MARY CARROLL.

WE find an amusing specimen of the jargon—law-French and English mixed—used in the old reports, quoted by Lord Braybrooke in a note to *Pepys's Diary* :—

“Richardson, Ch. Just. de. C. Banc. al Assises at Salisbury, in summer 1631, fuit assault per prisoner, la condamne pur felony ; que puis son condemnation, ject un brickbat a le dit Justice, qui narrowly mist ; et pur ceo immediately fuit indictment drawn, per Noy [the Attorney-General], envers le prisoner, et son dexter manus ampute, and fix at gibbet, sur que luy meme immediatement hange in presence de Court.”—*Chief-Justice Treby's Notes to Dyer's Reports*, p. 188, b.

A VALUED correspondent favors us with the following communication :—

To the Editor of THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE :

SIR :—Among the very entertaining items of your MAGAZINE of September, we find a review of Reade's *Terrible Temptation*. The reviewer fully lays bare the coarse fabric offered under the above title, but is he not too charitable in his excuse for the author ? Does he not do injustice to the public taste ? Through your columns we beg to be permitted a few earnest words relative to his concluding remarks, in which he expresses the possibility that the obscenity of the book is consequent to the *popular demand*.

It cannot be denied that, had Mr. Reade turned his efforts in a cleaner direction, he could have dealt to the public a feast which would not only have been devoured by those who *have* enjoyed the unhealthy excitement of this “long story or tale,” but also by the refined class of society, who *have* turned away disgusted from this piece of falsification which has been placed before them. His *talent* is capable of excelling in whatever he undertakes

in his line. He would greatly increase his popularity were he to follow the higher promptings of his genius ; nor does the alleged reason for lowering himself, as he has done, hold strong. Charles Reade cannot forfeit his position by keeping his works pure. Let him furnish the world one in the spirit of truth, and he would but double the eager hands stretched forth to grasp it. Let it be honest to nature, not forging false forms ; let it be one that "blesseth him that gives and him that takes." We must change the words of Portia, were we to apply the quotation to *A Terrible Temptation*, since without doubt "it defileth him who gives and him who takes." The author treads upon the "wee tipped flowers" of beauty, and gathers for us the briars of vice ; and in these he becomes entangled himself, since even they are not of artistic growth. His only character that is recognisable and consistent is his Mrs. Richard Bassett ; and she could have been created by a nursery maid, so common is the type. Does Mr. Reade know what a true woman is, that he sculptors Lady Bassett in pure marble, and daubs her with hideous paints ? He shows us a creature whose nature is overfilled with poisonous weeds, then expects us to close our eyes of reason to see a flower of kindness and love blooming therefrom. We smile at the shallow attempt, and ask, "Do men gather grapes of thorns ?" etc.

His delineation of character throughout is terribly defective, displaying a remarkable ignorance of humanity in one whose mind we had respected. He draws together antagonistic qualities, apparently oblivious of the fact that they cannot unite, or meeting, pass into a nothingness which oppresses the senses of the most ordinary intellect. Is this the result of carelessness ? Is this also the result of "popular demand" ? Would that we could be convinced of no greater deficiency. This *Terrible Temptation* we would banish from society as a low, weak, and imbecile production, false from beginning to end. False in moral, condoning, as it does, the blackest sins before God ; false in its views of life ; false in its portraiture of character, both evil and good ; false in plan and false in purpose. In intellectual circles its fate will be — the flames. It must materially deteriorate from the reputation of its author, even if he gives us something true to life and less insipid in the future — while it will find few so low as to enjoy it. Let us beg Mr. Reade to take his pen once more, giving us something worthier himself, that may take away the taste of this nauseating dish. Its reception will prove that the readers of our time have *not* so totally lost the refinement that brought breathless listeners to the author of a Jeanie Deans, as the reviewer states to be the case.

I am, Sir, &c.,

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As a number of our readers have expressed a desire to hear some further "Adventures of the Doctor," we have pleasure in informing them that "the Doctor" has promised to resume them in our January No.

















